

Pilot Is Killed, Two Injured in Airplane Wreck

Pasadena Man Probably Fatally Injured When Machine Crashes Into Quagmire at Framingham, Mass.

Framingham, Mass., July 23.—Zenos R. Miller of Boston, pilot of an airplane that crashed in a quagmire near the Framingham flying field, was pinned under the wreckage and died before he could be released. Dr. Clarence Gamble of Pasadena, Cal., one of the two passengers, was probably fatally injured. The other, Ralph K. Miller, a brother of the pilot, escaped with painful cuts and bruises.

The three men arrived here Friday night from New York and were to have started on a transcontinental flight to California. They flew over Boston and were returning to the field preparatory to setting out on the first leg of their long journey when the plane fell into a spin and crashed in a marsh, about 200 yards from the field. The machine landed upside down.

Pilot Under Plane.
The pilot was pinned in the mud by the heavy engine, only his head showing. His skates were broken and his neck broken, but he lived 20 minutes. His body was not recovered from the swamp mud until two hours after the accident.

Ralph Miller and Dr. Gamble were thrown to one side as the plane fell and rescuers found the former on one of the wings, with Gamble lying underneath it. Dr. Gamble was badly battered and at the Framingham hospital it was said that he probably would die.

Zenos Miller, who was 24, served during the war in the 27th pursuit squadron, United States air force. In August, 1918, he was taken prisoner when his plane fell behind the German lines, and he remained in a prison camp until the armistice.

Among the first of the rescuers to reach the fallen plane was Capt. Harry Leyden, an aviator at the local field, who was a fellow prisoner in Germany with Miller.

Gamble on Way Home.
Dr. Gamble, a graduate of Princeton and the Harvard medical school, had just completed a course as interne in the Massachusetts general hospital, and was on his way to his home in California.

Dr. Gamble, who is the son of James Morris Gamble, a nationally known soap manufacturer of Pasadena, was graduated at Princeton in the class of 1914, and at Harvard medical school in 1920.

During the war he was a member of the medical listed reserve. He bought the plane which crashed in the Italian government on June 1, with the cross-country trip in view. He was recently appointed to teach in the University of Pennsylvania, beginning next fall.

The parents of the Miller boys are now on their way to California for the summer, and the sons were to meet them in the west.

Roundhouse Employee Attacked and Beaten

Gus Johnson, an employee of the Northwestern railroad roundhouse, and his son, Raymond, 18, also a roundhouse employe, were attacked at Thirty-second and Q streets Saturday by a gang supposed to have been composed of strike sympathizers.

The elder Johnson is in Methodist hospital in a critical condition as a result of the beating he received. The son managed to escape with a few cuts.

They were returning home from work when the attack took place. They live at 703 South Seventeenth street. Police are investigating.

Paris Newspapers Poke Fun at August Busch

Paris, July 23.—August Busch's protest to President Harding regarding the sale of liquor on shipping board passenger vessels interests and amuses the French press. "No passenger is going to take an American line if he cannot find anything to quench his thirst but ice water and lemonade," says one paragraph.

Low Wages Cause of Low Prices of German Goods

Berlin, July 23.—Though there is much more unemployment in countries with a favorable exchange, the market in countries with low exchange is only a seemingly good one. The German industries, for instance, sell their goods for comparatively small prices, the workmen paying the price for the depreciation of the mark by getting minimum wages compared to those of countries with a favorable exchange.

Grand Island Company Purchases Uppike Mills

Grand Island, Neb., July 23.—(Special Telegram.)—It is announced here today that the consolidated mills company headquarters in this city has purchased the Uppike mills at Omaha and will take possession at once. President Kinney and Secretary F. A. Glade will move to Omaha within a few weeks to establish headquarters there. The company now owns mills at Omaha, Grand Island, Hastings, St. Edwards and Ravenna.

Telephone Man Paralyzed in Shallow Water Dive

Norfolk, Neb., July 23.—(Special Telegram.)—Everett Schoonover, 21, Vilisca, Ia., employed here as a telephone lineman, became paralyzed when he dived into shallow water in the Elkhorn river. He is in a local hospital.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES
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(Continued From Saturday.)
It was as if at his touch a veil had been torn from his eyes, showing life to her as it had been since he came to Cleave Farm, as it would be if he went away again and left her behind.

Barry saw the sudden light that filled her eyes, the little tremulous smile that curved her lips, and with sudden impulse he stooped and kissed her.

Neither of them were very clear as to what happened after that. There were many more kisses and incoherent words; but Barry's arms were round her now, and her face hidden against his coat. She felt as if some one had pushed her off the everyday world into a little heaven which held only herself and him.

The dusk wrapped them round like a gray veil. It was so still down there in the garden. Little stars peeped shyly out at them from the sky. Somewhere across the fields a sheep bell tinkled musically, and a sheep bird twittered drowsily from its nest.

"Do you love me? Do you love me?" said Barry in a whisper.
His head was bent to hers; her soft hair touched his cheek, and she answered him tremulously: "Oh, I do—do you know I do?"

"And you will marry me? When will you marry me?"
She lifted her head then. He could see the shy confusion of her face through the gray evening.
"Oh, but you're in such a hurry. Her eyes fell before his.

"I've loved you ever since that first night—the theater," he told her. He really believed he had. He was sure that he had never cared for any woman in all his life as he cared for this one. He felt most tremendously happy.

He had certainly quite forgotten his uncle and Norman. For the moment, at least, it was nothing but his own desire that drove him. He had wanted this girl, and now she was his.

He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed it, the smooth, soft skin from which the white sleeve fell away.
He did not understand how much that first kiss of his had been answerable for—did not realize that the charm of his impetuous love-making had taken this little girl by storm and won something deeper and more lasting than just a passing fancy.

But Hazel knew, and she wondered if he guessed that the touch of his lips had turned the key in the closed door of her heart. She hid her face again against his coat.

"It was a wonderful thing how entirely her feelings had changed towards him. She had liked him before—admired him, too, in an impersonal way, but now—there was nothing like him in all the world, nobody so big, so strong, so tender!"
Barry kissed her hair. He was naturally sentimental, and he believed that this was Romance with a capital letter.

The silence of the country made an ideal background. There was a faint scent of newly-mown hay on the night air. Barry looked up at the stars and felt himself a lover indeed.
"You are not cross with me any more?" he asked presently.
"I never was cross with you," he told him.
She looked at him adoringly with sweet, shy eyes.

"And you needn't have been jealous—really," she told him. "I mean—of Norman? I never cared for him at all—but he cares for me—poor Norman." There was a little note of regret in her voice, and Barry felt a pang of remorse.
"He never kissed you, Hazel—did he?"
She hesitated. "I never kissed him," she said at last.
He held her at arm's length. "You mean that he did kiss you," he said, growlingly.
He liked to play the jealous lover. "Did he, Hazel?" he insisted.
She kept her face downcast. "Well—only once—when he went away. I knew then—that I didn't really care at all; that I should hate to have him kiss me always."
"Really and truly?"
"Really and truly."
He drew her closer to him again. "But you like me to kiss you. You don't feel like that with me."
He had to stoop to catch her answer. "I never really knew that I loved you till you—till you kissed me."
Barry promptly kissed her again. Mrs. Bentley came to the door of the farmhouse. She called through the dusk: "Hazel—are you there, Hazel?"

Barry turned her face to his coat to prevent her answering. "I'm not going to let you go in yet," he said, masterfully.
Mrs. Bentley went back to the sitting-room; they could see the silhouette of her head against the yellow lamplight, and Joe Daniels, a tall, square figure, in the background.
"You won't mind so much now about London, and Delia?" Barry asked presently.
"I shan't mind at all," she told him, happily. "It was such a much more wonderful thing to love and be loved by this man than to rush through a week of gaiety and late nights with an almost unknown cousin. To Hazel the last few minutes had epudged the country with a new radiance and mystery.
"And—is Wicklow really coming down tomorrow?" Barry asked presently.
She laughed softly. "No—I only said it to tease you. He said he would like to have come, but that his ankle kept him a prisoner." She stilled a sigh. "Poor Norman! I wonder what he will say when I tell him about you."
Barry, too, wondered what he would say.
"And mother—and Uncle Joe," Hazel went on dreamily. "Won't they be surprised?"
Barry said yes, he supposed they would. "Your uncle will hate the idea of it," he said.
"Poor Uncle Joe."
"Yes, but he can't keep you here forever."
"I know, but I love him."
"And me? Where do I come in?"
"First—first of all," she whispered. "Barry's heart thumped. She was adorable—he loved the shy little tremble in her voice; loved her whole-hearted admission of how much she cared for him.
"Hazel raised her head from Barry's shoulder.
"I must go—yes, let me go."
"Very well—you must kiss me again first."
"I'll kiss you for a moment, and then he released her. "It will seem an eternity till the morning," he told her.
When she had quite gone he turned and leaned his arms on the gate, looking out into the darkness with a smile on his lips.
He felt a little dazed—so much had happened in the last hour—but he was thoroughly happy. He could not remember ever having felt so happy in all his life before.
"And now I shall have to tell old Daniels, and do the straight thing," he told himself. "After all, they've been pretty decent."
He roused himself with a little sigh and strode back to the house.
The farmer was alone in the sitting-room, smoking. He looked up when Barry entered.
"It's time night," said Barry, with an effort to speak naturally; but he felt very self-conscious. He passed a hand over his ruffled hair. "Topping night," he said again.
"Humph!"
The farmer laid down his pipe and paper.
Barry fidgeted round the room. He wished to goodness Mrs. Bentley would come in and relieve the strain. He never felt at his ease with Mr. Daniels; he had an uncomfortable conviction that the farmer's keen blue eyes could see right through him and read his thoughts.
And his thoughts just then were a confused tangle.
The farmer broke the silence. "I've told Hazel she can't go to London with this—this new cousin of hers," he said slowly.
Barry looked up. "Oh—er—indeed!" he said lamely.
"Yes—the keen blue eyes were looking at Barry now—"I mean to keep my niece in the country," the farmer went on deliberately. "I don't mean her to get mixed up with London folk and London ways. I don't mean her to have her head turned. I've lived all my life down here at Bedmund, and if it's been good enough for me and her mother it ought to be good enough for her."
Barry fidgeted with his tie. He

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



Drawn for The Bee by McManus (Copyright 1922.)



Shopmen's Strike Causes Slump in Coal Production

Shortage of Cars at Nonunion Mines Blamed for Decrease in Last Weekly Output
Omaha Bee Lensed Wire.
Washington, July 23.—Under the influence of the railway shopmen's strike, coal production is rapidly declining, the Geological Survey states in its weekly report. Traffic congestion has interfered with the replacement of empty cars at nonunion mines and the weekly output of coal is already running 1,700,000 tons below the high point reached late in June. In fact, the past week, July 17-22, even set a new low record. Preliminary reports indicate that production cannot exceed 3,600,000, against a minimum of 3,575,000 tons in third week of strike and a maximum of 5,633,000 tons in the 12th week.
In comparison with normal years, the present deficit in production is even more marked. Final returns on the 15th week of the strike, July 10-15, show 4,114,000 tons of bituminous coal, a total of 4,145,000 tons. In the corresponding week of 1921, a year of depression, the total quantity—anthracite and bituminous—was 9,280,000 tons; in 1920 it was 11,500,000 tons.
"The cause of decrease was unmistakably traffic congestion on railroads serving the nonunion fields," says the Geological Survey. "In southern West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, from which the bulk of the country's supply during the strike has come, almost every field reported acute transportation disability. In Virginia, western Kentucky and Tennessee the interruption of car supply was less serious and in Alabama and the far west increased."
The reports so far indicate no great change in the number of men at work. Production in nonunion Pennsylvania mines during the first half of the present week showed a slight decrease from the week preceding.
Idle rooms are not profitable; let an Omaha Bee "Want" Ad find a desirable tenant for you.

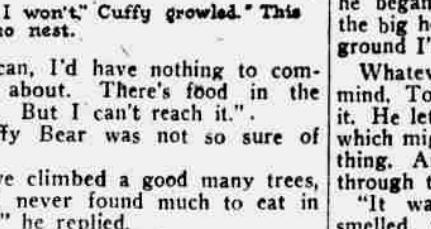
MORE TALES OF CUFFY BEAR BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XIV.
Missing a Good Meal.

Cuffy Bear and that sly fellow, Tommy Fox, had met in the woods. And they were both hungry.
"If I were you I shouldn't go without a good supper, Tommy remarked. "If I could climb trees, as



"No, I won't," Cuffy growled. "This is no nest."
"You can, I'd have nothing to complain of. There's food in the trees. But I can't reach it."
Cuffy Bear was not so sure of that.
"I've climbed a good many trees, but I never found much to eat in them," he replied.
"Then you don't keep your eyes open," Tommy retorted. "Now, just cast your eyes upward and gaze into the top of that big hemlock. Well, what do you see?"
"It might be a crow's nest," said Cuffy, as he stood staring intently above his head.
"Or a squirrel's!" added Tommy Fox. "It looks like either one—now doesn't it?"
"Yes!"
"Who knows—" Tommy went on. "Who knows but that there's a hearty meal up there, just waiting to be grabbed?"
That was enough for Cuffy. Without another word he started to climb the tall hemlock. Up, up he worked his way, pausing now and then to try to get a closer glimpse of the grayish object in the top of the tree. But the sun was in his eyes and he could see little. Higher, higher he scrambled, while Tommy Fox watched him with a sly look upon his crafty face.
"When you reach the nest you must clap a paw down upon it!" Tommy cautioned his young friend.
Cuffy Bear heard him. He didn't dare answer for fear he might frighten whoever was inside the nest.



While following some tracks across a field this morning the Deputy Constable accidentally stepped on his finger.
Sile Kildew says it is interesting to sit and watch a mud turtle around a pond. He says a turtle may be setting quietly on a log in the edge of the water, and that if rain begins to fall, the turtle will dive into the water to keep from getting wet.
Poke Eazley left last evening for Tickville after a doctor for his wife. He will visit relatives before returning.
The Bee Want Ads are best business boosters.

Parents' Problems.

Is it wise to allow a little boy of five to do errands for his big brother or sister for pay?
There would seem to be no reason why this should not be permitted. It will prevent too many errands—and increase the little boy's sense of responsibility. Of course, the mother's permission should always be asked by both boys.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham
The fact that this sour-faced old man should dislike him so heartily was a severe blow to his pride.
He drew himself up stiffly. "I shall be returning to London as soon as possible—in the morning," he said, slowly. "And that being so—perhaps you'll tell me when you're thinking of going back to London, Mr. Ashton?"
Barry turned scarlet. For a moment he stood staring at Joe Daniels, the relentless face without speaking.
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