WOMEN CAN VOTE AT PRIMARIES, SAYS ATTORNEY

Author of Partial Suffrage Law Names Elections at Which New Voters Can Participate.

Women are entitled to vote for all elective officers in primary elections, according to a ruling of C. A. Sorensen, attorney, and author of the woman suffrage law.

In response to a request of Mrs. W. E. Barkley of Lincoln, president of the Nebraska Woman Suffrage association, for an opinion on the voting privileges of women under the partial woman suffrage act of 1917, he ruled that women could vote for all officers at primary elections, including the constitutional convention primary.

According to Mr. Sorensen's ruling on voting at primaries, the primary is not an election, but an orderly method of selecting men to represent their political party in an election.

Under this ruling women will be entitled to vote at the primary election, September 16, 1919, for the selection of candidates for delegates to the Constitutional convention and at the general primary election next spring will have the same rights as men in electing the candidates of the various political parties for president, governor, attorney-general and other minor state officers, supreme and district court judges, congressmen, members of the legislature and all county and precinct officers.

At the general election in November he rules that women may vote for president of the United States and all county and precinct officers, except county judge and upon county propositions, such as bond issues. All school propositions and officers may be voted on by women.

He rules that women are not entitled to vote on questions submitted to the voters of the state under the initiative and referendum because the manner of submission is provided for in the constitution.

SHE SPENT $500 IN EFFORTS TO REGAIN HEALTH

Nothing Helped Mrs. Teas Till She Took Tanlac — Was Told Operation Was Only Hope.

"I tried for five long years to find something that would overcome my troubles, and during the past year I spent five hundred dollars for treatment, but I never got any relief at all until I commenced taking Tanlac," said Mrs. Clarence Teas, who lives at 1208 Colorado Ave., Kansas City, Mo., the other day.

"I was certainly despondent over my condition when I began taking Tanlac," continued Mrs. Teas, "for I had just had an X-ray examination, and was told that I would never get well unless I underwent an operation. My kidneys were in bad condition, and I suffered terribly with pains in the small of my back, and frequently had bad spells of sick headaches. I had stomach trouble, too, and everything I ate would disagree with me, and I finally got to where it was a hard matter for me to retain what little I did eat. I often had severe cramping spells which were caused by gas forming from sour, undigested food. My condition just gradually got worse until I was very weak and run down.

"I had been reading about the good Tanlac was doing so many people right here in Kansas City, I decided to give it a trial and it proved to be just the medicine I needed. Why, I have actually gained ten pounds, and I have only taken three bottles. My kidneys seem to be in perfect condition, and the stomach trouble has been completely overcome. I have a fine appetite, and can eat meats and pastries, and many other things I didn't dare touch before, and I never suffer a particle afterwards. I get plenty of good, restful sleep every night, and in fact, I am just as free from pain and suffering as I ever was, and feel fine all the time. Tanlac is a wonderful medicine and will certainly do just what they say it will."

Tanlac is sold in Omaha at all Sherman & McConnell Drug Company's stores, Harvard Pharmacy and West End Pharmacy. Also Forrest and Meany Drug Company in South Omaha and the leading druggist in each city and town throughout the state of Nebraska.—Adv.

DETAILED PLAN OF AERIAL MAIL SERVICE SOON

Hangars Needed In Omaha to Be Decided Upon This Week.

Robert H. Manley, commissioner of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, returned from Washington yesterday with the information that within two weeks complete details of the air mail service will be announced at Washington.

John A. Jordan, in charge of the air mail field service, will be in Omaha this week to look over the Omaha landing field and determine what will be necessary in the way of hangars for the airships.

The service from Chicago to Omaha, is another leg in the extension of the service that is expected to eventually extend from coast to coast. The installation of the service is expected to quickly follow the visit of Mr. Jordan, though it is possible that the air mail ships will not commence arriving before September or possibly, October.

According to information gathered by Mr. Manley, Omaha will be a relay station, later on, mail for Denver being taken out of here.

Mr. Manley was informed that the government is now trying out for mail carrying purposes a much larger machine, one equipped with three motors. If they prove satisfactory, they will go into the Omaha-Chicago service.

While in Washington, Mr. Manley called at the War department and was informed that officials are not ready to announce the program relative to the balloon school at Omaha. He was given to understand that it would be continued and probably greatly enlarged in the near future.

Talking with War department officials, Mr. Manley reached the conclusion that while no enormous standing army is contemplated, the forces will be maintained at a total between 250,000 and 400,000 men.

Safe of Pharmacy Is Looted of $1,000 In Cash and $200 Bonds

The safe of the Rex pharmacy, Seventeenth and Cuming streets, was looted early yesterday of $1,000 in cash and $200 in Liberty bonds.

According to the police, the combination of the safe was worked. As the store closed after the midnight hour, the police assume that the robbery was committed shortly before daylight.

Chicago System of Traffic Regulation May Be Used Here

The city council is considering adopting the Chicago system of traffic regulation in Omaha. Under this system the traffic officer would stand on the sidewalk at intersections and direct traffic by means of whistle signals. This system is reported to be satisfactory even in the crowded loop streets of Chicago.

"The "bird cage" at Sixteenth and Harney streets is not considered a success.

Erect Big Signs

Two of the largest signs in Omaha were put in place yesterday on the Paxton block, northeast corner of Sixteenth and Farnam streets. The signs each extend from the top of the building to within 15 feet of the ground and advertise the "Eldredge-Reynolds company," better known as Benson & Thorne. This store has taken a lease on the entire Paxton block and is taking over all space as fast as leases of the present tenants expire.

Use Cocoanut Oil For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Adv.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERIHEW BENTLEY

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Marlowe Relizes His Danger.

"You say something in that manuscript of yours, Mr. Trent, about the swift, automatic way in which one's ideas arrange themselves about some new, illuminating thought. It is quite true. The awful intensity of ill-will that had flamed after me from those straining eyeballs had poured over my mind like a search-light. I was thinking quite clearly now, and almost coldly, for I knew what—at least I knew whom—I had to fear, and instinct warned me that it was not a time to give room to the emotions that were fighting to possess me. The man hated me insanely. That incredible fact I suddenly knew. But the face had told me—it would have told anybody—more than that. It was a face of hatred gratified, it proclaimed some damnable triumph. It had gloated over me driving away to myfate. This too was plain to me. And what was my fate?

"I stopped the car. It had gone about two hundred and fifty yards, and a sharp bend of the road hid the spot where I had set Manderson down. I lay back in the seat and thought it out. Something was to happen to me. In Paris? Probably—why else should I be sent there, with money and a ticket? But why Paris? That puzzled me, for I had no melodramatic idea about Paris. I put the point aside for a moment. I turned to the other things that had roused my attention that evening. The lie about my 'persuading him to go for a moonlight run.' What was the intention of that? Manderson, I said to myself, will be returning without me while I am on my way to Southampton. What will he tell them about me? How account for his returning alone and without the car? As I asked myself that sinister question there rushed into my mind the last of my difficulties: 'Where are the thousand pounds?' And in the same instant came the answer: 'The thousand pounds are in my pocket.'

"I got up and stepped from the car. My knees trembled and I felt very sick. I saw the plot now—as I thought. The whole of the story about the papers and the necessity of their being taken to Paris was a blind. With Manderson's money about me, of which he would declare I had robbed him, I was to all appearance attempting to escape from England, with every precaution that guilt could suggest. He would communicate with the police at once, and would know how to put them on my track. I should be arrested in Paris—if I got so far—living under a false name, after having left the car under a false name, disguised myself, and traveled in a cabin which I had booked in advance, also under a false name. It would be plainly the crime of a man without money, and for some reason desperately in want of it. As for my account of the affair, it would be too preposterous.

"As this ghastly array of incriminating circumstances rose before me, I dragged the stout lettercase from my pocket. In the intensity of the moment I never entertained the faintest doubt that I was right, and that the money was there. It would easily hold the packets of notes. But as I felt it and weighed it in my hands it seeemed to me there must be more than this. It was too bulky. What more was to be laid to my charge. After all, a thousand pounds was not much to tempt a man like myself to run the risk of penal servitude. In this new agitation, scarcely knowing what I did, I caught the surrounding strap in my fingers just above the fastening and tore the staple out of the lock. These locks, you know, are pretty flimsy as a rule."

Here Marlow paused and walked to the oaken desk before the window. Opening a drawer full of miscellaneous objects, he took out a box of odd keys, and selected a small one distinguished by a piece of pink tape.

He handed it to Trent. "I keep that by me as a sort of morbid memento. It is the key to the lock I smashed. I might have saved myself the trouble if I had known that this key was at that moment in the left-hand side-pocket of my overcoat. Manderson must have slipped it in, either while the coat was hanging in the hall or while he sat at my side in the car. I might not have found the tiny thing there for weeks—as a matter of fact I did find it two days after Monderson was dead—but a police search would have found it in five minutes. And then I—I with the case and its contents in my pockets, my false name and my sham spectacles and the rest of it—I should have had no explanation to offer but the highly convincing one that I didn't know the key was there."

Trent dangled the key by its tape idly. Then—"How do you know this is the key of that case?" he asked quickly.

"I tried it. As soon as I found it I went up and fitted it to the lock. I knew where I had left the thing. So do you, I think, Mr. Trent. Don't you?" There was a faint shade of mockery in Marlowe's voice.

"Touche!" Trent said, with a dry smile. "I found a large empty lettercase with a burst lock lying with other odds and ends on the dressing table in Manderson's room. Your statement is that you put it there. I could make nothing of it." He closed his lips.

"There was no reason for hiding it," said Marlowe. "But to get back to my story. I burst the lock of the strap. I opened the case before one of the lamps of the car. The first thing I found in it I ought to have expected, of course; but I hadn't." He paused and glanced at Trent.

"It was—" began Trent mechanically; and then stopped himself. "Try not to bring me in any more, if you don't mind," he said, meeting the other's eye. "I have complimented you already in that document on your cleverness. You need not prove it by making the judge help you out with your evidence."

"All right," agreed Marlowe. "I couldn't resist just that much. If you had been in my place you would have known before I did that Manderson's little pocket case was there. As soon as I saw it, of course, I remembered his not having had it about him when I asked for the money, and his surprising anger. He had made a false step. He had already fastened his note-case up with the rest of what was to figure as my plunder, and placed it in my hands. I opened it. It contained a few notes as usual—I didn't count them.

"Tucked into the flaps of the big case in packets were the other notes, just as I had brought them from London. And with them were two small wash-leather bags, the look of which I knew well. My heart jumped sickeningly again, for this too was utterly unexpected. In those bags Manderson kept the diamonds in which he had been investing for some time past. I didn't open them; I could feel the tiny stones shifting under the pressure of my fingers. How many thousands of pounds' worth there were I have no idea. We had regarded Manderson's diamond-buying as merely a speculative fad. I believe now that it was the earliest movement in the scheme for my ruin. For any one like myself to be represented as having robbed him there ought to be a strong inducement shown. That had been provided with a vengeance.

"Now, I thought, I have the whole thing plain, and I must act. I saw instantly what I must do. I had left Manderson about a mile from the house. It would take him twenty minutes, fifteen if he walked fast, to get back to the house, where he would of course immediately tell his story of robbery, and probably would telephone at once to the police in Bishopsbridge. I had left him only five or six minutes ago—for all that I have just told you was as quick thinking as I ever did. It would be easy to overtake him in the car before he neared the house. There would be an awkward interview—I set my teeth as I thought of it, and all my fears vanished as I began to savor the gratification of telling him my opinion of him. There are probably few people who ever positively looked forward to an awkward interview with Manderson; but I was mad with rage. My honor and my liberty had been plotted against with detestable treachery. I did not consider what would follow the interview. That would arrange itself.

"I had started and turned the car—I was already going fast—when I heard the sound of a shot in front of me, to the right.

"Instantly I stopped the car. My first wild thought was that Manderson was shooting at me. Then I realized that the noise had not been close at hand. I could see nobody on the road, though the moonlight flooded it. I had left Manderson at a spot just round a corner that was now some fifty yards ahead of me. I started again, and turned the corner at a slow pace. Then I stopped again with a jar, and for a moment I sat perfectly still.

"Manderson lay dead a few steps from me on the turf within the gate, clearly visible to me in the moonlight."

Marlowe made another pause, and Trent, with a puckered brow, inquired: "On the golf-course?"

"Obviously," remarked Mr. Cupules. "The eighth green is just there." He had grown more and more interested as Marlowe went on, and was now playing feverishly with his thin beard.

"On the green, quite close to the flag," said Mr. Marlowe. "He lay on his back, his arms were stretched abroad, his jacket and heavy overcoat were open; the light shone hideously on his white face and his shirtfront; it glistened on his bared teeth and one of the eyes. The other . . . you saw it. The man was certainly dead. As I sat there stunned, unable for the moment to think of all, I could even see a thin dark line of blood running down from the shattered socket to the ear. Close by lay his soft black hat, and at his feet a pistol.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Cliquot Club Elects New Addition; Doubles Output

The Clicquot club Co., Millis, Mass., has just completed a new addition to its plant. New machinery is being installed. This will double the production. A new power plant has been erected which will triple previous power equipment. Two new sidetracks have been secured.

This is due to the tremendously increased business which the Clicquot Club Co. is doing. This concern, which has been under the present management for the last 10 years, has secured a national business. Clicquot Club is practically the only domestic ginger ale which is sold in almost every part of this country. The quality of the product has never been allowed to deteriorate. During the time when there was a marked shortage of sugar the managemnt preferred to curtail the production rather than use any substitute. It is a product which has won its position of supremacy by quality and the strength of its advertising effort.

Midwestern States Unite On Roads Legislation Issue

Representatives of the highway departments of Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, Colorado, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas have joined hands and propose to work as a unit to obtain national legislation that will result in better roads in the states named.

The governors of the various states propose to go before congress and ask for appropriations to aid in the construction and maintenance of the more important of the highways.

Miss McKitrick Dies

Miss Orpha M. McKitrick died early yesterday at her home, 1326 South Twenty-seventh street. She is survived by her mother, Mrs. N. J. McKitrick, and by two brothers, J. B. McKitrick and George M. McKitrick. Funeral services were held at Central United Presbyterian church last night. The body was taken to Olathe, Kan for burial.

Miss McKitrick, who was a public school teacher, requested that her pupils attend her funeral. The following were honorary pallbearers: Misses Mamie Tippin, Netha McKimnon, Vera Norman, Bertha Thoelke, Clara Lewis and Ruth Winegard.

Omaha Will Supply Setting for Big Four-Reel Motion Picture

Omaha is going to get into the movies, or in other words, Omaha is going to supply the setting for a four-reel film that will be shown the world over.

A big film company is going to stage the Omaha film and Lem F. Kennedy is here from the company's home office in New York to take charge of the picture making work. A battery of camera artists and a force of men and women movie people will be here this week to aid in the staging.

The Omaha film is not to be one of the blood and thunder thrillers, but instead a real one. There will be sketches of city life and some pastoral scenes, with the river and the bluffs worked into the settings. The publicity department of the Chamber of Commerce will aid in the production of the film.

Negro Who Had 'Heavy Artillery' Has Case Continued In Court

A police officer lugged a ponderous revolver into the police court room westerday and heaved it onto Judge Patrick's desk.

"Where are the wheels for that artillery?" asked the judge. "And where's the owner of it?"

"Right yeah, yo honah," spoke up "Baltimore" Chivers, 1633 North Twenty-third street. "I'd like to have this yeah case continued, so's I can see muh lawyer."

"Well, you'll need a lawyer, and a dog-gone good one," answered Judge Patrick, "to defend you for carrying that derringer."

Chivers, a negro well known to the police, was arrested at Sixteenth and Vinton streets when a policeman noticed a revolver in his hip pocket. He is held in jail in default of bond.

Former Partner of Dead Bandit Held for Robbery

Two noted police characters, Tony Pasha and Frank Trummer, former "pal" of Judd Tobias, killed after he had fatally wounded Detective Frank Murphy recently, were arrested late Saturday afternoon by Special Officer F. A. Heizler of the Union Pacific.

Heizler says the two men drove to the freight depot and loaded several boxes of tobacco on their machine and started to drive away when he accosted them. He alleges they attempted to run him down with the machine and were not stopped until he had fired several shots at them from his revolver.

Trummer and Tobias were sentenced to serve a year in the state penitentiary in 1910. The two men were charged at that time with numerous holdups, thefts and robberies.

Police Here Cause Japanese Romance to Come to Grief

Mrs. Teti Okie, 19 years old, and Suti Mijamato, 20 years old, both Japanese, who were arrested in Omaha when a telegram was received by police from Koma Okie, Teti's rightful husband at Brighton, Colo., were taken back to Brighton by Sheriff Falkner of that city.

Mr. Okie is 45 years old, according to Mrs. Okie, and when Mijamato, an old suitor, asked her to elope, the call of youth was too strong. She had been betrothed to Mijamato several years ago, Mrs. Okie said, but her parents cast the traditional marriage customs aside and she was married to Okie.

Youthful Burglar's Loot Spent for Cake and Ice Cream

Their loot of $27 spent for ice cream, cake, lemonade and candy, two youthful burglars, Abe Hosburg, 819 South Twenty-fifth street, and Sam Rizzuto, 1007 South Twenty-seventh street, were arrested yesterday. They confessed to robbing the Royal Typewriter Co. office of $27 Friday night. Abe is 12 years old and Sam is 10.

144 Pints of Whisky Found In Private Garage by Police

William H. Mallory, 2612 North Eighteenth street, was arrested yesterday on a charge of unlawful possession of liquor following the finding Sunday of 144 pints of whisky and 34 quarts of wine in a garage at the rear of his home. Mallory denied possession of the liquor

My HEART and My HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

What Madge Discovered in Mr. Stockbridge's Desk.

It was not a pleasant task that faced me when Alice Holcombe hastily left Mr. Stockbridge's office with the declaration that she could not open his private desk even to get the papers he wished, because she "knew him too well."

Only the fact that I suspected her secret hopeless fondness for her girlhood's friend and had compassion for it made me willing to take her place and to undertake the search which I knew must be made.

With the principal's keys in my hands I sat down before the small desk Mr. Stockbridge had bought for himself some time before, although a large rolltop one, provided for his use by the school board, stood in the office. Through my brain ran the mischievous comment upon the desk from the frivolous lips of Bess Dean:

"Mark my word, girls, Kenny's got a secret drawer in that thing where he keeps his old love letters and the heads of his former wives."

That the desk held secrets—probably most innocent ones—of Kenneth Stockbridge's past, I knew from the mad behavior of the principal's wife the day before, when she had stolen her husband's keys and pried into the secrets he had endeavored to keep inviolate. I earnestly hoped that the missing reports which Mr. Stockbridge wished sent to Albany might be the first things upon which my eyes should rest when I opened the desk, so that I might be able to conclude immediately a task most distasteful to me.

Disheartening Chaos.

But as I drew out the right-hand drawers of the desk I saw that no such simple solution of my problem awaited me. Mr. Stockbridge, whether by nature or by stern training, is the most methodical of men. The papers in his other desk—to which the head teachers have access, are always neatly arranged, and his letter files are models. The papers before me, however, were scattered and tumbled in disheartening confusion.

Hastily I pulled open the other two drawers upon the right side. The same chaos met my gaze. The drawers looked as if they had been invaded by some mischievous monkey with a touch of malignance in his mischief, and I thought grimly that Milly Stockbridge did have something decidedly simian in her mental make-up.

Hunting for the missing papers in the ruck before me was a much greater problem, I said grimly to myself, than that of the man who first set out to search a haystack for a needle. There was but one thing to be done, and that was to go through the mess systematically, rearrange and file all the contents of the drawers. Thus, only, could I be sure whether or not the missing Albany reports were among the tumbled papers.

I worked fast and methodically, putting upon one side of each drawer neat little piles of papers pertaining to the school, each set docketed and its location entered in the pages of a small memorandum book I found.

It was not until the contents of two drawers had been put in perfect order, and I was at work upon the third that I found the missing reports. I verified them hastily, laid them on top of the desk, and cast a doubtful glance at the confused mass of papers in the lowest drawer, in woeful contrast to the orderly array in the ones I had just finished. Should I finish the job I had begun?

My loathing of disorder triumphed over my reluctance to linger a moment longer than was necessary over the distasteful task which had been forced upon me. I looked at my wrist watch, found that I had time to finish arranging the drawer before my first class, turned to my sorting with renewed zeal.

Almost the first thing my fingers found was a photograph torn savagely across. Mechically I fitted the two pieces together, preparatory to putting it in an envelope. And then I recognized the picture face of Alice Holcombe!

(Continued Tomorrow.)

In the police courts of New York state it is getting to be a common practice to sentence minor offenders to a term af saving, and in Syracuse last year $5,000 was invested in this way in war savings stamps, all later returned to the men or used to help their families.

Condition of Highways

Conditions of the principal highways passing through Omaha as reported to the Omaha Automobile club are as follows:

Lincoln Highway, East: Fair to good; some heavy dust stretches.

Lincoln Highway, West: Fair to Odessa; some rough stretches around Gothenburg and Ogallala; Sutherland to Cheyenne natural gravel.

O-L-D, West: Fair to good to Hastings, with bad spot around Ashland; some rough stuff between Fairmont and Hastings; Holdrege to Imperial, some rough stuff.

White Pole, East; Fair to good with some heavy dust stretches.

River to River, East: Fair to good, dusty; bad 15-mile stretch east of Des Moines on account of grading.

Blue Grass, East: Fair to good to Creston; between Creston and Ottumwa some rutty stretches; Ottumwa to Burlington and Galesburg fair to good.

Black Hills Trail, North: Fair.

King of Trails, North: Fair to good; dusty.

King of Trails, South: Fair to good, a few stretches of rough stuff.

The fishing tours, which were formerly so common in Iceland after herring and cod, are again being prepared for at the coast towns, but even now the difficulties are great, and here also the danger from floating mines constitutes a serious drawback.