

BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1922)



RADIO Novel Loud Speaker Is Highly Efficient

A wonderful discovery was recently made by Father Odenbach, director of St. Ignatius college observatory, when a triton shell of porcelain was tried out with a magnavox to produce a sounding horn effect. Popular music was received with the utmost clearness and fine detail through this device.

This ordinary shell, which may be found resting harmlessly on mantel pieces and drawing room tables in thousands of homes, used purely for decorative purposes, not only greatly intensifies music and speech when the tip is ground off and the shell is attached to a magnavox or receiver on a radio receiving set, but performs as well a most remarkable feat of bringing out every sound to the smallest detail.

A SIMPLE VERNIER

One of the most important things confronting the amateur in receiving long distance phone is the microphone adjustment of the rheostat. Anyone, however, having two tubes, may have his own vernier. For example, we hear a broadcasting station, at 91 degrees on the dial of the detector rheostat we hear his C. W. The amplifying tube gives the rheostat at 100 degrees. If the detector tube is turned backward the least bit from 91 degrees, the phone is lost; if it is turned up the least bit toward 91 degrees, the C. W. is heard. We now know that the correct voltage of the detector tube lies between 90 and 91 degrees. Set the rheostat of the amplifying tube at 75 degrees and adjust the detector on the verge of the C. W. If the dial on the second tube is now moved slowly toward 100 degrees, it will slightly decrease the current in the detector, thus making the phone audible and giving a vernier. If two separate filament batteries are used, this stunt will not work.

Crop Conditions in North Are Reported to Be Ideal

Sioux City, Ia., Aug. 8.—Crop conditions in northwest Iowa, northeast Nebraska and South Dakota are regarded as ideal, except in the extreme northern part of South Dakota, where there is still a shortage of moisture and crops are suffering, according to special reports to the Tribune. Threshing of small grain is in progress in nearly all sections and fair to heavy yields of fine quality of grains are reported. Corn, alfalfa, potatoes and late pastures are doing exceptionally well since the general rains of 10 days ago. Disease among young pigs is taking a heavy toll.

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES Copyright, 1922.

(Continued From Yesterday.) "I've enjoyed it," she answered. "It has been quite like old times." Afterwards she wondered what made her say that, seeing that all the evening she had felt as if she were out with a stranger; just a man who looked at her with Barry Wicklow's eyes and spoke to her with Barry Wicklow's voice, and yet who was not Barry at all.

"I suppose you won't come in," she asked hesitatingly. "Not tonight—I won't come in tonight; but we shall meet again soon." "I shall always be pleased to see you," she told him gently, though she knew as he turned away that of all the many things she had hoped for from this evening, none of them would ever come true. Barry was lost to her forever.

She stood at the open door for some minutes looking into the darkness where Barry had disappeared. What sort of a woman could his wife be, she asked herself, that she did not want him—did not care for him at all?

Barry went straight to the club. It was a sort of obsession with him now that he must find Greaves and hear about Hazel. It was not very late yet—only half-past eleven—but the club was almost deserted. He wandered about aimlessly for some time, then went out again. Nobody had seen Greaves, nobody knew where he was likely to be found.

Barry went round to Delia's flat. There would be nobody there either, he knew, but he walked up and down for some time in the darkness and scared to death of you. "I don't want any sermons from you," Barry said savagely. "Tell me where she is—and you can go, do you hear?"

"I don't know where she is. She's not a child; she can look after herself." "I've paid you to look after her," he broke out. She laughed shrilly. "A tinner a week! Lord! If you think I'm going to waste my time hauling Hazel at my apron strings all day for a tinner a week, you're mistaken," she told him flatly. "I don't know where she is; she's got beyond me already." She wrenched her arm free and ran up the steps to the house. She looked back at him mockingly. "I should advise you to apply to Mr. Greaves for the latest information."

angry eyes and scornfully smiling mouth. Her arms were aching where he had gripped them; she would never forgive him for this. She quite realized that he was a sufficiently strong man to spoil all her little plans. She made up her mind that, come what might, she would fight him to the end.

She cared nothing for him or what he wished. She hated him because he had always been indifferent to her. She loved admiration and flattery, and Barry had never been more than ordinarily civil. Well, she would pay him out. Ten pounds a week—was nothing when compared with all she hoped to get out of Greaves. The knowledge made her feel almost pleasant again.

"If you don't believe me, you can come up and see for yourself if she is home or not," she said, more graciously. "Well, I don't believe you, so I will," Barry answered, flatly. She unlocked the door with her latch key and flung it open. She crossed the narrow passage and kicked open the door of the gaudy little drawing room. Barry had never seen her in such a temper before. He had always considered her an amiable sort of girl. He followed in silent disgust.

She switched on the light and went forward; then she stopped with a short laugh. "There's the sleeping beauty," she said, cynically. Barry glanced across the room; Hazel was lying on the couch, with the yellow cushions, fast asleep. She still wore the frock he had seen her in that evening; the red roses were all crushed and dying; her hair was tumbled anyhow about her face.

Delia looked at him mockingly. "There she is," she began. "Now are you satisfied?" She dropped her silken coat to the floor, kicking it out of her way as she passed him, and went on to her own room. Barry heard her banging about in there, as he stood gazing down at Hazel.

She looked so young, such a child! And suddenly all the anger and bitterness he had felt against her seemed to die from his heart. After all, it had been his fault; once she had loved him and trusted him still had he played the game. He glanced toward Delia's room. The door was half closed; he went a little closer to the couch where his wife lay sleeping, and, bending, kissed her softly.

Delia was only too delighted to be able to tell her; she had heard all about Agnes Dudley from Hulbert. "It's the woman he was engaged to before he knew you," she said. "Frightfully smart, wasn't she. For money? Bless your heart, they say she's paid Barry Wicklow's debts half-a-dozen times."

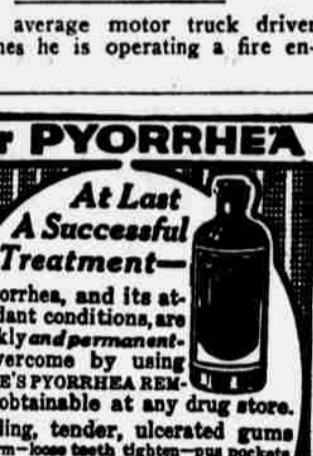
Hazel did not answer; did not raise her eyes. "He's jolly, soon consoled himself," Delia said again viciously. "You take my advice and do the same thing, my dear." Hazel forced a smile to her lips. "Barry is quite welcome to do what he likes," she said. "I suppose you didn't speak to him tonight?" "Speak to him!" Delia shrieked. "Is it likely? Bless your heart and soul, he was far too much taken up with Mrs. Dudley to look at me."

She yawned, stretching her arms languidly over her head. "I should cut him out once and for all, if I were you," she said. "Come on—I'm going to bed." (Continued in The Bee Tomorrow.)

The average motor truck driver imagines he is operating a fire engine.

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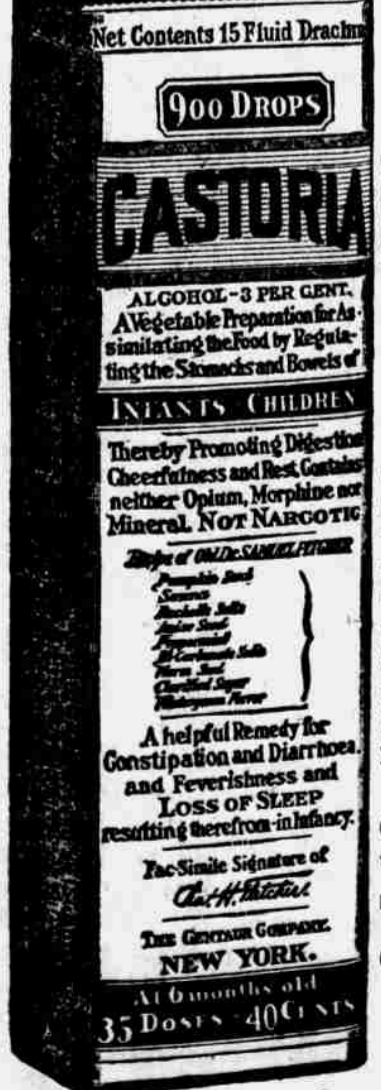
Shame on Them.

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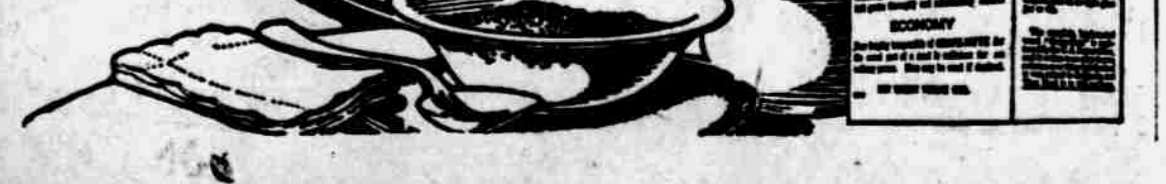
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