

Live Stock Body Must Make Fight for Industry

Business Recuperating at Snail's Pace After Demoralization Following War. Says Fred H. Bixby.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 25.—Activities of the American Live Stock Association during the last year were outlined at the opening session of the two-day convention of that organization here today in the Regency Hotel.

It is up to the American Live Stock Association to fight the battles for the industry, Mr. Bixby declared. "The industry," he said, "was very badly demoralized after the war and is recuperating at a snail's pace."

Weather conditions, shortage of grass and water in New Mexico, part of Texas and part of Arizona have caused not only a grave additional cost of production but also in many cases actual loss. All state associations are having a hard time trying to carry on their necessary activities when their members are almost unable to support their organizations.

Outlining the problems before the association during the coming year, Mr. Bixby enumerated as vital importance "commission and yardage charges; co-operative selling agencies; the activities of the national live stock and meat board; more orderly marketing; further reductions in freight rates and needed amendments to the transportation act; federal agencies for financing the live stock industry; proposed improvements in live stock statistics, so as to provide more frequent reports as to supplies; threatened advance in grazing fees on national forests; pending tariff legislation on the proposition to admit into Canadian cattle free of duty; the ship subsidy bill and taxation."

Eugene Meyer, Jr., chairman of the war finance corporation, will address the convention this afternoon. The sessions are attended by stockmen from virtually every section of the United States.

Boy, 7, Dangerously Hurt; Hit by Constable's Auto. Joe Pistello, 7, 1006 South Twenty-sixth street, was dangerously injured when he was run down at noon today at Twenty-sixth and Oregon streets by a motor car driven by Robert Bryant, constable.

Bryant said the lad ran in front of his car from behind another motor car.

The boy suffered a fracture of the left leg, two scalp wounds, lacerations on the back and a possible fracture of the skull. He was taken to Wise Memorial hospital.

Postoffice to Give Tests for Position Seekers. Postoffice window No. 11 is receiving applications for examination to be held here September 16 for several Omaha positions.

The positions are letter carriers, postoffice clerks and mechanics, helpers and garage-men in the post-office garage at pay of \$1,200 to \$2,600 a year; telegraphic draftsman for Fort Crook, at \$1,800 and bonus, and dentists in the veterans' bureau at \$2,400 to \$4,800 a year.

Prayer Each Day

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us, that Thy way may be known upon earth. Thy saving health is as a shield about me, and Thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations with equity.

Our God and Father, we render Thee our thanks and praise for all the good of this day. New were Thy mercies in the morning, and sweet is Thy love in the evening hour. We bless Thee that Thou hast given us this day our daily bread; that Thou hast not forgotten us even in those self-centered moments when we forget Thee.

And now we pray Thee to watch over and preserve us, body and soul, during the hours of the day and night. May our best and sleep be sweet to us. May we be brought to this new day refreshed and encouraged for all its duties and privileges, its sorrows, and joys.

When we come at last to life's evening hour, and the night of death begins to fall about us, may we by faith look beyond its darkness to the breaking of the eternal day. We ask all in the name and through the merits of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Amen.

ROBERT RUGG MORRIS, D. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Cuticura Does So Much For Hair And Skin

For promoting and maintaining beauty of skin and hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura are unequalled. Cuticura Talcum is an ideal powder, refreshing and cooling to the most delicate skin.

She followed closely behind him; the bustle and noise behind the stage bewildered her—there seemed so many people giving orders and moving about all at once. The huge pines of scenery looked as if they must come crashing down every time they were touched; the white lightning-bolts looked as if they would strike the red-headed comedian was doing a legitimate dance and singing a chorus about his mother-in-law.

The audience seemed to find it increasingly funny, judging by the way they screamed with laughter. It was a nightmare to Hazel; she never knew how long she stood there, as people entered and departed, as they went to the stage. There was a throng of performing dogs

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES

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(Continued from Yesterday.)

"I didn't mean to upset you," he said hoarsely. "I—suppose I was a fool to come. I meant it for the best." He waited a moment, looking at her appealingly, but she might not have heard him for all the noise she took, and after a moment he went away.

"You should have refused to see him," Hazel's maid scolded her. "I did my best to keep him out; but there. She shrugged her shoulders. "He's so big—what could we do?"

She fussed round Hazel with smiling lips. She was really very anxious about her.

Mulbert had threatened her with all manner of penalties if she allowed Hazel to be upset or excited. She was relieved when Hazel allowed herself to be persuaded to lie down. After all, it was quite early. There were hours before she need dress.

But Hazel only consented to go to her room so that she could be alone. Barry's unexpected visit had opened a new train of thought. Supposing he were right, and she did not succeed.

She shut her eyes and tried to sleep, but it was impossible. The night had all at once become a terror to her. The hours seemed to race; it was no time at all before the maid came to rouse her again.

She busied herself about the room, laying out Hazel's new frock, a white, filmy thing of tulle, very youthful looking, with a short, full skirt, and shoulder straps made of narrow silver bands.

Hazel looked away from it. Supposing she were a failure! Supposing, before a crowded house of critical eyes, she failed and broke down! It made her hot to her fingertips to think of it. Barry would be there, too; somewhere in the audience he would be watching her, and wondering how soon she would fail.

The thought stung her to desperation. She would not fail—she would go on and forget everything except that she meant to succeed.

She would know Barry that she was not so weak and inexperienced as he thought.

All the while she was being dressed she talked away to try and disguise her nervousness. She was fussy about her hair, and made the maid redress it three times. She was ready an hour before Hulbert came to fetch her, pacing up and down the little sitting room.

A long glass at one end reflected her dainty figure. She stopped once or twice and looked at herself with critical eyes. A pretty enough picture she made, she knew, and yet somehow she did not look like herself in the very short frock and high-heeled shoes, with the elaborately dressed hair and rouged cheeks.

Barry had said she was changed; she knew that she was. There was nothing left of the girl who had first loved him. She seemed to have been pushed out of sight and forgotten.

Her heart began to race when she heard Hulbert's voice in the hall. Once she had left the flat with him there would be no looking back; she would have to go on—to whatever awaited her.

If only Barry had been coming. The thought was in her mind before she realized it, and she tried to smile when Hulbert asked her how she felt. She said that she felt quite all right.

"You look like a fairy," he said. His eyes scanned her little figure admiringly. "After tonight, I suppose, you will be looking for higher game than me?" he said, jestfully.

She turned away from him. "I don't know what you mean, I may fail altogether."

He laughed. "You! Fail! It's not remotely possible."

His confidence cheered her; she felt happier as they drove away.

Hulbert was considerate for once in his life and let her alone; it was only when the car stopped that for a moment he touched her hand and gripped it hard.

"Now then, little girl—for all you're worth!"

Hazel nodded; she could not speak. She would have given anything in the world to have turned words that she had said to him into the rather dismal doorway and along a stone passage which seemed full of men who stood about talking and doing nothing in particular.

Hulbert introduced her to one or two of them. She supposed afterwards that she had talked to them and answered their questions, but the whole evening was a blank to her. She felt as if she moved and spoke in her sleep.

Then they went in a small, brilliantly lit room that seemed crowded with odds and ends, and hung from floor to ceiling with photographs.

Greaves was there, and some other people who stared at her a great deal, but she never could remember who they were or what were their names.

There was one man with a red nose and great, baggy trousers. When presently he moved on to do his turn he was greeted with roars from the house. Hazel wondered in a panic what sort of a reception they would give to any one as scared as she was; she looked appealingly at Greaves.

His eyes met hers, and she smiled faintly. He crossed over to where she sat.

"Not frightened?" he asked. She shook her head; she felt as if she must burst out crying. He patted her shoulder.

"There's nothing to be afraid of; come and stand in the wings—you'll see how easy it is."

She followed closely behind him; the bustle and noise behind the stage bewildered her—there seemed so many people giving orders and moving about all at once. The huge pines of scenery looked as if they must come crashing down every time they were touched; the white lightning-bolts looked as if they would strike the red-headed comedian was doing a legitimate dance and singing a chorus about his mother-in-law.

and tight-rope dancers; they seemed an endless stream. Presently Greaves touched her arm.

"After this turn," She looked up, not understanding. "You go on after this," he said. He smiled encouragingly. "Now, there's nothink to be nervous about. You're going to be a great success. But he had never felt more sure in his life that she would be a hopeless failure. He felt bitterly ashamed of himself as he looked at her white face and twitching lips; she would fail; she must fail. He was as sure of it as he had ever been of anything in his successful career."

The curtain rang down and there was a momentary silence. Hazel moved a step forward—some one took her cloak from her—the curtain swung up again. The band started the opening bars of the sentimental coon song which she had practiced and rehearsed till it haunted her dreams. A powdered gentleman in a heavily braided coat moved across the stage pompously and stuck a placard at the side to the effect that this was an extra turn. As he did so a big young man in the stalls rose hurriedly as if to leave the theater, then stopped and sat down again. The band repeated the first bars of the song and the next moment Hazel stood alone on the big stage.

Barry gave one look at her and quickly away again. He felt as if rough fingers were tearing at his hair. He looked across a child in her short, white frock. He leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his face hidden in his hands. For a moment he was blind and deaf to everything.

Hazel was singing now. Her small, pretty voice filled the big hall with the sweet clearness of a bird's—a little tremulous at first, but gaining in power and confidence as she sang.

The long finger of limelight followed her dainty figure as she moved up and down the wide stage.

Greaves, from the wings, watched her with incredulous eyes. She met his gaze once as she turned and smiled—smiled! He looked round for Hulbert. He gripped his arm with excited fingers.

"She's getting there, man! She's going to be a success! I never was so amazed."

Hulbert did not answer. He was very red in the face and his eyes never left Hazel.

The little song was ended now, and she began to dance. There was nothing wonderful in her dancing.

CHAPTER XXXVI. As soon as Hazel's turn was over Barry got up and left the theater. He was sick at heart; he could just imagine what was going on behind the scenes—how excited Hazel would be and what a fuss they would be making of her.

What was Greaves thinking he wondered. Greaves who had been so sure she would fail, or was that only what he had said? Perhaps he had never really thought so at all; perhaps even now he was metaphorically thumping himself on the back and thinking how infallible he was.

As he passed along the foyer he ran into Greaves himself; the elder man caught him by the arm.

"I was looking for you; they told me you were in front. Come along round and congratulate your wife. We're going to have a little supper to celebrate the occasion. I must admit that I never was so surprised in my life. It only shows that none of us are infallible."

He dug Barry in the ribs playfully. "I'm going to give her a contract right away. Hulbert's crowing over my property, I can tell you. Come along, man."

But Barry did not move; he was scowling fiercely, and his face wore its most obstinate look.

"Thanks, but I don't care about it. I'm glad she's been a success. He stopped, and for a moment their eyes met, then Barry broke out vehemently.

"I'm not glad. I never was so damned sick about anything in my life, and you can tell her so if you like. Good night."

He was gone before Greaves could stop him.

Greaves turned away with a little

but it was pretty and graceful. She looked like a fairy, as Hulbert had told her—a smiling little fairy who was hugely enjoying herself and who confidently expected the audience to do the same.

"There was absolutely nothing in what she did," Della said afterwards, angrily. "Whatever on earth the people saw in her I don't know."

But that they saw something was without a doubt, for when at last the curtain swung down a roar of applause broke out through the house.

Barry raised his white face. Applause! They were actually applauding her! Some youths just behind him were shouting a vociferous "Encore!"

He looked blindly towards the stage. The big curtains were slowly swinging apart, and for a moment Hazel stood between them, a little nervous, a little uncertain what to do. But Barry did not notice that; it was only one thought in his mind—a desolating thought—that she had been a success, after that she had not failed, and that after tonight she would be further removed from him than ever.

Further Reduction in Price of "Gas" Forecast. Washington, Aug. 25.—Further reduction of the price of gasoline was forecast today in a preliminary report by the special senate committee investigating the industry.

The committee's prediction was based on the recent cut in the price of crude oil, which, it was said, might reasonably be expected to reflect itself in the cost to the ultimate consumer of the refined product.

At the same time the committee held that small oil producers and refiners were getting the worst of it under the present organization of the industry because of violent price fluctuations which have followed control of a large percentage of stocks by the largest companies. A continuation of this system, the report said, must "spell disaster" to the small independent concerns which really produce more than half the nation's crude oil.

Judge Takes Puncture to Decide Cruelty Charge. Detroit, Aug. 25.—Judge Harry B. Keidan, in recorder's court, was lashed on the hand with a heavy strap—at his own request. The judge ordered the blow struck to assist him in determining disposition of the case of George Blackman, 35, charged by state humane officers with assault and battery on his 6-year-old stepson.

After feeling the sting of the strap, Judge Keidan ordered a new warrant sworn out charging Blackman with cruelty to children. The court ruled upon the unusual test when Blackman asserted right tags with the strap were sufficient to discolor the boy's flesh.

Doctor at 82 Finds Mothers Prefer His Formula to New-Fangled Salts And Coal Tar Remedies for Babies

Judgment of 1892 vindicated by world's approval of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a simple vegetable compound for constipation—So safe thousands give it to babes in arms—Now has largest sale in the world.

When a man is in the 83rd year of his age, as I am, there are certain things he has learned that only time can teach him. The basis of treating sickness has not changed since I left Medical College in 1876, nor since I placed on the market the laxative prescription I had used in my practice, known to druggists and the public since 1892, as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.



From a recent portrait of Dr. J. C. Caldwell, founder of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from St. Joseph, Mo., 1919

Then the treatment of constipation, biliousness, headaches, mental depression, indigestion, sour stomach and other indispositions that result from constipation was entirely by means of simple vegetable laxatives, herbs and roots. These are still the basis of my Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which is a combination of Egyptian Senna and other mild laxative herbs with pepsin.

Recently new medicines have been brought out for constipation that contain calomel, which is mercury, salts of various kinds, minerals, and coal tar. These are all drastic purges, many of them dangerous, and the medical profession

is warning the public against them. Certain coal tar products will depress the heart; certain salts give rise to intestinal poisoning, impaction and rupture of the intestines. If grown peo-

ple want to use them no one can deny them the privilege, but they should never be given to children.

The simpler the remedy for constipation, the safer for the child and for you, and the better for the general health of all. And as you can get results in a mild and safe way by using Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, why take chances with pills and powders and strong drugs, even if disguised in candy? My remedy, too, costs less than most others, only about a cent a dose. A bottle such as you can find in any drug store, will last a family several months, at all ages use it. It is good for the babe in arms because pleasant to the taste, gentle in action, and free from narcotics. In the proper dose, given in the directions all ages, elderly people will find it especially ideal.

The formula of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on the cover of every bottle, and the ingredients have the endorsement of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia.

\$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

In remembrance of my 83rd birthday I have set aside the sum of Ten Thousand Dollars to be given away in half-ounce bottles of my Syrup Pepsin. Only one Free Trial bottle to a family. All are constipated now and then, and here is an opportunity for you and others to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE. Ask for your free bottle today, simply sending name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 514 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Do not postpone this.

CORNS—stop their pain in one minute!



Immediate relief from corns. Protective, antiseptic and healing. CALLOUSES



Wonderful for calluses or tender spots on soles. Ask for callus size. BUNIONS



Special application for bunions. Daily application, 30 seconds in place.

—by removing the cause. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the only treatment of its kind—protect while they heal. Thin, antiseptic, waterproof. Absolutely safe; will not injure the tenderest toe. So easy to put on, so sure to give quick and lasting relief.

Prepared in the laboratories of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl—internationally known foot specialist and inventor of the proved, corrective foot appliances bearing his name—Zino-pads are scientifically correct and sure.

Try them. At your druggist's or shoe dealer's.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Made in the laboratories of The Scholl Mfg. Co., makers of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances, Arch Supports, etc.

Put one on—the pain is gone!

SUCH PAINS AS THIS WOMAN HAD

Two Months could not turn in Bed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Finally Restored Health

Seattle, Washington.—"I had dragging pains first and could not stand on my feet, then I had chills and shivers and then I had pains in my right side and a hard lump there. I could not turn myself in bed and I could not sleep. I was this way for over two months, trying everything any one told me, but until I had a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until all the hard pains had left me and I was able to be up and to do my work again. The hard lump left my side and I feel splendid in all ways. I know of many women it has helped."—Mrs. G. Richardson, 4840 Ureca St., Seattle, Wash.

This is another case where Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought results after "trying everything any one told me" had failed.

If you are suffering from pain, nervousness and are always tired; if you are low spirited and good for nothing, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baby Found in Arms of Mother Slain by Husband

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 25.—Following a quarrel five small children today are mourning the death of their mother, Mrs. Martha J. Hembree, alleged to have been shot to death at her home here last night by her husband, Albert, who is held in custody

of the police. A sixth child, too small to realize what happened, a babe of 1 year, was found by policemen lying in the slain woman's arms.

Four of the children witnessed the shooting, they told the police, which followed a quarrel over the father's desire to move from the city, thinking he might get work. Hembree, who fled after the shooting, was arrested a short time later. "I cannot remember anything," was the only reply the man would give to the questions of policemen.

Bowen's THE VALUE GIVING STORE August FURNITURE SALE DISCOUNTS

And Fire Clearance Sale!

Many Items Being Sold for Less Than Original Cost to Make. Very seldom does the occasion arise when reductions of from 10% to 50% off our always low value-giving prices is possible, yet this is exactly what we are doing. To what degree this will benefit you can be easily determined by perusing this advertisement, then coming to our store and investigating our present low prices, prices that actually mean a saving to you of 10% to 50%. We suggest coming Saturday.

Remember the Values Shown Here Are Only a Small Part of the Many to Be Obtained

- \$5.00 Iron Beds 95c, \$5.00 full size Bed Springs 95c, \$6.50 Coil Springs \$1.95, \$10.00 Sanitary Springs \$2.95, \$55.00 Brass Beds \$4.95, \$35.00 Kitchen Cabinet \$14.75, \$38.00 Mahogany Tapestry Settee \$10.00, \$22.50 Golden Oak Leather Rocker \$6.95, \$26.00 Brass Bed \$4.50, \$24.50 Ivory Fiber Rocker \$7.50, \$35.50 Frosted Brown Fiber Rocker \$9.95, \$10.00 Mahogany Period Dining Chairs \$3.95, \$75.00 Ivory Chaise Lounge \$22.50, \$125.00 Base Burner \$24.50, \$35.00 Base Burner \$15.00, \$65.00 Base Burner \$13.95, \$50.00 Base Burner \$11.00, \$40.00 Base Burner \$9.85, \$25.00 36x72 Grass Rugs 89c, \$17.50 27x54 Grass Rugs 49c, \$9c 18x36 Grass Rugs 25c, \$45.00 Golden Oak Buffet \$29.75, \$45.00 Kitchen Cabinet \$18.75, \$6.00 and \$7.00 Leather Seat Dining Chairs \$1.25

FREE! FREE! FREE! Thursday, August 31st, the Last Day

Come in and ask about this Italian Walnut Dining Room Suite and 57 other useful household articles that we are going to give away a absolutely free, Thursday, August 31, at 8 p. m. No purchase required.

Have the Metropolitan Van and Storage Co. Move You. H.R. Bowen & Co. Exchange Your Old Furniture, Rug or Stove for New at Bowen's. OPAMA VALUE GIVING STORE Howard St., Between 15th and 16th