Credit System Is Curse to Business, Says Merchant

Fred Mann of Devils Lake, N. D., Tells Omaha Retailers How He Got Trade in 1921.

The greatest curse to business in this country today is the credit system, emphasized Fred P. Mann, prince of small town merchants, who addressed 500 Omaha retail business men at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday on achievements in salesmanship.

It was an enthusiastic gathering that listened to Mr. Mann's narration of how he won $500,000 worth of business in Devils Lake, N. D., a town of 5,000, during the so-called trade depression in 1921.

"Go after the business," was the speaker's advice. "In 1918, I studied retail business conditions in North Dakota. I learned that 76 carloads of catalogs from mail order houses were distributed in the state and that $30,000,000 in business went to those big houses without being taxed by the state. Something was wrong, and I discovered it was the lack of correct advertising on the part of merchants in North Dakota."

Some of the good business advice given by Mr. Mann is:

"Advertise in newspapers, first, last and always.

"Write personal letters to patrons announcing sales.

"Discard the credit system; it leads to loss of friendship, loss of business and good will.

"Hire congenial help."

Out of 500 merchants who attended the meeting yesterday, only 10 admitted following the practice of sending personal letters to customers to announce sales.

"Obey" in Marriage Vows Misleading, Says Bishop

The word "obey" was taken out of the marriage vows of women because of the popular misconception as to its meaning, Bishop E. V. Shayler of the Episcopal diocese of Nebraska explained on his return from the Portland conference yesterday.

"It was never intended to mean that when a man told his wife she could not go to the movies tonight, she'd have to obey him," said the bishop. "It originally referred to conjugal relationship only."

Minneapolis Park Head Sees Omaha Park System

Theodore Wirth, superintendent of the park system in Minneapolis, and his wife were in Omaha yesterday en route on a motor trip to Kansas City. Mr. Wirth was taken over the Omaha park system by Commissioner Hummel and expressed approval of the elaborate outlay in Elmwood park where the new tourist camp is under construction. The Wirths will leave for Kansas City today.

ADVERTISEMENT.

YOU'LL GET RID OF BLACKHEADS SURE

There is one simple, safe and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them.

To do this get two ounces of calonite powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear, leaving the parts without any mark whatever. Blackheads are simply a mixture of dust and dirt and secretions from the body that form in the pores of the skin. Pinching and squeezing only cause irritation, make large pores, and do not get the blackheads out after they become hard. The calonite powder and the water simply dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition. Anyone troubled with these unsightly blemishes should certainly try this simple method.

For Lasting Fragrance Use Cuticura Talcum

There is nothing better than Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming the skin. It appeals to the most fastidious because of its fine, smooth texture and delicate fragrance.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 24P, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Romance invaded the quiet life of Remember Sheldon and smashed all the restrictions and traditions that hedged her about as the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Sheldon of the little town of Calverly. Against her father's commands, she continued to meet secretly her lover, Elwood Farnsby, an upright, self-made young man, second tenor in the choir of her father's church. There came a time when marriage became a necessity to protect her honor, but she hesitated to reveal her secret to Farnsby, until too late. He was crushed to death in an automobile accident and Remember, panic-stricken, appealed to Dr. Bretherick, the family physician.

A cough from which the girl had been suffering furnished the doctor an excuse to order a trip to the southwest. There, he suggested, she was to marry an imaginary man and "let him die quietly." Mem confessed to her mother the secret of the expected baby and her father was induced to approve the trip as necessary for her health.

On the train her first great experience in the great world outside Calverly was her chance meeting with Tom Holby, famous motion picture star. Wholly ignorant of many worldly things, she discovered his identity only after investing in a spirit of bravado in a couple of motion picture magazines.

Yet she read in one of these magazines a statement that one of those peculiar women—this very Robina Tecle, indeed—was being paid more dollars for one week's publicity than her father was paid for four years of saving souls. The press agent may have squandered a cipher or shifted the decimal point a little, but Mem could not know that, and she was convinced that the world was all wrong somewhere. Plainly. No wonder people said it was going to perdition. She wondered what such women could be like—at heart and at home.

As she glanced through the pages of answers to correspondents—and how countless the questioners seemed to be!—her eye caught this paragraph:

Mame L.—Yes, dearie, she will send you a photograph if you will send her 25 cents. Sorry to break your heart, but he is married. Tom Holby isn't, though, so far as I know. How much he gets is his own secret and the income tax collector's, but it was stated that he lately refused an offer of $1,000 a week to desert the company that made him what he yam today. Such loyalty deserves a posy.

Mem closed the magazine with a gasp. That young man refused $1,000 a week! and her father had never had more than $500 a year. And her father saved souls from hell, while men like Holby led them there in droves and would follow in God's good time.

She did not feel any impulse to rush to Tom Holby and warn him to flee from his doom. She simply hated him for selling his soul to the devil at such a price. She did not even admire him for cheating the devil. She just hated him and the cat-eyed Robina and all this Babylonian horde of scarlet women.

And then she heard a voice across her shoulder, a voice of peculiar and unpleasant softness. She had read somewhere of a velvet voice. This one was of plush.

She felt uneasy before she turned her head and almost bumped noses with the woman who spoke. At this close range her resemblance to a doll was astounding; the eyes were vast and glassy, the nose a pug, the mouth full and thick with paint, the face smeared white and red, the hair kinky yellow, as if it were made of hobby-horses' tails.

The voice of imitation velvet repeated: "What I was sayin' was: few've finished 'th that magazine, j'mind if borried it off you? I 'ain't sor that nummba yet."

Mem hardly knew how to answer that face and that dialect. She handed the magazine up over the back of the seat with a smile of shy generosity.

The animated doll remained leaning across the seat. She must be kneeling on the other side. As she skimmed the magazine rapidly the way she ran her eyes up each page reminded Mem somehow of a cat licking one of its paws.

As the girl skimmed picture and text, she talked without looking at Mem:

"You're on the way to Sanglus, I s'pose."

"To where?"

"Lussanglus—chief suburb of Hollywood. Nearly everybody in this strain is bound furl Sanglus."

"Just where is that?"

"My Gawd! Is there anybody on earth who don't know that dump? Or maybe you call it Loss Anjuleez. No two people pernounce it alike."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I didn't catch the name at first. No, I'm only going as far as Tuckson."

"Too-son, eh. You're not on the screen, I guess."

"No-o, no. I'm not."

"It's the life!—leastways it was. So many amachoors bein' drord into it now, though, it ain't what it was. It's the money gets 'em all. Who joo s'pose is on this strain?"

"I can't imagine."

The strange creature disappeared and came round to sit down opposite Mem.

"Joo mind if I set in with you awhile? You're alone, ain't you? Or is your husban' up smokin', the way mine always is? As I says to Cyril only the yother day, 'If you'd 'a' gave as much attention to your rart as you have to your tubbacca, you'd have John D. workin' for you!' I says. 'Better to smoke here than hereafter,' he says. He's awful speedy with the subtitles, that boy. I don't smoke, m'self. Not that I got any predjudices against it. But I think it takes away from a woman's charm. Don't you? No offense intended. Maybe you smoke, yourself."

Mem wagged her head in a daze. She would have been horrified to be suspected of tobacco, and yet since this blatant piece of ignorant artifice had objections to it, her inclination grew perverse.

The magazine engaged the visitor's attention a moment, and Mem studied her as if she were something in a zoo. There was aggressive impudence in the very way she sat—her chin high, her nostrils aflare; her head flaunted now and then to shake away her curls as a mare tosses her mane aside; her shoulders thrown back; her bosom uplifted; her elbows agog, one hand set with fingers dispread on an emphatic hip; legs all over the place, and the skirt so short that one knee, bared by its rolled-down stocking, was manifest.

Mem was almost petrified to observe that the kneecap was powdered and rouged!

Yet she could not help noting also that it was exquisitely modeled and the calves as delicately lathed as a Chippendale spindle. There was refinement in all the creature's outlines, yet hopeless spiritual coarseness. The conflict jarred on Mem, who had taken as little thought of aesthetic mysteries as any pretty girl could, and live as long as she had lived.

Abruptly the perfectly modeled minx shattered Mem's calm with the first she had ever heard a woman use.

"Well, I'm damned! Would ja see what they done to me!"

She whirled herself round and plounced down at Mem's side in a cyclone of perfumery. She pointed to the open page where there was a picture that had slapped Mem in the face. A young man clad in a leopard's pelt and nothing else danced while he held aloft like a cane the horizontal figure of a girl similarly revealed and concealed. She was flung backward, broken at the waist, a mass of hair flowing down from her reverted head; and she was pitifully beautiful. The name under the picture was Viva d'Artoise.

"That's me, Veva Dartoys—stage name, o' course. They used that old pitcher of me with my first husban'! The nerve of 'em! I ought to soo 'em for slander. It's three years old. Them leopard skins is all out of style. They done that to me just to save makin' a noo cut. Gawd! I hope Cyril don't see it. He's so sensatuv. I'll show you one of my latest."

And while Mem's soul was joggled as if the train had left the rails to run along the ties, the girl had left her and returned, carrying a sheaf of photographs, which she displayed with a frankness that shattered Mem's calm.

In some of them she was as fragile and poetical as if she had capered off the side of a Greek vase by Douris himself. In others her beauty was petulant and deprecatory, shy and inexpressibly pure. Again she was an acrobat reckless of consequences. There were pictures of her husband and herself, her husband looking as much like a young Greek god as possible, holding her in the air as high as possible. And each permitted the other to be seen in public like that!

Mem was so shaken that she could find nothing at all to say. She regained speech only when Mademoiselle d'Artoise brought out some scenes taken on the steps of her home—a charming little Spanish bungalow, with her husband mowing the lawn and her ancient mother smiling from the porch. In all these pictures Mademoiselle Viva held a baby, an adorable chubby thing that restored Mem to civilization as she understood it.

The mother explained: "I hadda leave him for a dash to N'York. I and m'husband hadda play a coupla dancers at a swell reception—for the movies, o' course. And they hadda shoot us on Fith Avenyeh to get 'local color.'"

"They shot you for local color! Where?"

"On Fith Avenyeh. We been shot all over the place. We user to be in yawdvul, but we drifted into doin' spectaculars for the movies in the big perductions. It's the life! Hadn't you ever thought of takin' a shy at it?"

Mem shuddered. Her figure was her own or only a little while longer. The Eden of the movies was not for her.

Viva was willing to gossip as long as anyone was willing to listen. She admitted this herself with the frank helplessness of a garrulous soul.

"Cyril's always sayin' I never stop. I'm what he hears talkin' when he falls asleep, and the first thing he hears in the mornin' is me talkin'. Sometimes he says, 'Are you talkin' again or yet?'"

But Mem was an insatiable audience. Her information was a Sahara and no amount of rain could be too much.

All afternoon Viva chattered, giving Mem a liberal education in one of the countless phases of moving picture life, a foreign world, another planet where everything was unlike anything she had ever imagined, where the very laws of social gravity were reversed. She was getting an altogether twisted idea of it all. Her guide was as trustworthy as a Peruvian Indian trying to describe the heroic wonders of the lost city of Machu Picchu. Mem's knowledge of Italy was gained from a banana and fruit peddler in Calverly. Her introduction to Movia was like that of one who enters Stamboul by railroad through the back yards of Constantinople. What she heard gave her no curiosity to see more, and an assurance that her dear old father had made a good guess at Los Angeles.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Enraged Wife Used Whip on Woman, She Tells Court

An enraged wife, Mrs. Selina Brokaw of Detroit, appeared in police court yesterday morning against her husband, C. J. Brokaw, and Sue Harper, who were arrested on her complaint, at Hotel Rome Monday afternoon.

She said her husband went west from Detroit in 1913 and met Sue Harper in Sioux City. She followed him to Detroit, where Mrs. Brokaw horsewhipped her in the street, according to her testimony. Later the two left and she traced them to Omaha.

The case was continued until October 24.

Zimman Resigns From City Commissioner Post

City Commissioner Harry B. Zimman yesterday morning formally resigned from his post, effective October 1. The city council accepted the resignation.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

—By George Bingham—

Sidney Hocks is becoming one of our most dare-devil young men. The other evening while riding his bicycle he ran right through a flock of chickens

in the road, while the owner, Mrs. Tobe Moseley, was sitting on the porch in full view.

* * *

Clab Hancock says he hasn't a thing in the world to worry him now, as his wife has just bought some window shades that will roll.

* * *

The Tin Peddler missed a sale at the home of Jefferson Potlocks this morning, as Jeff's wife made signs that she wanted something, but the children were cutting up so he never could understand what it was.

Common Sense

Do You Profit by Your Mistakes?

Don't you excuse yourself too easily for errors you make?

You comfort yourself with the thought—"To err is human."

Do your mistakes make such an impression on you that you do not make the same mistake more than once?

Or do you lightly pass them over and consider them of small consequence?

Every time you make an error it should be food for some good solid thought, that you may profit by the mistake; in this way you will make headway.

If you do not give a little thought to what you have done you are bound to keep on making mistakes, because not sufficiently on guard against them.

You may think the boss is pretty severe on you sometimes for the way he goes after you because of errors, but the fact that he does may be the only way you are keeping your position, for you are more particular on account of the scoring you get and that may be the only way you hold your job.

Why should he require to be forceful to make an impression on you?

If you are the sort that has to be hit on the head to stop where you are, then harsh treatment is required rather than mild.

The calling down you get so frequently may be of great value to you if you have a mind to profit by it. Retain the helpful suggestions.

In Sandhurst, Bendigo, Australia, it is not uncommon to see old prospectors and tramps prospecting "for a color" after a heavy rainstorm. Gold is found by road menders and a barrow load of this storm-sluiced sand has been known to yield half an ounce of fine gold.

DRESSES
New Arrivals Daily at
MODERATE PRICES
Julius Orkin
1512-Douglas St.

Bring the Family
Luncheon, 40c-45c and 50c
Dinner...50c-60c and 75c
MELBA GRILL
2038 Farnam St., Omaha.

Parents' Problems

What can mothers of high-school girls do to improve the present fashions of dress followed by girls?

Suggest to their daughters to start a new "fashion" of pretty yet modest dress. Talk with other mothers. Follow the example of the Women's club of one of our large cities, which offered prizes (first, second and third), for the prettiest dresses made by high-school girls, the material for every dress "entered" in the contest to cost only one dollar. The photographs of the prize-winners in their prize-winning dresses were charming.

Agriculture constitutes the chief source of the power and wealth of the Japanese people in spite of the rapid strides made recently in the manufacturing and mining industries. Sixty per cent of the population of Japan is rural.

Corns Go

Just say **Blue-jay** to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly
©B&B

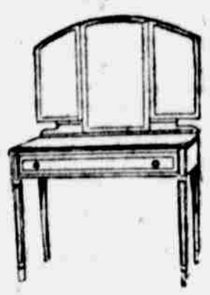
Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

SIXTEENTH AND HOWARD STREETS

BEDROOM FURNITURE

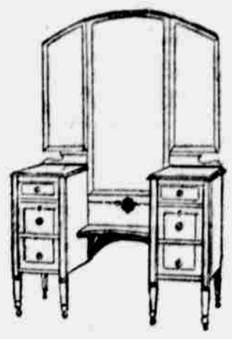
Designed for Lifetime Service, Enjoyment and Convenience

We picture three pieces of a suite which is built of choice stock of American walnut or mahogany with full dust proof drawer construction. You will better appreciate the value of this suite after you see the pieces on our floor. It's one of our new patterns, clean in design, superior in construction and finish and moderately priced.



Triple mirror dressing table, like cut, 40 inches wide, with one 14x24 and two 10x20 French plate mirrors, **$48.00**

Bow foot bed to match; priced at **$58.00**



Vanity dresser, like cut, 48 inches wide, fitted with one 18x40 and two 10x28-inch mirrors **$88.00**

Chifforobe, like cut, 48 inches high and fitted with 3 liftout sliding trays **$65.00**

Dresser to match, 44 inches wide, fitted with 28x32 French plate mirror **$69.50**

BEDDING

We have recently enlarged this department, conveniently located on our main floor, and now carry complete lines of standard and well known makes of blankets, comforts, bedspreads, sheets and pillow cases.

We List a Few of the Most Interesting Values

Comforts

Full sized comforts, filled with clean white cotton, especially priced for this sale at **$2.85**

Fine quality silkoline covered comforts with white carded cotton filling, full size, specially priced **$4.75**

Soft lambs wool comforts, fine silkoline covering, plain borders **$8.75**

Sheets and Pillow Cases

In all sizes, plain and hemstitched, 81x-99 Piquoit sheet **$1.95**

45x36 pillow cases, each.....**45¢**

Blankets

Fine cotton double wool finished blankets, golden fleece, 66x80, assorted plaids, special value **$4.75**

70x82 assorted plaids, 3-inch ribbon binding **$5.50**

Beautiful guaranteed all wool double blanket, plain white and assorted blocks 3-in. ribbon binding, **$12.50, $13.75**

Kenwood Koverlet

A dainty light weight all wool Chaise Lounge or Daybed covering in well selected colorings, 62x84.....**$12.75**

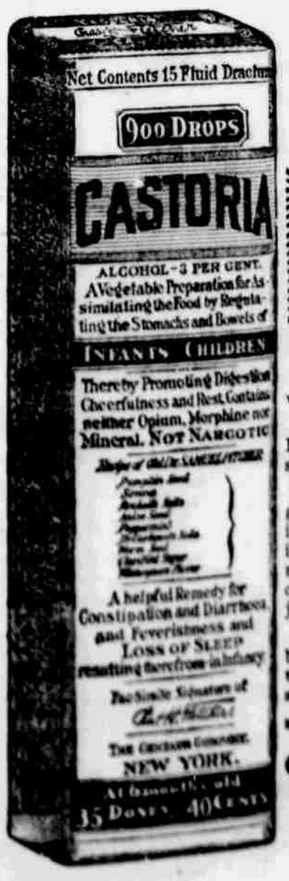
Are You Human?

A little baby. A little child. Don't they appeal to you? Doesn't your heart yearn to pick them up, to cuddle them close to you, to shield them from all harm? sure it does else you're not human. Being human you love them. Their very helplessness makes you reach out in all your strength to aid them. In health there's no flower so beautiful. In illness there's no night so black

Save them then. Use every precaution. Take no chance.

When sickness comes, as sickness will, remember it's just a baby, just a child and if the Physician isn't at hand don't try some remedy that you may have around the house for your own use.

Fletcher's Castoria was made especially for babies' ills and you can use it with perfect safety as any doctor will tell you. Keep it in the house.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

Do the People Know?

Do you know why you are asked to call for Fletcher's Castoria when you want a child's remedy: why you must insist on Fletcher's?

For years we have been explaining how the popularity of Fletcher's Castoria has brought out innumerable imitations, substitutes and counterfeits.

To protect the babies: to shield the homes and in defense of generations to come we appeal to the better judgment of parents to insist on having Fletcher's Castoria when in need of a child's medicine. And remember above all things that a child's medicine is made for children—a medicine prepared for grown-ups is not interchangeable. A baby's food for a baby. And a baby's medicine is just as essential for the baby.

The Castoria Recipe (it's on every wrapper) has been prepared by the same hands in the same manner for so many years that the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and perfection in the product are synonymous.

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.

"Service"

The men and women who make up the organization of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company are doing their best to give a service that will be thoroughly satisfactory to telephone users.

By "service" we mean not only prompt, accurate work by our operators, but courteous business relations, speedy repairs, accurate bills—in short, complete satisfaction in your every dealing with us.

We believe that we are giving good service; but we realize that our service is good only if it satisfies our patrons.

If our service does not satisfy you in every way, we shall appreciate it greatly if you will let us know.

NORTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

Mrs. Anna Conner

Newbro's Herpicide

Brings Out The Life and Beauty of Your Hair

For bringing out the natural beauty and luxuriance of your hair and restoring your scalp to a healthy condition, nothing will equal Herpicide.

If your hair is not velvety, soft and luxuriant it means that the natural sheen is hidden. Herpicide will bring out the natural sheen and make your hair fairly gleam with life and beauty. The days of your faded-out looking hair will have passed and your appearance will be so improved that it will be a surprise to you and a revelation to your friends.

Newbro's Herpicide

Removes Dandruff - Stops Falling Hair

Herpicide will not only make your hair beautiful, but it quickly removes all your unsightly dandruff, stops your itching scalp and prevents your hair from falling out. Your scalp will tone up and become healthy - a healthy scalp is the only true hair grower.

Herpicide has a most dainty and exquisite odor. Many ladies use it as a perfume.

Herpicide is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it or your dealer will refund your money upon request. Buy a bottle today and have beautiful, luxuriant hair.

Sold By All Drug and Dept. Stores
Applications At Barber Shops

SHERMAN & McCONNELL, Special Agent