

10 Nonunion Men Taken Off Train in Iowa, Beaten

Violence Recurs at Cedar Rapids When Strikebreakers En Route to Minneapolis Hauled From Coaches.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., July 25.—Violence in the railway strike recurred here early today when 10 men were taken off a train and manhandled.

One man who came here to work for the Rock Island railroad, was beaten and thrown in a slough, but escaped. Another, who was to be employed by the Illinois Central, was roughly handled.

Ten men en route to Minneapolis for employment in the Rock Island shops, were taken from a train by a crowd of men and were being used roughly when rescued by the police who took them to the station for safekeeping.

A federal injunction against interference with the railroads reached here this morning in the care of an aviator, who landed at Keosauqua and was forced to complete his trip by automobile. Additional deputy fed-

Farm Homes Short of Papers for Children

Lincoln, July 25.—(By A. P.)—Only one farm home out of 40 receives no newspaper or publication by mail or failed to report the same, according to a survey made recently by the Agricultural Experiment station of the University of Nebraska and the United States Department of Agriculture co-operating.

Commenting upon the survey, J. O. Rankin, in a bulletin issued by the experiment station, states that newspaper reach practically every home studied. The great bulk of these found were of the country weeklies or (12) dailies published in Omaha, Lincoln or Kansas City. Farm papers reached more than three out of every four homes studied. Nearly half the farm homes received two, three or even six farm papers apiece.

Perhaps the most startling fact revealed by the survey, Mr. Rankin says, is the almost total absence of periodicals intended for the younger members of the household. Only four children's publications with only 31 subscriptions in all reached the 1,034 homes, less than one home out of every 35.

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES
Copyright, 1922.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

"Why have you come?" she asked in a muffled voice. "Oh, Barry, aren't you just a little bit glad to see me?"

Barry clenched his teeth. He did not know what to answer. It seemed impossible that it was really Agnes who was speaking to him with that pain in her voice. He had always thought her such a cold, self-controlled woman.

He broke out agitatedly. "You make me feel such a fool, Agnes—I—" He took a few steps away from her and came back. "Why did you write that infernal letter?" he asked, with a sort of rage. "It's your fault all this has happened. Until then I never gave another thought to any woman but you."

He stopped with a gasp. He had done it now.

She looked up at him with wide, frightened eyes.

"Barry! There was a cry of very real anguish in her voice; she began to sob.

"I've said 'I'm sorry—you must believe me, I never knew how much I cared for you till you went away and left me without a word. I know I ought not to have written that letter; but you'd been so cold—and I wanted to be sure—"

"She broke off. She tried to see his face.

"Barry why don't you answer?" He freed himself with a sort of desperation.

"Because I don't know what to say to you," he said hoarsely. "Because I—oh, dash it all!"

But his agitation had told her what all his eloquence could not put into words, and for a moment there was a dreadful silence in the pretty room, then Mrs. Dudley said faintly: "You mean—you mean that you no longer care for me?"

He broke out at once. "I do—I do. I shall always care for you. We've been such pals."

"But—but you mean that there is someone else—someone you like better—than me?" He did not answer. "Oh—Barry?" she said with sudden anguish.

He tried to explain, to excuse himself. "You sent me away. I was so wild—so unhappy. I didn't care what became of me. I just rushed off to amuse myself with anyone—anything that came along; and—"

She laughed dearly. "And you found that it wasn't—amusement, after all. Is that it?"

Barry was crimson. When he came into this room a few moments since there had been no definite plan in his mind. He had had no more idea than the dead what he meant to say to this woman. It was surprising how all at once he had decided.

It was not Agnes for whom he cared at all. As soon as they came face to face again he had realized the truth—that it was Hazel who had kept him from kissing her—Hazel who seemed to be there in the dairy room where he had killed away so

never forgive him for what he had said."

"What had he said?" Barry asked, impatiently.

She wiped her eyes. "I don't think he meant half of it," she temporized. "When a man is thoroughly roused he hardly knows what he does say; but—he told Hazel that she was dissatisfied with her life here and ungrateful for all he had done, and—"

"And Mr. Daniels—where is he?" Barry interrupted.

"Poor man! He's worried to death. He's been out ever since we missed Hazel—oh, what shall I do if anything has happened to her?"

"Nothing has happened," said Barry quickly. He was feeling pretty bad himself; he dragged out his watch. "What time is there a train to London?" He did not wait for an answer, but went on hurriedly. "Look here, Mrs. Bentley, you're not keeping anything from me, are you? I mean—there isn't anything I ought to be told?"

Mrs. Bentley colored distressfully; her eyes met his with a pathetic pleading.

"Only that—when he uncle was so angry," she faltered, "Hazel said she should go to you; that you cared for her, that—oh, Mr. Ashton, she's all I've got in the world."

Barry flushed up to his eyes.

"If it's any comfort to you to know it," he said, "I came down today to ask her to marry me—but—but you can't be right about her having gone to me; she doesn't know my address."

"Oh my real name," he added to himself with a little feeling of despair. The thought goaded him; suppos-

ing after all she had somehow discovered his address, and had gone to him? What might she not find out before he could get to her and tell her himself?

He went back to London on the next train and straight to his rooms; the housekeeper nearly fainted when she saw him.

"Oh, sir! if only you wouldn't come so sudden like! and you said you wouldn't be home till tomorrow."

"I know; I changed my mind. Don't look so scared, my good woman; tell me, has any one been here?" A young lady—a pretty young lady?

"No, sir; nobody—and I've never left the place for a moment."

Barry began to cool down; if Hazel had not been here there could be no serious damage done yet; she had probably gone to her cousin's after all; he started off in hot haste on this new trail, but he had only gone a few yards when a girl turned the corner of the street and came towards him.

She looked very tired and rather contrived—that was Barry's first thought—and she was looking a dressing case that looked far too heavy for her. He noticed all these things in an impersonal way before he saw the girl's face, and knew that already his search was at an end and that this was Hazel herself.

She stood quiet still when she saw him, letting the bag fall to the pavement with a little thud. Barry had a horrible feeling that she was going to cry. He reached her side in a couple of strides. He caught her hand in a hard grip.

"It's all right—don't cry. You're quite safe with me. Oh, for Heaven's

sake, don't cry!" She wiped her tears away.

"I can away," she said brokenly. "I had an awful row with Uncle Joe—so I've come straight to you." She looked up at him anxiously. "You're not going to send me away?" she asked.

"Good Lord, no!" Barry caught up the bag. He hailed a passing taxi and followed her into it.

"Look here," he said. "We'd better go to your cousin's—to Miss Bentley's—I'll explain as we go along." He directed the driver, and sat down beside Hazel with a long sigh of relief.

"I went down to Bedmund this morning," he said. "I haven't been back half an hour. Your mother told me what had happened. She seemed frightfully upset. We shall have to send her a wire to say you're safe." He looked at Hazel and the color deepened in his face.

"Well, aren't you going to kiss me and say you're glad to see me?" he asked with a sudden change of tone.

She let him take her into his arms readily enough. She leaned her head against his shoulder with a contented sigh.

"You're not angry with me?" she whispered. "You don't think I ought not to have come to you?"

He kissed her for reply. "But I can't think how you knew where I lived," he added, a trifle anxiously.

She laughed. "There was a part of an old label on your suitcase. I tore it off one morning." She blushed in confusion beneath his eyes. "That was a long time ago, though, before—"

"Before—"

"She stopped.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

Back to the Grain Fields for Health

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There's not a bit of artificial sweetening in Grape-Nuts—it just becomes sweet of its own accord in the long baking.

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"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich

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Fletcher's Castoria has been doing this for over 30 years; regulating the stomach and bowels of infants and children. It has replaced the nauseating Castor Oil, so-called Soothing Syrups, poisonous Paregoric and other vicious concoctions in the homes of true and honest mothers—mothers who love their children.

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"Great is Truth, and mighty above all things." So says the Old Testament, yet it is equally true to-day. Truth shows no favors, fears no enemies.

From the inception of Fletcher's Castoria, Truth has been the watchword, and to the conscientious adherence to this motto in the preparation of Fletcher's Castoria as well as in its advertising is due the secret of its popular demand.

All imitations, all substitutes, all just-as-good preparations lack the element of Truth, lack the righteousness of being, lack all semblance even in the words of those who would deceive.

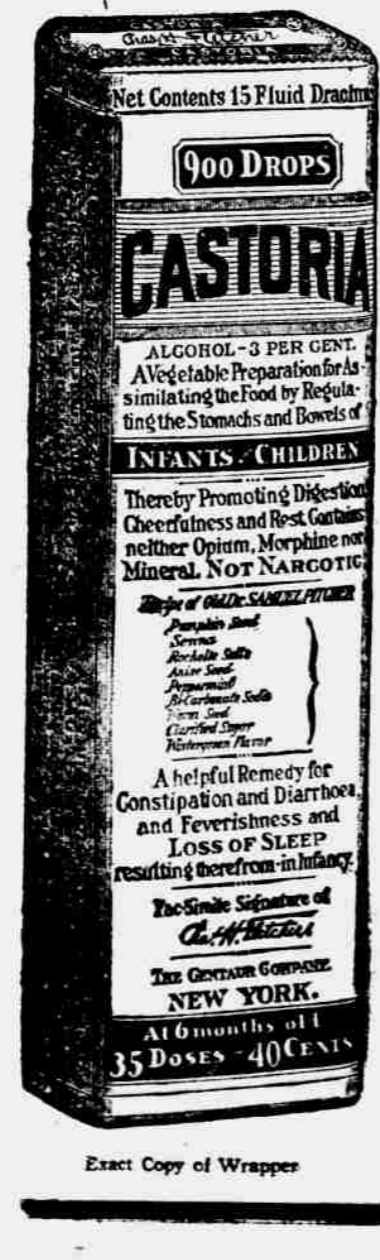
And you! Mothers, mothers with the fate of the World in your hands, can you be deceived? Certainly not.

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Our July clearance price, 25% Discount

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Odd Pieces 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c

There are still exceptional values to be had in our July Clearance sale of odd dishes. Included are such pieces as

Dinner Plates
Fruit Plates
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Gravy Bowls
Cups and Saucers
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In Haviland, Bavarian and Porcelain ware.

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White porcelain in Ransom shape. Set consists of 6 plates, 6 cups, 6 saucers.
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Of glass, dozen, 40c.
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Thin blown tumblers; grape design, each, 10c.

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9x12 wool Wiltons, fringed and seamless, in a large range of Oriental and choicest all-over designs. You may choose from 12 exceptional patterns—at prices that assure most substantial savings.

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Burgess-Nash Rug Shop—Sixth Floor.

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6 for 25c

Some of them are soiled, others are slightly imperfect, but all are values that only the Red Arrow Booth could offer at such a price.

Handkerchiefs in sizes for men, women and kiddies. All white and in colors. There are also some large red and blue bandanas.

Burgess-Nash "Red Arrow Booth"—Downstairs Store

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Children must have something to do. When the sun is too hot out-of-doors, these popular tales by Thornton Burgess will amuse the most lively youngster: "Mr. Mocker," "Johnny Chuck," "Paddy the Beaver." And there are many more that may be had for 60c.

Burgess-Nash—Main Floor

Notions

"Venida" hair nets—cap and fringe styles; all colors, 2 for 25c.
Pearl buttons—all sizes, 3 cards for 25c.
"Rits" double mesh hair nets, cap and fringe styles, 3 for 25c.
"Jiffy" pants—all sizes; pair, 25c.
White rick-rack braid, per yard, 1c.
Palm leaf fans, large size, each, 2c.
Bias tape, all widths; 12-yard bolt; 2 bolts 25c.
J. & P. Coats thread, 12 spools for 58c

Burgess-Nash Main Floor

Handkerchiefs

At 9c
Sports handkerchiefs in every color. Sizes for men and women.

At 5c
One lot of plain styles in all white. For men and women.

At 5c
Large red and blue bandana handkerchiefs for men. Fast color.

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Pure linen; some with initials or color; for men and women.

Burgess-Nash—Main Floor.

Neckwear

Collars - Vests
Beautiful all-lace vests and collar sets in pretty designs—
Set, \$1.25

Collars - Cuffs
Plain little sets and others that are daintily trimmed—
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Real hand-made lace, circular shape to fit dress or sweater neck. Various designs—
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Ornate Vests
Sheer vests with matching cuffs and collars. An effective piping of black trims some of them—
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Burgess-Nash—Main Floor.