

BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



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 is the microphone adjustment. Anyone, however, having two tubes, may have his own vernier.

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.

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.

Half-past one—a quarter of two—two o'clock! Barry was dead tired, but he was not conscious of the fact. He meant to stay there all night till he knew that Hazel was home. His head was splitting. He took his hat off and ran his fingers through his hair.

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 looked at him and saw that they had to go up the long flights of stairs. Delia was breathless and panting before they reached the top. She said angrily that she hated living in such a hole and that she didn't mean to stay there all her life.

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.

It had been his fault; once she had loved him and trusted him, would have 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. She never moved; he felt warm breath against his cheek for an instant; it seemed such a long, long time since he had kissed her. Then he went away and down the dark stone staircase again to the street.

Delia heard him go; she came to the door of her room and listened; she had thrown off her smart frock and had got into a loose gown. She had taken down her hair, and was smoking a cigarette; when she heard Barry had gone she bolted the outer door, came back to where Hazel lay asleep and woke her with no very gentle hand.

Hazel sat up with a little frightened breath; she rubbed her eyes and stared at Delia sleepily. "What's the matter? Is anything the matter? What time is it?" "Nothing's the matter, and it's nearly breakfast time," Delia answered, disagreeably. "What time did you come in? How long have you been here?"

"I came straight home when we left the restaurant. My head ached." She looked away from Delia's hard eyes. "I hate champagne," she said, nettledly. Delia said "Humph!" She sat down in an armchair and looked at Hazel. "What did you do with Jimmy?" she asked.

"Nothing—he just saw me home and went away." "And you've been here ever since?" "Yes," Hazel flushed uncomfortably. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I don't mean anything," she said, crossly. "Are you going to the office in the morning?" "Yes—at half past ten."

Hazel unfastened the dead roses from her frock and looked at them rather sadly. "You saw that precious husband of yours there tonight, of course," Delia said presently.

"Yes." There was a little catch in Hazel's voice. After a moment. "Who was that he was with?" she asked.

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.

For PYORRHEA At Last A Successful Treatment—Pyorrhea, and its attendant conditions, are quickly and permanently overcome by using MOORE'S PYORRHEA REMEDY, obtainable at any drug store.

Bleeding, tender, ulcerated gums and firm—loose teeth tighten—pus pockets seal—treatment of Pyorrhea unobscured and a clean, healthy condition of the mouth ensured. 50 Thousands Report. Druggists are instructed to refund the purchase price if results are not satisfactory. See the book. MOORE'S LABORATORIES, KANSAS CITY, MO.

For Sale by Sherman & McConnell Drug Co. 16th and Dodge 24th and Farnam 18th and Harney 49th and Dodge

HAYDEN'S Starting Thursday We Will Place on Sale Upwards of a Quarter Million Dollars in Merchandise At Positively No Profit This Sale Will Help You Help the Manufacturer Help the Men Unemployed And Boom Prosperity An Event That Will Startle All Omaha And Be Praised by Thousands Who Will Welcome the Chance to Save Tomorrow's Papers Will Tell Everything In Detail of the Coming Event Home Sewing Days With Scores of Specially Priced Items Will Continue All This Week HAYDEN'S

No heat with this summer meal

A DISH of crisp, delicious Grape-Nuts, with cream or milk (some berries or fresh fruit, too, if you like) is cooling to serve, cooling to eat and cooling to digest—with a charm of flavor and goodness that rouses appetite enthusiasm. No preparation, no cooking—no heating of the body afterward, as heavy, starchy meals do—but well-rounded nourishment for every bodily need.

There's a noticeable feeling of lightness and comfort after such a meal. Try this way out of the heat, bother and uncertainty that usually goes with the midsummer food problem.



Shame on Them.

PERHAPS there are a few mothers who do not know the virtues of Fletcher's Castoria. Perhaps there are a few who know that there are imitations on the market, and knowing this demand Fletcher's. It is to ALL motherhood, then, that we call attention to the numerous imitations and counterfeits that may be set before them.

It is to all motherhood everywhere that we ring out the warning to beware of the "Just-as-good". For over thirty years Fletcher's Castoria has been an aid in the upbuilding of our population; an aid in the saving of babies.

And yet there are those who would ask you to try something new. Try this. Try that. Even try the same remedy for the tiny, scarcely breathing, babe that you in all your robust womanhood would use for yourself. Shame on them.



Your Friend, the Physician. The history of all medicines carries with it the story of battles against popular beliefs; fights against prejudice: even differences of opinion among scientists and men devoting their lives to research work; laboring always for the betterment of mankind. This information is at the hand of all physicians. He is with you at a moment's call be the trouble trifling or great. He is your friend, your household counselor. He is the one to whom you can always look for advice even though it might not be a case of sickness. He is not just a doctor. He is a student to his last and final call. His patients are his family and to lose one is little less than losing one of his own flesh and blood.

Believe him when he tells you—as he will—that Fletcher's Castoria has never harmed the littlest babe, and that it is a good thing to keep in the house. He knows.

MOTHERS SHOULD READ BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.