

SEVEN PLANES TO COME TO OMAHA ENROUTE DALLAS

Army Flyers Will Give Exhibition Here After Landing at the Ak-Sar-Ben Field.

The army's "Flying Squadron," a fleet of seven airplanes, piloted by veteran flyers of the war, will leave Boston July 17 on its flight to Dallas, Tex., stopping off at Omaha.

This announcement was made yesterday by Major Cavanaugh, commanding officer of the Omaha recruiting station, who, in co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce, has completed arrangements for the landing here.

Information concerning the Ak-Sar-Ben field on West Center street was forwarded Lieut. Col. H. B. Clagett, commander of the squadron, at Boston. The flyers will give an exhibition in Omaha.

Flyers who will take part are: Maj. T. E. McCauley, Captain Chandler, automobile racer; Lt. J. E. Duke, jr., Lt. R. F. Nedick and Lt. W. T. Campbell, famed "stunt" flyers of the western front.

Lieutenant Campbell holds the world's record in flying 151 consecutive loops while in the air. Captain Chandler gave the Liberty motor its first test.

The squadron probably will stop off at the following cities: Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Fort Wayne, Columbus, Indianapolis, Peoria, St. Louis, Springfield, Mo., Kansas City, Camp Funston, Wichita and Oklahoma City.

ORA PETREE WAS ON THE VERGE OF GIVING UP JOB

After 12 Years of Suffering He Was in Despair—Tanlac Ends Troubles.

"A medicine that will play such a remarkable part in one's life as Tanlac has in mine certainly deserves the highest praise," said Ora E. Petree of 4335 Kenman avenue, Chicago, in a conversation with friends at the Guster Hotel in Galesburg, recently.

"It was over twelve years ago," he continued, "that I began having indigestion and the trouble soon got to be serious. Nothing seemed to agree with me and I lost weight and strength rapidly. Gas would form on my stomach after eating and keep me in misery for hours. I would often bleed badly and at these times my heart would palpitate so that it greatly alarmed me.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

CHAPTER XVIII. The Woman in Black.

The sea broke raging upon the foot of the cliff under a good breeze; the sun flooded the land with life from a dappled blue sky. In this perfection of English weather, Trent, who had slept ill, went down before 8 o'clock to a pool among the rocks, the direction of which had been given him, and dived deep into clear water.

It was the day of the inquest, the day after his arrival in the place. He had carried matters not much farther after parting with the American on the road to Bishopbridge. In the afternoon he had walked from the inn into the town, accompanied by Mr. Cupples and had there made certain purchases at a chemist's shop, conferred privately for some time with a photographer, sent off a reply-paid telegram, and made an inquiry at the telephone exchange, but he had not had time to call on Mr. Cupples, who seemed incurious on his side, and nothing at all about the results of his investigation or the steps he was about to take.

This morning as he scaled the cliff he told himself that he had never taken up a case he liked so little, or which absorbed him so much. The more he contemplated it in the golden sunshine of this new day, the more evil and the more challenging it appeared. All that he suspected and all that he almost knew had occupied his questing brain for hours on the exclusion of sleep; and in this glorious light and air, though washed in body and spirit by the fierce purity of the sea, he only saw the more clearly the darkness of the guilt in which he believed, and was more bitterly repelled by the exclusion of which he guessed. But now at least his zeal was awake again, and the sense of the hunt quickened. He would neither slacken nor spare; here need be no compunction. In the course of the day, he hoped, his net would be cast, and he would do it in the morning; and with very vivid expectancy, though not much serious hope, he awaited the answer to the telegram which he had shot into the sky, as it were, the day before.

The path back to the hotel wound for some way along the top of the cliff, and on nearing a spot he had marked from the sea level, where the face had fallen away long ago, he approached the edge and looked down, hoping to follow with his eyes the most delicately beautiful of all the movement of water, the wash of a light sea over broken rock. But no rock was there. A few feet below him a broad ledge stood out, a rough platform as large as a great room, thickly grown with wiry grass and walled in on three sides. There close to the verge where the cliff at last dropped sheer, a woman was sitting, her arms about her drawn up knees, her eyes fixed on the trailing smoke of a distant liner, her face full of some dream.

This woman delicately beautiful in her features, and in her bearing, whose training had taught him to live in his eyes, to make the most beautiful picture he had ever seen. Her face of southern pallor, touched by the kiss of the wind with color on the cheek, presented to him a profile of delicate beauty, in which there was nothing hard, nevertheless the black brows bended down toward the point where they almost met gave her in repose

Home Builders' Offices Being Moved to 18th & Dodge Sts.

W. B. Jones, Superintendent of Home Builders' Construction Department, has moved his office from the Brandeis Theater Building to Home Builders' new building, 18th and Dodge Sts.

All other departments of the Home Builders and the American Security Co. will complete the transfer of their offices to the new location by the 15th of July.

Home Builders' American Security, Fin. Agts., Omaha, Nebraska. G. A. Robbrough, Pres. C. C. Shimer, Sec'y

and every opportunity of studying the case, that I am going to ask leave to put a question or two to yourself—nothing that you would rather not answer, I think. May I?"

She glanced at him wearily. "It would be stupid of me to refuse. Ask your questions, Mr. Trent." "It's only this, said Trent hurriedly. "We know that your husband lately drew an unusually large sum of ready money from his London bankers, and was keeping it here. It is here now, in fact. Have you any idea why he should have done that?"

"Why is it surprising?" "I thought my husband had very little money in the house. On Sunday night, just before he went out in the motor, he came into the drawing room where I was sitting. He seemed to be irritated about something, and asked me—once if I had any notes or gold I could let him have until next day. I was surprised at that, because he was never without money; he made it a rule to carry a hundred pounds or so

about him always in a note case. I unlocked my escrow, and gave him all I had by me. It was nearly thirty pounds." "And he did not tell you why he wanted it?" "No. He put it in his pocket, and then said that Mr. Marlowe had persuaded him to go for a run in the motor by moonlight, and he thought it might help him to sleep. He had been sleeping badly, as perhaps you know. Then he went off with Mr. Marlowe. I thought it odd he should need money on Sunday night, but I soon forgot about it. I never remembered it again until now."

"It was curious, certainly," said Trent, starting into the distance. Mr. Cupples began to speak to his niece of the arrangements for the inquest, and Trent moved away to where Marlowe was pacing slowly upon the lawn. The young man seemed relieved to get away from the coming of the day. Though he still seemed tired out and nervous, he showed himself not without a quiet humor in describing the pomposities of the local police and the portentous airs of Dr. Stock. Trent turned the conversation gradually toward the problem of the crime, and all Marlowe's gravity returned.

"You mustn't think of sparing me," I cried vehemently. "Do you think I'm going to stay safely out of the way while you people who have worked so hard face all the unpleasantness?" "It's only part of our every-day work," Allen Drake's suave voice assured me. "And if it were not for Mrs. Underwood's very plausible argument, I shouldn't think of permitting you to accompany us. But we all must bow to her decision."

His manner had suddenly taken on the quality I remembered so well in the days of my work with him in the service. It was impersonal, decided, authoritative. I felt suddenly like a small child that had been bidden to sit quietly in the corner out of every one's way. There were a dozen questions crowding to my lips, but I repressed

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

The Way Allen Drake Piqued Madge. Lillian consulted her wrist watch and made a mental calculation. "We have plenty of time," she said, turning to me with an apologetic air.

"I forgot you don't know all that we have done," she said. "Mr. Drake has a man in tow who was an associate of our cherubic acquaintance in one of her particularly hectic escapades, one for which the authorities of a certain city would particularly like to see her. He thought it might be a good idea to have him handy—tonight in case the lady needed proof that we have all the goods we want on her."

"You were planning to go to White Gables before the inquest, I think," remarked Trent to Mr. Cupples as they finished their breakfast. "You ought to be off, if you are to get back to the court in time. I have something to attend to there myself, so we might walk up together. I will just go and get my camera."

"By all means," Mr. Cupples answered, and they set off at once in the ever-growing with of the morning. The roof of White Gables, a surly patch of dull red against the dark trees, seemed to harmonize with Trent's mood; he felt heavy, sinister and troubled. If a blow must fall, that might strike down that creature rampant of beauty and life whom he had seen that morning, he did not wish it to come from his hand. An exaggerated chivalry had lived in him since the first teachings of his mother; but at this moment the horror of bruising anything so lovely was almost as much the artist's revulsion as the gentleman's. On the other hand, was the hunt to end in nothing? The quality of the fair was such that the thought of forbearance was an agony. There never was such a case, and he alone, he was confident, held the truth of it in his hand. At least he determined, that day should show whether what he believed was a delusion. He would trample his compunction underfoot until he was quite sure that there was any call for it.

As they entered at the gate of the drive they saw Marlowe and the American standing in talk before the front door. In the shadow of the porch was the lady in black.

She saw them, and came gracefully forward over the lawn, moving as Trent had known that she would move, erect and balanced, stepping lightly. When she welcomed him on Mr. Cupples' presentation, her eyes of golden-flecked brown observed him kindly. In her pale complexion, worn at the mask of distress, there was no trace of the emotion that had seemed a halo about her head on the ledge of the cliff. She spoke the appropriate commonplace in a low and even voice. After a few words to Mr. Cupples she turned her eyes on Trent again.

"I hope you will succeed," she said earnestly. "Do you think you will succeed?" He made his mind up as the words left her lips. He said to himself, believe I shall do so, Mrs. Manderson. When I have the case sufficiently complete I shall ask you to let me see you and tell you about it. It may be necessary to consult you before the facts are published."

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after dinner getting ready for the trip. "Don't be provoked into saying anything tonight unless it is distinctly your cue to talk," she said. "I am not going to have you come in at first, but you will be within sight and hearing of everything that goes on. And when you do enter the room at my summons, just watch me. I'll manage things so you'll know just what to do."

I felt relief and a touch of chagrin at her words, relief that I had no responsibility in the trip before us, chagrin, which I subconsciously knew was unworthy of me, that it was to be merely the puppet in the drama of the evening, pulled hither and thither by the strings held by the capable fingers of Lillian Underwood and Allen Drake.

It was only faint chagrin toward Lillian that I felt. My resentment, unjustly enough, was all for Allen Drake. I was childishly glad when in the taxicab Lillian sat between me and the man whose assumption of authority I so disliked.

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Dorothy Dalton



in "The Lady of Red Butte" A Paramount Picture

The Adventurous love story of Faro Fan, during the romantic days of the golden west.



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Chaplin in "SUNNYSIDE" His Third Million Dollar Comedy

Strand Today-Saturday

THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS

SUN TOM MIX IN "THE WILDERNESS TRAIL"

LOTHROP Today and Saturday CHARLES RAY in "THE GIRL DOGGER"

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