

P. O. DEPARTMENT CONTRACTS FOR RADIO STATIONS

Will Be Used Primarily for Direction of Mail-Carrying Airplanes Handicapped by Fog.

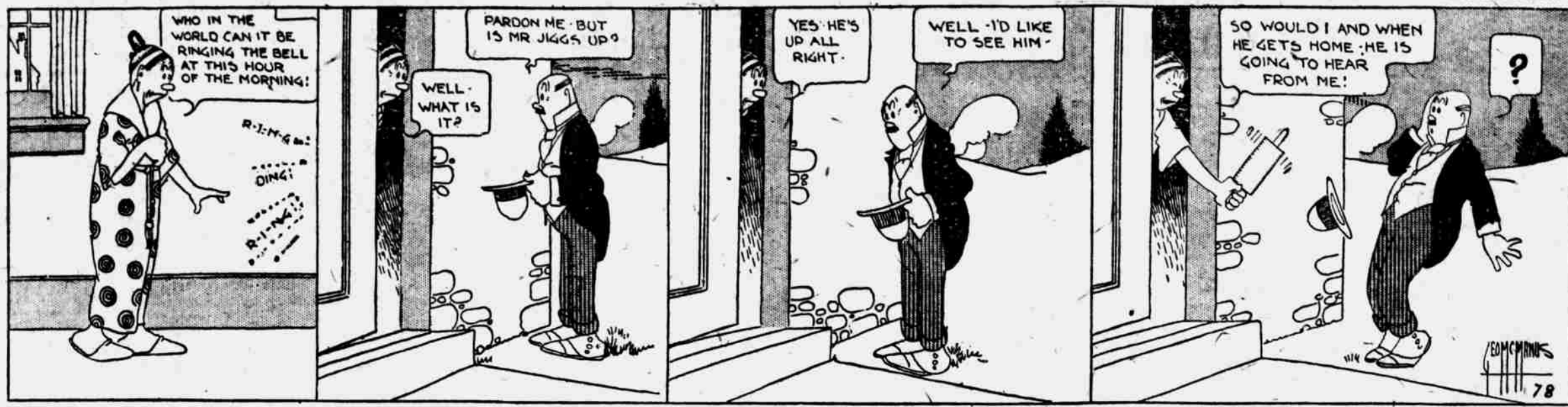
New York, July 7.—The Postoffice department at Washington has contracted for the erection of three high-power radio stations, the first of a chain of wireless communicating centers in various cities to be used primarily for the direction of mail-carrying airplanes handicapped by fog, it was announced here by Emil J. Simon, manufacturer of radio apparatus for the War and Navy departments.

Stations will be established at Bellefonte, Pa., and Cleveland, with a third at some point on Long Island or Newark, N. J. Appropriations for them already are available. Others will be erected at Washington and Chicago as soon as congress provides funds.

Each station will be equipped with steel towers 200 feet high and 300 feet apart and will have a range of approximately 400 miles to mail airplanes and approximately 700 miles between stations, the difference in range being due to the lesser sending ability of the airplanes' wireless equipment.

The station at Bellefonte will be completed about the middle of October, while the other two definitely decided upon are expected to be ready early in December.

BRINGING UP FATHER--



completed about the middle of October, while the other two definitely decided upon are expected to be ready early in December.

Maintain Communication. Establishment of the radio stations will enable the Postoffice department to maintain communication between cities having air post delivery independent of telegraph and telephone services in the event of a disruption of service by storms or other causes.

Lieut. Clark A. Edgerton, formerly of the army aviation service, in charge of the air mail experimental work at Washington, will direct the activities of the radio stations.

PROTOPLAYS



Br-r-r but it's cold in the Wildernes Trail in which you find the realst actor of them all—Tom Mix. A fascinating romance of life and love, grief and joy, in the desolate land of eternal snow and ice. SUN Today to Saturday

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

Copyright, 1919, by the Century Company.

CHAPTER XV. Marlowe's Trip to Southampton.

Two bed room doors faced him on the other side of the passage. He opened that which was immediately opposite, and entered a bedroom by no means austere tidy. Some sticks and fishing rods stood confusedly in one corner, a pile of books in another. The housemaid's hand had failed to give a look of order to the jumble of heterogeneous objects left on the dressing table and the mantel shelf—pipes, pen knives, pencils, keys, golf balls, old letters, photographs, small boxes, tins and bottles. Two fine etchings and some water color sketches hung on the walls; leaning against the end of the wardrobe, unhung, were a few framed engravings. A row of shoes and boots was ranged beneath the window. Trent crossed the room and studied the photographs. He measured some of them with his tape, whistling very softly. This done, he sat on the side of the bed, and his eyes roamed gloomily about the room.

The photographs on the mantel shelf attracted him presently. He rose and examined one representing Marlowe and Manderson on horseback. Two others were views of famous peaks in the Alps. There was a faded print of three youths—one of them unmistakably his acquaintance of the haggard blue eyes clothed in tattered garments, the other's gear of the 16th century. Another was a portrait of a majestic old lady, slightly resembling Marlowe. Trent, mechanically taking a cigarette from an open box on the mantel shelf, lit it and stared at the photographs. Next he turned his attention to a flat leather case that lay by the cigarette box.

It opened easily. A small and light revolver of beautiful workmanship was disclosed with a score or so of loose cartridges. On the stock were engraved the initials "J. M."

A step was heard on the stairs, and as Trent opened the breech and peered into the barrel of the weapon, Inspector Murch appeared at the open door of the room. "I was wondering," he began, "how you stopped as the way the other was about. His intelligent eyes opened slightly. "Whose is the revolver, Mr. Trent?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Evidently it belongs to the occupant of the room, Mr. Marlowe," replied Trent with similar lightness, pointing to the initials. "I found this lying about on the mantel-piece. It seems a handy little pistol to me, and it has been very carefully cleaned, I should say, since the last time it was used. But I know little about firearms."

"Well, I know a good deal," rejoined the inspector quietly, taking the revolver from Trent's outstretched hand. "It's a bit of a specialty with me, is firearms, as I think you know, Mr. Trent. But it doesn't require an expert to tell one thing." He replaced the revolver in its case on the mantel shelf, took out one of the cartridges, and laid it on the spacious palm of one hand; then, taking a small object from his waistcoat pocket, he laid it

beside the cartridge. It was a little leaden bullet, slightly battered about the nose and having upon it some bright new scratches.

"Is that the one?" Trent murmured as he bent over the inspector's hand.

"That's him," replied Mr. Murch. "Lodged in the bone at the back of the skull, Dr. Stock got it out within the last hour, who has just sent it on to me. These bright scratches you see, were made by the doctor's instruments. These other marks were made by the rifling of the barrel—a barrel like this one." He tapped the revolver. "Same make, same caliber."

With the pistol in its case between them, Trent and the inspector looked into each other's eyes for some moments. Trent was the first to speak. "This mystery is all wrong," he observed. "It is insane, the symptoms of mania are very marked. Let us see how we stand. We were not in any doubt, I believe, about Manderson having dispatched Marlowe in the car to Southampton, or about Marlowe having gone, returning late last night, many hours after the murder."

"There is no doubt whatever about all that," said Mr. Murch, with a slight emphasis on the verb. "And now," pursued Trent, "we are invited by this polished and insinuating firearm to believe the following line of propositions: that Marlowe never went to Southampton; that he returned to the house in the night; that he somehow, without waking Mrs. Manderson or anybody else, got Manderson to get up, dress himself, and go out into the night with the officers; that he shot the said Manderson with his crimiinating pistol; that he carefully cleaned the said pistol, returned to the house and, again without disturbing any one, replaced it in its case in a favorable position to be found by the officers; that he then withdrew and sped the rest of the day in hiding—with a large motor car; and that he turned up, feigning ignorance of the whole affair, at what time was it?"

"A little after 9 p. m.," The inspector still smiled at Trent. "As you say, Mr. Trent, this is a first theory suggested by this find, and it seems wild enough—at least it would do, if it didn't fall to pieces at the very start. When the murder was done Marlowe must have been 50 or 100 miles away. He did go to Southampton, and he did not."

See Jiggs and Maggie in Full Page of Colors in The Sunday Bee.

Drawn for The Bee by McManus Copyright 1919—International News Service.

WHEAT CROP IS 100 PER CENT SAYS BURLINGTON

Declares Reports of Wheat Crop Damaged by Rust Are Untrue; Harvest Well Advanced.

There is nothing to the report that the Nebraska wheat crop has been damaged by rust. This is the information given out by the Burlington's agricultural department that makes a specialty of dealing with grain conditions in the territory west of the Missouri river.

In its crop report compiled from data up to last Saturday, the Burlington experts, in discussing the wheat conditions say that all through Nebraska the wheat harvest is well along adding. "There is no doubt at all but that the crop has reached maturity in condition to sustain the highest estimates that have been made. We doubt if there has been a year in the last ten, when so little damage has occurred by reason of rust, storms, or from other causes as this year."

Final estimates on the Nebraska wheat crop, figured on 100 per cent as the basis and taking the ten-year average into consideration, by divisions are: Omaha, 96; Lincoln, 98; Wymore, 103; McCook, 110 per cent. The estimate of about 83,000,000 bushels still holds good.

Corn is reported to be making rapid progress and conditions for a bumper crop are said to be most favorable. During the warm weather of the last week the cereal has made such a wonderful growth that it is said to have fully reached the normal stage for this season of the year. Cultivation, generally has been finished and the condition on the basis of 100 per cent for perfect, by divisions, follows: Omaha, 91; Lincoln, 96; Wymore and McCook, 100 per cent.

Harvesting of oats, rye and barley is well under way and the yield is expected to be fully up to the normal, if not better. Pastures continue in excellent condition and all through the hay section of the state a large tonnage of fodder is being obtained.

Mrs. Mary Troy Dies. Mrs. Mary Troy, 56 years old, died Sunday morning at her home, 610 South Thirtieth street. She is survived by one son, Thomas, with the army in France; one daughter, Madeline, of Omaha, and two sisters and four brothers. Funeral services will be held at the residence Tuesday morning at 8:30 and the St. Peter's church at 9 o'clock. Burial will be in the Holy Sepulcher cemetery.

Southampton about 6:30 on the Monday morning.

"Good off!" exclaimed Trent bitterly. "What do I care about his story? What do you care about his story? I want to know how you know he went to Southampton."

Mr. Murch chuckled. "I thought I should take it out of you, Mr. Trent," he said. "Well, there's no harm in telling you. After I arrived yesterday evening, as soon as I had got the outlines of the story from Mrs. Manderson and the servants, the first thing I did was to go to the telephone office and wire to our people in Southampton. Manderson had told his wife when he went to bed that he had changed his mind, and sent Marlowe to Southampton to get some important information from someone who was crossing by the next day's boat. It was right in the night, and Marlowe was the only one of the doctor's instruments. These other marks were made by the rifling of the barrel—a barrel like this one."

He tapped the revolver. "Same make, same caliber." With the pistol in its case between them, Trent and the inspector looked into each other's eyes for some moments. Trent was the first to speak. "This mystery is all wrong," he observed. "It is insane, the symptoms of mania are very marked. Let us see how we stand. We were not in any doubt, I believe, about Manderson having dispatched Marlowe in the car to Southampton, or about Marlowe having gone, returning late last night, many hours after the murder."

"There is no doubt whatever about all that," said Mr. Murch, with a slight emphasis on the verb. "And now," pursued Trent, "we are invited by this polished and insinuating firearm to believe the following line of propositions: that Marlowe never went to Southampton; that he returned to the house in the night; that he somehow, without waking Mrs. Manderson or anybody else, got Manderson to get up, dress himself, and go out into the night with the officers; that he shot the said Manderson with his crimiinating pistol; that he carefully cleaned the said pistol, returned to the house and, again without disturbing any one, replaced it in its case in a favorable position to be found by the officers; that he then withdrew and sped the rest of the day in hiding—with a large motor car; and that he turned up, feigning ignorance of the whole affair, at what time was it?"

"A little after 9 p. m.," The inspector still smiled at Trent. "As you say, Mr. Trent, this is a first theory suggested by this find, and it seems wild enough—at least it would do, if it didn't fall to pieces at the very start. When the murder was done Marlowe must have been 50 or 100 miles away. He did go to Southampton, and he did not."

"How do you know?"

"I questioned him last night, and took down his story. He arrived in

buy a revolver today for self-defense or mislead themselves with that make, of that caliber. It is very reliable, and easily carried in the hip-pocket. There must be thousands of them. For instance," continued the inspector with an air of unconcern. "Manderson himself had one of the double of this. I found it in one of the top drawers of the desk downstairs, and it's in my overcoat pocket now."

"Aha! so you were going to keep that little detail to yourself."

"I was," said the inspector, "but you'll find one revolver, you may as well know about the other. As I say, neither of them do us any good. The people in the house—"

Both men started, and the inspector checked his speech abruptly, as the half-closed door of the bedroom was slowly pushed open, and a man stood in the doorway. His eyes turned from the pistol in his hand, so to speak; he didn't return in the car until later in the evening; so before thinking the matter out any further, I wired to Southampton making certain inquiries. Early this morning I got the reply. He handed a series of telegraph slips to Trent, who read:

Person answering description in motor answering description arrived Bedford hotel here this morning, gave name Marlowe left car hotel garage, told attendant car belonged Manderson had bath car, Harris went out heard later at docks inquiring for passenger name Harris on Harris boat inquired repeatedly until boat left at noon next heard of hotel where he lunched about 1:15 left soon afterwards in car company's agent inform berth was booked name Harris last week but Harris did not go.

BURK, Inspector.

"Simple and satisfactory," observed Mr. Murch as Trent, after twice reading the message, returned it to him. "His own story corroborated in every particular. He told me he hung about the dock for half an hour or so on the chance of Harris turning up late, then strolled back, lunched and decided to return at once. He sent a wire to Manderson; 'Harris not turned up; missed boat; returning; Marlowe,' which was duly delivered here in the afternoon and placed among the dead man's letters. He motored back at a good rate, and arrived dog-tired. When he heard of Manderson's death from Martin, he nearly fainted. What with that and being written sleep for so long, he was rather a wreck when I came to interview him last night; but he was perfectly coherent."

Trent picked up the revolver and twirled the cylinder idly for a few moments. "It was unlucky for Manderson," he said, "that he had a pistol and cartridges about so carelessly," he remarked at length, as he put it back in the case. "It was throwing temptation in somebody's way, don't you think?"

Mr. Murch shook his head. "There isn't really much to lay hold of about the revolver, when you come to think of it. A regular make of revolver is common enough in England. It was introduced from the States. Half the people who

Brewers Want Freight Rates on Beer Kegs And Other Containers

The Brewers' association, with headquarters in Chicago, has applied to the Omaha district freight rate committee for rates on beer kegs and other containers, the same to be returned empty to points of shipment. Prior to the time when the country went dry, these kegs and containers were sent out, filled with brewery products. Now the brewers want their empties returned.

In the same application the brewers of the country have applied for rates on the shipment of non-alcoholic products. They have notified, or at least a number of them have informed the railroad administration that they are to engage in the manufacture of beverages that will not contain a kick.

Files Answer to Damage Suit And Makes Counter Claims

The Nebraska Shoe and Clothing house, South Side, filed an answer in district court yesterday to the suit of the Nebraska Clothing company of Omaha which is seeking an injunction to prevent the first-named firm from using the word "Nebraska" and also asking \$10,000 damages.

The South Side concern states that it has used the firm name for 23 years and that therefore it cannot be enjoined from using it. Also it alleges that "Nebraska," being the name of a state, no business firm can appropriate it for exclusive use. In a cross-petition the South Side firm asks \$10,000 damages for alleged harm to its business through the alleged employment of detectives by the Nebraska Clothing company to "spy upon it."

You want what you want when you want it. See Want Ads will attain the desired results.

RIALTO A. H. Blank. CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN SUNNYSIDE. MARGUERITE CLARK in "Come Out of the Kitchen" Also the First Real Chaplin Ever Made.

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS. DOUG FAIRBANKS in "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo". LOETHROP 24th and Lothrop. Last Times Today "PEGGY DOES HER DARDEST."

EMPRESS LAST TIMES TODAY TYPHOON COOLING PLANT NOW IN OPERATION. PIRELLES CIRCUS Acme of Canine Intelligence. Frish, Howard and Toolin. Jupiter Trio. Ander Sisters. Photoplay, Bert Lytell in "One Thing at a Time O'Day." Fatty Arbuckle Comedy. Outing Chester. Pathé Weekly. Knue Park THE HOME OF PICNICS. TODAY G. A. R., W. R. C., and W. O. W. Girls' Picnic. THE NEW BATHING BEACH IS NOW OPEN. The Most Modern and Most Sanitary Bathing Beach in America. FREE IN THE PARK RAYMOND THE CLOWN With Sidesplitting Stunts. DANCING - RIDES - THRILLS. Admission to Park Adults, 10c, w. tax, 1c; children 5c at all times.

My Heart and My Husband ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

What Happened to Give Madge "the Last Word."

I regret spoiling your mental image of a school teacher, Mr. Drake, but as I earned my living in that profession for many years I think I can claim to be a fairly representative member of it."

I flatter myself that I was the outward embodiment of casual calmness as I leaned back in Lillian's armchair with my face as far away from Allen Drake's as I could manage.

But I was seething with inward resentment. This man whose mentality and ability compelled my reluctant admiration was treating me in exactly the same manner he would a simpering schoolgirl. I wondered whether he was doing it because it was his way of talking to all women, or whether he shrewdly guessed that such treatment was the surest method of arousing my resentment, and hoped that he might be lazily amused by a display of temper on my part.

His womanish lashes shadowed his eyes again as I spoke, and he looked out through them at me in provoking indolent amusement. "I really must differ with you," he drawled at last. "You could not be a fairly representative member of that profession, judging from the average pulchritude of the species."

An Inquiry. I was determined not to betray any resentment at his banalities. There was but one other course open to me. I seized it with an inward sneer at myself. "I am sorry not to measure up to the standard," I said, demurely dropping my eyes.

My Heart and My Husband ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

a hint of gratified vanity in his tone. "At Last." "Decidedly," I raised my eyes to his, tried to put into them eager curiosity and interest.

"All right, I promise. Go ahead." The hint was an accomplished fact now, infusing eyes and voice. "Doesn't that gratified ego hurt one physically, or does one get used to it after years of use?"

For a fleeting delicious instant I had the malicious satisfaction of realizing that I had pierced his armor. For just that fraction of a second I indulged in a gleeful, mask slipped, and I saw a glint of unmistakable angry chagrin in his eyes.

But the next moment he had made use of his eyelashes again, and I knew that behind his half-closed lids he was debating the most effective manner of putting me in his place, according to his schedule for properly subdued femininity. "Howdy, folks!"

Lillian's cheery voice sounded behind us, and my spirit bounded with relief, in which, I am afraid, there was a gleeful malice. I had had the last word, for the present, at least, and I was well content to suspend hostilities, with the suspicion, almost a certainty, that Mr. Drake's emotions upon hearing Lillian's voice were directly opposed to mine.

But as he sprang to his feet and advanced to greet her, one would have deduced from his manner that her advent upon the scene was the one thing needful to complete his earthly bliss.

Schlitz FAMO Eggs, Milk, Wheat and Meat. All give you the same character of nourishment—protein and carbohydrates—the most important compounds in food. Protein is the element that replaces the tissue we burn up every hour in exertion and nervous excitement. Carbohydrates supply energy. Schlitz Famo is a product born of science. In addition to protein and carbohydrates it contains every other compound in food, except fats, that Nature utilizes to maintain the human body. Schlitz Famo is a satisfying, refreshing drink—non-intoxicating. Schlitz Famo is the worth-while cereal beverage. On sale wherever soft drinks are sold. Order a case from Schlitz-Omaha Co. 719 South 9th St. Omaha, Neb. Phone: Douglas 918. Made Milwaukee Famous.