

BALLOON RACE WINNERS ARE GIVEN PRIZES

Crew of "All America" Presented With Silver Cup by Chief of U. S. Air Service.

Col. C. DeForest Chandler, chief of the balloon and air service bureau of the United States army, here on an inspection tour, presented winners of the balloon race for distance held recently at Fort Omaha, with a silver loving cup and numerous other prizes yesterday at the fort. The prizes, the gifts of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, the board of governors of the Ak-Sar-Ben and the

C. B. Brown Jewelry Co., were awarded as follows: Balloon No. 2, the "All America," a silver loving cup; Lt. R. E. Thompson and Lt. J. B. Jordan, officers of the winning balloon, a gold watch each; other participants, four in number, silver cigarette cases.

Lt. Col. Jacob W. S. Wuest, commanding officer at Fort Omaha presided. Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, headed by Randall K. Brown, and the Ak-Sar-Ben board of governors, were present. Colonel Wuest's entire staff took part in the ceremony.

The "All America," the winning balloon, landed at Wilocena, Wis., nine miles south of Portage, Wis., Monday afternoon, after traveling 409 miles. Officers of the two trailing balloons, the "United States" and the "Victory," who were awarded cigarette cases, are: Capt. A. C. McKinley, Lt. J. T. Neeley, Lt. W. E. Huffman and Lt. W. E. Conley. The former landed at Rowley, Ia., after sailing 224 miles, and the latter at Greene, Ia., after traveling 196 miles.

Detective Murphy Better

Detective Frank Murphy, who was shot last week by highwaymen, is reported slightly better today at the Lord Lister hospital. His condition, however, is still serious.

You'll like
50-50
Everybody
D-O-E-S

ASK YOUR DEALER

MUSE

MARY PICKFORD
in
"Behind the Scenes"

She could have the success she had struggled and fought for, or she could have love. She couldn't take both; it was one or the other. Come to see the picture and decide whether she's right in rejecting—

RIALTO
Presenting
"The Money Corral"
Starring
WILLIAM & HART

LOTHROP 24th and
Today and Thursday
TOM MOORE in
"ONE OF THE FINEST."

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERIHUE BENTLEY

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CHAPTER XXIX. Eruption.

The following two months were a period in Trent's life that he has never since remembered without shuddering. He met Mrs. Manderson half a dozen times, and each time her cool friendliness, a nicely calculated mean between mere acquaintance and the first stage of intimacy, baffled and maddened him. At the opera he had found her, to his further amazement, with a certain Mrs. Wallace, a frisky matron whom he had known from childhood. Mrs. Manderson, it appeared, on her return from Italy, had somehow wandered into circles which he belonged by nature and disposition. It came, she said, of her having pitched her tent in their hunting grounds; several of his friends were near neighbors.

He had a dim but horrid recollection of having been on that occasion unlike himself, ill at ease, burning in the face, talking with idiotic loquacity of his adventures in the Baltic provinces, and finding from time to time that he was addressing himself exclusively to Mr. Wallace. The other lady, when he joined them, had completely lost the slight appearance of agitation with which she had stopped him in the vestibule. She had spoken pleasantly to him of her travels, of her settlement in London and of people whom they both knew.

During the last half of the opera, which he had stayed in the box to hear, he had been conscious of nothing, as he sat behind them, but at the angle of her cheek and the mass of her hair, the lines of her shoulder and arm, her hand upon the cushion. The black hair had seemed at last a forest, immeasurable, pathless and enchanted, luring him to a fatal adventure. At the end he had pale and subdued, parting with them rather formally.

The next time he saw her—it was at a country house where both were guests—and the subsequent times, he had matched her manner and had acquitted himself, he thought, decently, considering. He was considering that he lived in an agony of bewilderment and remorse and longing. He could make nothing, absolutely nothing, of her attitude. That she had read his manuscript, and understood the suspicion indicated in his last question to her at White Gables, was beyond the possibility of doubt. Then how could she treat him thus amiably and frankly, as she treated all the world of men who had done her no injury?

For it had become clear to his intuitive sense, for all the absence of any shade of differentiation in her outward manner, that an injury had been done, and that she had felt it. Several times, on the rare and brief occasions when they had talked apart, he had warned from the same sense that she was approaching this subject; and each time he had turned the conversation with the ingenuously born of fear. Two resolutions he made. The first was that when he had completed a commissioned work which tied him to London he would go away, and stay away. The strain was too great. He no longer burned to know the truth; he wanted nothing to confirm his fixed internal conviction by faith, that he had blundered, that he had misread the situation, misinterpreted her tears, written himself down a slanderous fool. He speculated no more on Marlowe's motive in the killing of Manderson. Mr. Cupples returned to London, and Trent asked him nothing. He knew now that he had been right in those words—Trent remembered them for the emphasis with which they were spoken—"So long as she considered herself bound to him . . . no power on earth could have persuaded her." He met Mrs. Manderson at dinner at her uncle's large and tomb-like house in Bloomsbury, and there he conversed most of the evening with a professor of archaeology from Berlin.

His other resolution was that he would not be with her alone. But when, a few days after, she wrote asking him to come and see her on the following afternoon, he made no attempt to excuse himself. This was a formal challenge. While she celebrated the rites of tea, and for some little time thereafter, she joined with such natural ease in his slightly fevered conversation on matters of the day that he began to hope she had changed what he could not doubt had been her resolve, to corner him and speak to him gravely. She was to all appearances careless now, smiling so that he recalled, not for the first time since that night at the opera, what was written long ago of a princess of Brunswick: "Her mouth has 10,000 charms that touch the soul." She made a tour of the beauties of the room, when she had reached him, singling out this treasure or that from the spoils of a hundred bric-a-brac shops, laughing over her quests, discoveries and bargainings. And when he asked if she would delight him again with a favorite piece of his which he had heard her play at another house, she consented at once.

She played with a perfection of execution and feeling that moved him. "You are a musician born," he said quietly when she had finished, and the last tremor of the music had passed away. "I knew that before I first heard you play."

"I have played a great deal ever since I can remember. It has been a great comfort to me," she said simply, and half-turned to him smiling. "When did you first detect music in me? Oh, of course! I was at the opera. But that wouldn't prove much, would it?"

"No," he said, abstractedly, his sense still busy with the music that had just ended. "I think I knew it the first time I saw you." Then understanding of his own words came to him, and turned him rigid. For the first time the past had been invoked.

There was a short silence. Mrs. Manderson looked at Trent, then hastily looked away. Color began to rise in her face, and she pursed her lips as if for whistling. Then with a defiant gesture of the shoulders which he remembered, she rose suddenly from the piano and placed herself in a chair opposite to him.

utterly true to life, with its confusions and hidden things, and its cross-purposes and perfectly natural mistakes that nobody thinks twice about taking for facts. Please understand that I don't blame you in the least, and never did, for jumping to the conclusion you did. You knew that I had no love for my husband, and you knew what that so often means. You knew before I told you, I expect, that he had taken up an injured attitude toward me; and I was silly enough to try and explain it away. I gave you the explanation of it that I had given myself at first, before I realized the wretched truth; I told you he was disappointed in me because I couldn't take a brilliant lead in society. Well, that was true. He was so. But I could see you weren't convinced. You had guessed what it took me much longer to see, because I knew how irrational it was. Yes; my husband was jealous of John Marlowe; you had divined that. "Then I believe like a fool when you let me see you had divined it; it was such a blow, you understand, when I had supposed all the humiliation and strain was at an end, and that his delusion had died with him. You practically asked me if my husband's secretary was not my lover, Mr. Trent—I have to say it, because I want you to understand why I broke down and made a scene. You took that for a confession; and you thought I was guilty of that, and I think you even thought I might be a party to the crime, that I had conspired . . . That did hurt me; but perhaps you couldn't have thought anything else—I don't know."

Trent, who had not hitherto taken his eyes from her face, hung his head at the words. He did not raise it again as she continued. "But really it was simple shock and distress that made me give way, and the memory of all the misery that mad suspicion had meant to me. And when I pulled myself together again, you had gone."

She rose and went to an escritoire beside the window, unlocked a drawer, and drew out a long, sealed envelope.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Council Differs On Selling of Liquor In Soft Drink Parlors

"I don't believe that these soft drink parlors can obtain hard liquor now," said City Commissioner Ure, during city council meeting today.

"You are more optimistic on that matter than I am. I think they may be able to dig it up somewhere," replied Mayor Smith.

Difference of opinion developed during a discussion over a resolution, to deny to Theodore Buras a soft drink permit to operate at 4516 South Twenty-seventh street, on the grounds that John O'Hara, former occupant of that address, had been convicted of violating the liquor laws.

A soft drink permit was granted to the Ringle Fox Drug Co., 213 North Twenty-fifth street, against the recommendation of Mr. Ringer to deny the application.

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The News That Allen Drake Told Lillian.

I looked at Allen Drake with quick concern. "Is your news something that affects Mrs. Underwood personally?" I asked.

"Very much," he answered laconically, and my resentment began to rise again at the offhand manner in which he had asked my aid and at the same time rebuffed my apparently innocuous question.

"Tell me," he said after an interval of silence in which he appeared to be pondering some problem not worked out to his satisfaction, "is Mr. Savarin better?"

"Decidedly," I resolved to be as laconic as he.

"Physically and mentally?"

"Mrs. Underwood has only spoken of his physical condition."

Madge Rebuffs Him.

I caught the glint of an amused smile in Mr. Drake's eyes and was immediately on my guard, realizing that even while he was evidently carrying out some serious purpose in questioning me he was retting a good deal of quiet amusement out of the resentment which I had not been able to conceal, and which I believed he was deliberately trying to arouse.

"Is he going back to the Catskills soon?"

My lips shut tightly over the answer that had almost left them at his question. Lillian had told me but a few hours ago that the artist would soon be able to go back to his beloved mountains with his devoted sister, Mrs. Cosgrove. And Mr. Drake's manner held so imperious a touch that I had almost given him the information. But I stopped myself in time.

"I am afraid you will have to go to Mrs. Underwood for that information," I said coldly. "I am not familiar with Mr. Savarin's plans."

"And if you were you would not tell them to me," commented Mr. Drake lazily. "A very proper spirit, my dear lady, one that reflects great credit upon your bringing up. I suppose I really ought to beg your pardon for asking you, but on second thought I don't believe I will, for whether you believe it or not, my questions were not actuated by an idle desire to make you talk."

His drawing voice with its touch of mockery made me furious not only because of his lazy, fun-making mental attitude toward me, but because he had managed to put me unadvisedly in the wrong. I felt suddenly childish, realized that so able a man as Allen Drake must have some reason for his questioning that was vitally important. I had realized it all the time, I acknowledged, with pitiless self-scoring, but had allowed my wounded vanity to blind me to everything else.

Lillian's entrance with the coffee

OMAHAN HEARS OF WIFE AFTER LONG SILENCE

Returned Soldier Greeted by Letter From Wife After Thirteen Months' Service in France.

To hear from his wife in far-away Russia after six years of silence was the reward of Louis Katz, 5038 South Twenty-fifth street, after 13 months' service in the American expeditionary force in France. "For the first time I know I have a child," he said, at his home last evening. "My wife, she writes nearly month ago and I receive letter when I get home today. I have a girl. Her name, Hyda. She six years old."

Katz served with the 34th engineers, seeing action on five fronts. He was wounded during the Argonne-Meuse offensive November 6, while carrying ammunition by truck up to the first regular division near Sedan on the north side of the Meuse river. He was struck by shrapnel.

When sent to a hospital at Dijon, France, he escaped after four days' treatment, declaring that he belonged at the front. He arrived with his unit in time to see the last shot fired in the region near Sedan. Katz is now a laborer at the Swift packing plant, South Side. He has made arrangements to have his wife and daughter come to the United States at once. They are living at Lublin, Russia.

Katz was among the first selected men in November, 1917. He sailed for Liverpool on one of the first transports to cross the Atlantic. May 22, 1918, and landed in New York last week. He was ordered to Camp Dodge, where he received his discharge Saturday.

Government officials in the Philippines have imported seed of a blight-proof coffee from Java in the hope of re-establishing an industry that once was highly profitable.

White Pole, East—Fair to good, some heavy dust.

River to River, East—Fair to good, with some rough going on west end.

King of Trails, North—Fair to good, dusty to Missouri Valley.

King of Trails, South—Fair to good, slightly rough around Platts-mouth bridge, some roadwork has improved it.

Okoboji Trail—Fair to good, dusty. Good option via River to River to Minden, six miles east pick up O-C-O north through Harland and Manning to Lincoln Highway, west to Westside, and then through Wall Lake to Early and Storm Lake, picking up Spirit Lake airline again.

Black Hills Trail, North—Fair. Ratty and high centers around West Point, Pilger and Beemer. (Better way via Columbus and north on Meridian Road to Norfolk.)

Otis Sidsensparker of Thomaston, Me., 91 years old and the oldest man in town, has just finished splitting six and a half cords of firewood at his door.

Condition of Highways

Condition of the principal highways passing through Omaha as reported to the Omaha Automobile club is as follows:

Nervous People who drink coffee find themselves much more comfortable when they change their table beverage to

INSTANT POSTUM

Autocar Price Increase Next Week

\$2300 97-inch wheelbase \$2400 120-inch wheelbase

ON and after August 1, 1919, the chassis price of the Autocar Motor Truck will be \$2300 for the 97-inch wheelbase and \$2400 for the 120-inch wheelbase.

Orders placed before August 1, 1919, will be accepted at the present price of \$2050 for the 97-inch wheelbase chassis and \$2150 for the 120-inch wheelbase chassis.

In order to protect our 7700 customers we must reserve the privilege of limiting the number of Autocars that we will sell at the present price to any one business house.

THE AUTOCAR COMPANY, ARDMORE, PA. Established 1897

O'DELL-HAMILTON Co

General Offices, 1415 Jackson St. Service Station, 2562 Leavenworth St. OMAHA.

July 1, 1919

Gladys Brockwell
in
The SNEAK

A story of Riches and Raps—that kind of an appealing story that carries you far away from the hot summer temperature.

The star you know well enough without mention.

TODAY TO SATURDAY

GLADYS BROCKWELL
in
The SNEAK

A story of Riches and Raps—that kind of an appealing story that carries you far away from the hot summer temperature.

The star you know well enough without mention.