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Occur most frequently with those in a run-down, weakened condition; who are nervously and physically exhausted. It will pay you to keep in trim these hot days by taking



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Doctor Tells How to Detect Harmful Effects of Tobacco

Try These SIMPLE TESTS

New York: Doctor Connor, formerly of Johns Hopkins hospital, says: Many men who smoke, chew or sniff incessantly and who are seemingly healthy are suffering from progressive organic ailments. Thousands of them would never have been afflicted had it not been for the use of tobacco, and thousands would soon feel well if they would only stop the use of tobacco. The chief habit forming principle of tobacco is nicotine, a deadly poison which, when absorbed by the system, slowly affects the nerves, membranes, tissues and vital organs of the body. The harmful effect of tobacco varies and depends on circumstances. If you are afflicted with general debility, others with atrophy of the throat, indigestion, constipation, extreme nervousness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, lack of will power, mental confusion, etc. Others may suffer from heart disease, bronchial trouble, hardening of the arteries, tuberculosis, blindness or even cancer or the common affliction known as tobacco heart. If you use tobacco in any form you can easily detect the harmful effects by making the following simple tests: Read aloud one full page from a book. If, in the course of reading, your voice becomes muffled, hoarse and indistinct, and you must frequently clear your throat, the chances are that your throat is affected with catarrh and it may be the beginning of more serious trouble. Next in the morning be-

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERHEW BENTLEY

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CHAPTER XXVIII. The Lure of the Opera.

Trent served Sir James, well earning his pay, for six months, and then returned to Paris, where he went to work again with a better heart. His powers had returned to him, and he began to live more happily than he had expected among a tribe of strangely assorted friends, French, English and American, artists, poets, journalists, policemen, hotel-keepers, soldiers, lawyers, business men and others. His old faculty of sympathetic interest in his fellows won for him, just as in his student days, privileges seldom accorded to the Briton. He returned again the rare experience of being taken into the bosom of a Frenchman's family. He was admitted to the momentous confidence of les jeunes, and found them as sure that they had surprised the secrets of art and life as the departed jeunes of ten years before had been.

One morning in June, as he descended the slope of the Rue des Martyrs, he saw approaching a figure that he remembered. He glanced quickly round, for the thought of meeting Mr. Bunner again was unacceptable. For some time he had recognized that his wound was healing under the spell of creative work; he thought less often of the woman he loved, and with less pain. He would not have the memory of those three days reopened.

But the straight and narrow thoroughfare offered no refuge, and the American saw him almost at once. His unforced geniality made Trent ashamed, for he had liked the man. They sat long over a meal, and Mr. Bunner talked. Trent listened to him, now that he was in for it, with genuine pleasure, now and then contributing a question or remark. Besides liking his companion, he enjoyed his conversation for its own sake.

Mr. Bunner was, it appeared, resident in Paris as the chief continental agent of the Manderson firm, and fully satisfied with his position and prospects. He discoursed on these for some 20 minutes. This subject at length exhausted, he went on to tell Trent, who contended that he had been away from England for a year, that Marlowe had shortly after the death of Manderson entered his father's business, which was now again in a flourishing state, and had already come to be virtually in control of it. They had kept up their intimacy, and were even now planning a holiday for the summer. Mr. Bunner spoke with generous admiration of his friend's talent for affairs. "Jack Marlowe has a natural big head," he declared, "and if he had more experience, I wouldn't want to have him up against me. He would put a crimp in me every time."

As the American's talk flowed on, Trent listened with growing surprise and anxiety. It became more and more plain that something was very wrong in his theory of the situation there was no mention of its central figure. Presently Mr. Bunner mentioned that Marlowe was engaged to be married to an Irish girl, whose charms he celebrated with native enthusiasm.

Trent clasped his hands savagely together beneath the table. What could have happened? His ideas were sliding and shifting. At last he forced himself to put a direct question.

Mr. Bunner was not very fully informed. He knew that Mrs. Manderson had left England immediately after the settlement of her husband's affairs, and had lived for some time in Italy. She had returned not long ago to London, where she had decided not to live in the house in Mayfair, and had bought a smaller one in the Hampstead neighborhood. He understood, one somewhere in the country. She was said to go but little into society. "And all the good hard dollars just waiting for someone to spraddle them around!" said Mr. Bunner, with a note of pathos in his voice. "Why, she has money to burn—money to feed to the birds—and nothing doing! The old man left her more than half his wealth. And think of the figure she might make in the world! She is beautiful, and she is the best woman I ever met, too. But she couldn't ever seem to get the habit of spending money the way it ought to be spent."

His words now became a soliloquy: Trent's thoughts were occupying all his attention. He pleaded business soon and the two men parted with cordiality. Half an hour later Trent was in his studio, swiftly and mechanically "cleaning up." He wanted to know what had happened; somehow he must find out. He could never approach herself, he knew; he would never bring back to her the shame of that last encounter with him; it was scarcely likely that he would even set eyes on her. Cupples was in London, Marlowe was there, A. A. And anyhow he was sick of Paris. Such thoughts came and went:

and below them all strained the fibers of an unseen cord that dragged mercilessly at his heart, and that he cursed bitterly in the moments when he could not deny to himself that it was there. The folly, the useless, pitiable folly of it!

In 24 hours his feeble roots in Paris had been torn out. He was looking over a leaden sea at the shining fortress-wall of the Dover cliffs.

But though he had instinctively picked out the lines of a set purpose from among the welter of promptings in his mind, he found it delayed at the very outset.

He had decided that he must first see Mr. Cupples, who would be in a position to tell him much more than the American knew. But Mr. Cupples was away on his travels, not expected to come back for a month; and Trent had no reasonable excuse for hastening his return. Marlowe he would not confront until he had tried at least to reconnoiter the position. He constrained himself not to commit the crowning folly of seeking out Mrs. Manderson's house in Hampstead; he could not enter it, and the thought of the possibility of being seen by her lurking in its neighborhood brought the blood to his face.

He stayed at a hotel, took a studio, and while he awaited Mr. Cupples' return attempted vainly to lose himself in work. At the end of a week he had an idea that he acted upon with eager precipitancy. She had let fall some word, at their last meeting, of a taste for music. Trent went that evening, and thenceforward regularly, to the opera. He might see her; and if, in spite of his caution, she caught sight of him, they could be blind to each other's presence—anybody might happen to go to the opera.

So he went alone each evening, passing as quickly as he might through the people in the vestibule, and each evening he came away knowing that she had not been in the house. It was a habit that yielded him a sort of satisfaction along with the guilty excitement of his search; for he too loved music, and nothing gave him so much peace while his magic endured.

One night as he entered, hurrying through the brilliant crowd, he felt a touch on his arm. Flooded with an incredible certainty at the touch, he turned. It was she; so much more radiant in the absence of grief and anxiety, in the fact that she was smiling, and in the alurement of evening dress, that he could not speak. She, too, breathed a little quickly, and there was a light of daring in her eyes and cheeks as she greeted him.

Her words were few. "I wouldn't miss a note of Tristan," she said, "nor must you. Come and see me in the interval." She gave him the number of the box. (Continued tomorrow.)

The Bee's Free Ice and Milk Fund

THE PLAY.

A "starving mother, child and baby," saved by the timely arrival of Harold Ericson with free milk and ice from The Bee fund was the last of seven big acts at the amateur show given in the yard of Mrs. J. R. Young's home, 929 South Thirty-eighth avenue, by children of the neighborhood for the benefit of The Bee's fund for free milk and ice.

An immense crowd came and, though the admission price was only 5 cents, the proceeds were \$10.05, which will buy a lot of pure milk for poor babies.

Among the girls and boys who took part were Baby Hewall, Lillian Suchart, Marguerite Young, Dorothy Ericson, Nellie Terkelson, Walker Boyd Suchert, Harold Ericson, Emmet Torant and Everett Torant. Other shows like this one are being planned. Children and grown-ups have a good time and the proceeds bring pure milk to many friendly babies.

Every cent contributed to The Bee's fund buys either milk or ice for the suffering little ones of the deserving poor.

Your contribution will be gladly acknowledged in this column. SEND IT NOW to The Bee office and have a part in bringing health to little, helpless babies.

Previously acknowledged \$491.90 "Show" at 929 South Thirty-eighth avenue 10.05 Mrs. M. A. Benedict, Stromsburg, Neb. 1.00 Miss Jennie Scott, Stromsburg, Neb. 2.00 "Live Wire" Class, Anselmo Christian Sunday School, Anselmo, Neb. 3.00 Total \$507.95

Runaway Boys Say No Fun or Money On Farm; Arrested In Omaha

Alfio Castiglia, 1515 North Seventh street, and Mike Calabito, who lives in the same East Omaha neighborhood, were turned over to the juvenile court by the police Sunday night after they had been adventuring for three days.

Alfio left his home early Friday morning, his parents said, leaving this note on his bed: "Dear Mother and Father: I ain't had no fun or money since we've been living on the farm. I want to go to Omaha and make lots of money. Mike and me are going together. Goodbye, mother. Your loving son, Alfio."

The boys were discovered Sunday in the Northwestern railroad yards, about to rob a box car. Special Detective Morgan said. Alfio was captured, but Mike escaped. Later Mike was taken into custody when he came to the police station in search of Alfio.

Juvenile court authorities say that Alfio is an old offender. He is classed on the records as a "chronic run-away." Mike has no record, but a cousin of his by the same name is now at the Kearney industrial school. Alfio and Mike are both 12 years old.

County Will Advertise Paving Bonds for Sale

The board of county commissioners Monday passed a resolution, ordering advertisements to be inserted in a New York paper, a Chicago paper and an Omaha paper, offering \$1,000,000 of the \$3,000,000 highway paving bonds for sale. The bonds were voted at the special election of June 24 and are to be used to pave 115 miles of Douglas county roads.

The advertisements must run for 30 days. Bids are expected by September 1, though the exact date of opening them has not been set.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

ALLEN DRAKE conducted us to the waiting taxicab in the next street, put us in it and then entered it himself.

I was surprised at this action and I know Lillian was, for at dinner we had heard him comment upon the amount of delayed work which was waiting for him, and we both knew that he was not a man to sacrifice necessary work to an empty unnecessary courtesy such as escorting us home would be.

With characteristic promptness, Lillian put her thought into words. "You know we'd love to have you come with us," she said cordially, "but we also know how very busy you are, and an escort for us is really a superfluous luxury."

"I am indulging in the luxury," he returned with a flattering emphasis on the pronoun, but I was sure that the words were only a mask, and that he had some vital reason for going back with us to Lillian's apartments.

I was sure of it when at Lillian's door he dismissed the taxicab as we alighted, then walked up the old-fashioned steps with us to Lillian's door.

"The evening is young yet," he said, addressing Lillian directly, "and I am wondering if you would do me a great favor."

"You have only to name it," she answered with the charming courtesy which is so characteristic of her.

Madge Understands. "I have had the combination of a lot of work to do and the 'makin' of one of my nervous headaches coming on," he returned smiling. "I happened to remember the wonderful black coffee you gave me once when we were working on a case together. If it wouldn't inconvenience you—"

"Of course," she interrupted with ready hospitality. "Come right up. If Betty has gone to bed I will make it myself."

"I won't come up otherwise," he said hastily, "for I remember that it was you, not Betty, who was responsible for the delicious beverage that has lingered so pleasantly in my memory. I take off my hat to Betty in many things culinary, but she cannot equal your coffee."

"Oh, you're trying to blind my eyes to some purpose of your own," Lillian laughed. "You have evidently fathomed the depths of my vanity. But how did you ever discover my secret belief that I make positively the best coffee in the wide wide world?"

She had spoken the literal truth, Lillian, the most immune from feminine foibles of any woman I know—is as conceited and positive about the merits of her culinary concoctions as a woman with no other horizon than the kitchen walls could possibly be.

I smiled to myself as I reflected that Allen Drake's appeal to this vanity of hers had even blinded her ordinarily keen perceptions to the rather patent fact that he was simply making an excuse of the coffee.

Left Alone. As I followed her into the living-room with Allen Drake walking

close behind me, I wondered just what errand was bringing him to us with so flimsy an excuse.

For if I gauged Allen Drake correctly, and I was reasonably sure I did, I was certain that no headache, no matter how raging, would compel him to ask aid of any woman or would permit him to admit the physical weakness to her. The excuse must be only a pretext—cleverly predicated upon his knowledge of Lillian's foibles.

"Now amuse each other, children," Lillian commanded, unpinning her hat and tossing it carelessly upon a couch, "while I get the coffee machine."

When she had left the room Allen Drake turned to me. "Please stick around," he said almost boishly. "I've got to tell Mrs. Underwood something, and I don't know how she'll take it."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Thomas Brown Granted Divorce; Suit by Other Woman Is Now Pending

A divorce was granted to Thomas Brown from Miriam C. Brown, 308 North Twenty-first street, by Judge Day in district court yesterday on ground of desertion. Brown was ordered to pay his former wife \$700 at the rate of \$5 a month. She lives in Chicago. He alleged he married her when he went into the army in August, 1918, and that when he returned to civil life she refused to live with him.

A suit by another woman is pending against Thomas Brown in district court. It is an action for \$15,000 brought by Cora Doubleday of Madison, Wis., against Brown. She alleges that he promised to marry her early in 1917 and that he is the father of her child, born December 17, 1917. This suit was filed May 16, 1919. The day after Brown's wife sued for divorce.

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Our catalogue goes to the printer today. We have on hand a lot of odds and ends, accumulated in operating a large business of this kind, which we cannot list in the catalogue because of the small quantity in stock.

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