"Henry and Me" Day Will Be for "Henry Only"

William Allen White Will Not Appear on Program With Governor—Offending Card Removed.

Emporia, Kan., July 24.—(By A. P.)—William Allen White, editor of the Emporia Gazette, who for several days has been displaying a placard in the window of the Gazette office, kept his sign concealed from the public yesterday. The yellow poster announcing, "We are for the striking railroad men 50 per cent," was removed late Saturday following the issuing of a warrant charging Mr. White with violating the industrial court law. The editor immediately made bond for his appearance when the case is called in the October term of the district court.

In a statement given out when the warrant was issued, Mr. White declared he was removing the offending sign, not in "acknowledgement of the right of the state to suppress free utterance, published in a decent and orderly manner," but because he believed a protesting party should "obey the order or law while the case is pending.

For "Henry Only."

"Henry and Me day" scheduled to take place when Mr. White and Governor Henry J. Allen are on the program to address the Kansas State Normal school, will be a day for "Henry only," the editor declared, in stating that he will not appear on the platform.

"No, I will not be on the platform with the governor," he said. "I do not want to embarras Henry. I had not agreed to speak at the normal and this idea of 'Henry and Me' day probably was hatched to make a newspaper story."

The yellow placard started a controversy between Mr. White and Governor Allen, life long friends, both publicly and privately, over the interpretation of the industrial court act. At the outset of the railroad strike, Governor Allen issued an order declaring that posting signs expressing sympathy for the strikers was in violation of the anti-picketing provisions of the law.

Puts Sign in Window.

The editor last week placed the sign in his window and published an editorial in his paper, saying that the governor's interpretation of the law interfered with free speech and courting arrest for posting the placard. The fact that Mr. White has been an ardent supporter of the industrial court law and that he and Governor Allen have been friends has caused much publicity to be given the controversy.

Mr. White said he would not again post the placard in his window. "I will have it framed and keep it as a souvenir," he said.

Governor Chuckles.

Topeka, Kan., July 24.—Governor Allen declined to comment on the announcement by William Allen White that Mr. White would not appear on the same progam with the governor at the Kansas Teachers' college, because he does not "want to embarrass Henry." Governor Allen chuckled when he was told Mr. White had made such an announcement.

"I am going to drive to Emporia Monday morning, speak at a program of the Kansas Teachers' college and leave immediately," Governor Allen said. "I did not know Mr. White was to appear on the same platform. I have no comment to make on his announcement."

Fireman Fighting Store Blaze Overcome by Smoke

St. Paul, Neb., July 24.—(Special.)—The Ed Hoover store was threatened with fire when a shed in the rear burned. The fire department saved the building. Ed Dvoracek, clerk in the Hoover store and member of the volunteer fire department, was overcome by smoke and was rescued with difficulty.

"111" cigarettes

They are GOOD! 10¢

Buy this Cigarette and Save Money

The box is *blue*

Opal jar inside

Be sure to get real Resinol

If you want to get rid of eczema, pimples, or other distressing skin eruption, you will accept no "substitute" for Resinol. Preparations similar in name or appearance are *not* "just the same as Resinol." Although a *few* unscrupulous dealers may offer them *as* or *for* Resinol, they are often crudely made of little healing power, and some may even be dangerous to use. Buy in the original *blue* package.

Resinol is never sold in bulk

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.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Hazel struck in impatiently: "Uncle is too silly for anything. I'm not a child, and—and—" She broke off; her eyes had fallen on Barry's bulging portmanteau standing in the hall. She turned to him quickly. "Where are you going?" she asked, sharply.

Barry shrugged his shoulders. "I've been asked to leave," he said hardly. "Your uncle prefers my room to my company."

There was a moment's silence. Hazel was crimson with anger. "Mother—how insufferable! Why wasn't I told? Oh, whatever will uncle do next? Oh! I won't stand it!"

Mrs. Bentley began to cry. "It's his house, my dear. He has kept us all these years. It's for him to say who shall be here."

"I think it's disgraceful!" Hazel said, stormily. "If he thinks I am going to be ordered about all my life like this—"

She broke down into tears and ran back up the stairs.

Barry followed two at a time. He caught her as she reached the little landing. He put an arm round her. She was sobbing bitterly now.

"Don't cry, my dear," he said, in distress. "There's nothing to cry for; it will be all right. I'm not going forever. I shall write to you, and come back and fetch you. It's only for a little while."

She turned to him, hiding her eyes against his coat.

"I don't want you to go. It will be hateful here without you, and I was so happy."

Barry was as his wits' end to know what to do. He hated to see Hazel crying, but for the moment the situation seemed impossible.

He went on talking rapidly. He would make arrangements and come back to fetch her. They could get married, and everything would be all right. She was a silly little girl to cry—there was nothing to cry for. He kissed her and tried to comfort her.

"I don't want you to leave me," she sobbed. "I know you'll never come back—" She had utterly lost her self-possession. She clung to him and cried piteously. "You'll forget me when you get to London; I know you will—"

"I shan't—upon my honor I shan't!" he declared, indignantly. "If you think that, I'll go downstairs this minute and tell them that we're going to be married. Shall I do that?"

He did not wait for her to answer. He started towards the stairs, but she stopped him.

"No—no—it would only make things worse. I'll wait. I won't cry any more. Only—"she raised her swimming eyes to his—"you won't forget me? Promise you won't forget me?"

Barry answered passionately that he never should; of course he never should. He kissed her again and again.

"I'll write to you—and we'll be married soon, and then they can't say anthing. You do love me, Hazel?"

"You know I do!" she answered, quiveringly.

He did know it. It gave him a little thrill of triumph to know it, and yet above her bowed head his eyes looked somehow worried.

What the dickens was he to do? he was asking himself. He hadn't any money worth talking about, and if he married Hazel off-hand and took her up to town to his rooms it would be the very deuce! The only thing for it was a compromise, for the present at least.

"I'll write," he promised again. "I'll write to you as soon as I get to London. There—kiss me."

He kissed her hurriedly. Such a woe-begone little face she raised to him, and he heard her sobbing as he went off down the stairs two at a time.

Mrs. Bentley met him in the hall. "Mr. Ashton, you must have some breakfast before you go."

"No, thanks," Barry answered, grimly. He picked up his bag and held his hand to her.

"Good-bye—I'm sorry. It's not my fault all this has happened. Thank you very much for your kindness."

The farmer came to the sitting-room door.

"The trap won't be here yet for half an hour," he said, rather uneasily.

Barry looked at him with furious eyes.

"Damn the trap!" he said. "I'm going to walk.

CHAPER XII.

Barry fell asleep on the train. He slept till he reached London. That surprised him—he had felt so genuinely worried and wretched he had not expected to get any sleep for a week at least.

London was looking its best. Autumn sunshine filled the streets.

As he drove across Piccadilly he noticed that the women on the island were selling big shaggy chrysanthemums.

Barry had never noticed those sort of details before he went to Cleave Farm. After all, ripping though the country was without doubt, London was also one of the finest places in the world. He let down the window of the taxi and sniffed the air appreciatively.

He was not expected in his rooms. His arrival threw the housekeeper into a panic. There was nothing in the place to eat, she told him. If only he had sent a wire!

"I don't want anything to eat," Barry told her. "I'm dining out. Are there any letters for me?"

There was a whole stack of them. Barry glanced through them casually and finally selected two. He opened the first frowningly.

It was from Hulbert and asked in polite but unmistakable terms for a check:

"You promised this some time ago. I must ask you to forward it now without delay."

Barry said "Damn." He tossed the letter down and opened the other, which was addressed in Agnes Dudley's writing. He read the first line and changed color a little.

"You dear, impulsive firebrand," she had written, "why must you take me so seriously? I didn't mean it, Barry. I was only just seeing if you really cared for me. You don't know what I've suffered since you went away and vanished so mysteriously. I have tried to find you by every means in my power and failed. I am now sending this to your rooms in the hope that some one may really know where you are and forward it. Come and see me, Barry; the answer to a question you asked me long ago has been waiting for you ever since you went away.—Yours as ever, Agnes."

Barry groped backwards for a chair and dropped heavily into it. He could not believe that he had read aright. He stared down at the letter with incredulous eyes.

So she wasn't engaged to Hulbert, after all! It had all been a joke—at least, he supposed it was what she would call a joke; a pretty joke, when one looked at it in the light of the events of the past 10 days.

Barry ran his fingers through his hair. A pretty mess he was in now! What the dickens was he to do?

The housekeeper came again to the door.

"Mrs. Dudley has rung up every day since you went away, sir," she said, deprecatingly. "I promised to let her know as soon as you came back."

Barry turned sharply. "Oh, all right."

The door shut again. Barry mixed himself a stiff whisky. As yet he could not analyze his feelings, though it was a great relief to know that, after all, he had not really been jilted.

One blow to his pride was soothed at all events. He felt considerably bucked.

He glanced at himself in the glass above the mantel shelf. He supposed he would have to go round and see her. It was the only possible way to put things straight; and then he thought suddenly of Hazel, and whistled softly! Things had got complicated with a vengeance.

He sat down again and tried to sort himself out, but somehow Hazel and the farm already seemed to have retreated to an unconscionable distance.

Barry was the kind of man who lived always in the present. Down at Bedmund he had been happy and satisfied—he had not missed London one little bit—but now he was back there again neither did he greatly miss Bedmund or Cleave Farm.

He thought of Hazel a great deal as later he changed into evening clothes. He wondered what she was doing now. He glanced at his watch. Six o'clock. Perhaps she would be getting supper ready!

He smiled a little. It seemed impossible that at this time yesterday he had been quite content to sit on the kitchen table and watch her make cakes and pastry—quite satisfied with the plain "high tea" which was generally the evening meal at the farm. It only showed, so he told himself, what an accommodating fellow he was, to be able to shake down in any surroundings.

He wondered if Agnes would be very surprised if he walked in that evening. It was only when he actually found himself at her house that he realized he had acted foolishly in coming; he hated a scene, and he supposed he would have to go through one either way, whether he told her about Hazel or not. It was something of a relief, therefore, to hear that she was out, and not expected in till nine.

He left his card and went off cheerfully to dine at his club. He enjoyed his meal thoroughly. After all, London was hard to beat. When he had finished he dozed in an armchair till nine, then he sent for a taxi and drove again to Mrs. Dudley's.

Yes, she was in now. The maid smiled discreetly as she took his hat and coat. She knew a great deal about her mistress and she had seen the sudden flsh of joy in Mrs. Dudley's eyes when she heard that Barry had called.

Barry followed her soberly across the hall. His heart was beating uncomfortably fast, but not exactly with pleasure. He wished he could forget Hazel for a moment, but, try as he could, she was always in his mind. He felt as if she were walking across the hall beside him and into Agnes' scented drawingroom.

Mrs. Dudley rose from the sofa as he entered. There was strong agitation in her face as she came to meet him. She held out her hand, and Barry saw how it shook.

"Well wanderer!" she said with a nervous laugh "I thought you'd walked away forever."

He took the hand she held to him. He wondered if she expected him to kiss her. Before he went away he had kissed her quite often and naturally, but now things seemed to have changed a great deal.

He kept her hand in his and sat down beside her. "I've been in the country" he said awkwardly. "I only got back this afternoon and found your letter."

She looked at him reproachfully. "Why didn't you write? Barry, I've been so unhappy!"

He had never heard so much emotion in her voice before. It would have made him ineffably happy once, but now it merely embarrassed him.

"I hate writing letters," he said boyishly; "and—and it was miles away from anywhere—where I stayed. . . . There was nothing to write about."

She flushed. "Nothing to write about! Not to me? Oh, Barry!"

He did not answer, and she drew her hand away.

Barry stared down at the carpet. He had seen it hundreds of times before, but tonight for the first time he noticed that there were pink rosebuds in it. He kept his eyes fixed on them. He felt as if he could never look up again.

He knew now how great a mistake it had been to come; he cursed his folly under his breath.

With an effort he raised his eyes. "Well what have you been doing all this time?" he asked stiltedly.

She rose to her feet. She walked away from him and stood with her hand resting on the mantelshelf, loking down at the fern-filled grate. Her eyes were mortified.

Barry bit his lips. He knew he was hurting her horribly; and yet, he asked himself desperately, what the dickens else was he to do?

Once he had thought he loved her. It was strange that he thought so no longer. Of course, he should always be fond of her—as a friend, but never as anything else. . . . He dragged himself to his feet, went over to where she stood and tried to make her look up, but she resisted him.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Pawnee County Pioneer, Overcome by Heat, Dies

Pawnee City, Neb., July 24.—H. M. Foley, pioneer resident of this community, died at his home five miles south of here after having been overcome by the heat. He was pitching hay for a neighbor when afflicted.

Mr. Foley had a state-wide reputation in church and Sunday school circles, having been active in those lines for many years. He was just past 70 years old. Funeral services will be held from the First Presbyterian church here Tuesday afternoon at 4.

WOMEN will be glad to know of a laxative that operates without griping or weakening. Thousands will tell you they get more satisfactory results from Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin than from salts, pills and drastic catharics. Syrup Pepsin is a mild, gentle cleanser and regulator. It costs only about a cent a dose.

DR. CALDWELL'S

SYRUP PEPSIN

THE FAMILY LAXATIVE

Take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin when constipated, bilious, headachy or out of sorts. You will find your general health and complexion so improved that less cosmetics will be needed. Thousands of women have proved this true.

HALF-OUNCE BOTTLE FREE

Few escape constipation, so even if you do not require a laxative at this moment let me send you a Half-Ounce Trial Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE so that you will have it handy when needed. Simply send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 514 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Write me today.

RADIO

Aerial Is Aid to Safety in Storms

Actually Less Danger From Lightning With Antenna Than Without.

"Watch out for lightning—beware of fire—injury—or death as a result of usuing your radio set with a roof aerial! Thunderstorms with attendant lightning may kill you while you sleep! Protect yourself, your family, your friends! Safeguard your life with a Hoosis Lightning Protector!"

Wow—but doesn't that give one the spinal chills? But, is it a warning from the fire department or does the federal government issue such warnings? Not much. It is merely an advertisement attempting to sell lightning arresters by the "scare-'em-stiff" method.

The use of lightning arresters is not discouraged because occasionally they do protect delicate radio receiving instruments and because, in some localities, they are required by law. But hysterical fears, unfounded in most cases and greatly exaggerated in others, are to be discouraged.

Aerial a Protector.

Lightning is the result of a discharge of electricity between a cloud and the earth. This discharge often amounts to millions of volts, which sounds very dangerous, but isn't, if it strikes somewhere else. Be assured that the lightning is not going to follow you around and seek you out for a little light diversion. It seeks the fastest way out and the shortest way down. Now if your aerial is properly erected and grounded, it will tend to equalize the electrical strain between the charged clouds over your roof and the earth beneath you, in very much the same way as a lightning protector or lightning rod.

In other words, a properly erected aerial is a lightning protector, and is therefore a safeguard, if anything, against lightning. The possibilities of a single wire aerial as an equalizer between the charged cloud and the charged earth may not be very great, but it certainly can, by no stretch of the imagination, be termed an attraction to lightning.

Extra Heavy Current.

Assume that the electrical energy in a cloud decides to come to earth. A single No. 14 wire, strung as an aerial over your roof, is not going to affect the going or coming of the lightning flash in the least. The entire mass of wire in your aerial won't move a million-volt lightning flash one iota of an inch. It is like trying to use a one-inch horseshoe magnet to draw a locomotive off of its iron track when it is speeding at 60 miles an hour.

Lightning arresters are of value mainly to protect instruments from the extra heavy current charges caused by excessive static and from high potential current induced by lightning discharges taking place at a distance. But they need no protection from a direct bolt of lightning, at least no more protection than the mistaken idea that an aerial offers attraction.

The similarity between an aerial, properly grounded, and a lightning rod, is sufficient to cause the statement that a god aerial, well erected and well grounded, offers the same protection against lightning that a lightning rod does. And this is effected by the fact that the aerial and the lightning rod both tend to equalize the electrical potentials between the earth and the clouds above, thus preventing to some degree the lightning flash caused by the difference in potential between the earth and the clouds immediately above.

Sometimes it is very difficult to get a sensitive spot on your crystal. Try the following plan: Take a discarded crystal and pulverize it, but not very finely. Put some of this inside a metal casing and screw it into the cup of your detector. You will be surprised to note how quickly you can find a good spot now.

The "A" battery is the storage battery that is used to light the filament of a vacuum tube and is so called an "A" battery because it is the first battery in the circuit and because current in the plate battery circuit will not flow till the "A" battery has been turned on. The "B" battery is the plate battery used to furnish current to operate the plate circuit of the vacuum tube. The "B" battery is also the second battery to be incorporated in a vacuum tube set and so gets its name "B" battery. There is also another battery sometimes used. This battery is called the "C" battery. The "C" battery is connected in the grid circuit of the tube and is used to furnish negative grid potential to the grid of the tube.

Radio C. of C. Meet Opens in Washington

Washington, July 24.—Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover will make the opening address at the first annual convention of the National Radio Chamber of Commerce, which convenes at the Wardman-Park hotel, Washington, D. C., July 26 to 28, inclusive. Secretary Hoover, who has made no secret of his sympathies with the development of the radio industry, it is said, will make several practical suggestions for the guidance of the infant industry during the coming year.

At the convention will be gathered many manufacturers of radio apparatus and auxiliary equipment from every point of the country.

New officers for the coming year will be elected, it was said, as some of the present incumbents have indicated that, since the most arduous work of organization is now practically completed, it is thought best to entrust the executive direction to new hands. The present officers are: President, Alexander Eisemann of Freed-Eisemann Radio corporation; first vice president, Charles Keator of the De Forest Radio Telephone and Telegraph company; second vice president, William Dubilier of the Dubilier Condenser company; secretary, Frank Hinners of the Home Radio corporation, and treasurer, Joseph D. R. Freed of the Freed-Eisemann Radio corporation.

On the program for discussion will be the various problems of standardization, regulation, factory systems, comparative rating of various types of apparatus, calibration, patents, trade marks, publicity, employment, etc. It is expected that shortly after the close of the convention upwards of 1,500 members will be enrolled on the chamber's records.

Those who desire to attend the convention should make reservations by wire to the hotel and also immediately telegraph Mr. George H. Lewis, care of National Radio Chamber of Commerce, 156 Broadway, New York.

Sparks

Figures just announced indicate that in New York state alone, during the month of March, 1922, 1,717 new radio corporations were organized.

Close Contest in Primary for Sheriff of Antelope

Neligh, Neb., July 24.—(Special.)—The only real contest at the primary election in Antelope county was that for sheriff on the democratic ticket and clerk on the republican ticket. Perry H. Peterson, the present clerk, received the nomination over J. C. Jenkins by a vote of 693 to 634. C. A. Button of Elgin received 251 votes over S. P. Christensen of Neligh for the democratic nomination for sheriff. J. D. Miller of Elgin is the progressive candidate.

A. F. Bare of Neligh received the democratic nomination as state senator from the Twenty-first district over Clarence Ball of Bartlett by a vote of 272 to 265. Edward Houtz of Albion received 155 votes.

Elwell Johnston of Orchard received 485 votes for the republican nomination for representative of the Sixty-second district.

Man Hunt Staged for Fugitive on Farnam Street

Prisoner Held for Trial on Mann Act Charge After Unsuccessful Dash for Freedom.

Farnam street was the scene of a man hunt at 2:45 Monday afternoon.

Frank M. Davis of Kansas City, charged with violating the Mann act, was being taken from the county jail to the federal building for preliminary hearing before United States Commissioner Boehler when he jerked loose from M. A. Ruddy, deputy marshal, at Seventeenth street, and fled down Farnam.

Several persons unwittingly blocking the fugitive's path were knocked to the ground.

Grabbed by Sleuth.

"Stop him; he's a federal prisoner!" shouted Ruddy, running after Davis with gun drawn, but restrained from shooting because of the crowded condition of the street.

A handful of men joined in the chase.

Just as it seemed Davis was making good his escape an arm reached out and grabbed him and the badge of a plain clothes officers was flashed before his eyes.

The modest captor left without telling Ruddy his name.

Held for Trial.

Boehler was held for trial under $2,000 bond after being caught and taken before the commissioner.

Federal agents said they found a bottle of "knockout drops" in his possession, and Lucile Frye, 16, Olathe, Kan., the girl concerned in the Mann act charge, said Davis had told her he gave them to persons he intended to rob.

Davis said he is an interior decorator.

The girl will be taken back to Olathe by her father.

School Bonds Defeated

Lodgepole, Neb., July 24.—(Special.)—The bond issue for a $70,000 school house was defeated. The vote was 80 for and 131 against.

Of Course You Will Buy Some Hop Flavored Malt Extract

THE only question is which one will you buy? Good hop flavored malt sugar syrup is made out of choice No. 1 malt barley and imported Bohemian hops. It is filled with sugar, rich with malt, full hop flavored, and almost free from moisture.

A cheap hop flavored malt extract, on the other hand, is low in sugar content, flat in malt value, and weak in hop flavor, because it is filled with moisture, adulterated with cheap corn, and flavored with low grade loose hops.

Such a hop flavored malt extract is of no earthly value even after you have bought it.

There is no reason for experimenting in buying malt extracts because Puritan Hop Flavored Malt Sugar Syrup sets the standard all over the world both as to quality and as to price.

You can't pay more and get as good a quality as you get in Puritan and you can't pay less and get anything worth taking home.

Puritan is the richest hop flavored malt extract made anywhere in the world, and, because of the enormous quantity produced, it is as cheap in price as you can afford to pay.

So ask for and demand

HOP FLAVORED

PURITAN MALT

SUGAR SYRUP

For Sale at All Good Stores

Distributed by

THE JERPE COMMISSION COMPANY

Omaha, Neb. AT lantic 0850

COAL We Have It for Immediate Delivery

COLORADO LUMP

Smokeless **$11.50** Per Ton Sootless

A Good Clean Coal

WIZARD LUMP
$14.50 Per Ton
A Hot, Clean Coal
Very Little Ash

RADIANT
$12.00 Per Ton
The Best Franklin County, Ill., Coal

PETROLEUM COKE

No Ash **$15.50** Per Ton No Dirt

Why not be on the safe side of the fence?

Good Coal. Good Dealers. Good Service.

Consumers Coal & Supply Co.

"Dealers in Good Coal"

DOUGLAS 0530. DOUGLAS 0530.

Welch's

SPECIAL

All This Week—July 24 to 29, inclusive, with the purchase of any of our wholesome and health-building foodstuffs, we will give for 5¢ extra a large wedge of crisp and delicious

Green Apple Pie

Remember the kind that Mother used to bake and put on the window ledge to cool? Good and deep, the crust short, crisp and brown, the apples baked in their natural juice?—it's a pie for warm weather and when you taste a piece you will want more.

DON'T MISS IT!

These Hot Weather Dishes Are Delightfully Cool and Refreshing.

Salads Made from Fresh Fruits and Vegetables.

Cold Sliced Premium Ham ("the ham what am") and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Cold Sliced Premium Ham (half portion), Hard Boiled Egg and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Cold Roast Beef (choice cuts) and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Hard Boiled Eggs, Radishes, Green Onions and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Salmon and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Premium Frankfurters (large size) and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
Lamb Tongue and Potato Salad ..... 30¢
WELCH'S OWN OLD-STYLE SWEET CREAM BUTTERMILK ..... 5¢
Real Lemonade ..... 5¢
Iced Tea, Coffee or Cocoa ..... 5¢

All Six Restaurants — Welch's — All Six Restaurants

MEMBER OF NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION