

### Railroad Officer Shot by Fleeing Holdup Suspect

#### Victim Dies in Hospital—Police Nab Two After Combining Railroad Yards—Search Continues.

Louis A. Gustafson, 30, special agent for the Northwestern railroad, died in St. Joseph hospital at 3 a. m. yesterday, as result of a gunshot wound inflicted by a fleeing high-wayman whom he attempted to stop at Fourteenth and Webster streets, at 7:15 p. m. Monday.

The man who fired the shot is believed to have been one of two bandits who earlier in the evening held up John Orten, State hotel, in an alley between Burt and Cummins streets, just east of Sixteenth street and robbed him of \$10 and a gold watch.

Two Are Arrested. After combing the railroad yards all night, police early yesterday arrested two negroes in connection with the holdup and the shooting. They were Frank Johnson, 119 North Eleventh street, arrested by Detectives Trapp and Munch, and Alaron, 918 Capitol avenue, arrested by Patrolmen Wavrin and McDermott. Both men are held for investigation. Both deny all knowledge of the affair.

Gustafson was shot in the neck. So far as has been determined, Detroit negro, 2624 Binney street, was the only witness. He says it was the taller of the two men who did the shooting. Both were negroes, he told police. The high-wayman shot once before Gustafson fell, according to Austin, and three times afterward.

Gustafson's family lives in Atlantic, Ia.

Gustafson lived at 1708 California street. Following the inquest, his body will be returned to Atlantic, Ia.

### Funeral of "Ed" George Is Held From His Home

Funeral services for Kohn Edward George, prominent real estate man who was killed in an automobile accident near Fairmont, Sunday, were held yesterday afternoon at 2:30 from his home, 212 North Fifty-fifth street.

Ed P. Smith left yesterday for Los Angeles, taking with him the body of Ray M. Welch, president of the Omaha Coopersage Company, who also was killed in the accident. The following resolution on the death of Mr. George was passed this noon by the Chamber of Commerce executive committee:

Whereas, through the death of J. E. George the Chamber of Commerce has lost one of its valued and representative members and the city of Omaha one who has ever been its friend; and

Whereas, during his residence of 26 years in Omaha he has always worked unflinchingly for its betterment and civic up-building, and through the greatness of his heart and the sincerity of his purpose, he has endeavored himself to the citizens of this city; and

Whereas, the executive committee of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce, realizing the loss which has fallen to them and to the city of Omaha, desires to honor and perpetuate his memory.

### Fairmont Editor May Be Named for Ministership

Washington, Sept. 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Representative McLaughlin presented to the president the name of Lou W. Frazier, editor of the Fillmore Chronicle, published at Fairmont, Neb., for a ministership to one of the Latin-American countries. Mr. McLaughlin told of Mr. Frazier's qualifications for such a position and how he had preached the gospel of republicanism through his newspaper for many years. The president said that the State department insisted upon men being sent to the Latin-American countries who could speak Spanish, but he hoped that he might be able to find a place for Mr. Frazier.

### Masena Home-Mined Coal Is Selling for \$7.50 a Ton

Masena, Ia., Sept. 27.—(Special.)—This community is being supplied with coal at a figure far below that paid in surrounding towns. Coal at \$7.50 a ton can be had here. The coal comes from the Andor bank, which is 13 miles from here. Much coal is being taken from the bank and there is a constant stream of trucks loading at the shaft.

### Prominent Rancher Held On Manslaughter Charge

Sioux City S. D., Sept. 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Paul Grimes, a prominent rancher of the Alzada district, is under arrest on a manslaughter charge resulting from the death of Myrt Goes, an employee. The men had a dispute and Grimes claims he did not fire the fatal shot until Goes made for him with an up-lifted ax.

### Iowa Pastor to Open Bible Institute Here



### Congressman Says Midwest Must Unite To Get Lower Rates

Atlantic, Ia., Sept. 27.—(Special.)—If the governors of the midwest states join in a demand on the Interstate Commerce commission it would, beyond doubt, result in a material reduction in freight rates, was the assertion of Congressman William R. Green to friends on his visit to Greenfield.

"It is a curious circumstance that so far nearly the only reduction obtained have been on petition of the railroads themselves. Shippers and others apparently have been negligent in appealing to the commerce commission for a reduction.

### Britson to Appeal From Firm Receivership Order

Attorney Frank L. Weaver and O. A. Britson left last night for St. Louis to present to the United States circuit court of appeals an appeal from an interlocutory order here naming Ralph West receiver for the Britson Tire company. The papers in the case practically are complete. Their haste in getting to St. Louis resulted from a desire to get their appeal before the court by September 30, thus practically assuring a hearing in the present term of court, rather than waiting until the next term which will convene next May.

### Head of Iowa Masons Warns Against Joining Ku Klux

Cedar Rapids, Ia., Sept. 27.—Grand Master Albers of the Iowa Masonic grand lodge has issued a proclamation to the Masons of the state, in which, after stating that it had been intimated that the Ku Klux Klan was in effect an adjunct of Free Masonry, he declares that affiliation with an organization like the Ku Klux Klan is unpatriotic. He told Masons that "it is in direct violation of the teachings and traditions of masonry."

### All Wires Removed From Adair Business District

Adair, Ia., Sept. 27.—(Special.)—The appearance of the business district of Adair is greatly enhanced by the placing of all electric and telephone wires under the pavement. The work of burying the wires has just been completed by the Adair Telephone company and the Iowa Electric company. The change was made at the request of the Adair Commercial club. The cost was \$13,000.

### Audubon County Farmer Defendant in Slander Suit

Atlantic, Ia., Sept. 27.—(Special.)—J. Swinehart, Audubon county farmer, talked too much, at least that is the charge made by L. R. Dickey of Adair, who is suing the former for \$10,000 for alleged slander. The suit has been brought in the Audubon county district court. Dickey says his reputation was damaged and his feelings badly hurt by things said by Swinehart.

### Postoffice Orders

Washington, Sept. 27.—(Special Telegram.)—Postmasters appointed: Carl Ebert, vice Robert W. Rasbel, resigned, Montgomery, Dickinson county, Iowa; Angela M. Collins, vice L. P. Sudler, resigned, Pioneer, Humboldt county, Iowa. Postoffices discontinued: Harlan, Cherry county, Nebraska, mail to Merriman; Sena, Arthur county, Nebraska, mail to Tryon.

## HOLDING A HUSBAND

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

### Why Grace Draper Calmly Faced Hugh Grantland and Nearly "Took" Edith Fairfax with Her

For a long moment I knew nothing save that my baby boy was alive and safe in my arms, heard nothing but his crooning little voice saying, "Mama, mama," over and over again, as if he never would tire of the word.

Then, as the acrid smoke cleared a bit with the opening of the windows and doors by one of Hugh Grantland's men, I saw the old colored woman kneeling by the prostrate figure of the man I knew only as Tim—saw also with horrified eyes that another of Hugh Grantland's men had torn the coat and shirt from the officer's shoulder, and was stanching the blood that welled from an ugly wound in his shoulder.

"He drilled you, major," the man said respectfully, "but I don't think you up quickly." Hugh Grantland snapped, "and let me get my coat on."

"I saw his face change as he looked at the man on the floor. "Send for a doctor," he ordered. "son—don't—doctor," Tim gasped, "I won't be here by the time he gets here. Don't take on, Aunt Sukey. It's the best thing that can happen to me. But I didn't hurt the kid—though that she-devil wanted me to."

"His voice failed, and his eyes closed. "Give him some brandy," Hugh Grantland interposed, and one of his men poured a drink from a flask and gave it to the dying man, who drank it docilely, lay quietly for a minute, then roused himself and opened his eyes.

"Have you got the she-devil?" he demanded. "No, but we're going to, if you help us by telling all you know," Hugh Grantland answered quickly. "Curse her," Tim replied fervently. "I'll spill all I know if it'll put her where she belongs. I had to do what she said. She knew something."

Hugh Grantland motioned to one of his men, who crept behind Tim with a notebook and pencil. "She always made me stay somewhere near her," he said. "She told me she wanted this young one taken and put out of the way for good, and—" he gasped for breath.

"She had it all planned out," he went on. "The last few days I stayed at the house of that man across the road, and at night she'd slip out and we'd go over to the studio. She had the keys and I fixed some boards in the closet floor at the side where I could come up and down from underneath and hinged a board in the floor of that window-seat of drawings with a hook and eye underneath the floor. The day the baby got in there I was hid under the floor all day—waiting. That devil had drilled the kid so he'd get in there and hide under the drawings. And he had a picture he called his Danzie's drawing at the bottom of the pile."

I gave a strangled exclamation, for I saw the diabolical way in which Grace Draper had played upon the little chap's love for his grandmother to send him to what she meant to be his death.

Hugh Grantland put his uninjured arm back, and I felt his fingers clasp mine firmly with a strength that sustained me.

"The baby came running back to the studio," Tim went on with pauses between the words. "I could hear his little feet, and he climbed into the box and rooted to the bottom of it, as she had taught him to do. I slipped the hook of the board beneath, caught him as he fell out, and gave him a whiff of a chloroform sponge."

"Oh, my God! Madge, is he all right?" he cried. Junior answered him with a joyous call of "Pa-pa! Pa-pa!" and sprang into his outstretched arms. And then we heard a shriek from Leila—another from Mrs. Durkee. I turned to see Grace Draper forcing Edith Fairfax to the door with one hand while with the other she held a tiny but deadly pistol to the Virginia girl's head. With incredible swiftness she had grasped the situation as she saw us enter, and had done the only thing possible to save herself.

"You think you've got me!" she cried and then she laughed, a cool, light chuckle, as if she were really amused at the paralysis which had seized us all. "I'm glad to see you appreciate at its full value my purpose to hold this interesting stool pigeon"—she gave Edith's arm a vicious jerk—"as hostage until I get safely away. If you make a single move I'll send her to wait for me. Oh, you're not through with me yet, Madgie, you assume little dupe! How royally forgiving you were. Bah! You make me ill, you and your colossal conceit about the men you think ready to jump over the moon for you. I wonder at Dickybird's patience and blinders, but Madgie, dear Madgie, haven't you wondered where your wandering Harry is tonight?"

"According to schedule he ought to be performing feats of derring-do for your interesting friend in the hospital. But just tell Lillian with my compliments, that she'll wait a long time for legal freedom to jump over the broomstick with that sappy Robert."

She flung Edith Fairfax violently against Tom Chester, sending them both reeling, and was out of the door, speeding into the darkness. "After her!" Hugh Grantland shouted, but only Tom Chester and Alfred Durkee obeyed.

For a far different cry assailed Dicky's ears as Mother Graham, staggering with weakness, with Jim and Katie on either side of her, and Aunt Dora Paige anxiously bringing up the rear, came into the room, and, almost fainting, but with ineffable bliss on her worn, old face, clasped her idolized grandchild in her trembling arms. And then Dicky, as if released from duty, glanced quickly at me, and rushed out of the door.

I had undressed Junior, put him to bed in my room, and was sitting by his side trying to get the excited child to sleep, when Dicky came in. Dicky's face was sombre; his manner taciturn.

"Grantland's going," he said. "You'd better go down and say 'thank you.' No," in answer to my unspoken question, "we didn't get her—not yet," grimly. "But they've arrested the man across the road. He'll be put where he belongs, anyway."

I descended the stairs, slowly, found Hugh Grantland in the hall, with my father and Alfred Durkee. In another minute I was alone with the army officer, who, with tense, white, baffled face, seized tightly the hands I held out to him, while his eyes held the look which I have seen and regretted before.

"She eluded us," he said hoarsely. "I shall not rest until she is no more a menace to you. But I can't protect you if you—" "I will never disregard your warn-

ing again," I said earnestly, and he lifted his hands to his lips. "Remember, I am at your call always," he said, and went out into the night again, while I dragged myself up the stairs wondering why Fate should have arranged things that this man should care so hopelessly, while my husband seemed so careless of my happiness.

But when I entered my room, the mental door which had been shut between my husband and me! I felt the ice around my heart yielding as Dicky lifted his head, and, seeing me, put out his arm and swept me to my knees beside him, holding me tightly as if he would never let me go.

"I don't deserve to plead for myself," he whispered, "though, honestly, sweetheart, you haven't any reason to be jealous, however much you may have to be angry and disgusted. But won't you let him plead for me?"

Junior's plaintive voice lifted itself in a familiar request—one he always makes at bedtime. "Pa-pa, tiss Dooner. Mo-ma, tiss Dooner. Pa-pa, tiss ma-ma." Dicky's eyes met mine. What I saw in them swept away the last vestige of my resentment, and over our restored darling our lips met.

Don't Miss It! MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS Adole Garrison's New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE Madge tells "what happened afterward" to Dicky and Grace Draper, Hugh Grantland and Edith Fairfax, Dr. Pettit and Claire Foster, Lillian Underwood and Robert Swarin, Tom Chester and Harry Underwood. Boss Dean—all our other old friends and some fascinating new friends in this LATEST fine REVELATION OF THE HEART OF A WIFE.

Man Kills Self After Badly Injuring Wife

Moivre, Ia., Sept. 27.—After dangerously injuring his wife in an attempt to murder her, W. D. Clark, a farmer residing three and one-half miles east of here, committed suicide by hanging himself. Mrs. Clark is in a critical condition as a result of a great loss of blood which flowed freely from a jagged gash in her neck, inflicted when her husband attacked her with a butcher knife.

Motive for the tragedy has not been determined.

I am going to play golf at the RIALTO THEATRE Next Sunday

## TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



STANEREK THE STANEREK TAILORING TREATMENT CARRIAGE. IT TENDS, ALSO, TO MAKE MEN SEEM ERECT IF THEY ARE NOT. THE MODEL PICTURED IS FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE.

FORTY FIVE DOLLARS CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON READY-TO-PUT-ON

Nebraska Clothing Co. JOHN A. SWANSON, PRES. WM. I. HOLZMAN, VICE-PRES. FARNAM AT FIFTEENTH ST. CORRECT APPAREL FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Road Conditions (Furnished by Omaha Auto Club.) Lincoln Highway, East—Roads good. Detour seven miles east of Marshalltown and for one mile east. Lincoln Highway, West—Detour Waterloo to Valley. Road to good to Grand Island and west. U. S. D. Highway—Detour west of Ashland. Road good to Harvard. Road work Harvard to Hastings. Highway—Fair. King of Trails, North—Excellent condition. Road work at Swedeborg. George Washington Highway—Construction work to Blair. Detour over High Road. Good to Sioux City. Black Hills Highway—Road work Omaha to Fremont, to Norfolk roads are good. Custer Battlefield Highway—Tourists report this road in good condition with but few exceptions. King of Trails, North—Good to Onawa. Road work north of Onawa. King of Trails, South—Construction work on South Twenty-fourth street, for low Thirtieth street to Harrison, west on Harrison to Twenty-fourth street. Roads good to Leavenworth. Leavenworth to Kansas City road in progress. White Pine Road—Excellent to Des Moines. I. O. A. Short Line—Excellent condition. Blue Grass Road—Good.

Good trucks do not increase chauffeur, garage, or insurance expenses. They lower tire, gasoline, repair and depreciation costs. Pierce Arrow Trucks FRED C. HILL MOTOR CO. Omaha