Raging Pappio Reveals Itself to Flying Men

Observers Find West District a Series of Flooding Lakes Following Saturday Cloudburst.

An airplane view of the flood district west of Omaha disclosed Sunday to a reporter for The Omaha Bee the extent of the ravages of the Big Pappio when it overflowed its banks Saturday night after a cloudburst.

Together with A. H. Fetters, chairman of the city aviation board, and L. E. Horn, the reporter was taken in Victor Roos' Bellanca monoplane over the spots where the rushing waters did the most damage. W. C. Hopson piloted the ship.

From a height of 1,500 feet, the Lincoln highway near the Alamito farm, and the Langdon farm, north of Peony park, presented a watery panorama. The flooded area appeared like a wide river winding from the north through cornfields and grazing lands for miles, gradually finding its way to drainage ditches or to Seymour lake.

Big lakes appeared at various spots in the lowlands. Numerous side roads were inundated for hundreds of rods, it appeared, and on several farms buildings were seen isolated by the water. West Pacific street and the lowlands on both sides near the Big Pappio were inundated.

Signs Swept Away.

The flood waters near the Big Pappio mill on the Lincoln highway reached the level of the bridge.

As Pilot Hopson did three thrilling "wing turns" that almost caused acute dilation of the heart of the reporter, a clear view of the flooded area showed huge road signs swept away, bridges under water and brush wood along the Big Pappio just barely projecting from the water.

As far north as one could see from the soaring Bellanca, the valley of the Big Pappio appeared as a huge lake. At different points along highways that were flooded many automobiles were seen stalled on either side of the flood, apparently waiting for the water to abate.

Far to the west could be seen the rising Elkhorn with its flood waters from the north fork rushing on. Cattle could be discerned standing in flooded pastures.

The flood waters formed lakes in lowlands of the south.

Fremont Man Buys Share in Atlas Bank of Neligh

Neligh, Neb., July 31.—(Special.)—At the recent semi-annual meeting of the board of directors of the Atlas bank of this city, Ray Swanson of Fremont secured a one-fourth interest in the institution and becomes one of the vice presidents. The bank is capitalized at $80,000.

There was a general reduction of salaries voted by the board, which will affect every employe of the institution. J. J. Melick of Omaha was elected chairman of the board of directors.

Mr. Swanson has purchased a residence in this city and will become active in the bank August 10.

Bee Want Ads Produce Results.

Road Conditions

Furnished by Omaha Auto Club.

Lincoln highway, east: Bridges repaired. Lincoln highway now open to Missouri Valley. Rough at Denison and east.

Lincoln highway, west: Roads fair to good to Columbus. Columbus reports roads muddy this morning. Central City and west, roads good.

O. L. D. highway: Roads good to just this side of Ashland. Detour bad. West of Ashland roads fine.

Highland cutoff: Roads just fair.

Cornhusker highway: Roads good.

Black Hills trail: No report of Fremont. Roads reported partly under water near Norfolk.

George Washington highway: Just passable.

King of Trails, north: Open now to Missouri Valley. Roads rough and muddy in stretches.

King of Trails, south: Good with exception of stretch near toll bridge at La Platte.

O Street road: Open now east out of Lincoln. Roads good.

Meridian highway: Bad through northern section of Nebraska.

River-to-River: Closed.

I. O. A. Shortline: Road very rough.

Blue Grass road: Roads rough, muddy in stretches.

Omaha-Topeka highway: Roads fair to good.

Omaha-Tulsa highway: Roads somewhat muddy near toll bridge at La Platte. Otherwise good to Topeka.

Chicago-Omaha shortline: Road open, but very rough.

Weather clear. Roads reported drying rapidly and may be dragged this afternoon.

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"THE VALUE GIVING STORE"
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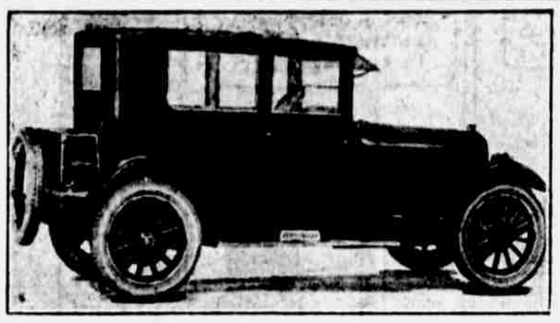
Used Sewing Machines

Davis, $5.00
Household, $7.50.
New Home, $9.00.
New Windsor, $12.50
Goodrich, $15.00
Singer $18.00.

YOUR TERMS ARE OUR TERMS
Big reductions during our August Sale on new and used machines.
Ask to See Our New Two-Spool ELDREDGE
Let the Machine Pay for Itself.
Howard St., Bet. 15th and 16th Sts.

Ladies Let Cuticura Keep Your Skin Fresh and Young
Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c everywhere. Samples free address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. X, Malden, Mass.

Many Improvements Seen in the Buick Cars for 1923



A complete new family of 14 Buick models for 1923, including two new touring sedans of both the four and six-cylinder type, incorporating many body and mechanical changes, was announced Monday by the Buick Motor company of Flint, Mich.

The new models incorporate all the old features of Buick dependability with the valve-in-head motor, but are so designed as to give added comfort in riding and a better appearance.

The spring suspension in the new models gives extremely easy riding qualities.

On the closed models several things have been done to prevent the noises common to enclosed types. The bodies are made in one piece panels, eliminating joint and body noises. The window frames are built with rounded edges and new round corners and equipped with anti-rattle catches which practically stop all noise.

On the six-cylinder touring sedan, standard equipment includes a rigid trunk rack and trunk with nickel guard rails on the rear of the bodies.

To give the driver maximum comfort the length of the gear shifting lever has been increased.

An improved transmission lock has been made part of regular equipment. This will reduce theft insurance rates 20 per cent. Changes in the car have also altered Buick's standing in fire insurance and raised it from class D to class A, approved by the National Underwriters' association.

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

Copyright, 1922.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

He broke off, breathing hard, only to rush on again in stumbling apology. "I don't mean that. I don't know what I'm saying. I'm sorry, but you're driving me mad. You can't be so cruel. For God's sake, Hazel—"

She wrenched her hand from his. "I don't believe you ever really cared for me. I've been the fool all along. I ought to have listened to Uncle Joe."

"Damn him!" said Barry, furiously.

"At any rate, he'd rather have died than told me the lies you have," she flashed back.

Barry dropped into a chair. He had never felt so sick and ashamed in his life. He was angry, too, furiously angry, because he had been so sure of her forgiveness.

He did not realize that it was because she cared so much that she was so bitterly resentful. He did not understand that if she had loved him less she would have found it more easy to forgive.

"Well, what do you propose to do?" he asked.

"I shall go to my cousin's tonight. She will have me."

Barry cried out sharply: "I won't have you there! She's no fit companion for you. I'm your husband, and I forbid you to go!"

Her eyes flashed. "You're only my husband because you cheated me. I should never have married you if I had known the truth. You know that. I shall do as I like. Nothing you can say will stop me. I am going to my cousin's."

He stood irresolute for a moment; then: "Very well," he said, quietly, "I suppose you don't object to my taking you there?"

"You can come if you like," she answered coldly.

He flushed crimson. "I don't want to inflict myself upon you. No doubt you would rather go alone."

She twisted her hands nervously. "I—I haven't got any money," she told him in a whisper.

There was something of the old childishness in her voice again, and it melted Barry's anger instantly. He went over to her, though now he made no attempt to touch her.

"Forgive me, Hazel," he said, humbly. "I'm not really such a bad chap. I—I'd give my soul to undo what's gone, but I can't. I can only try and make up for it in the future. Try and forgive me, Hazel."

For an instant it seemed that she wavered. Then her face hardened.

"I can never forgive you for having lied to me. I shall never believe anything you say again."

Barry strode across the room and flung the door open.

"I am ready when you are," he said, darkly.

CHAPTER XVII.

The short drive across London to Delia Bentley's flat was a nightmare to Barry Wicklow.

He sat opposite his wife, his arms folded, his eyes staring straight in front of him.

He never once glanced in her direction, but all the same he was acutely conscious of her every movement. He knew that more than once she wiped away tears that would well to her eyes, and he swore to himself that he would give Norman the most thorough hiding a man ever had. He tried to comfort his sore heart with the conviction taht Hazel would have to forgive him sooner or later; that it was impossible for a man's wife to go on indefinitely ignoring him; that in the end she would think it over and be sorry.

As the cab turned into the rather dull square where Delia's flat was Barry stole a look at his wife, but her face was averted, and he could only see the outline of a pale cheek, and a little lock of hair.

He stifled a sigh as the taxi drove up to the curb and stopped.

Barry opened the door and held his hand to Hazel, but she ignored him. She passed him and went up the steps to the house and through the open door into the stone-floored hall.

Barry followed silently. He stood beside her in the lift, so close to her that their arms were touching; but she did not speak, and they went on and to the door of Delia's flat.

Here Hazel turned and faced him. "You need not come any further," she said. "Good-bye."

Her voice was hard and she did not raise her eyes above the white flower in his buttonhole. The flower had died now. It hung its scented head forlornly against Barry's coat as if ashamed of having assisted, even in such a small way, at his disastrous wedding.

The color flamed to Barry's face. He began to answer angrily, then checked himself.

"Very well," he said, grimly. "Perhaps you will let me know what story you intend to tell your coiusin, so that I can repeat it to any of my friends who are curious."

"I shall tell her that I found out I didn't like you after all. That is the truth," she said, definantly.

Barry laughed. He was not going to believe this, at all events, but for the moment at least he supposed it would be wisdom to humor her.

"Very well," he said, lightly. "If that is a good enough yarn for you, it is for me; and—your mother?"

Hazel's lips quivered. "I will write to her. You need not trouble yourself about my people."

"Very well; and with regard to money," Barry began, diffidently, "anyhting you want, of course—"

"I shall never want anything of yours," she told him. "I only want to forget that I ever knew you." The words sounded convincing, and Barry winced.

"Then it is useless for me to stay any longer, I suppose," he said, stiffly. "If you should want me at any time—I know it's not remotely possible, but just in case a letter, or a phone message to my rooms will always find me."

She might not have heard for all the notice she took. She had turned away and had pressed the bell on Delia's front door. Barry waited till he heard steps in the narrow passage inside. Then he went back down the stairs.

It was Delia herself who opened the door. She was wearing a tea gown of her favorite golden color, and was smoking a cigaret. She stared at Hazel for a moment without speaking; then: "Goodness gracious!" she ejaculated. "What in the world? Surely you haven't quarrelled yet?" she asked, helplessly.

Hazel nodded. She pushed past her cousin and went on into the gaudy little sitting room.

She broke down completely then and sobbed, with her pretty face buried in Delia's golden cushions.

Delia stood by frowning for a moment. Then, not unkindly, she put a hand on Hazel's shoulder.

"You'll ruin those cushions," she said. "Do turn off the water works and tell me what has happened, and where is Barry?"

Hazel sat up. Her face was all flushed and tear-stained, her hair disheveled. "I hate him," she said. "I wish I'd never seen him."

Delia sat down on the arm of a chair and stared at her pretty feet in their high-heeled shoes. "It's a bit soon," she said at last. "What has happened since I left you?"

"I've found him out," Hazel answered, sobbing. "He didn't really want to marry me. It was all— Oh, I wish I'd never seen him."

Delia threw her cigaret away and selected a fresh one.

"Humph! Well, I'm not altogether surprised," she said, calmly. "He's a bit of a goer from what I've heard about him. But on your wedding day! It's a bit rapid! What have you heard exactly?"

Hazel told her story disconnectedly. She was longing for sympathy, but Delia's nature was not much inclined that way. She was just a practical woman with a streak of surprising sentimentality in her. She listened stoically enough, and when Hazel had finished she laughed.

"It sounds rather like a melodrama," she said. "But, anyway, from what I know of the Wicklow's, you've married the best of them, my dear. That Norman!" She broke off with a shrug of her shoulders.

Hazel looked up. "Do you know him?" she asked.

"Do I?" the elder girl echoed. "Do I not! He was hanging round one of our girls for weeks. It was through him that I met your Barry."

"You mean that you knew Barry, too? Before that day down home—before that day at Bedmund?"

"Yes. He came behind at the theater one night. I knew I had met him before somewhere, but for the moment I couldn't recall his name. It came afterwards, and I asked him why he was traveling incog., so to speak. I know now, of course."

Hazel felt as if her idol were falling to pieces at her feet. What else had she got to discover about him, she wondered helplessly.

"I should forgive him if I were you," Delia said after a moment. "They're a good family, the Wicklows, and you can make his people take you up if you play your cards properly. They've got tons of money, too. You'll be very silly if you let him off scot free."

Hazel did not understand. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes full of unshed tears. She could only think of Barry as he had been that night down at the farm when he told her he loved her. He seemed an altogether different man from the one from whom she had just parted.

"Anyway, if you won't go back to him, what are you going to do?" Delia asked after a moment.

Hazel looked up. "I thought I could stay with you, for a little while at least. I don't want to go back home. Uncle Joe would be so angry, and I don't feel that I can face him."

"Stay here!" Delia echoed, sharply. "Heavens! what shall I do with you here? You haven't any money, have you?"

"Hazel's face flamed. "No," she said; "but—I suppose I can work, can't I?"

There was a little silence.

Delia paced up the room and came back.

"Look here, Hazel," she said, "you'd better make it up with your husband. After all, he may be quite all right in the future. Give him a chance. Gracious! I thought he was keen enough on you by the way he looked at you. Give him a chance, and then if you find it isn't going to work—"

Hazel drew away from her. "I'll never go back to him," she said, obstinately.

Delia frowned. "Very well, you can stay here for the present, and I'll see what's to be done. You'd better write to your mother or somebody and say where you are, or else they'll all be having forty fits." She looked at the girl consideringly.

"You're quite pretty, of course," she said, dispassionately. "I might get Greaves to give you a walking-on part if you think you could stick it."

Hazel echoed the words, not understanding. "A walking-on part?"

"On the stage, silly! A part in the chorus. You won't have anything to do except smile," she added, impatiently.

Hazel's eyes glowed. "Oh, I should love it! I've always longed to go on the stage."

Delia made a grimace. "That shows your ignorance," she said, tartly. "However, we'll see, but I'm not going to promise anything. It all depends."

"Here, you'd better have some tea," she went on with a change of voice. "You look a fright with those red eyes. I should think your head aches, too. I've got to run out for an hour, but I shall be back about half past six. Make yourself at home, and cheer up! Heavens! There are other men in the world beside Barry Wicklow.

Delia rang for tea and went off to change her frock. She called out to the smart maid to fetch her a taxi. Presently she came back dressed for outdoors.

Hazel thought she looked beautiful. She admired the too-smart costume and rakish hat. The clothes she had chosen with such pride for her wedding seemed dowdy beside them. It seemed ages and ages ago since she had driven off from this very flat with Delia to be married, and yet it had only been that morning!

"I thought you had your own car," she ventured presently when Delia started to fume because a taxi was so long coming. "Wasn't that your car you came to Bedmund in?"

Delia laughed. "I wish it had been. It's Laurie Hulbert's. You don't know Laurie? No! Well, you needn't hanker to. He's as mean as they make 'em. Little rat!" she added, viciously.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

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but who wants to kiss eruptions? Pimply men don't look like the owners of anything. Pimply women, too, are puzzles, with no prospects and no power. Young men and women, here's the positive way out. Physics and purgatives will fail. What you need is a scientific blood-cleanser. S. S. S. is one of the most powerful destroyers of blood impurities. You can prove this in a short time. S. S. S. has been passed on by a jury of millions of people just like yourself. It is considered one of the most powerful vegetable blood-purifiers and flesh-builders in existence. That's why you hear of so many underweight people putting on lost flesh in a hurry, why you hear of so many rheumatics being freed from this scourge, with S. S. S. Start today with S. S. S. and see your face clear and your skin get ruddier, your flesh firmer. It will give you a boost in your career. S. S. S. is sold at all drug stores, in two sizes. The larger size is the more economical.

12 Big Storms Sweep Omaha, July's Record

Temperature Below Normal but Rainfall Was More, Says Weather Bureau Report.

Twelve thunderstorms occurred in Omaha during July, according to M. V. Robins, meteorologist, who said it was an unusual record for one month.

The highest temperature recorded during the "hot month" was 91, on July 10.

Record of July temperatures shows 2.66 degrees below normal daily as compared to 3 degrees above normal for the corresponding month last year. The average daily temperature was 73.4 degrees. Normal is 76.5.

Rainfall for the month totaled 5.60 inches, which is 1.27 more than normal for July.

The total for the first seven months of the year is 3.60 below normal.

Total raintall over the week-end, the weather bureau reports, was 1.95. No more rainfall today or Tuesday is the prediction.

Lightning Kills Horses and Cows Near Neligh (Neb.)

Neligh, Neb., July 31.—(Special.)—During the severe electrical storm last Friday evening, when nearly three inches of water fell in this vicinity, lightning struck the barn of Will Conger, five miles north of Neligh, and killed five horses and four cows, also destroying 300 bushels of corn and 15 tons of hay.

The switchboard of the lighting plant of the Neligh mills was put out of commission for many hours on account of lightning during the storm.

Invested capital in the textile industry in this country is estimated at $3,500,000,000.

Parents' Problems

What is the best course to follow with a boy of 6 who teases older, bigger boys, knowing that they will not retaliate because he is little?

This boy's father should make it plain to him that what he is doing is cowardly. If necessary, punishment should be used.

Tax Board Proposes to Boost Farm Levy

Lincoln, July 31.—Answering a citation to appear and show cause why county tax assessments should not be increased in Nebraska, representatives of about 25 counties in the state met with the state board of equalization in assembly presided over by Governor S. R. McKelvie.

The board proposes to raise the assessment on farm property in 43 counties and to lower it in 11 others. The hearings were continued in the afternoon session of the board.

Man Found Dead.

A man who registered at J. Conway, was found dead in his bed at the Main hotel, Eleventh and Farnam streets, yesterday by R. J. Teek, hotel clerk. There were 54 cents in his pockets. He was about 60 and is believed to have died of alcohol poisoning.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Reader Takes Newer Form of Iron---Feels Years Younger

"Six weeks ago I saw a special offer in the paper telling how thousands of people grow old in looks and energy long before they are really old in years, because, as examinations by physicians have shown, an enormous number of people do not have enough iron in their blood. I have been taking Nuxated Iron for two weeks—the results are simply astounding. The roses have come back in my lips and cheeks, and I can conscientiously say that I feel ten years younger."

The above is a typical hypothetical case showing the results that have been achieved by a great many people since we started this "satisfaction or money back" offer on Nuxated Iron. If, after taking the two weeks' treatment of Nuxated Iron, you do not feel and look years younger, we will promptly refund your money.

Call at once for a bottle of Nuxated Iron at Beaton Drug Co., Sherman & McConnell, Haines Drug Co., Merritt Drug Co., Green Drug Co. or any other good drug store.

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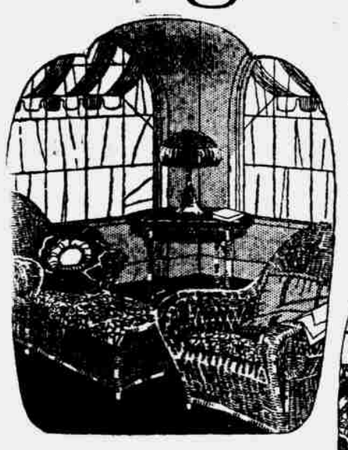
Follow the Crowds to Our Seventh Floor

Where Men and Women of Omaha and Vicinity are Taking Advantage of the Low Prices in Our

August Furniture Sale

Which Began Monday and will Continue Throughout the Month of August



Brandeis Master-Made Furniture deserves its name because of its artistic design, high-grade material and perfect workmanship. The low prices accentuate the value in this dependable furniture.

Our furniture experts will be glad to advise you and to explain the superior qualities of Brandeis Master-made furniture. A visit to our department will convince you that these are most unusual values.

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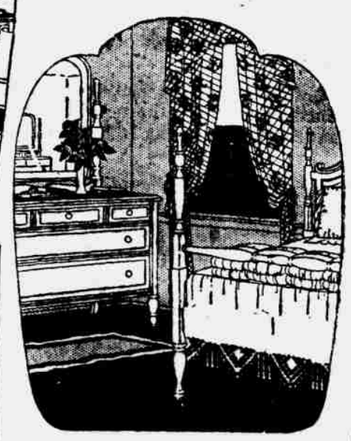
In suites and single pieces, including Chairs, Rockers, Tables, Davenports, Lounges, Lamps, Tea Wagons, Desks and Day Beds. Prices range from—
8.50 to 75.00



WE BOUGHT this furniture under conditions made favorable by our ability to purchase for cash. Our buyers visited all furniture markets and shopped around until they found the most desirable furniture and obtained the lowest price. Do not forget that the efficiency of our buying system is the foundation of our efficient selling service. The values are here, demonstrated by artistic design, high-grade materials, master workmanship and low prices. Come and see without delay and you will remain to buy without regret.

Seventh Floor

Living Room Furniture
Suites in velour, tapestry or mohair, overstuffed styles; cane and mahogany, etc., priced at—
119.75 to 640.00
Single pieces including Chairs, Rockers, Davenports, Tables, all at attractive prices.

Bed Room Furniture
In Suites of mahogany, walnut and a few in oak, priced at—
100.00 to 720.00
Single pieces, including Beds, Dressers, Chiffoniers and Dressing Tables, priced at—
13.75 to 153.50

All Pieces are marked in plain figures and will be sold, if desired, on
—OUR EASY PAYMENT PLAN—
which will enable those who cannot pay all cash to furnish their homes without delay.

Dining Room Furniture
In Suites of mahogany, walnut, polychrome walnut and oak. The prices vary, according to material and number of pieces, from—
74.75 to 675.00
Single pieces attractively priced.