

### Spy System of Germany Again At Work in U.S.

#### Such Is Declaration in Omaha Of Congressman Currie, Leading Move to Protect U. S. Dye Industry.

Germany's spy system, which worked so effectively in America prior to the war, is at work again in the United States with practically as much efficiency as ever, according to Congressman Gilbert A. Currie, Midland, Mich., who is on a speaking tour of the country in the interests of the American Chemical foundation, an organization that seeks to protect the American money invested in the dye industry.

"Before the war Germany had practically a world monopoly on dyestuffs. It controlled 90 per cent of the dye output and but for the war it would have, in time, completed her monopoly and controlled the world.

**Protected from Germans.**  
"The world war brought other nations who had been depending upon Germany for dyes to manufacturing their own. Now the United States and China are the only countries where there is an open market for German dyes. England, France and Switzerland brought their dye industries to such high standards that they can operate independent of Germany and their products are protected by legislation against underselling by German manufacturers.

**Would Protect Industry.**  
"The Fordney bill would protect the dye industry in America. For 70 years Germany has controlled this field. In the few years America has been producing dyes wonderful progress has been made. Germany's experience is of great aid to her in preventing waste and the knowledge of using by-product wastes. American manufacturers must learn to prevent wastage and only through experience can it be done. Protective legislation would protect American interests and help nourish an industry that would mean millions of dollars each year. There are now 212 producers making 260 dyes.

**Can Undersell U. S.**  
"Germany can now produce dye and undersell the American products because of the cheapness of labor and ingredients used in the dye industry. It has been proven that the three men, H. A. Metz, a former congressman, and Kuttroff & Pickhardt, who are making the loudest protests against that portion of the Fordney bill that deals with the dye industry, were formerly identified with two of the biggest dye producers in America. Metz and Kuttroff are now in Europe.

**Mr. Currie Spoke at a Public Affairs Luncheon at the Chamber of Commerce Friday noon.**  
Mr. Currie served in congress during the war, is former speaker of the house in Michigan and represented his district in the state legislature. Mr. Currie left Saturday for Lansing, where he will deliver an address Monday. He will then go to Denver where he will address the annual convention of retail druggists in convention there next week.

### Auto Bandits Escape Posses of Motorists

Police cars and several others joined in a chase after three automobile bandits Saturday night. The bandits, in a stolen touring car, sped east on Douglas street and ran the machine into a clinder pile at Ninth and Dodge streets. They jumped out of the moving machine. Police, when they arrived on the scene, found L. B. Hutchinson, 121 Turner boulevard, lying in the street. He said he received his injuries when the machine struck him as he was crossing the street. He was arrested and held for investigation. Police said he might have been one of those in the car and received his injuries when he jumped from the car.

### Pastor Prays for Rain.

**Lightning Fires Factory**  
Birmingham, Ala., Sept. 18.—One man's meat is another's poison. Frinstance.  
A pastor, tired of suffering from the continued heat spell, gathered his flock together and for three hours prayed earnestly for rain. Evidently his prayers were answered, for the rain came and in torrents.

### "Babe Ruth" Nothing to Him

Boston, Sept. 18.—"Babe" Ruth's fame as King of Swat is not as widespread as some people imagine. Frank Doherty, of Allston, a ball player of note himself, found that out when he picked up a passenger who turned out to be a sailor. The mariner mentioned the fact that he was "a graduate of a reform school. "Don't let that worry you," said Doherty, "so is 'Babe' Ruth."

### Robbed of Diamonds

Jujus Kahn, 2225 Seward street, reported to police that his wife lost two diamond rings valued at \$250 Saturday when she wrapped them in a handkerchief and laid it on a table in a doctor's office.

### Harder to Climb than Mt. Everest

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### MOVIES

**Today's Attractions.**  
Strand—Betty Compson in "At the End of the World."  
Rialto—Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights."  
Sun—"The Old Nest."  
Moon—"Fine Feathers."  
Empress—Seaside Hayakawa in "The First Born."  
Musie—"The Outside Woman."  
Grand—Anita Stewart and Richard Headrick in "Playthings of Destiny."

### Mexican Slain At Celebration Of Independence

**Queen of Mexico City Smiles On Host of Party Who Is Killed by Jealous Swain.**  
Friday was one of two days when Mexicans celebrate the independence of Mexico.

"Little Mexico" in Council Bluffs joined in the celebration. Jose Sanchez, 1615 Fifteenth avenue, Council Bluffs, is dead as a result of the celebration which was held at his home, and police are seeking the man who slew him. Jose invited "Little Mexico," en masse, to sup and dance with him in honor of the occasion. With the Mexicans came Nina Pasquale, 22, and pretty, known as the "Queen of Mexico City."

Nina smiled on her host and showered him with pretty graces in the course of the evening. One of the guests, whose name police have not yet learned, resented this, drew a long stiletto and as called Jose. Then bedlam broke loose, other residents in the neighborhood notified police. Officers reached the little stucco bungalow home of Sanchez at 4:15 a. m. to find him lying unconscious on the front porch with a gaping wound four inches deep which ran from his left shoulder to his hip, besides numerous other slashes. They hastened him to Edmundson hospital where he died at 6 a. m. without being able to tell police the name of his slayer.

When police joined the search for his assailant, they found the windows in Sanchez' home all broken out, and the furniture scattered along the street. A broom was needed to sweep the revolver shells from the porch floor. Sanchez' home is next door to the pool hall where five men were slain in an attempted holdup a year ago. The other day when Mexicans celebrate the independence of Mexico is September 28.

### South High News

The enrollment of South High this semester exceeds that of any semester of the past. The number of pupils now registered totals about 900. South High will open the foot ball season September 20, with the following letter men back: Capt. Eugene Larson, William Enigh, Ralph Bernard, Dana Ackerman, Skully Grann, Louis Sacks, Dan Caldwell, Ross Nixon, this year. Michael Bendekovic. The schedule for the season is as follows: Fremont at Fremont—September 20. Central (O.) at Omaha—October 7. Lincoln at Omaha—October 14. Columbus at Columbus—October 21. Omaha Bluffs at Omaha—October 28. Commerce (O.) at Omaha—November 4. Norfolk at Norfolk—November 11. Nebraska City at Omaha—November 18. The new addition to the library is almost finished and will soon be ready to accommodate about 100,000 books. Forty running feet of wall book cases have been installed. Much new equipment has been added, including tables, chairs, desks, and vertical file.

### Boy Sleeps in Barn Three Nights to Escape Whipping

Theodore Bernhardt, 15, 2409 South Forty-first street, slept in a barn in the rear of his home for three nights for fear he would receive a whipping. Last Thursday, without the consent of his parents, the youth went to the Ak-Sar-Ben field. He returned home but instead of reporting to his mother and having a clean, warm bed, he sought the hay.

### Omaha Accident Record May Be Broken This Month

It begins to look as if September will break all records for the number of accidents in Omaha. During July, record month of the year, police recorded 54 accidents. From 5 o'clock Saturday night until midnight, 16 accidents occurred.

### Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Reason Dicky Sadly Blamed Himself.

At sight of my husband rushing as if frenzied into the room I felt only a curious numbness, an infinite weariness, when by all ordinary canons I should have experienced a wild surge of thankful relief at his arrival to share the burden of our boy's disappearance.

But I had longed for him so intensely during those terrible first hours and had waited so hopelessly for him that the emotion combined with the consuming terror which was obsessing my every minute had sapped my power to feel. My collapse at the coming of the darkness with my baby still missing had left me in the condition of a person severely beaten, whose nerve ends are becoming blunted to the pain.

"What a Punishment!" Subconsciously, I knew that there would be no more collapses, that I would go on and on like an animal in a treadmill until my baby was found or I knew for a certainty that he had ceased to live. And I also knew that if the latter news came there would be no strength left for me to take up life again.

So it was that, with the detachment of a stranger, I saw Dicky's white set face quiver into anguish as he came up to me, threw his arms around me and strained me close in an embrace that held in it less of protection than it did of positive, clinging appeal.

"Oh, my God! Madge! Don't tell me he isn't found yet!" I heard him gasp. "But he isn't," I returned, mechanically. He seized my arms from around me, unlicking my shoulder in a savage grasp.

"But aren't you doing anything? Isn't there any one hunting for him? When did he go, and where from? Tell me, tell me? Where's that Draper devil? Did she take him?" I thought Dicky must be going out of his mind, but I felt no sorrow or pity, nothing but the necessity of answering his questions and the dull urge of going on and on in my search for my baby.

"It's no use," I said dully. "Grace Draper didn't take him. She was with me when he went away. She's out now calling for him for me. But he won't answer. You'll see. He can't. Everybody's been hunting for him—every man in the neighborhood. I stayed out calling him until I fell over and they made me come in."

I felt him catch his breath, draw back and loo' at me sharply. Then I was caught again by his breast and heard him murmur in broken, remorseful accents: "My poor girl, all alone with this. And to think I wasn't here! If I had been here I could have kept him. Oh, my God, what a punishment!"

He groped his way to the big armchair and sank down into it, carrying me with him. And then, for a little, there was no sound save tearful, shuddering intakes of the breath, more terrible than sobs, which seemed to tear his body in two.

**Edith Fairfax Explains.** His anguish left me cold. I do not believe that at this moment his very death would have affected me. I stirred restlessly in his arms, looked past him casually to the door and saw that the remorse which was swaying him was shared by some one else.

For, standing in the doorway leading to the hall, was Edith Fairfax, with eyes full of remorseful anguish burning in her pallid face. She was flattened against the door, with her hands spread out against it, as if she were trying to escape observation, but as her eyes caught mine she came forward swiftly, knelt by me on the side farthest away from Dicky and turned an imploring face up to me. I saw with dull amazement that she seemed to shrink from Dicky's proximity.

"Madge," she said solemnly. "I've been very thoughtless—and unfair—these last few days, but I'll—I'll atone; you'll see. I'll not rest until I find your baby. And—you must let Leila and Mother Durkee and Aunt Dora take care of you. They'll be here any minute now. They had to wait a few minutes before starting, while Dicky didn't stop the car for a second after the hotel man met him at the door with the message—just whirled around and came on flying. I'll—I'll keep out of your way, for I know you won't want to see me, but I'll be hunting every minute for that blessed baby."

She rose, went back into the hall; and I felt Dicky shrink away from her as she passed. I guessed that

while no doubt the feeling would wear away if Junior were found, yet just now Dicky hated her, and she knew it, for her share in his absence from home upon this day. But Dicky's feeling toward her, or her feeling toward Dicky, meant nothing to me. I only feared that Dicky might think it necessary to voice his remorse to me also.

Before either of us could speak, however, there was a bustle in the hall, and little Mrs. Durkee, with tear-bedewed eyes, rushed up to me. Mechanically, I arose to greet her, curiously glad to be away from Dicky's clinging arms, as strangely grateful for her embrace instead. Over her head I saw the tiny figure of Aunt Dora Paige, with the staid figure of Dr. Jim beside her, while Alfred and Leila were close behind them—the deep, sympathetic grief they all felt mirrored on their faces.

And I knew—but could feel no emotion at the knowledge—that as far as human friendly aid could go these dear and Dicky's friends would exhaust themselves in our service.

The value of the diamond production in the Union of South Africa last year constituted a record for the industry.

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