Children Give Fireworks Cash to Milk Fund

"We Saved Money for Poor Little Babies Who Need Milk and Ice," Says Letter.

Esther, Harold and Raymond Dahms and Magdelen and Clyde Cantrell are still enjoying their Fourth of July celebration because they celebrated by giving their "fireworks money" to The Bee Free Milk and Ice fund. "We saved it for the poor little babies who need milk and ice," says their letter.

Yes, indeed, there are so many of these poor little babies, suffering in the very poor homes of Omaha this minute.

Unless the fund is supplied with money, some of these babes will have to be neglected. The hot weather without pure milk may spell the end of some little lives, scarce begun.

This is a very serious work. We can't afford to overlook it, friends.

Some tiny mite of humanity is on the list waiting for your contribution. It may mean his or her life.

Just send or bring what you can to The Bee office. Every cent of it will be used for the poor babies.

Heretofore acknowledged	$555.33
Grandpa	1.00
Cash	1.00
Clara E. Foster, Nebraska City	1.00
M. E. F.	2.00
Jane, Marjorie and Marion Hensir	3.00
E. S. Few	1.00
Esther, Harold, Raymond Dahms and Magdelen and Clyde Cantrell	2.25
Mrs. S. A. Haller	1.00
Total	$568.58

Strike Is Deplored in Draft by C. of C.

A resolution protesting the "interruption of the country's transportation," and deploring "every resort to violence whether by intimidation or otherwise to prevent the return of workers to their places of employment," was drafted and passed by the Omaha Chamber of Commerce executive committee, at a special meeting yesterday.

"Such interference is not consistent with a desire to settle disputes whether industrial or otherwise by an appeal to reason rather than to force and is actuated by motives not unlike those which produced the late war, a repetition of whose horrors an anxious world is trying to prevent through restoration of the reign of reason," continues the resolution.

In closing the resolution says: "We subscribe to the sentiments expressed by President Harding in his Marion, Fourth of July speech, when he said: 'A free America has the right to labor without any other's leave,' and 'Liberty is gone in America when any man is denied by anybody the right to work and live by that work.'"

Dr. J. P. Connolly Loses Custody of 3 Children

Dr. J. P. Connolly, jr., lost his battle to gain custody of his three children from his divorced wife yesterday when District Judge Sears gave Mrs. Connolly custody of them.

Mrs. Connolly was granted a divorce by default and $75 a month alimony. Dr. Connolly, the decree states, may see his children at various times.

Women Democrats Urged to Vote for Charles Bryan

Women democrats were urged to vote for Charles W. Bryan for the nomination for governor in an appeal issued yesterday by 37 women democratic leaders.

That Mr. Bryan supports the Sheppard-Towner maternity bill is stressed in the appeal.

Man Found Dead in Kitchen.

Edward Rettell, 4722 North Thirty-third street, was found dead in the kitchen of his home Monday afternoon. The police believe he was asphxiated while trying to cook a meal in the absence of his family. The body was found by a friend, George Harris, 4910 North Twenty-fifth street.

Eberstein Chief of K. C. Department of Justice

Marshall Eberstein, former Omaha chief of police, who resigned when the Dahlman administrtion went into power, is now chief of the Department of Justice in Kansas City, according to word received from that city.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MONTHS OF SUFFERING

How a Baltimore Girl Recovered Her Health

Baltimore, Maryland.—"For several months I suffered with severe backache and general weakness. I could not sleep comfortably at night for pains in my back. I found your book at home one day and after reading it began at once to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had very good results and some of my girl friends are taking it now. You may use this letter to help other girls, as the letters in your book helped me."—ROSE WAIDNER, 3018 Roseland Place, Baltimore, Md.

That is the thought so often expressed in letters recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. These women know what they have suffered, they describe their symptoms and state how they were finally made well.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine made from medicinal roots and herbs, and without drugs, to relieve the sickness women so often have, which is indicated by backache, weak feelings, nervousness, and no ambition to get anything done or to go anywhere. It has helped many women. Why not try it?

BRINGING UP FATHER---

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Bee by McManus (Copyright 1922.)

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

CHAPTER I.

"And so, dear old thing, I really can't come. I do hope you won't be very wild with me. I really am most awfully disappointed, but what would be the use of my coming when I am nearly blind with headache? Write me a line or, better still, come and see me one day soon, as a sign that you forgive me for turning you down at the last moment—Yours,

"AGNES DUDLEY."

Barry Wicklow threw the letter down on the table and swore. He might have expected something of the kind, he told himself savagely, his luck had been dead out for so long.

Of course, she couldn't help having a headache, but all the same it was a confounded nuisance, just when he had got a box, too; he might as well have chucked the money in the gutter, after all.

He was bitterly disappointed; he flattered himself that he looked his best in evening dress. Barry swore again; he lit a cigaret and walked over to the window.

A September evening was drawing to a close, the streets were gray and rather depressing. It seemed to suit Barry Wicklow's frame of mind. He pushed the window wide and leaned his elbows on the sill.

It was a rotten world, he thought, pessimistically. He wondered if the luck would ever change and come his way for a bit.

He was fed up with his own company; he had counted so much on this evening with Agnes, and now she had turned him down because of a confounded headache.

It was not much fun going to the theater alone, and there was nobody else whom he cared to invite. He wished Norman was back in town; he was a bit of an ass in some ways, but they got on all right together in spite of it. He raised himself and yawned.

Should he go, or should he not? The box had cost 4 guineas—it seemed a shame not to use it.

He went out of the room and took his coat down from a peg. Might as well go, after all; it would pass the evening, anyway; he let himself out of the front door, slamming it after him.

The driver of a taxi hailed him, but Barry shook his head. He could not afford the fare for himself; as a matter of fact, he could not afford it for anyone else either, but, of course, they would have had a taxi if Agnes had come. He threw his half smoked cigaret away angrily. Dash it all! surely she could have managed better than have a headache today of all days.

He wondered if she really meant to marry him. Sometimes he thought that it was all right and that she did, and then at other times—tonight, for instance. He shook his shoulders together with a sigh. He was hanged if he could understand women. He wondered if she had really got a headache or if it were only an excuse with which to put him off.

He frowned as he looked down the gray street. If only he had got Norman's money. It was the very deuce of a job to live within one's income when one's income was so very much under four figures.

If only his father had managed to get born before Norman's father, what a difference would have made in his life. It seemed rather hard that because one twin had been in rather more of a hurry to have a look at the world than the other, the son of the one should be a millionaire, and the son of the other poor devil struggling on something under £600 a year.

Not that he grudged it to Norman actually, but—his thoughts broke as he reached the theater.

A line of carriages and motor cars were drawn up outside; the usual crowd jostled one another at the pit door; inside the foyer daintily dressed women with immaculately dressed escorts stood and chatted.

Barry scowled. If only Agnes had been here! If only—

"I beg your pardon." He had bumped into a girl who was turning disappointedly away from the box office.

She glanced up at him disinterestedly and smiled.

"Oh, it's all right, thank you." She turned at once to her companion, an elderly woman dressed in a black bonnet and cloak that were obviously of country make. "Not a seat to be had," she said disappointedly. "Oh, isn't it a shame!"

Barry Wicklow was staring at the girl admiringly; she was very young, but her face was so pretty that for a moment at least he did not notice that she, too, had a country cut to her clothes, and that neither she nor her companion looked as if they wanted to pay half a guinea for stalls.

There was Irish blood in Barry Wicklow's veins; Irish impulsiveness that often made him butt in headlong where he was not wanted; he took a quick step toward the girl.

"I beg your pardon." He spoke with a rush, the words tumbling over one another in his excitement. "But I heard what you said just now—about there being no seats, I mean, and I've a box, quite a large box, with room for four people, and there's only me to use it. If you would be so kind—I should be delighted—awfully delighted, if you and your mother. . ."

This last was a random shot, but by the smile that suddenly appeared on the elder woman's face he saw that it was also a lucky one.

"We ought to have booked," she told Barry confidingly. "But we so seldom come to London, and my daughter was so sure we should get in all right; it does seem a pity that we've come all this way for nothing."

"If you'll share my box I shall be only too delighted," Barry said again; he looked at the girl all the time he spoke, but she flushed and shook her head.

"We're not in evening dress—it would look so queer."

Barry pooh-poohed the argument. "It doesn't make any difference—you can take your hats off. If you only knew how I was hating the idea of my own company all the evening. Please say yes!"

The girl and her mother exchanged glances. "It's very kind of you," the girl said, doubtfully. "But—" Barry struck while the iron was hot. "Then that's settled," he said cheerfully. "I shall enjoy the piece ever so much more with someone to talk to."

It was surprising how much happier he felt; he almost wished that Agnes could see him and know that he had not been left so utterly stranded after all.

As he turned to lead the way across the foyer a lady bowed to him, glancing curiously at his companions.

Barry returned the bow and smiled, he loved being unconventional, and he knew for a certainty that Mrs. Baring would be sure to tell Agnes she had seen him with a girl—a very pretty girl, too—and that Agnes was inclined to be jealous.

"I've never been in a box before," the girl told him as they took their seats.

Barry had placed her so that she was facing the stage; his own chair was a little in the background.

The girl had taken off her hat and the country-made coat; she looked prettier than ever, Barry thought admiringly; he was quite proud to be seen with her; when the curtain went up he drew his chair a little more forward.

This was an adventure if you like, he thought with a little chuckle; he wondered what Norman would say if he ever heard about it; Norman was such a stickler for convention.

He turned to the elder woman.

"You don't live in London?" he asked.

"No . . . we live right down in the country. It's rather quiet for my daughter, I'm afraid. I wish, for her sake, we could move, but I've been there all my life." She fumbled with a not particularly smart handbag on her lap. "You must please let us pay for our seats," she said, with great dignity.

Barry flushed crimson. "Oh, please—I beg of you." He was uncomfortably certain that they had not got the price of a couple of stalls between them. He was horribly distressed. "The chairs would have been empty if you hadn't come," he rushed on. "I shall be only too honored." But he knew he was making his appeal in vain.

"We couldn't think of allowing you to pay for us," he was told. "It's very kind of you to let us share your box . . . if you will tell me how much . . . ."

Barry told an agitated lie.

"The box is 20s.—and there are four seats—so your share is half . . . but I do wish you would allow me . . ."

He broke off. He had to pocket the money without further protest. The girl's mother closed her bag with a snap, and leaned back more comfortably.

"Now I can enjoy myself," she said.

The play bored Barry. Perhaps he was not in the mood for it, or perhaps he found the girl at his side more attractive than the leading lady on the stage, for he certainly looked at her a great deal more, and the more he looked at her the prettier he thought she was.

Barry had all an Irishman's susceptibility. Before the first act was finished he had forgotten his disappointment about Agnes Dudley. Before the second act was finished he had made up his mind that this chance acquaintance was going further than the door of the theater.

He wondered if he might ask their name. He wondered if he might venture to present them with his card. He felt in his waistcoat pocket, but he had no cards with him.

The girl was very quiet. She was entirely engrossed in the stage.

"Do you like the play?" Barry asked her once; he was a trifle piqued at the little attention she gave him.

She turned starry eyes to him for an instant. "Oh, I think it's lovely! Do you know that it's my ambition to be an actress?"

Barry frowned. "You'd hate it," he said bluntly. "It's a rotten life."

She smiled disbelievingly.

"It is! 'Pon my word it is!" Barry assured her. "You ought to go round to the back of the stage, you can't judge at all from what you see this side of the footlights." But she was not listening; she was looking at the stage again, and Barry relapsed into silence.

He had never seen anyone so pretty in all his life, that was what he was thinking; he had never seen anyone with such beautiful hair, such a dear little chin, such long lashes.

He liked her mother, too; in spite of the home-made severity of the clothes she wore, he recognized that there was a sort of quiet dignity about her; oh, he was certainly not going to lose sight of them when the evening was over.

But Barry's rotten luck still held; he had no chance to ask any of the questions that were burning his tongue; the crowd in the passage outside the box prevented conversation as they were leaving, and when they reached the street it was pouring with rain.

"I'll get a taxi if you'll wait."

Everyone was calling for cabs. Commissionaires in white mackintoshes, shiny with rain, hurried to and fro.

Barry dashed out into the street; he could at least drive with them wherever they were going, he told himself; he had to go some yards before he could find a disengaged taxi. He drove back with it in style. His hat and coat were wet, but he did not care; the crowd had thinned somewhat now. He looked eagerly toward the spot where he had left the girl and her mother, but they were no longer there.

He went into the theater again; he searched everywhere; finally, when he was almost the last person left in the theater, he had to give up and drive away alone in sulky state.

"Wonder if they did it purposely?" he thought with sudden suspicion. "They might have waited." He squared his shoulders. "Well, I don't care; I'll find 'em again if I have to search every corner of London. Jove! that girl was a beauty!"

He let himself into his flat with an irritable hand; the old depression had fallen over him again; he considered that he had been treated very badly; first Agnes—and now this girl.

He shut the door behind him with a slam and went on to the sitting room. A man was sitting there in one of the armchairs, his feet stuck up on another.

Barry stood in the doorway looking at him.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate

in water at bedtime induces natural sleep. In fruit juices, makes delightful, cooling drink.—Advertisement.

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Pimples Keep Young Men Down!

They Make Women, Too, a Puzzle! How S. S. S. Stops Skin Eruptions Positively.

Pimples and skin eruptions have a price,—you pay for every pustule, black-head and pimple on your face. Pimples produce prejudice and prevent prosperity. Your heart may be gold,

S. S. S. Will Rid You of the Crushing Pimple-Calamity.

but who wants to kiss eruptions? Pimply men don't look like the owners of anything. Pimply women, too, are puzzles, with no prospects and no power. Young men and women, here's the positive way out. Physics and purgatives will fail. What you need is a scientific blood-cleanser. S. S. S. is one of the most powerful destroyers of blood impurities. You can prove this in a short time. S. S. S. has been passed on by a jury of millions of people just like yourself. It is considered one of the most powerful vegetable blood-purifiers and flesh-builders in existence. That's why you hear of so many underweight people putting on lost flesh in a hurry, why you hear of so many rheumatics being freed from this scourge, with S. S. S. Start today with S. S. S. and see your face clear and your skin get ruddier, your flesh firmer. It will give you a boost in your career. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.

Phantom Nance Found After 2-Year Search

The "Phantom Nance," for whom a nation-wide search has been in progress for two years, was found in Wausau, Wis., yesterday by Postal Inspector W. N. Coble of Omaha.

E. C. Nance is under indictment in the Missouri Valley Cattle Loan case for conspiracy to use the mails to defraud.

So well did Nance cover his tracks that for a long time Coble himself and other investigators doubted the identity of any "Nance," believing it to be a fictitious name, assumed when necessary, by other officers and promoters of the now defunct company.

"Nance in custody and admits identity," is the bare news furnished in a telegram from Coble received Sunday night by J. C. Kinsler, United States district attorney.

A lovely powder box is made of glass. A big rose serves as the handle, and to the under side of the rose instead of a stem there is a soft, fluffy powder puff.

Two Auto Racers Killed.

Covington, La., July 10.—Fernand Clement and Henry Baker, amateur drivers of New Orleans, were killed instantly during an exhibition automobile race heere yesterday when their car overturned.

Don't let skin trouble spoil your good time

Resinol heals sick skins

"I can't have any fun! I am such a *sight* with this eczema that people avoid me wherever I go. And the *itching* torments me so that I don't get any peace, anyhow."

Don't be discouraged! Even in severe, well-established cases of eczema, ringworm or similar skin-troubles, Resinol Ointment, aided by Resinol Soap, usually relieves the itching at once and quickly clears the eruption away.

Doctors prescribe the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap

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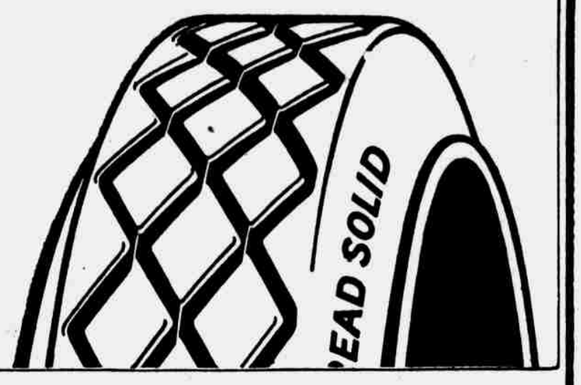

The Tire that is Making New Records in Heavy-Duty Hauling

Truck operators in all parts of the country are making wonderful new records with Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires.

Records in mileage—economy—profits.

They are getting the things that mean maximum tire efficiency in heavy-duty trucking—

1 *Traction*—
2 *Cushioning*—
3 *Long, Economical Wear*

These are exactly the things the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tire is designed and built to deliver.

This tire has the enormous tractive power of the famous All-Weather Tread; in the 36x10 size, for example, 704 inches of its high, thick blocks grip the surface and hold in mud, slush and ice, preventing stalling and spinning, saving fuel and engine strain.

Also it has the cushioning resilience of that great tread design. It is 60% springier than some so-called cushion tires, and 12% more resilient than the average.

Even experienced truck owners marvel at the stubborn wearing quality of the Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tire construction. When the original tread finally is worn down, it can be renewed quickly at little cost by an easy regrooving process.

Get this new Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tire. It will give you extra miles, greater operating economy, longer truck life and more profitable hauling at low cost.

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