

Modern Woodmen Throng to Fremont for Encampment

Tent City Rises on Grounds of Midland College to Accommodate Lodge Members.

Fremont, Neb., Aug. 7.—The annual state encampment of the Modern Woodmen of Nebraska opened its four-day session here today with a great influx of members from Nebraska and surrounding states.

A tent city, resembling the army cantonments of war-time days, has sprung up on Midland college athletic field. Flag-raising services Sunday afternoon dedicated the place as Camp Kester, in honor of State Commander E. E. Kester, Lincoln, Maj. W. E. Kelson, Central City, made the main address. The Madison (Neb.) Woodmen band furnished the music.

Sixteen teams were registered in the military branch of the order here this morning. Many more are expected to arrive before the encampment is fully under way.

Film Beauty Named. Miss Gretchen Williams, 18, daughter of Mrs. George Williams, was again honored for her beauty when chosen to appear in a moving picture of the encampment. Polly Anna Smith, 4-year-old daughter of W. R. Smith, proprietor of Hotel Pathfinder, will also appear in the film. Miss Williams was credited with being the most beautiful among a group of photographs submitted at the American Legion state convention last fall.

Among the prominent Woodmen in attendance at the encampment are J. G. Ray, Rock Island, Ill.; F. B. Easterly, Denver, J. A. Walker, Kansas; L. E. Warner, Missouri; Peter Wilandsen, South Dakota; C. S. Locke, Kansas, and W. P. Sporrow, Missouri.

Officers in Attendance. Nebraska officers here are President Frank Duetz, Vice President W. D. Wood, Treasurer E. E. Kester, Secretary W. E. Jackson, Assistant Secretary C. R. Hasskari, Rev. L. V. Slobom, state lecturer; Athletic Director W. C. Jackson, John F. Harris, editor of The Modern Woodmen. The military branch is represented by General Riehm, chief of staff, Davenport, Ia.; Maj. Gen. Peter Anderson, Rock Island, Ill.; Major General Davis, Rock Island, chief paymaster; Brigadier General Taylor, Sioux City, Ia., commanding officer; Captain Kester, Tom Murphy, assistant quartermaster, Kansas City; Maj. W. E. Kelson, Central City.

Egg Bombardment Closes

Beatrice Tent Meeting. Beatrice, Aug. 7.—(Special.) The big tent where Rev. P. Decker, of the Nazarene church and his party have been holding evangelistic meetings was showered with eggs last night.

Two attacks were made, one at 10 and the other at 11, when the meetings were closed. Decker and several women and men were smeared with eggs as they were leaving the tent.

Persons living in the vicinity have complained that the meetings annoyed them.

Police are trying to apprehend the guilty parties.

Retired Admiral Dies

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 7.—Rear Admiral Uriel Sebree, U. S. N., retired, at one time commander of the Pacific fleet, died at his home in Coronado.

Defeated Candidate Sends Congratulations Given Him to Opponent

Gothenburg, Neb., Aug. 7.—(Special.)—While the results of the primary were still in doubt, W. M. Stebbins, republican candidate for state treasurer, received 30 letters and messages of congratulations. On learning that his opponent, C. D. Robinson, was nominated, Stebbins transferred the congratulations to him last Friday with this message in part:

"With the consent of the senders, which I am sure we have, we now hereby assign and transfer these to you in total. I wish to pledge you my support and services for the success of our entire ticket."

Common Sense About Eczema and Eruptions!

Here's Something About S. S. That You'll Be Glad to Hear. You might just as well know it right now—the cause of skin eruptions, pimples, blackheads, boils and so on, is right in your blood. There's a way away from it. Science has proved it. We prove it. You can prove it. When the cause of skin troubles and eruptions is in the blood, it isn't curable.

Let S. S. E. Give You An Angello Skin Soap and see how simply that skin. A bottle of S. S. E. will prove to you what is happening in your blood. S. S. E. is a scientific blood cleanser. It drives out the impurities which cause eczema, pimples, rash, pimples, boils, blackheads, blotches and other skin eruptions. When these impurities are driven out, you can't stop several very nice things from happening. Your face looks naturally rosy. Your eyes sparkle, your complexion clears. It becomes beautiful. Your face looks like that of a prosperous, ruddy, well-fed, refined gentleman, or if you are a woman, your complexion becomes the real kind that the whole world so admires. S. S. E. is also a powerful body-builder. It causes it builds new and more blood cells. That's why it fills out sunken cheeks, bony necks, thin limbs, helps regain lost flesh. It costs little. It has this to prove to you. S. S. E. is sold at all drug stores. Two sizes. The big size is the most economical.

Chips off the Old Block. SHERMAN & MCCONNELL.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES Copyright, 1922.

(Continued from Yesterday.) It seemed a long time before Mrs. Dudley came down. She was beautifully dressed; Barry noticed that at once. She was wearing his favorite color—blue; he noticed that, too, and wondered if she had chosen it on purpose to please him. He looked faintly embarrassed as he took her hand.

"It's awfully good of you to say you will come—awfully good." "I wanted to come," she told him. She was clever enough to keep all emotion from her voice. She drew her hand away. "I have missed you," she said, lightly. "Where have you been hiding all this time?"

"All this time!" He echoed her words with a little laugh. "Why, it's only a fortnight." "So it is! It seems longer." She let him help her into her coat. "And how is your wife?" "It was a question that was bound to come, he knew, but he felt quite unprepared for it. He flushed up to his eyes.

"Who told you I was married?" he asked, rather shortly. She hesitated. "I am not sure; I have heard it from so many people, but I believe your cousin—Norman—told me in the first place." "He would," Barry said, grimly. She looked up at him.

"Barry is anything the matter?" Barry winced. "I'd much rather not talk about it, if you don't mind. I made a hash of it, that's the truth. You're bound to know sooner or later, so I may as well tell you myself. We—she—agreed to differ on our wedding day. Don't think I blame her; it's been my fault all along. She found out she didn't care for me—and that's the end of it."

"She did not know what to say, but her proud face quivered for a moment." "We won't talk about it if you don't mind," Barry said, more easily. "We'll just have a good time and forget everything else, shall we?" "I'm sorry, Barry," she said, gently, though she kept her face averted. "I'm so sorry."

Barry swallowed hard. "Oh, well!" he said, with an effort. "It's my own fault; I deserved it. 'It's my own fault,' I deserved it. 'There's a taxi waiting,' he said, with a change of voice; and they went out together.

Agnes Dudley was a clever woman. She had read a lot of stories and rumors about Barry Wicklow's marriage, but that it had ended so suddenly and completely she had not the faintest idea. She carefully avoided all references to the past in her conversation, and, as they drove through London, said treated him in the old friendly, affectionate way. She really cared for him, and she was more than happy to be with him, no matter what were the circumstances.

She felt a little thrill of apprehension as they reached their destination. There would be sure to be many people in the restaurant who knew them both. She wondered what would be said of her and of Barry, but apparently Barry was unconcerned, and she took courage.

After all, if he did not care, she need not. It was her fault he had rushed off into his disastrous marriage; the least she could do now was to give him the friendship he wanted.

Her color rose a little as they walked down the crowded room. She did not look to the right or left; she gave a little sigh of relief when at last they reached their table.

"Quite comfortable?" Barry asked her. "Not too near the band?" "Oh, no—it's very nice." She began to draw off her long gloves. She and Barry Wicklow had dined here scores of times together. She felt as if the last two weeks had been just a dream from which she had now awakened.

She met his eyes and smiled, nervously. "There are a lot of people I know here, Barry," she said. "Are there?" There was a note of defiance in his voice. There was only one person whom he hoped to see. He glanced round the room, and in that moment he saw her—sitting just a stone's throw from him, with Greaves and Hulbert on either side of her. She was looking at him, and there was a sort of appeal in her wild-rose face; she was very flushed, and her eyes were somewhat distressed. Barry's heart gave a big thump, but he restrained himself with a mighty effort and merely bowed formally.

Hazel suddenly acknowledged him. She had sunk back in her chair, and Greaves was bending close to her, speaking in an undertone. Barry had chosen his seat so that he could look at that other table without turning his head. He began to talk to Agnes; he hardly knew what he said; he was speaking quite at random; his eyes turned again and again to Hazel.

Once he heard her laugh—a shrill nervous laugh that somehow hurt him. Once he saw her lift her glass in response to a toast from Hulbert. It was champagne they were all drinking, of course, he told himself, savagely. He wondered what Hazel's mother would say if she could see her now; what Joe Daniels would say. "They would blame him for this, of course," he thought. "They would say it was all his fault that Hazel sat there with that scared, reckless look in her eyes. Well, let them—who cared! He had done his best, and she had refused to allow him to help her. Once he met Delia's mocking eyes. She knew how he was feeling beneath all her composed mien, and the knowledge amused her.

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



Ed Lee Wroth Dies at New York Home

Injury Is Fatal to Omaha Comedian—Was Once Newsboy Here.

Ed Lee Wroth, vaudeville and burlesque actor, brother of L. C. Wroth, Omaha restaurant man, died Sunday at his home in Bayside, L. I., of an injury received last February while he was acting in Philadelphia, according to word received by his brother Sunday night.

Ed Lee Wroth was a particular favorite with Omahans and in his appearances here was billed as "Omaha's own." His first commercial experience was as a newsboy on Omaha's streets. Outgrowing that, he became a clown in a circus and then went into small-town vaudeville.

His first big success was with George Bickel and Harry Watson in a Broadway musical comedy success in a triologue, "Me, Him and I." Some time afterward he went with Al Woods in "Tom, Dick and Harry," but made his biggest hit in "Janitor Higgins." He recently appeared in a sketch with Owen Martin called "Now."

Last season he was with Hurlin and Seaman as the leading comedian in a burlesque production which was featured in Omaha.

Storm Warnings for Atlantic Coast Issued

Washington, Aug. 7.—Advisory southwest storm warnings were ordered displayed at 10 a. m. today on the Atlantic coast and north of Delaware breakerwater.

The weather bureau reported a disturbance of considerable intensity over the Great Lakes, increasing in intensity and moving eastward. Strong south and southwest winds with squalls were forecast for this afternoon and tonight, shifting to west and northwest Tuesday.

Wife Returns Home to Find Husband and Effects Gone

When Mrs. John Hiller, 19½ North Fifteenth street, left her home Saturday afternoon, her husband accompanied her to the door and kissed her an affectionate goodbye. He and all his clothes were gone when she returned, she told police when she asked them yesterday to find him.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

While excavating for an ice cream parlor on the site of the old livery stable at Tickville today, a restored his wife after he had spent hundreds of dollars in vain on other medicines. Many have had similar experiences. Tanlac is sold at all good druggists.

loater's chair, in a fine state of preservation, was found. Poke Eazley was aiming to hitch up today and take his wife to her folks on Gander creek, but he went over to the store after a pipe of tobacco and forgot all about it. Up to this afternoon Flim Dillard had not received a reply to the letter he wrote to a young lady last week, and this morning he raised a big racket with the postmaster.

"She's so young—not twenty-one yet, and she knows absolutely nothing of the world; and—and her mother died the day we were married." He stopped with desolating memory of that fateful afternoon.

If Mrs. Bentley had lived, things might have been all right, he was thinking what might have been? One could only look on—on—surely there

She did not answer, and he went on—

CHAPTER XXIII. Barry never knew how he got through the remainder of the evening. He had a vague recollection of finishing his dinner somehow, of drinking a great deal more than was good for him, of answering Agnes Dudley's attempts at conversation wildly and at random, and of being infinitely relieved when at least she said

Feature Transactions on Livestock Exchange



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Going Is Slow in Police Court for Vet Jockey

Rider of Best Mounts on Two Continents and Winner of \$100,000 Hasn't a Dime, Police Say.

Hyppolite Chevalier, who has carried the banner of no less a turfman than "Lucky" Baldwin down many race tracks to victory, came down the home stretch of Central police court yesterday, an alleged vagrant.

Riding the best mounts of both North and South America in his long career beginning in 1891, Chevalier is said to have won amounts totaling \$100,000, but yesterday, according to the police, he hadn't a dime.

Chevalier's biggest winning was the American derby at Washington park, Chicago, in 1894. He was ruled off the turf at the Bay District track, San Francisco, in 1886, and immediately went to Central America, where he rode for President Barrios up to the time of the death of the executive. He then returned to the United States and was reinstated, riding on many tracks until he retired a few years ago.

In his race with justice Chevalier will be judged next week by Judge Charles E. Foster. Absence of a material witness made the going slow when the old jockey whipped down the stretch yesterday, and he couldn't make the wire.

Heaviest Hiker Here on Return Trip From Coast

Frank Meek, 27, who passed through Omaha last March on a hike from Danville, Ill., to Hollywood, Cal., was here yesterday on his way back to Danville. In four months 14 days he walked 2,857 miles and reduced his weight from 305 to 221 pounds. He has regained 19 pounds, however, while returning, as he accepts rides whenever possible.



MINNESOTA'S TEN THOUSAND LAKES Are Calling You

Get away from the sweltering heat, the grime and noise of the city. Come to Minnesota, where you can breathe invigorating, pine-scented air—plunge into cool, crystal-clear waters—roll upon sandy beaches; yes, and enjoy the finest bass and muskie fishing in the world.

Come now while Minnesota is at its best. July and August are the ideal months. The average temperature is 67 degrees. The nights are cool. Hay fever is unknown. Low fares—lowest in years. Call, write or 'phone today for complete travel information and our Minnesota Jooker, "The Land of the Sky Blue Water."

MARSHALL B. CRAIG General Agent Passenger Dept. H. T. MINKLER District Passenger Agent 1415 First National Bank Bldg. Telephone JA 4300 0280

The CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN

People are Pretty Wise in this 20th Century

SIXTY YEARS ago, Abraham Lincoln said that you couldn't fool all of the people all of the time. But today you can't fool many of the people any of the time.

It's getting to be a pretty wise old world. The man who still believes "that there's one born every minute" is the one.

People and products have got to make a name for themselves. No product is ever any better than the man who produces it.

Take for example, the Hop Flavored malt extracts, for which there is so large a demand. We have been in the malt extract business for fifty years. We don't know it all yet. But we do know one thing. That to cheapen a malt extract in any way is to destroy its value.

Ninety per cent of the Hop Flavored malt extracts made today are filled with moisture, adulterated with cheap corn and flavored with cheap loose hops. They are not worth taking home because they can not give results. Our "Puritan" Hop Flavored Malt Sugar Syrup is made only from the choicest barley produced in America. It is malted by our own secret processes which we have learned through fifty years of experience. It has the hops right in it, and these hops are from the latest Bohemian crops. The result is that there is probably more Puritan Hop Flavored Malt Sugar Syrup sold today than all the other malt extracts combined. People recognize quality and value. And in this day, Mr. Lincoln, you can't fool many of the people any of the time. There are now several million people in America who ask for and demand

HOP FLAVORED PURITAN MALT SUGAR SYRUP For Sale at All Good Stores Distributed by THE JERPE COMMISSION COMPANY Omaha, Nebraska AT 0850

Advertisement for Telephone Your "Want Ad" Today. Omaha Bee "Want" Ads Bring Better Results at Lesser Cost. Call Atlantic 1000 to insert Want Ad.

Advertisement for Hotel Rome. When in Omaha Stop at Hotel Rome. NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright. Night's Tonic—Fresh air, a good sleep and an NR Tonic to make your days better.

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