

Five Omahans Are Injured, One Fatally, in Day

Night Watchman's Neck Is Broken When He Plunges Down Stairs—Man's Leg Fractured.

Five persons were injured, one of them fatally, in Omaha Monday.

Peter Brennan, 65, night watchman, suffered a broken neck when he fell down stairs to the basement of the Wright building, Sixteenth and Chicago streets, at 6. He was dead when the police surgeon arrived. The surgeon stated the fall might have been caused by heart disease, since the watchman is said to have been instructed by physicians to remain quiet because of a weak heart. He was found by M. A. Handlin of the same address.

Expressman Injured.

Edward Dalton, expressman, 3425 South Thirty-first street, received a fractured rib and bruised shoulder and arm when he was struck at Tenth and Mason streets by an automobile driven by William Poesch of Columbus, Neb., a delegate to the Waltham league convention, who was held on a charge of reckless driving.

Leg Fractured.

A. L. Lyman, 68, 3104 Webster street, employee at a gasoline filling station in Florence, suffered a fractured left leg when he slipped in the mud and fell in front of a moving street car as he was crossing the street in front of 7501 North Thirtieth street at 1:30 in the afternoon.

Brown Begins to Prepare Defense

Writes First Letters Since Capture—Robbery Charge to Be Filed.

Fred Brown, Benson chain man, began yesterday to prepare his defense in connection with four charges filed against him by the county attorney and for which he is imprisoned under \$63,000 bonds.

This was the first time that Brown ever desired to talk with newspaper men or to write letters to friends.

Brown and Manford Biggs, churchman who was convicted of embezzlement, have become chummy. Biggs gave Brown his paper tablet and a lead pencil so he could write some letters.

In one letter sent by Brown to Warden Fenton he asks for a loan of \$5, stating that he would like to buy a few small things, such as candies and delicacies. He tells Fenton he is sorry he does not recognize him last week when the warden visited him. His reason was that he had severe headaches which he attributes to his hurried trip from Wyoming to Lincoln and then Omaha.

In another letter to Mrs. L. B. Morrison, a former Sunday school teacher, Brown professes his innocence of the kidnapping and other charges.

With Brown pleading for a square deal and at the same time denying any of the charges against him, County Attorney Shotwell stated today that he would file a fifth complaint against Brown, charging him with robbery.

Truma Kellogg, former owner of a grocery store at 2117 North Twenty-fourth street, identified Brown from a showup of 10 men in the county jail as the bandit who robbed him of \$39 in his store.

Cornerstone of Church at Cambridge, Neb., Laid

Cambridge, Neb., July 18.—(Special.)—The cornerstone of the new Methodist Episcopal church here was laid Sunday afternoon. Chancellor I. B. Schreckengast of Nebraska Wesleyan university at University Place gave the principal address at the services which were attended by one of the largest crowds ever assembled in Cambridge.

Forty young persons were taken into the church at the morning services. Rev. W. C. Kelly, local pastor, presided at the ceremonies.

Road Conditions

(Furnished by the Omaha Auto Club.)

Lincoln highway, east: Detour between Crescent and Missouri Valley. Roads now dry and being dragged. No report east of Boone account of wires out.

Lincoln highway, west: Detour 11 miles west. Detour one mile to the north, then west to Lincoln highway. Road in this side of Elk Horn. Roads rough to Central City, dry and being dragged. Grand Island road good.

O. L. P. highway: Go west out of Omaha over Deane street road to 11 miles. South four miles to O. L. P. southwest of Millard. Roads good clear through with exception of a detour just east of Ashland.

Highland cutoff: Roads fair to good.

B. V. A. road, Good.

Corbushier highway: Good. Road work at Ceresco.

O Street road: Dry and being dragged. Some construction east out of Lincoln.

Meridian highway: Good through Nebraska.

River to River road: Road work east of Council Bluffs; roads otherwise fair to good to Des Moines.

George Washington highway: Rough for one mile north of Florence. Otherwise good to Sioux City.

Black Hills Trail: Roads good to Norfolk.

King of Trails, north: Detour Crescent to Missouri Valley. Roads dry and being dragged.

King of Trails, south: Roads good to Hiawatha; fair to Atchison; Atchison to Leavenworth roads very rough. Leavenworth to Kansas City roads practically all hard surface.

Omaha-Topeka highway: Road fair to good to state line. Some grading, but traffic will encounter no difficulty.

Omaha-Tulsa highway: Good clear through to Topeka.

Chicago-Omaha Shortline: Roads dry and being dragged. Detour 14 miles east of Council Bluffs for six miles; also Anita and Casser. Detour east of Des Moines from Victor to Iowa City over W. V. route. No report as to road conditions east of Iowa City this morning due to wires being down.

O. A. Shortline: Roads good.

Rice Grove road: Roads good; dry and being dragged. Detour between Abbia and Ottumwa. One detour east of Ottumwa, which is in rather poor shape. Weather clear and rather warm; for comfort clear and warmer.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Drawn for The Bee by McManus

(Copyright 1922.)

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

She laughed merrily. "Toffee! I'm not making toffee. These are cakes—cakes for your tea."

"Well, it won't take all the morning, anyway," he insisted. "And it's a topping day."

She looked at his pleading face and shook her head. "I've wasted too much time already since you've been here. You're always trying to get me out. You can't always have your own way."

But he got it all the same, and now the basket was full of big juicy blackberries, and it was time to go home. He liked being out here in the woods. He liked the crackle of last year's dried twigs and bracken under his feet; he liked to feel the cool country air, with its first touch of autumn chill on his face; he liked pulling down the high branches that were out of Hazel's reach, and holding them while she picked the berries from them.

He had thoroughly enjoyed himself this afternoon, but now there was a look of gloom on his face as he silently followed her along the narrow path.

"You haven't answered my question," he said presently.

She looked up at him quickly, and away. "I don't know how to answer it, that's why," she said. Her voice sounded rather bewildered. "I think you just imagine these things. I'm sure if Uncle Joe doesn't like you—"

Barry broke in quickly. "You know he doesn't?"

She made him a gesture of impatience. "I don't know anything of the sort. If he is a little gruff and stand-offish, he was just the same when Norman was here; is he?"

"Norman?" Barry echoed.

"Yes, Norman Wicklow. I showed you his photograph, the one on the shelf in the sitting-room, taken with me."

"Oh—that ass!" said Barry, crossly.

She colored. "He isn't an ass, at all, and it's rude of you to speak like that about my friends."

Barry set his jaws sullenly. "So Mr. Daniels didn't care for him, either," he said presently. "Was he here long?"

She raised her chin with a touch of dignity. "He comes very often; mother likes him; he was here a week ago."

"I don't imagine that he comes to see your mother, all the same," said Barry, ill-temperately.

A faint smile crept into her eyes. "I suppose he will be coming again this week-end?" he submitted shortly.

She stopped to disengage her dress from a trailing bramble. "I shouldn't be surprised," she answered, evenly. "He knows we are always glad to see him. Oh, look! There is Uncle Joe."

She raised her voice, calling to the farmer across the open stubble-grown space which they had reached and which divided the wood from the fields.

Mr. Daniels turned and waited. He looked at Barry with rather unfriendly eyes.

Hazel slipped a hand through her uncle's arm.

"We've been blackberrying," she said. "Look, aren't they beauties?"

Mr. Daniels glanced at the basket Barry was carrying and grunted. "Good enough. This is something new for you, Mr. Ashton."

not know a minute's peace; that he would be thinking of Hazel all the time, and wishing to be with her.

Norman's father had been so confident that he would be able to cut Norman out; Barry had never been less confident about anything in all his life. He had failed with Agnes Dudley; was it likely, then, that he would be able to succeed with this girl? She avoided him for the rest of the evening; she went off to bed with a casual, "Good-night, Mr. Ashton," spoken across the room.

Barry was pretending to read a newspaper; it was a dull local paper, all about crops and the market, and the squabbles of the wicar and his church wardens; but it served as a screen from Joe Daniel's eagle eye as Barry watched Hazel cross the narrow passage and go upstairs.

She carried a candle, and the uncertain yellow light made a halo round her pretty head as she went on into the darkness.

There was a sort of uncomfortable silence in the sitting room when she had gone; Mrs. Bentley went on with her sewing, and her brother shut the heavy covers of the ledger in which he had been making entries and rose, taking his favorite stand, back to the mantel-shelf.

Barry put down his paper and tried to make conversation, but it was up-hill work; the farmer only answered in monosyllables; Mrs. Bentley was too intent on the little tucks she was making to pay much attention to either of the men.

When the clock struck 9 Barry rose with a sigh of relief. "I think I'll turn in," he said, rather lamely.

He waited a moment. "Well, good-night," he said.

The farmer grunted something inaudible. Hazel's mother looked up and smiled.

"Good-night, Mr. Ashton; sleep well."

Barry escaped. He went out into the kitchen and took off his boots. There was a blue piano of Hazel's hanging over a chairback; he stood for a moment looking down at it with rather wistful eyes. Then he shrugged his shoulders and went out of the kitchen and up to his room, each stair creaking a little beneath his weight.

From the open sitting room door, the farmer watched him silently. When he was quite sure that he had gone, he looked at Hazel's mother as she sat in the lamplight, bending over her work. "Well," he said suddenly, "and what do you think of Mr. Ashton?"

Mrs. Bentley looked up. "Mr. Ashton? I like him," she said decidedly.

"Oh, you like him, do you?" he said flatly. "Well, I don't, and what's more, I'm not going to have him hanging about here any longer. I don't like him, and I don't trust him. He thinks I'm fool enough to have swallowed that little yarn about his coming here for country walks and country air; but he thinks wrong! I don't know what brought him here, and I don't care, but I know it wasn't love of the country, and I know he's not going to stay in my house any longer. The point is, Mary, will you tell him to go, or shall I?"

Mrs. Bentley stared at her brother for a moment in blank amazement. "Send him away! Tell him he must go!" she echoed at last. "Joe! You must be mad!"

The farmer closed the door with an irritable hand.

"Not so mad, perhaps," he said, in a rather surly voice. "I never did care for this idea of yours of letting him stay here because he knew that the money. I'm quite well able to

keep you and Hazel without having strangers in the house. I gave in to you over Mr. Wicklow, but he was different to this man. I tell you I don't trust him. Who is he, anyway, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Bentley flushed with annoyance. "I really haven't asked him," she said, rather curtly. "It's no business of ours where he comes from or who he is, as long as he pays for what he has."

Joe Daniels glared at his sister across the lamplight.

"Can't you see what his little game is?" he demanded. "Can't you tell by the way he hangs around Hazel?"

Mrs. Bentley's face cleared. She laughed.

"Joe! You silly fellow! You're jealous, that's what it is. I know you can't bear the idea of Hazel marrying. You were just the same when Mr. Wicklow was here. You said all manner of things about him at first, and then ended up by liking him."

"He was a different kind of man. Hazel would be happy with him if he ever asked her to have him, but with this Mr. Ashton, he's got half-a-dozen girls on his books. I'll warrant, if the truth is known, you're the girl's mother; you take my advice and get rid of him; don't have him here, you'll be sorry if you do, mark my words."

Mrs. Bentley re-threaded her needle. There was a little smile in her eyes.

"In some ways, Joe, you're a far-seeing enough man," she said evenly. "but in others you're surprisingly dense. If you ask my opinion, I much prefer Mr. Ashton to Norman Wicklow. One's a man and the other's a dressed-up boy. Look at the colored shirts he used to wear and the fancy socks."

"I know, but there's a difference," she insisted gently. The farmer growled.

"That's a woman's way of arguing. However, I'm not going to say any more. I suppose I'm not master in my own home now, that's what it means. I suppose I've got to stand by like a tame cat and see Hazel's heart broken by a jumped-up whipper-snapper."

Mrs. Bentley raised her eyes. "It was you who brought him here, Joe," she said.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Leaves \$50,000 Estate

Columbus, Neb., July 18.—(Special.)—Deputy County Treasurer Joseph F. Berney, who died last week, left an estate exceeding \$50,000, according to estimate filed in county court. Mrs. Berney was named executrix in the will. Under the terms of the will, the estate goes to Mrs. Berney and the five children.

K. G. M. Kearney, Neb.—Q.—

I have a set consisting of a two-slide tuning coil wound with No. 24 wire; galena crystal detector and a pair of 3,000-ohm head phones. My aerial is 85 feet long and 25 feet high. I also have a fixed condenser. What else do I need to receive about 70 miles? I can hear static with what I have.



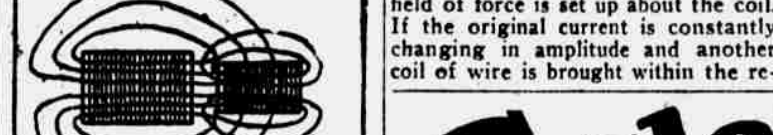
Closer Tuning May Be Gained With Loose Coupler; Much Static Also Eliminated

It is surprising to many radio fans how a loose coupler operates properly without any metallic connection between the primary and the secondary.

Yet again, how strange it seems that a current should pass through even a wire or that oscillating electrical impulses can travel through the ether and make themselves known at a receiving station without absolutely any visible connecting medium!

A loose coupler consists essentially of two coils of wire—one being capable of sliding within the other. The outer or stationary coil is called the primary, and the inner or movable coil is called the secondary.

It is quite well known that when a current of electricity is passed through a coil of wire a magnetic field of force is set up about the coil. If the original current is constantly changing in amplitude and another coil of wire is brought within the re-



able coil is called the secondary. This instrument is usually referred to as a "receiving oscillation transformer."

The primary coil is connected in series with the aerial and the ground. This combination is called the aerial circuit. The secondary coil is connected to the detector system, and if necessary to other tuning devices, such as variometers or variable condensers. This is called the "secondary circuit," the "closed circuit" or the "detector circuit."

Questions

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