

### Deputy Marshal in Conference With Rail Heads

#### Government Wants to Know How Many Special Officers Needed in This District.

A hasty conference of railroad heads was called by Deputy United States Marshal H. L. Thomas yesterday on receipt of a telegram from Washington, inquiring how many special deputies are needed in this district to control the strike situation.

The meeting was held in the marshal's office, with Thomas acting, in the absence of Marshal Dennis Cronin from the city.

W. M. Jeffers, general manager of the Union Pacific, and heads of the legal departments of the Union Pacific, Northwestern and Burlington were present.

At the close, Thomas announced no definite figure to report had yet been ascertained. It is necessary to scan conditions out in the state before a decision will be reached.

Thomas has no information as to who the deputies are to be, how they will be selected, or how sworn in.

#### Leaders Optimistic.

An optimistic view of negotiations in Chicago to settle the railway shopmen's strike was taken by union leaders here yesterday.

"If press reports are correct, the prospects for a settlement are bright," said B. H. Furse, president of the Union Pacific Federation of Shopmen.

"Our men are willing to discuss the situation reasonably with anybody in an authoritative position. The strength of the strike on the Union Pacific is unimpaired, however."

#### Clerks Striking.

Charles Herbst, former candidate for mayor in Cincinnati and a member of the executive board of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks on the Southern railway, told striking maintenance of equipment employees assembled at Labor Temple yesterday morning that the railway clerks' strike was being spread as "rapidly as possible."

He called to consult with R. R. Butzer, chairman of the Union Pacific railway clerks' organization.

### "Flappers" Subject of First Editorial

(Continued From Page One.)

3. I use rouge.  
4. I use a lip stick very very seductively.  
5. I wear my hats tilted over one eye.

6. I wear short skirts.  
7. I go out quite often to dances and parties.

Here are some of my qualities which may surprise you:  
1. I don't swear.  
2. I don't advocate "petting" parties.

4. I don't go out nights without being escorted.  
5. I don't allow familiarities.

6. I go out and have the right kind of a good time.  
7. I enjoy life to the greatest extent.

You will kindly note that I have made just seven comparisons and they are sufficient since they bring in the subjects always connected in the discussion of the "flapper."

Did it ever occur to you, dear readers, that there are thousands and thousands of girls just like me (because I am no exception) advocating and not advocating the same things?

Did it ever occur to you that we are no different from the girl of yesterday? You will admit there were extreme types in those days, too.

Just because President Harding dubbed us "flappers," is that why we are looked down upon? Is that why we are classed with all extremes? Is that fair?

Just try to find a little good in the poor "flapper." You'll find she's really not so bad, but just an ordinary human sort of being who is trying to have a little bit of harmless fun.

Picking them to pieces won't do a bit of good. Look for the good in us and you'll find it. Here are the rules:

#### PROFESSIONAL CONTEST:

A prize of \$100 for the best editorial submitted by a man or woman actively engaged in newspaper work in Nebraska; a second prize of \$50; a third prize of \$25.

#### READERS' CONTEST:

A prize of \$25 for the best editorial submitted by a reader of The Bee, not a newspaper editor; a second prize of \$15; a third prize of \$10. In addition, the three winners to be qualified to compete with the winners of similar contests conducted by 23 other Nebraska newspapers for a \$100 grand prize offered by The Bee; \$50 second prize; \$25 third prize.

Editorials may be submitted upon subjects within the following classes:  
(a) Current politics.  
(b) Current economic questions.

(c) Current social problems. (Examples: Taxation, marketing of farm products, freight rates.)  
(d) Current public schools. (Examples: Prohibition, public schools, crime.)

(e) Human interest. (Based upon some incident or principle which may be expected to touch the readers' heart.)

Editorials will be judged upon: (a) the interest which the subject has for Nebraska people; (b) the clearness, the forcefulness and brevity with which the subject is discussed; (c) the merit of the purpose to which the editorial is directed.

No editorial may exceed 500 words. Each editorial must bear the name, address and occupation of the author and must be written plainly on only one side of the sheet.

Each contestant may submit one, two or three editorials. All contributions must be received not later than August 10; in case more than one is submitted, they may be sent in separately or together.

Judges for the grand prizes will be three in number, appointed by the Nebraska State Press association. Announcement of prize winners will be made at the meeting of the State Press association in Omaha August 31 to September 2.

Address Editorial Contest Editor, The Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

### One Killed, Two Hurt When Train Crashes Into Auto

#### Father and Brother of Dead Boy Believed Dying in Hospital After Fremont Crossing Accident.

Fremont, Neb., July 12.—(Special Telegram.)—Glen Knapp, 10, was instantly killed, and his brother, William, 16, and father, Silas Knapp, 55, are believed dying in the hospital, following an accident at 6 this evening, when Northwestern train No. 28 crashed into a coupe carrying the three victims at the M street crossing.

Eye-witnesses declare that Knapp, who was driving, was watching for approaching trains on the Union Pacific railroad, just south of the Northwestern tracks. No. 28, coming in from Lincoln, swung around the curve from the west, just as Knapp hit the crossing.

Glen, whose life was snuffed out instantly, was riding on the rear end of the car. He had been caddying at the Country club, where his father is caretaker. The car was thrown 35 feet. The train stopped within a short distance of the smash. Members of the crew found the youngest son dead, William conscious and the father barely able to move. They were thrown clear from the wreckage. The wife and mother is prostrate.

#### Rift Jars Harmony in Democratic Ranks

(Continued From Page One.)

to be governor if I should say that I would let bootleggers run wild over the state. I will enforce all the laws.

"Everybody knows that I voted against prohibition. I am no hypocrite. Some of those people who are trying to make an issue of prohibition are not sincere.

"I am neither a saint nor a sinner. I expect to give the people a decent and economical administration."

#### Letter Raises Protest.

Mr. Butler pulls a letter from his pocket and gets back to the subject of democratic harmony. This was written by J. S. McCarty, vice chairman of the Nebraska democratic state committee and sent out to a large number of party members.

In the letter Mr. McCarty urges all good democrats to get behind Bryan and Hitchcock and promises that the democratic daily press of the state will support this slate.

Copies of this mimeographed appeal are being forwarded to Mr. Butler from wrothy friends in all parts of the state. Something very like a revolt against the state committee is indicated, although Mr. McCarty purported to be writing nothing more than a personal letter on the official stationery of the committee.

County Attorney W. P. Cowan of Stanton; John Daugherty, a banker of Greeley county; J. E. Carlin, an attorney of York; Andrew Olsen, an attorney of Wisner, and Pat Stanton of Tilden are among the influential party men who have written to condemn the Hitchcock-Bryan alliance against Mr. Butler.

### Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES  
Copyright, 1922.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Barry walked over to the table then and helped himself to a generous whisky. He felt rather as if he had been dreaming; it had been such a preposterous interview. How, in the name of all that was holy, could he calmly appropriate the girl on whom Norman had set his heart?

He was practically engaged to her. He really wished to marry her. In the light of this new and monstrous suggestion he forgot their little tiff; he remembered only that she was a delightful woman, and that he wished to have her for his wife.

His uncle did not know what he was talking about; the whole idea was preposterous. He should refuse, of course he should. There was no use to even think it over. As for his debts.

"A note, if you please, sir!" Barry took the little note off the tray and tore it open eagerly. It was from Agnes. No doubt she was as anxious as he to make up their little tiff; no doubt she wanted to see him again. There was a little silence.

The seconds ticked slowly by; the maid at the door fidgeted uncomfortably. "The messenger is waiting, sir," she ventured at last.

Barry roused himself with an effort. "No answer," he said, mechanically.

When the door had shut he passed a hand across his eyes dazedly; he could not believe that he had read the little note correctly.

"Dear Barry—I have been thinking things over since you left me this morning, and I have come to the conclusion that it will be better for us both for our friendship to end. Though I have said nothing before, I have noticed a great change in you during the last few weeks, and I must admit that I no longer feel to you as I did. I hope we shall always be friends and am sure you will wish me every happiness when I tell you that Laurence Hulbert asked me to marry him last night and that I have accepted him—Ever your sincere friend, "AGNES DUDLEY."

When the first shock had passed a little, Barry Wicklow flew into as fine a rage as a young man could.

He stamped round the room and kicked things about. He had been made a fool of—the unpardonable sin! Agnes had been leading him on for all these weeks, had allowed him to look upon her as his property, and now she had thrown him over—thrown him over as carelessly as if he had been an old glove, and for Hulbert!

Hulbert, whom he disliked more than any chap in London—Hulbert, to whom he owed money.

This last recollection was gall and wormwood to owe money to the man who had cut him out, to the man whom Agnes was to marry! He would die of the shame of it! He would never be able to hold up his head again.

He was naturally a hot-tempered man, and his Irish blood rose now

picture again. He would come back of course he would.

"But out in the street Barry was striding away at a furious rate. He carried his hat in his hand; the blood was hammering in his temples; he could not remember that he had ever been so furiously angry. Fooled, and by a woman!"

He tried to remember what he had said to her, but could not. He only hoped that he had not spared her. He was quite sure that, whatever he had said, he had meant it all, and a good deal more besides. He had set off steam, anyway, and was already feeling better.

If he met Hulbert, he quite made up his mind that he would tell him exactly what he thought of the whole business. As for that money he owed the little cad—Cold sweat broke out on Barry's forehead. He hated the thought of owing that man money; quite a lot of money it was too, which Hulbert had advanced from time to time. He realized that by now it must have run into several hundreds of pounds.

Agnes would get to know of it. No doubt they would talk him over together. Barry ground his teeth; if he could only pay the little blighter back! But it was hopeless to think of it! There was only his uncle to whom he could turn, and Barry drew a long breath, and his interview with Norman flashed through his mind. He remembered that Norman had come back with a flash of illumination.

"You help me to put an end to this infatuation of Norman's, and I'll pay your debts and give you a handsome present as well."

It was impossible, of course! But if only it hadn't been. He walked on more soberly.

It was out of the question, of course; and even supposing it had been possible, Norman was his cousin; and to do a mean trick like that, he shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the thought. Besides, what guarantee had he that this girl, whoever she might be, would look at him?

He knew that he had particular claims to good looks; Norman was a thousand times handsomer. But deep down in his heart Barry knew also that there was a great deal of truth in what his uncle said—that he was a favorite with women.

The knowledge gave him back something of his lost self esteem. After all, Agnes wasn't the only woman in the world. He squared his shoulders.

Anyway, it was a moral impossibility to do as his uncle had suggested; not that it was very likely Norman was any more serious over this girl than he had been over a dozen others about whom he had raved in the past. Norman had all the Wicklow fickleness. But deliberately to try to cut him out was too much.

Barry hailed a taxi and told the man to drive to the hotel where his uncle was staying. He would just tell the old chap that it couldn't be done at any price, that it wasn't any job in his line at all. The sooner it was finally settled, the better.

He was annoyed to find Norman at the hotel instead of his uncle. He looked at him rather disagreeably.

"Thought you were going away," he said, shortly.

"I was—I came back this morning." "Oh! There was a little pause.

"What do you want with the gun?" Norman asked, suspiciously.

Barry did not answer. He picked up a magazine and started flicking over its pages.

Norman laughed cynically. "I suppose it's true, then?" he said, after a moment.

Barry glanced up. "What's true?" he asked, with a growl.

"That the little widow has given you the go-by. I heard them talking at the club this morning, and didn't believe it; but I suppose it's true—by the look of you."

Barry sent the magazine spinning down the polished table. "And what if it is true?" he demanded, violently. "Poor old chap!" There was something mocking in his cousin's voice. "I never really thought you'd pull it off," he added. "She could see through you right enough, my boy; she knew that you found her money bags more attractive than you found her."

Barry flushed crimson. "You mind your own infernal business," he said furiously, "and get back to your dairy-maid."

The words were a direct insult; but they were provoked, and Barry regretted them bitterly as soon as they were spoken. He would have apologized if he had been given time, but Norman caught him up at once.

"I suppose there's some excuse to be made for you, as you've been jilted," he said, stinging. "But I must say that Mrs. Dudley has more sense than I gave her credit for. I dare say she heard about the girl you were with in the theater the other night—everyone else seems to have heard, and to have been laughing at you. It isn't likely Agnes

was going to stand that!" He looked at Barry with a sneer on his handsome face. "Where did you pick her up?" he asked with a detestable inflection.

Barry was white to the lips now. All his life he had stood a great deal from Norman, realizing their different positions, and how good Norman's father had been to him. But today he was at the end of his endurance; today he felt that he could not stand his cousin's sneers and libels. He made a furious lunge at him across the table, and missed. There was a moment's silence, then Norman broke out:

"That's not the way to get your debts paid, my dear chap! And I suppose that's why you're here. If it's money you've come for, it will pay you to keep a civil tongue in your head. There's a limit—even to what any father will stand, you know."

Barry had pulled himself together. He was horribly ashamed of his loss of self-control. He had never had a serious row with his cousin before. It gave him cause for wonder now, as he looked at Norman's sneering face, and for the first time in his life saw the dislike that looked at him from the younger man's handsome eyes.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

#### Maj. Blake in Palestine on Around-the-World Flight

Louis, July 12.—A Cairo dispatch to the Times reports that Maj. W. T. Blake has alighted at Ziza, to the south of Amman, Palestine, in his attempt to fly around the world.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

## Thompson, Belden & Co.



### Tub Fabrics in a Sale

Tissue Gingham in the 32-inch width. Most attractive woven designs in the loveliest color schemes imaginable, 39c a yard.

Printed Plisse Crepe, cool for dainty summer lingerie and only 40c a yard.

Second Floor.



### Even the Bobbed Hair Miss

Is wearing a hairnet. Thompson - Belden's have all shades of Sonia nets—special by the dozen.

The single mesh, 50c a dozen.  
The double mesh, 65c a dozen.

### Half Linen Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered in all white—45c quality 35c

### Boys' Dimity Athletic Suits 79c

All sizes in boys' fine checked dimity union suits, at 79c.

Second Floor.



## LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

### Cigarette

It's toasted. This one extra process gives a rare and delightful quality—impossible to duplicate.

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co.

## 20% Off

### On our entire line of 2-Piece Summer Suits

We have made a 20 per cent Price Reduction on our entire line of summer suits. The size range is complete—a wide variety of patterns and all the popular shades. The tailoring is perfect, we have them in the following weaves:

GENUINE PALM BEACH MOHAIR  
TROPICAL WORSTED  
SILK SUITS FLANNELS

### Big bargains in 3-Piece (medium weight) Suits

BROKEN LINES

These are broken lines from our regular stock of medium weight suits. Three lots at prices which will effect a Quick Clearance.

\$17.50      \$25.00      \$35.00

Ladies'

### Tweed 'O Wool Suits

Ideal for sport, street and travel wear—stylish and serviceable. Whites and all popular shades. These are bargains you can't afford to miss.

\$15      \$17.50      \$22.50

## Wilcox & Allen

The Home of COLLEGIAN Clothes  
N. E. Corner 17th and Harney Streets



"Mother—everybody says it's way after ten o'clock in the morning and we got to have a lot of Kellogg's Corn Flakes or we can't go ahead and play any longer. We're all hungry some'thin' fierce!"

## for meal-time and play-time.

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

### cooling-delicious-healthy

Hungry little folks—AND BIG FOLKS—will find many palate thrills in big, generous helpings of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, particularly when served with the luscious fresh fruits now in season! Just can't be anything better for breakfast, for lunch, or for supper when the thermometer's away up! And such a feast for between-times "snacks"!

Summer's the time for "safety first" with family stomachs! Every one works better, thinks better, plays better—and feels a lot better with lighter food on the hot days! And, crisp, delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes are everything that can be desired—for health, for enjoyment, for nourishment—they are so easy to digest, yet they sustain! You can't "over-do" on Kellogg's—no matter how much you eat!

At the evening meal, as a new and delightful dessert, serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fresh fruit and a generous helping of cream!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are sold universally in the RED and GREEN package that bears the signature of W. K. Kellogg, originator of Corn Flakes. None are genuine without it!



Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLE and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

## Mechanics:

Machinists, Boilermakers, Blacksmiths, Electric and acetylene welders, Pipe fitters, tinners, Plumbers, coppersmiths, Coach builders and finishers, Coach painters,

Electricians, Electric crane operators, Car repairers, Brass moulders, Roundhouse service men, Stationary engineers and firemen, Laborers, coach cleaners, Apprentices and helpers.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad will employ men for its repair tracks and roundhouse at Omaha. TO COMMENCE AT ONCE.

Apply to F. Newell, Master Mechanic, 1st Floor Burlington Bldg. Tenth and Farnam Streets, Omaha

The United States Railroad Labor Board, under authority of Federal Law, after full hearing to all parties at interest, has fixed present wages for mechanical crafts. Certain employees having declined to accept their decision, the board has directed the railroad to reorganize its forces and has ordered that men who enter our service—

"Are within their rights in accepting such employment, that they are not strikebreakers seeking to impose the arbitrary will of an employer on employees; that they have the moral as well as the legal right to engage in such service of the American public to avoid interruption of indispensable railway transportation, and that they are entitled to the protection of every department and branch of the Government, State and National."

Standard wages and overtime conditions will be paid. Hours to be those necessary for maintenance of the service. Board and lodging, under ample protection, will be furnished.

Young, active men desiring to go into railroad service will be given an opportunity for training in steady, desirable employment.