

### Berlin Contests Claim of Paris as Fashion Center

Designers of German Capital Want Place in Sun as Pace-Setters of Well-Dressed World.

Berlin, July 2.—(By A. P.)—Berlin is out to contest Paris' claim to the throne as queen of fashions. The arrival of American buyers for advanced autumn sales is stimulating the agitation among fashion designers of Berlin who are redoubling their efforts to regain for the German capital its prewar rank among the centers which set the pace for the well-dressed world.

There is reported to be a growing tendency on the part of foreign buyers who ask not for Parisian models but for those of Berlin costumers themselves.

#### Cater to Americans.

Berlin outfitters are engaging in toilsome work to comply with the taste of the American buyers who are found to like the styles of models designed to lend slimmness and youthful appearance to their wearers. It is pointed out that Germany once dressed whole nations because of the good quality and low prices of its products, but today it finds a considerable number of foreign markets barricaded, although, it is declared, its goods are better than before the war.

The revived effort by Germany for reinstatement in the world's fashion marts is evidenced in men's wear as well as women's. Since the compulsory tax on textiles was removed in 1919, this branch has experienced a notable spurt in the quantity of its product. Most German manufacturers have sold their entire winter production of men's wear and can only accept further orders for delivery on later dates than October and November.

#### Huge War Supplies.

Germany manufactured a total of 10,000,000 field guns, rifles, and pistols during the war, according to statistics just made public, besides hundreds of millions of tons of munitions. Enough barbed wire alone was produced to encircle Germany with a barricade 65 meters deep. The year 1917 seems to have seen the high-water mark in the production of war supplies, according to New hand grenades appeared during the winter of 1916-17 at the rate of 9,000,000 monthly.

In 1917 also there were produced 2,340,000 shells, 110,000,000 pieces of ammunition for close action, more than 100,000,000 kilograms of powder and more than 325,000,000 kilograms of other explosives. At the same time 4,300 trench mortars were manufactured monthly, and during the same year 75,000,000 illuminating bombs and 193,000,000 signal cartridges were delivered.

#### 1,200 Guns Daily.

Five months after the beginning of hostilities 1,200 guns were being turned out daily, and later this figure was increased to 250,000 monthly. Machine guns were delivered at the rate of 2,300 monthly in the middle of 1916, at the rate of 7,000 in the spring of 1917, and at the rate of 13,000 in the fall of 1917.

Heavy artillery numbered 1,640 batteries in 1918. For light artillery the monthly production of guns was 1,500 in 1916, 2,000 in 1917 and later the production was raised to 3,000 monthly. Twenty million sandbags a month were required during the war, and approximately 500,000 steel helmets and gas masks were manufactured every month.

The army printed 1,800,000,000 maps during the war.

### Army Retiring Board Named to Meet Here

Washington, July 2.—(Special Telegrams)—By direction of the president an army retiring board is appointed to meet at headquarters, Omaha, from time to time at the call of the president of the board for the examination of such officers as may be ordered before it. Detail for the board follows: Col. William T. Johnston, Col. William B. Cochran, Col. Harvey W. Miller, Maj. Ray W. Bryan, Maj. Arthur L. Ludwick, Maj. Ira A. Rader, Maj. Addison D. Davis, Capt. Edward S. Murphy.

### Horse Releases Driver Caught Under Cornplow

Galena, Ill., July 2.—A plow horse relieved the suffering of James Funston a farmer, when it pushed aside a plow under which Funston was caught, and enabled him to release himself. Funston was driving a cornplow on a hillside when it tipped over, pitting him beneath. The horses were tangled in the harness but did not run away. After being under the plow for an hour, Funston saw one of the horses look back; then the horse walked to the side of the plow and gave it three pushes, enabling Funston to release himself. Funston suffered a fractured leg and other injuries.

### Nine Injured When Train Strikes Weakened Track

Pueblo, Colo., July 2.—Nine persons were seriously injured and several others sustained minor cuts and bruises when Missouri Pacific passenger train No. 12, eastbound from Pueblo, struck a stretch of track weakened by a heavy rain late Saturday. Six coaches were overturned, but the engine, baggage car and rear Pullman remained upright. Track on both sides of the stalled train was washed out, making it impossible to send relief trains to the scene. Automobiles from Fowler, 10 miles from the wreck, are taking some of the injured to Fowler.

### 176 Quarts of Beer Seized by Sheriff Clark in Raid

Katy Fullerton was arrested by Sheriff Clark's raiding squad after finding 176 quarts of home brew and a quantity of wine at her residence at Sixty-first and T streets. She was released on \$250 bonds.

## Nowhere

By RUBY M. AYRES.  
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(Continued from Saturday.)

It had been a most romantic affair; going home from Violet's one evening she had lost her purse; she had never discovered the loss until the bus conductor had come for the fare; and at the end of a hopeless and agitated search she had looked up a distress to meet the rather amused and sympathetic gaze of a man on the opposite seat.

"He was a tall man, smartly dressed—too smartly, the critical might have complained, but Florrie thought him perfection. He wore a grey suit, immaculately creased, and a grey bowler hat poised at a most fascinating angle; there was a single carnation in his button-hole and white spats over his patent leather shoes.

When he met her gaze he smiled; it was a friendly, overfamiliar smile, but Florrie responded to it immediately. "I have lost my purse," she said impulsively.

The conductor stood scratching his head and tapping an impatient foot; he had heard of lost purses before and was inclined to be incredulous. The man in the gray bowler thrust a white, useless looking hand into a pocket. "If you will allow me," he produced a sixpence.

The conductor took it nonchalantly; it did not matter in the least to him who paid as long as somebody did; he punched the ticket counted the change and departed.

The man in the gray bowler changed his seat to a vacant one beside Florrie Jones. She was overwhelmed in her thanks; she explained over and over again that she had never been so careless before; she confided to him that there had been a sovereign and some coppers in the purse; she asked if he thought she was dishonest herself. By the time she was polite and sympathetic; he said he was afraid her property had gone for good; he said that London was full of dishonest people. He might with truth have added that he was in a position to know, seeing that he was dishonest himself. By the time they parted they were excellent friends. He gave her his address, at a swell West End hotel, so that she might soothe her conscience and return him his tuppence. She gave him hers—at Violet's. She thought it sounded better than the third-rate boarding house which her mother and sister kept down at Clapham.

She walked home the rest of the way treading on air. She dreamed all night of the way he had raised the grey bowler when he left her. She thought his name—Alfred Suture—was simply divine. She wondered when they would meet again. It was a tremendously agreeable surprise to find him waiting for her the next evening outside the side entrance at Violet's. She blushed and fluttered when he spoke to her. She wished all the other girls could see what a smart man she had got hold of. When he produced a bunch of roses and handed them to her with one of his charmingly worded speeches she thought herself a queen for a day. The lover is her devoted courtier. The world her kingdom. Florrie Jones' day was destined to be a very short one, but she lived every hour of it.

They went on country excursions together. He told her incidents—more or less correct—of his life. He said he came of a good family, which was true. He said he had money, which was lie. Florrie Jones believed him implicitly. She thought herself the luckiest girl in the world. She spent half a sovereign on having her hair dressed in new styles to see which best became her. She bought a black ostrich feather which she could not afford because Suture said he thought them the most graceful trimming for a woman's hat. She was blindly and absurdly in love, and believed him to be the same.

As a matter of fact he was merely playing a game—a game of which he knew every single rule. He loved admiration. He was like a vain woman; he believed himself irresistible to the opposite sex.

The morning after Ronnie was taken away from Miss Higgs', Florrie Jones and Violet were alone in the dressing room at Violet's. Florrie Jones was arranging her hair and humming a gay little song. When Violet entered she nodded a cheery good morning to her. She was in that uplifted mood when all the world was her friend. Then she saw the tear stains on Violet's face—the drawn, haggard look. She swung round from the glass. "Lord!" she said in kindly dismay. "The brute hasn't thrown you over, too, has he?"

Violet stared vacantly. She was too miserable to resent the blunt inquiry. She was worn out with the strength of her own emotions. She had spent a horrible night. Ronnie's empty place had seemed like a grave. Again and again she had called his name through the silence, sobbing.

"I'm not at all surprised," she said frankly. "He threw Lena Adams over. He's got the money and he doesn't care. It isn't likely he'd mean anything serious by a girl from this place."

"I don't know who you're talking about," said Violet.

"I'm talking about Ronald Hastings—that who," said Florrie Jones tartly. "I've seen him standing about outside for you, and I know you had a day off to go out with him. He used to take Lena out, too. She was crazy about him. I'm sorry for you if you love him, but—"

"Violet laughed fiercely.

"I love him?" she asked scornfully. "You're quite mistaken if you think that. He's nothing at all to me. I shouldn't care if I never saw him again."

Florrie Jones stared. "Oh, well, you're lucky to be able to take it the way you do. I'm afraid I shouldn't. I've got a boy and it would just smash me up if he threw me over." She thought of Suture and the immaculate crease of his trousers. "If you care to come out to tea with us one day," she said magnanimously, "I'll be glad to see you. He's such a handsome man."

Violet thanked her absently; she hurried into her black shop frock and went downstairs.

Lena eyed her critically as she passed her beautiful mouth curved a little contemptuously; she thought as Florrie Jones had done, that Hastings was the cause of her grief; she felt glad that it was so.

The day seemed interminable to Violet. Madame spoke to her sharply once or twice; in the afternoon she sent for her to the office. "What is that matter with you, Mademoiselle? Are you ill?"

The French woman's black eyes scanned Violet's white face and heavy lids suspiciously. Violet felt the tears rush to her eyes; she longed to tell some one—any one—the whole story of her grief; to pour out the love and longing for little Ronnie; but something in the prim corseted figure before her froze the words on her lips; she stammered out that she had a headache.

Madame shrugged her shoulders. "Bien! I thought perhaps it was a little affair of the heart; we have no objections to them, Mademoiselle, but they must not interfere with business. You may go."

Violet went without a word; she knew it would be useless to protest that there was no love affair; troubling her; she knew she would not be believed. She dreaded going back to Mrs. Higgs; when she left Violet's she wandered about staring at the shops; in one she came face to face with the picture of the chubby child she had seen that had attracted her attention the day she first saw Ronnie.

"I'm having tea here with my boy! Come and sit at our table. No! Well, we'll come and sit at yours. Do be sociable. He'll cheer you up, it any one can."

She beckoned across the room to a man in a gray suit. He rose and came over to her. Florrie Jones introduced him proudly.

"Mr. Suture—Miss Ingleby—one of our girls. Why—," she broke off, staring blankly. Violet had risen to her feet, a rush of crimson dyeing her white cheeks; she stared at Suture with eyes of distressed recognition, and Suture stared at her with undisguised pleasure.

"Alfred," said Violet faintly. Florrie Jones' thin face took an ugly pinched look; her voice was high-pitched when she spoke. "You've met before. Well, I'm blessed! You seem to know everybody's boy. Miss Ingleby!"

Violet pulled herself together, she shook hands with Suture composedly, and she forced a smile.

"Yes, Mr. Suture and I knew each other. She sat down again. Florrie Jones stood looking suspiciously at her; she was a jealous nature; and she loved Suture with all her vixenish heart.

He was smiling, and pulling the ends of his waxed mustache; he looked thoroughly pleased as if he were enjoying the situation immensely; he ordered tea and a fresh supply of cakes, he made one or two attempts to draw Florrie into the conversation, but she snubbed him sulkily, and presently he left her alone and devoted himself to Violet.

Violet resented his attentions. When they had finished tea, she bade them good-bye; she said she must be getting on; she felt very sorry for neglected Florrie Jones. Suture rose and called for the bill; he said they would all go the same way, at the corner of the street Florrie Jones stopped—

"I am going this way," she said; there was a challenge in her voice; her pale eyes sought Suture's desperately.

He addressed himself to Violet: "If you will allow me to go a little way with you—"

She tried to stammer an excuse, but he lightly overruled her. Presently they were walking alone. Florrie Jones had gone.

Violet turned on the man fiercely. "How could you have treated her so, poor girl? You haven't changed for the better since we met."

"Since we were engaged," he submitted lightly. "You made a mistake when you threw me over."

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### Does Summer Find You Miserable?

If You Are Tired, Weak, All Worn Out and Have Constant Backache, It's Time You Gave Yourself Attention.

SUMMER! At what other time are conditions so favorable for the thorough enjoyment of good health? Summer days, indeed, should be your best days! 'Tis nature's happy playtime—and you owe yourself a generous share in the pleasures of summer's outdoor exercise and recreation.

But you may be one of countless folks who is missing the joys of health. You get up lame and aching; feel weak, tired and all played out. Every sudden move brings sharp, stabbing pains and when evening comes, you feel too nervous and depressed to rest or relax.

Are you one of the unfortunates? You owe it to yourself, then, to find out what is wrong and to lose no time beginning proper corrective treatment. Very likely it's your kidneys.

A lame, aching back with sharp, darting pains, soreness and stiffness are common symptoms of weakening kidneys. You may have headaches and dizziness, too, and perhaps some annoying bladder irregularities.

Fortunately these symptoms are usually easily corrected, if treated promptly. But there is grave danger in neglect. Don't wait for some serious kidney sickness—begin treating your weakened kidneys today with Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

"Use Doan's," Say These Omaha Folks:

JOHN A. LEE, 810 South 17th Street, says: "My kidneys were disordered and the secretions were filled with sediment and highly colored. My back at times got very painful and I could hardly keep going. The least change of the weather seemed to bring on rheumatic twinges through my hips, knees and limbs. I read a statement of those who had been benefited by Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking three boxes I was entirely relieved of the trouble."

MRS. J. W. KENNEDY, 5109 N. 30th St., says: "Hard work gave me a lame back and kidney trouble. I couldn't bend or lift, and it just seemed as though every muscle in my body had been pounded. My kidneys caused annoyance, too. I would get so sleepy it would be hard to keep awake. After using Doan's Kidney Pills a short time I felt much better, and a couple boxes remedied this trouble, and I am not bothered now."

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### Harding Demands Immediate Return of All Patents

Documents Turned Over to Chemical Foundation, Inc., Under Wilson Administration Ordered Back.

Washington, July 2.—Instructions were issued by President Harding that a demand be made on the Chemical Foundation, Inc., for immediate return to the government

of all patents, trademarks, copyrights, contracts and other property transferred to it by alien property custodian of the Wilson administration.

The instructions contained in a letter written by Mr. Harding to Thomas W. Miller, alien property custodian, which was made public at the White House, were wholly unexpected, although the chemical foundation numerous times has been under the fire of republican members of congress.

In addition to the instructions that a demand be made for return of the assignments made by the alien property custodian's office under the previous administration, the president ordered Mr. Miller to take any action advised or approved by the attorney general to protecting fully the rights of interests of the

United States government or any of its agencies in the properties turned over to the chemical foundation. Supplementary to the president's letter, a statement was made by Attorney General Daugherty that the action taken by Mr. Harding was "justified by the records" of the Department of Justice which he said had for many months been conducting an investigation "in the face of much interference." The attorney general added that the instructions as to return to the government of property taken over by the foundation would be carried out "with all dispatch."

After all, you can't blame Ruth for desiring to swat spectators. He appears to have lost the knack of swatting anything else.—Baltimore Sun.

## July 4th-1776-1922 Independence Day

One hundred and forty-six years ago in a simple and dignified room in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, the Declaration of American Independence was adopted and a new National Flag was flung to the breeze.

From that trying and inauspicious beginning has grown the dominant nation of the world—a nation known not only as a land in which men and women may be free and increasingly prosperous, but as a land and a government under which character may be built, individual capacity given opportunity for free exercise, and civil liberty is the heritage of everyone.

Neither America nor mankind is likely to attain perfection, but under the influence and guidance of those principles and ideals which are historically and truly American, there is every reason to believe that each succeeding generation will see new and increasing progress toward the goal of greater human happiness and greater human satisfaction.

To this end, the Burgess-Nash Company, as an institution, on this, the natal day of our beloved country, assumes its full responsibility.

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