

RECALL RESULT OF EFFORTS TO BETTER POLICE

**Mayor Defends Commissioners
on Grounds of Inexperience;
Has No Fear of
Outcome.**

"It would be a thousand times better if Commissioners Ure, Towle and myself should be recalled than Dean Ringer," declared Mayor Ed P. Smith, speaking at the Plymouth Congregational church yesterday morning.

"If Ringer should be recalled it will make a moral coward of every man who takes the police commissioner job in the future," the mayor continued. "It is the result of Mr. Ringer's efforts to improve the police department that has started the recall movement. The interests which have lost control of the police department are trying to put the recall over."

Mayor Smith urged the people of the Plymouth Congregational church to register and vote. He declared he had more respect for the person with convictions, even if he did vote for the recall, than the person who was too lazy to register and ignored the city's policies.

Admitting that many mistakes had been made by the council and that many more would probably be made, Mayor Smith explained that five of the present city commissioners had never held public office before, and had found difficulty in mastering their duties.

"The police department has wrecked more commissioners than any other commissioner job," the mayor declared. "It is the same in every city in the country."

"Personally I will welcome the filing of the recall petition," the mayor concluded. "It will clarify the atmosphere, and we have no fear of the results. If the state should vote on the recall it would be defeated by a 10 to 1 vote. I believe it will be defeated by the voters of the city."

Believe Danger of Further Riots in Chicago Over

Chicago, Aug. 3.—Adjutant General Frank S. Dickson of Illinois and Chief of Police Garrity were entirely satisfied with conditions in the race riot zones today, they said. The militia and police continued to maintain order with only a few minor disturbances, and Chief Garrity said he believed the danger of further rioting was ended.

With the exception of an attack on Capt. A. R. Wehrheim, G company, Fourth reserve militia, who was fired on and stabbed by three negroes, and the forming of a white mob in the stockyards district early this morning, no outbreak of consequence has occurred since Thursday.

The captain will recover, it is said.

Six hundred whites were dispersed only after a machine gun mounted on an automobile had appeared and militiamen with fixed bayonets had prepared to charge Marlowe with attempted murder and robbery.

"At that moment, however, I assumed it was suicide. Before I knew what I was doing I had leapt out of the shadows and seized his arm. He shook me off with a furious snarling noise, giving me a terrific blow in the chest, and presented the revolver at my head. But I seized his wrists before he could fire, and clung with all my strength—you remember how bruised and scratched they were. I knew I was fighting for my own life now, for murder was in his eyes. We struggled like two beasts, without an articulate word, I holding his pistol-hand down and keeping a grip on the other. I never dreamed that I had the strength for such an encounter."

(The End.)

The relative price of Manila hemp is estimated at 20 to 30 per cent higher than that of Mexican sisal. This is accounted for by the fact that one pound of sisal is required to make 500 feet of binding twine, while one pound of Manila fiber will make 650 feet of twine.

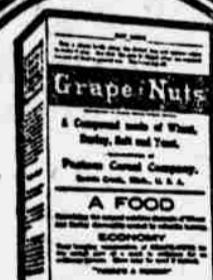
When You Feel Dumpy And Out of Sorts Generally

Look around a little and see if the trouble is perhaps with the food. A lot of people need better nourishment.

Grape-Nuts

Contains marvelous nutriment—all the goodness of wheat and barley, including their rich mineral elements. Have Grape-Nuts as a daily ration with other food and see if life doesn't take on a brighter look. A delicious, economical food! You'll like it.

"There's a Reason"



THE WOMAN IN BLACK

By EDMUND CLERIHEW BENTLEY

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CHAPTER XL.

You Pay for the Dinner.

"I am afraid I startled you," Trent heard the voice of Mr. Cupples say. He forced himself out of his stupor like a diver striking upward from the surface, and with a rigid movement raised his glass. But half of the wine splashed upon the cloth, and he put it carefully down again unfastened. He drew a deep breath, which was exhaled in a laugh wholly without merriment. "Go on," he said.

"It was not murder," began Mr. Cupples, slowly measuring off inches with a fork on the edge of the table. "I will tell you the whole story. On that Sunday night I was taking my before-bedtime constitutional, having set out from the hotel about a quarter past ten. I went along the field-path that runs behind White Gables, cutting off the great curve of the road, and came out on the road nearly opposite that gate that is just by the eighth hole on the golf-course. Then I turned in there, meaning to walk along the turf to the edge of the cliff, and go back that way. I had only gone a few steps when I heard the car coming, and then I heard it stop near the gate. I saw Manderson at once. Do you remember my telling you I had seen him once alive after our quarrel in front of the hotel? Well, this was the time. You asked me if I had, and I did not care to tell a falsehood."

A slight groan came from Trent. He drank a little wine, and said stonily: "Go on, please."

"It was, as you know," pursued Mr. Cupples, "a moonlight night; but I was in shadow under the trees by the stone wall, and anyhow they could not suppose there was any one near them. I heard all that passed just as Marlowe has narrated it to us, and I saw the car go off towards Bishopsbridge. I did not see Manderson's face as it went, because his back was to me, but he shook his left hand at the car with extraordinary violence, greatly to my amazement. Then I waited for him to go back to White Gables, as I did not want to meet him again. But he did not go. He opened the gate through which I had just passed, and he stood there on the turf of the green, quite still. His head was bent, his arms hung at his sides, and he looked somehow . . . rigid.

"Out of breath," repeated Trent mechanically, still staring at his companion as if hypnotized.

"I had had a sharp run," said Mr. Cupples. "Well, approaching the hotel from the back I could see into the writing room through the open window. There was nobody in there, so I climbed over the sill, walked to the bell and rang it, and then sat down to write a letter I had meant to write the next day. I saw by the clock that it was a little past 11. When the waiter answered the bell I asked for a glass of milk and a postage stamp. Soon afterwards I went up to bed. But I could not sleep."

Mr. Cupples, having nothing more to say, ceased speaking. He looked in mild surprise at Trent, who now sat silent, supporting his bent head in his hands.

"He could not sleep!" murmured Trent at last in a hollow tone. "A frequent result of over-exertion during the day. Nothing to be alarmed about. He was silent again, then looked up with a pale face: 'Cupples, I am cured. I will never touch a man-crime again.' The Manderson affair will be Philip Trent's last case. His high-blown pride at length breaks under him." Trent's smile suddenly returned. "I could have borne everything but that last revelation of the impotence of human reason. Cupples, I have absolutely nothing left to say, except this: you have beaten me. I drink your health in a spirit of self-abasement. And you shall pay for the dinner."

"At that moment, however, I assumed it was suicide. Before I knew what I was doing I had leapt out of the shadows and seized his arm. He shook me off with a furious snarling noise, giving me a terrific blow in the chest, and presented the revolver at my head. But I seized his wrists before he could fire, and clung with all my strength—you remember how bruised and scratched they were. I knew I was fighting for my own life now, for murder was in his eyes. We struggled like two beasts, without an articulate word, I holding his pistol-hand down and keeping a grip on the other. I never dreamed that I had the strength for such an encounter."

(The End.)

Traveling Salesmen



Bert E. Bauer

My Heart and My Husband

ADELE GARRISON'S New Phase of
"Revelations of a Wife"

The Way Madge Met Dicky's Surprise."

"That's a corking good idea, Rita," Dicky spoke in such cordial heartiness, in answer to Rita Brown's sneering suggestion that I be blindfolded in order to be more completely surprised by whatever the boys had brought from the city that for a moment I thought he didn't realize the girl's real motive, her attempt to make us all appear absurd. Then, as he approached me, pulling one of the extra handkerchiefs which he always carries from his pocket, his left eyelid drooped to his cheek in a prolonged wink, while his face was filled with mischievous understanding.

My spirits bounded at the smile of comradeship that beamed at me as he flourished the handkerchief. It was a smile which relegated Rita Brown to the ethermost outland.

"Oh, Dicky!" I said enthusiastically. "Isn't it wonderful? You fairly took my breath away with the surprise of it. Is it really ours, in part?"

I caught a flash of relief in his eyes, saw that he, too, had observed my momentary hesitation. Then he bent his head fondly toward me, laid his hand for an instant over mine, clasping his arm.

"It belongs to you and her little ladyship over there," he said. "Alf and I are simply the chauffeurs. So you really like it?"

"Like it?" I threw all the fervor I could manage into my voice and smile. "It's a dream fulfilled, dear. When may we try it?"

I could not forbear a swift little glance, to all appearances casual, at Rita Brown. She was watching me closely, her eyes still holding its cool, ironical look. I knew that I had not deceived her, that she had read correctly my dismay at the sight of the costly car. But I also knew, and hugged the knowledge to me, that I had scored heavily against her feminine cattishness. She is the sort of women who cannot bear to see anything masculine devoting himself to any one else when she is present.

Dicky's absorption in my approval, his cool ignoring of her sarcasm, must have been about as palatable to her as the traditional diet of gall and wormwood.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Record Export Trade.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Exports from the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, reached the record breaking total of \$7,225,084.257, the department of commerce reports, against \$5,919,711.371, the record in 1918. For June alone the exports amounted to \$918,252,143.

Bunkers 5000 Feet High

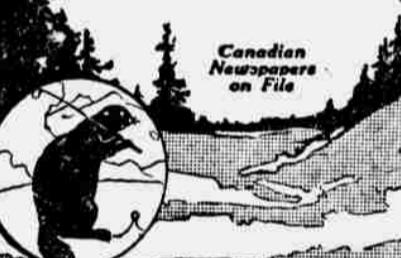
Come and beat Colonel Bogey on the course at Banff, nearly a mile above sea-level in the

Canadian Pacific Rockies

A sporty course—ozone that adds yards to your drive—lofty peaks to give background—the most luxuriously comfortable mountain hotel in the world—warm sulphur swimming pools—a golfer's paradise in an Alpine setting. Canada invites you.

Ideal in September.

Ask for Resort Tour No. S-11.
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Canadian Pacific Railway,
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BOYS Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25c,
Ointment 25 & 50, Talc
and Cream free of "Cuticura."
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BOYS Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

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With Cuticura.

JAY BURNS BAKING CO.

Fatness Kills 31,000 Yearly

Fat is fatal to health and personality. It is estimated that over \$1,000,000 have died each year from diseases due to the effects of excessive fatness. Any overeating man or woman is carrying a bomb of dynamite in his body. The heart, that delicate human apparatus, becomes sunstruck. Its numberless capillaries are dangerous gathering places of packed-in fat around the throat, stomach, liver and other delicate parts. These overgrown arteries are often liable to sudden and violent attacks, while apparently well and liable to nervousness, neurasthenia, physical or mental collapse and other disorders, for obesity is a disease of the mind. "Fatuus," apoplexy, sunstroke, etc., are frequent causes of premature death. Fat persons are particularly victims of accidents, especially those who are tall, slender persons to death from influenza, pneumonia and other severe ailments.

If you overeat you will know it truly a matter of some sacrifice for you to kill it off good many years before natural age, simply because you are carrying a heavy burden of unhealthiness, unsightly fat. Moreover, your efficiency should be improved by becoming thinner.

For particulars apply to Consolidated Ticket Offices, 1416 Dodge St. (Telephone Douglas 1684), or Union Passenger Station.

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