

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 report of Fred H. Bixby of Long Beach, Cal., president of the association.

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 parts 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 vitally important "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, O God; let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee, O God; let the nations be glad and sing for joy. 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 dearest 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 behind her.

The red-headed comedian was doing a routine dance and singing a chorus about his mother-in-law. The audience seemed to find it immensely 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

Is Your Sunday "Want" Ad Ready?

Phone-AT-1000

Marriage of Barry Wicklow

By RUBY M. AYRES
Copyright, 1922.

(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 about the time that she 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 behind her.

The red-headed comedian was doing a routine dance and singing a chorus about his mother-in-law. The audience seemed to find it immensely 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

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; he 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.

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, but I don't want to be congratulated by you."

He was gone before Greaves could stop him.

Greaves turned away with a little shrug. He supposed Barry thought he had let him down. He had really meant to try and help them both by putting Hazel on at the Pantheon. It was quite true that he had been sure that she was doomed to failure, and he knew that a failure at the Pantheon would have been utter and entire.

He would have been pleased to see Hazel and Barry reconciled; he had a sneaking regard for them both; but tonight things had changed; Hazel had changed, too. He no longer considered her as a pretty little girl of whom he was rather fond, but as a great money-making speculation.

One could never be sure what the public would take to its erratic heart, he told himself as he turned to go back behind the stage. However, if they wanted the very simple talent, which was all Hazel had to offer them, he was quite willing to see that they got them. In his mind he had already decided what form of contract he would offer to her.

(Continued in The Bee Tomorrow)

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.

Less than 50 per cent of the women eligible to vote in Sweden cast their ballot in the last election in that country.

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.

Less than 50 per cent of the women eligible to vote in Sweden cast their ballot in the last election in that country.

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	\$45.00 Golden Oak Buffet	\$29.75
\$5.00 full size Bed Springs	95c	\$38.00 Mahogany Tapestry Settee	\$10.00
\$6.50 Coil Springs	\$1.95	\$22.50 Golden Oak Leather Rocker	\$6.95
\$10.00 Sanitary Springs	\$2.95	\$26.00 Brass Bed	\$4.50
\$55.00 Brass Beds	\$4.95	\$24.50 Ivory Fiber Rocker	\$7.50
\$35.00 Kitchen Cabinet	\$14.75	\$35.00 Frosted Brown Fiber Rocker	\$9.95
\$38.00 Mahogany Kitchen Cabinet	\$10.00	\$10.00 Mahogany Period Dining Chairs	\$3.95
\$22.50 Golden Oak Leather Rocker	\$6.95	\$75.00 Ivory Chaise Lounge	\$22.50
\$26.00 Brass Bed	\$4.50	\$125.00 Base Burner	\$24.50
\$24.50 Ivory Fiber Rocker	\$7.50	\$35.00 Base Burner	\$15.00
\$35.00 Frosted Brown Fiber Rocker	\$9.95	\$65.00 Base Burner	\$13.95
\$10.00 Mahogany Period Dining Chairs	\$3.95	\$50.00 Base Burner	\$11.00
\$75.00 Ivory Chaise Lounge	\$22.50	\$40.00 Base Burner	\$9.85
\$125.00 Base Burner	\$24.50	\$25.00 36x72 Grass Rugs	89c
\$35.00 Base Burner	\$15.00	\$17.50 27x54 Grass Rugs	49c
\$65.00 Base Burner	\$13.95	90c 18x36 Grass Rugs	25c
\$50.00 Base Burner	\$11.00		
\$40.00 Base Burner	\$9.85		
\$25.00 36x72 Grass Rugs	89c		
\$17.50 27x54 Grass Rugs	49c		
90c 18x36 Grass Rugs	25c		
\$55.00 Pumed Oak Duofolds	\$37.50		

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.

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 to the intestines. If grown people 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 can 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.

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.

From a recent portrait of Dr. W. B. Caldwell, Founder of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from Monticello, Mo., 1919

\$10,000 Worth of Syrup Pepsin Free

CORNS—stop their pain in one minute!

—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!

Immediate relief from corns. Protective, antiseptic and healing.

Wonderful for calluses or splinters on soles. Ask for callus size.

Special advice for bunions. Daily application. Will cure in place.

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 absolutely free, Thursday, August 31, at 8 p. m. No purchase required.

It Pays to Read Bowen's Sunday Ad.

Have the Metropolitan Van and Storage Co. Move You.

H.R. Bowen & Co.

OMAHA VALUE GIVING STORE

Howard St., Between 15th and 16th

Exchange Your Old Furniture, Rug or Stove for New at Bowen's.