Woman Killed as Auto Turns Over Leaving Funeral

Young Widow and Mother of Four Children Dies in Accident Near Council Bluffs.

Mrs. Grace Carter, 29, Creston, Ia., a widow and mother of four children, was killed instantly about midnight Sunday when an automobile turned over on the Glenwood road, southeast of Council Bluffs, about a mile from the Pony creek turn.

The car was driven by Alva Cunningham. In it also were Mrs. Carter, John Adams and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Phillips, all of Creston.

They were returning from a funeral in Wisner, Neb.

The car turned over when it struck a steep embankment, where a new bridge is being built. All the occupants were thrown clear of the car and escaped with minor injuries, excepting Mrs. Carter, who was pinned under the automobile.

She is survived by her children; her father, Albert Kinser of Fremont, and her brother, Terry Kinser of Fremont.

Coroner Cutler of Council Bluffs took charge of the body. No inquest will be held.

More Money to Be Spent on Sports in Kearney School

Kearney, Neb., May 15.—(Special)—In an effort to stimulate greater interest in school athletics, the board of education has set aside an additional $500 for use of students engaged in sports next year. The major portion will be used in publicity. Civic organizations of the city have banded together in an effort to induce greater attendances at school athletic events and a system of selling season tickets, admitting the holder to all athletic contests of the year, has been arranged by a special committee.

High School Seniors at Nelson to Present Play

Nelson, Neb., May 15.—(Special)—High school seniors will give their class play, "Green Stockings," at the opera house the evening of May 17. Commencement exercises will be held on Wednesday evening following. There are 16 members in the 1922 class.

J. K. Moore of Cotner has been elected superintendent for the next school year. J. G. Madalian, present superintendent, will attend Harvard the next two years.

Commencement of Wymore School to Be Held May 25

Wymore, Neb., May 15.—(Special)—Commencement exercises of Wymore High school will be held Thursday evening, May 25. There are 16 graduates, 10 boys and 6 girls. W. O. Slaughter of the Baptist church will preach the baccalaureate sermon at the Methodist church May 21.

School Bonds Voted

Tilden, Neb., May 15.—(Special.)—The school district of Tilden in Madison and Antelope counties voted bonds of $9,000 to erect a school house. There were 278 votes for and 134 against.

Road Conditions

(Furnished by the Omaha Auto Club.)

Lincoln highway, east: Roads good to Cedar Rapids. One bad stretch, Wheatland to Lowden.

Lincoln highway, west: Roads good to Grand Island. Cheyenne reports roads only fair on account of recent heavy rains and snow.

O. L. D. highway: Roads good to Hastings. Just fair in Eastern Colorado.

Highland cutoff: Roads fair.

S. Y. A.: Roads good.

O Street road: Good.

Omaha-Topeka highway: Roads good.

Meridian highway: Roads good.

George Washington highway: Roads good.

Black Hills trail: Roads good.

River-to-River road: Good to Des Moines.

King of Trails, north: Roads excellent to Missouri Valley, fair to good to Sioux Falls. South Dakota reports some heavy rains.

King of Trails, south: Roads good to Hiawatha.

Custer Battlefield highway: Roads excellent to Missouri Valley, good to Sioux City. South Dakota reports heavy rains but roads passable to Black Hills. From Black Hills on roads are practically impassable due to a four days' storm.

Chicago-Omaha shortline: Roads fine.

L. O. A. shortline: Roads fine.

Blue Grass road: Roads good.

Weather reported clear and somewhat

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Don't worry about Eczema or other skin troubles. You can have a clear healthy skin by using Zemo obtained at any drug store for 35c, or extra large bottle at $1.00.

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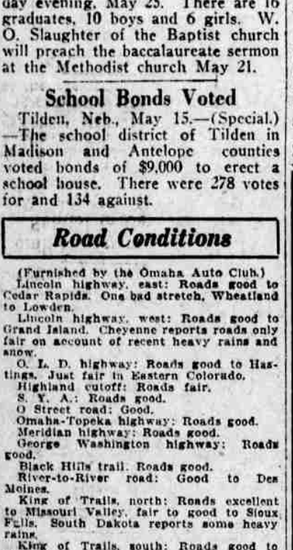

Five Sherman & McConnell Drug Stores

The Dancing Master

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Copyright, 1922.)

(Continued from Yesterday.)

She went to her room and stood over by the window in the darkness, her cheek pressed to the cool pane.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" Over and over again the question seared her heart.

Once the wild thought came to her that she would throw everything to the winds and go to him; after all, he alone counted in her world. Ambition, Neil Farmer, Mme. Senstis—what were they in comparison with her love for him?

Then common sense reasserted itself; if he wanted her he would send; if he had wished for her before when he was ill he could have sent then.

She lay awake all night; she was like a ghost in the morning, and, afraid of madame's comments, she hastily rouged her cheeks and forced herself to go downstairs humming a snatch of song.

There was no letter from Netta, as she had hoped there might be; and there was nobody of whom she could inquire for Royston, and she did not even know where he was.

She dragged through the day somehow—the longest day of her whole life. She was a mass of aching, throbbing nerves when evening came, and madame told her it was time to dress.

Elizabeth went to her room and looked at the new frock laid out on the bed—white, all of it—of the filmiest, loveliest material, wired out a little from the hips, and artfully touched here and there with silver. And there were new silk stockings and white shoes, with silk ribbons to bind about her ankles, and a narrow fillet of tiny water lilies for her hair, with mother-of-pearl petals, and a tiny rose diamond in the heart of each.

Neil Farmer had sent it to her "for luck," so he had said, and Elizabeth had thanked him, never realizing how great the cost of his gift must have been. She had no idea of values; she had never had a present in her life until she came to London.

Slowly she dressed, with hands that felt cold and dead. When she took a last peep at herself in the studio glass she almost cried out at her pallor. She was as white as her frock—as white as the lilies in her hair.

She rubbed her cheeks to bring warmth to them. When madame came to inspect her she asked timidly if she had better use some rouge.

Madame stood scrutinizing her, her queer head on one side, her painted lips pursed up consideringly; then she said:

"No! You are the lily as it is, all white! We leave it! You are—oh, just adorable, petite!"

She blew Elizabeth a kiss with the tips of her fingers. She tried hard to suppress her own keen excitement, but there was a hectic spot of color in the usually dead pallor of her face and her voice was unsteady.

So well had she timed things that Elizabeth was not allowed a moment in which to look forward and grow nervous; she had only just slipped into her cloak when Farmer came, and they drove away together.

Farmer looked terribly nervous; he kept biting his mustache and fidgeting with his gloves. When they reached the duchess' house he held Elizabeth's hand hard for a moment.

"Good luck! The best of luck, my queen!" he said hoarsely; then he went on up the big staircase to mingle with the guests, and Elizabeth went to the room that had been set apart for her with Mme. Senestis.

The Frenchwoman kept hovering round, twitching a fold of her frock into place and whispering a last instruction.

"You will remember all I told you, petite; you will not fail me. It is a great day for you. I am proud, proud!"

"Yes," said Elizabeth. She was no longer nervous, but her pulse was steady; she felt as if it was somebody else's great night, and not her own at all.

Madame went on:

"Every one is here—all the great ones of London. They will love you, they will fall at your feet, little one; you will awake tomorrow, after a long sleep of happiness, and find yourself famous, is it not so?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth again. She wished she could show more enthusiasm, she felt vaguely scornful of madame's excitement even when the call came for her her heart beats did not increase; she looked at madame inquiringly.

"Do I go now?"

The Frenchwoman nodded; she was too excited to speak, but she caught Elizabeth's hand as she passed her and kissed it hysterically.

"My little one! My brave little one!"

Elizabeth went out of the room, across the wide hall, and into the great ball room, one of the most famous in London.

For a moment the hundreds of lights dazzled her, and she faltered at the doorway, her thoughts flying again to the one night she had danced with Royston, and the happiness it had been then.

She walked on mechanically, vaguely conscious of the throngs of people surrounding the space which had been cleared for her; of the flash of many diamonds and the chatter of tongues that ceased as she entered.

A round of applause broke out, increasing in volume as her exquisite daintiness and charm were slowly realized by the hundreds of persons present. She looked like a fairy doll from a child's Christmas tree as she stood there in her white, filmy frock, alone in the great cleared space of floor, and there was an impressive silence before the music started.

Elizabeth knew every note of the music which she was to dance; she had practiced scores of times with the orchestra accompaniment, and a vague wonderment went through her as she realized that after all she was not in the least nervous.

"You cannot fail," so madame and Neil Farmer had declared, and now she was sure of it herself.

A little confident smile curved her lips as she sank down in the first sweeping bow of recognition to her audience, and for the first time a thrill of enjoyment warmed her heart as she arose slowly, her bare white arms wreathed about her head, and pirouetted almost the length of the room on the tips of her toes.

She moved like a fairy, her feet hardly seemed to touch the ground, and with each movement her ease and confidence seemed to grow until presently she found herself able to look at the sea of faces around her—able to meet their interested, curious eyes calmly.

Dolly must be there, she was sure, and her aunt—and, of course, Neil Farmer. And perhaps—and then she felt suddenly as if an icy, devastating hand swept over her, chilling her heart and shaking her from head to foot with a fierce return of the pain she had tried so desperately to numb, as across the sea of faces her eyes met those of Pat Royston.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

First Auto Confiscated on Dope Transporting Charge

The first automobile to be confiscated by federal authorities on a charge of being used in transporting dope was taken from Charles Elliott, John Bye and Everett Stanley, who were arrested Saturday near Douglas, Neb., by Deputy United States Marshal John McClung and Deputy State Sheriff R. N. Fulton.

The men are charged with having 60 grains of morphine in their possession. They were enroute from Omaha to Crab Orchard.

Chautauqua at Wymore

Wymore, Neb., May 15.—(Special.)—Arrangements have been completed for a chautauqua in Wymore July 30 to August 3. Expenses are guaranteed by a number of business men.

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

FOR A CONSTIPATED CHILD

A small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will bring quick relief.

MOTHER, when one of the children is constipated are you going to give the first laxative within reach? It is dangerous to do so. Some have been known to rupture the intestines of little children. Don't be beguiled by the outside sugary appearance. Look into the formula. Calomel is seldom necessary; salts, minerals, coal tar, never!

Unlike these, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is admirable for children, as it is for grown people, too. Mothers have been giving it to children for 30 years. They know it does not gripe, and is free from narcotics. The formula is on every package, and you can see it is vegetable, just a combination of Egyptian Senna and other laxative herbs with pepsin. Use it yourself and you will find it is not necessary to take it every day, nor to increase the dose, and that it is pleasant to the taste. Bottles can be had at all drug stores, and the cost is only about a cent a dose. Have no hesitancy giving it to a baby in arms. It is absolutely safe.

Half-Ounce Bottle Free

Few escape constipation, so even if you do not require a laxative at this moment let me send you a Half-ounce Trial Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE so that you will have it handy when needed. Simply send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 514 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Write me today.

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DR. E. R. TARRY Sanatorium, Peters Trust Bldg. (Bee Bldg.) Omaha, Neb.

HASKINS' PRIZES

Nine hundred dollars in prizes go to the ten prize winners of our picture puzzle contest which closed April 29. The judges of the contest were: Mr. Alfred C. Kennedy of Peters Trust Co., Mr. I. M. Baker of the Omaha Bee, and Mr. L. M. Mielenz, cashier of the Union State Bank. W. A. Hixenbaugh & Co. furnished the dictionary used as their guide.

The list at the foot of this announcement shows the correct words contained in the winning solution. Other solutions contained many correct words not shown in this list, but this solution won first prize because it contained the largest number of correct words.

Haskins Bros. & Co. wish to take this opportunity to thank every contestant, whether he was a prize winner or not. You had a lot of fun out of the contest, and perhaps it improved your vocabulary, besides.

Three Great Soaps With Thousands of Friends

During this contest we have received hundreds of letters from housewives praising Petrolene, Electric Spark and Omaha Family Soaps in the most glowing terms.

Mrs. A. A. Morse says: "We have always used your Petrolene Soap for laundry purposes and like it very much, for it works better in a washing machine than any soap we have ever tried."

Mrs. J. Johnston writes: "Have used Petrolene Soap for laundry and household use for years. I consider it the best."

Mrs. Ralph Fredericksen, winner of fourth prize, says: "I have used your soaps, I think, as long as they have been made."

Mrs. Jack Kahn says: "I am a constant user of your soaps. I believe they are the best money can buy."

The following are winners of the ten prizes:

1st—Ben J. Stone, 1821 Corby St., Omaha....$500
2d—Mrs. Afton Ward, 2868 Newport Ave., Omaha 250
3d—Mrs. John P. Biehn, Gregory, S. D..... 3
4th—Mrs. Ralph Fredericksen, 2319 S. 11th St., Omaha 75
5th—Mrs. M. Elliott, 2434 Seward St., Omaha 25
6th—Miss Lillian McVicar, Gregory, S. D..... $1
7th—Mrs. Edward McMillan, 912 S. 37th St., Omaha 15
8th—Mrs. W. E. Copeland, Woodbine, Ia..... 1
9th—Mrs. Elmer Kirkpatrick, Hamburg, Ia... 15
10th—Miss Estella O'Brien, Kearney, Neb.... 15

Correct Words Contained in the Winning List

Sabre	School	Septenary	Skirt	Slab	Spear	Star	Structure
Sabot	Schooner	Septum	Shirting	Slack	Specialties	Starboard	Stub
Sachem	Scion	Serape	Shocks	Slant	Specification	Station	Stubble
Sack	Sciaelle	Series	Shoe	Slash	Specimen	Statement	Stud
Sacking	Scission	Serpent	Shoots	Slat	Speck	Stationery	Stuff
Saddle	Scissors	Serpentry	Shop	Slate	Spectacles	Stay	Stump
Safe	Scollop	Serration	Shopper	Sled	Spelling	Stead	Style
Sagging	Sconce	Serrature	Shore	Sledge	Sphere	Steam	Subdivision
Sail	Scoop	Set	Shoat	Sleeve	Spider	Steamer	Subject
Sailing	Scrag	Settee	Shoulder	Slice	Spile	Steel	Submultiple
Sailor	Scrap	Settlement	Shovel	Slider	Spindles	Steep	Subsistence
Saltier	Scrawl	Seven	Showing	Sling	Spine	Steeple	Substance
Salute	Screen	Sewer	Shrimp	Slipper	Spirals	Steering	Substantials
Samples	Screening	Sewerage	Shrub	Slit	Spire	Stem	Substantive
Sanctuary	Scribe	Sewing	Shrubbery	Sloop	Spit	Step	Suckers
Sand	Scroll	Shade	Shuck	Slope	Splash	Stern	Suffix
Sandal	Scrub	Shadows	Shutter	Slot	Splint	Sternum	Suit
Sandwich	Scull	Shading	Sibilant	Sloven	Split	Stick	Sum
Sap	Sculler	Shaft	Sickle	Smack	Spoke	Stiffio	Summit
Sapling	Scupper	Shaker	Side	Small	Spondyle	Stile	Sun
Sash	Sent	Shallows	Siding	Smile	Spool	Stiletto	Superscription
Satchel	Scutcheon	Shank	Sieve	Smith	Spoon	Stirrup	Superstructure
Saucer	Scuttle	Shanty	Sight	Smoke	Spot	Stitch	Supplies
Saunterer	Scythe	Shapes	Sigil	Snack	Spout	Stock	Support
Sausage	Sea	Shard	Sign	Snag	Spray	Stocking	Supporter
Save	Seal	Share	Signature	Snake	Spread	Stone	Surface
Sawyer	Seam	Sharers	Silk	Snath	Spreaders	Stool	Surf
Scabbard	Seamstress	Sharps	Sill	Snips	Sprig	Stoop	Surge
Scaffold	Seat	Shavings	Silo	Snout	Sprit	Stops	Surname
Scaffolding	Second	Shears	Sima	Soap	Sprout	Store	Surrounding
Scale	Secondary	Sheath	Simper	Sock	Spur	Story	Suspenders
Scalene	Section	Sheathing	Site	Socket	Spurt	Stove	Sustenance
Scales	Sector	Shed	Six	Soil	Square	Strainer	Swab
Scallop	Sedan	Sheen	Sixty	Soldier	Squatter	Strakes	Swallow
Scalp	Seeds	Sheep	Skate	Sole	Squirrel	Strand	Swathe
Scantling	Seesaw	Sheet	Skein	Solids	Stable	Strap	Sweater
Scape	Segment	Shelf	Skeleton	Soloist	Stack	Straw	Sweep
Scapula	Seine	Shell	Sketch	Solvent	Staff	Stray	Swell
Scapular	Seiner	Shelter	Sketcher	Sombrero	Stage	Streak	Swerve
Scarab	Semblance	Sheriff	Skids	Son	Staging	Stream	Swimmer
Scar	Seller	Shield	Skiff	Source	Stair	Streamer	Swine
Scarf	Semicircle	Shin	Skillet	Sow	Stake	Street	Swing
Scenes	Semivowel	Shine	Skin	Spade	Stalk	Strias	Swirl
Scenery	Senior	Shingle	Skirt	Span	Stamp	String	Sword
Scepter	Sentence	Ship	Skull	Spar	Stanchion	Strip	Syllable
Schedule	Sentry	Shirring	Skipper	Spare	Stand	Stripe	Symbol
Scholar	Septangle	Sky	Spoils	Stanza	Standard	Stripler	Synaereals

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