

THE GUMPS - SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

COME ONE, COME ALL

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sidney Smith



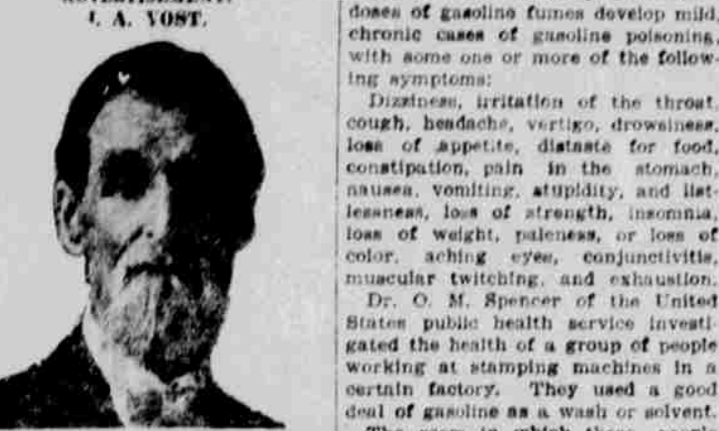
Common Sense

Do You Economize in Luxuries or Necessities? Isn't it true that you grumble too much and worry too much about your expenses, while you give too little thought to how to reduce them? When you think of cutting outlay, you give least consideration to reducing along the line of more expensive things and try to economize on the necessary things. It pleases your vanity and gives you more amusement to do a lot of things which you cannot really afford to do. You excuse yourself saying, "One really must live," by which you mean that you want to live up to a certain standard, afford it or not. But what real enjoyment do you get out of worrying about the bills? Isn't it really silly of you to persist in a course which is bound eventually to cause your embarrassment. To have peace of mind and to financially stand on your feet is worth more than the entertainment you get out of things which are beyond your means. To live in an expensive house, in an expensive neighborhood, to belong to the exclusive club, and wear costly clothing and entertain your friends in a lavish style is a dear price to pay for the financial difficulties you are bound to incur, unless you have plenty of money. (Copyright, 1922.) The new 20-1 airplane, now being constructed for the United States army, requires a section of the intestines from more than 2,000,000 catfish. Only a small piece of this tough skin, known as "gold beater's skin," can be obtained from each animal. After the skins are cemented together the fabric is finished.

How to Keep Well

By DR. W. A. EVANS Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee, will be answered personally, subject to proper limitation, where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Dr. Evans will not make a diagnosis nor prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee. Copyright, 1922.

THE GASOLINE "JAG." A person can get up a pretty good "jag" from breathing gasoline fumes in large doses. The symptoms are: Headache, nausea, stuffy feeling, heaviness or sleepiness, roaring in the ears, inclination to cough, feeling of irritation, and constriction in the throat.



PAIN IN BACK OF NECK?

READ WHAT THIS MAN SAYS: Mendamin, Iowa.—"For over one year and a half I was afflicted with what the doctors called neuritis in both arms, shoulders, back of neck and head. I took treatment from many doctors, also at the Springs, but found no relief until I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets. I had not taken them over thirty days until I got relief. I continued their use for several weeks and was then feeling fine. I can do my work without any pain or trouble, although I am past 75."—J. A. Yost, Route 2. "Health is my most valuable asset. Do not neglect it. Write Dr. Pierce, president of the Invalids' Hotel, in Buffalo, N. Y., all about yourself. You will receive confidential medical advice FREE of all cost. Or, send 50c for a trial pkg. of Anuric (anti-acid).

Sensible, Thinking Women no longer doubt the efficacy of that old-fashioned root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, because it relieves the ailments to which they are afflicted. In almost every neighborhood there are living witnesses of its wonderful effects. Therefore, if you doubt its value or power to help you, ask your neighbor. In nine times out of ten she has been benefited by its use or knows someone who has. It will pay you to get this root and herb medicine a trial.

Corns Go 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 CORNS Stop their pain in one minute - by removing the cause! Just put on one of Dr. Scholl's protective, soothing Zino-pads. No stinging, no burning, no redness, no irritation. Healing begins immediately. The only treatment of its kind. The pads are thin, adhesive, water-proof and absorbent. Get a box for your corns, callouses, bunions. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Put one on - the pain is gone!

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Yesterday.) The tide of hard times had engulfed the studio where she was engaged. All but two or three companies were laid off. The laboratory force was reduced to a skeleton. She went home one night and did not come back. And now the dark room that had served as her prison, her cage, her home as the shut case of a canary that cannot get in again. She was lonely for the many-faceted gloom, for the life's vast chambers with the big vase of "soupy" where the endless tapes of minute pictures were developed; the lurid red room where the printing presses rattled; the drying and captioning with the vital mill wheels revolved with their cascades of film. The gates of the "lot" were closed against her as the gates of Eden against Eve. There was no pleasure in lying about of mornings. There was no comfort in omitting the stamps to beat the time clock. The pay day came around no more, either. She had debts to abate for clothes no longer fresh. She had tomorrow's and next week's hunger to dread. The girls at her house were equally idle and their hospitalities lost its warmth for lack of fuel. They tried to make the best of things. They wore the records to shreds and danced together all day long to pass the time away. Young men who had no money to spend on excursions came to the house of evenings and helped to dance until the tedious. It became a commonplace for Mem to sit about in young men's arms, she learned to dance, she learned to play a little golf, a little tennis. She even gained a bit of familiarity with the saddle at the home of an officer, but she never learned to ride. She built a riding ring on her estate when she was flush and was glad now to have her friends exercise themselves and her stable.

Mem went also on her first beach picnic. If she did not learn to swim, she learned at least to add the paganism of the ocean to the paganism of the desert, and the pain-blown plains. The Pacific-coast civilization surpassed all the other coasts in its return to the pre-flood days. On the leagues of sand variously named Coronado, La Jolla, Laguna, Redondo, Hermosa, Santa Monica, there was as much of the old as there was of the new. In the Marquesan and Tahitian realms that Frederick O'Brien found, or made, so Elysian with his fragrant perfume. The first day of Mem's visit to the shore was terrifying. As the automobile in which she rode threaded the long and narrow lane of Venice, a woman dressed across the path, and a child by the arm. Mem thought at first that the mother must be fleeing from a fire that had surprised her in her bed, and that in her confusion she had put on her husband's undershirt and nothing else. But hundreds of others were seen hurrying from the same fire in much the same costume. The girls who were with her parked the car in a little blind alley ending at the walk along the sand. Mem had come at last to "where the mountains meet the sea."

The blinding blue desert of the Pacific, almost as calm as the sky it met, and waded with the twin blues overwhelmed Mem for a moment with vastitude. Then she caught sight of the margin where the waves broke lazily in long condescending lines of green fringed with white froth. Among the billows and in front of them swarming human midges leaped, swam, ran, walked, squatted, hopped, flitted, lunched, nursed babies, slept. The sand was shooed with umbrellas, a monstrous poppy field, long columns, silver miles on miles of little shops were aligned, with piers thrusting out into the ocean, bridges that led nowhere and were loaded down with pleasure shops, candy wheels, insane railroads that made a spot of seashore terrors, every ingenuity for making happy fools of the mob bent on enjoying. As far as the eye could see along the vast scythe blade of shore thousands of people were packed so tightly that if Mem had had one of them in Calverly she would have fainted. She was stunned. But the enormity of the multitude gave the exposure an impersonal aspect. It was like looking into a can of fishing worms wriggling unclothed in anything but a light nuptial band of color. As she stood benumbed Levin nudged her and said: "Hurry up! We mustn't miss a minute." "Am I expected to go in there like that?" "Of course!" "Not me! Not today! No, thank you!" She could not be persuaded. She barely managed to sit on the sand and wait. While she waited her eyes were whinged with such sights that she was anesthetized by shock. Fat mothers, fat fathers, nervous men, and adolescent boys paraded among infants and boys and girls in all stages of growth, and none of them was dressed in anything according to any standard Mem knew. Here and there Apollo and Aphrodite moved in perfection of design and rhythm, their beauty and their grace appealingly revealed. Mem bent her head, averted her eyes, felt sick at the stomach. But the conviction of the thing was more potent than any other influence. She began to think herself a sinner to be the only one out of step with this crowd. She thought herself to look without blinking and she gazed without winking. She was so and by the beauty, the beauty, the beauty! Her heart throbbed, her eyes were moist, her face flushed, her breath came in gasps. She was so and by the beauty, the beauty, the beauty!

Uncle Sam Says Correct Height and Weight of Children. Is your child up to the standard in height and weight? Do you know what your child should weigh and gain each month? The United States Bureau of Education has issued two posters giving the correct height and weight of children from 5 to 15 years of age. Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of either of these posters by addressing the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., asking for "Health Education Poster No. 2" for weights and heights of boys and "Health Education Poster No. 3" for girls' heights and weights.

Since Viking Days cod-liver oil, now known to be exceptionally rich in the vitamins, has been a means of health and strength to tens of thousands. Scott's Emulsion is cod-liver oil direct from the "Land of the Vikings," made into a form not unlike rich cream. It helps make and keep boys, girls and grown people sturdy.

Dog Hill Paragrafts

By George Bingham

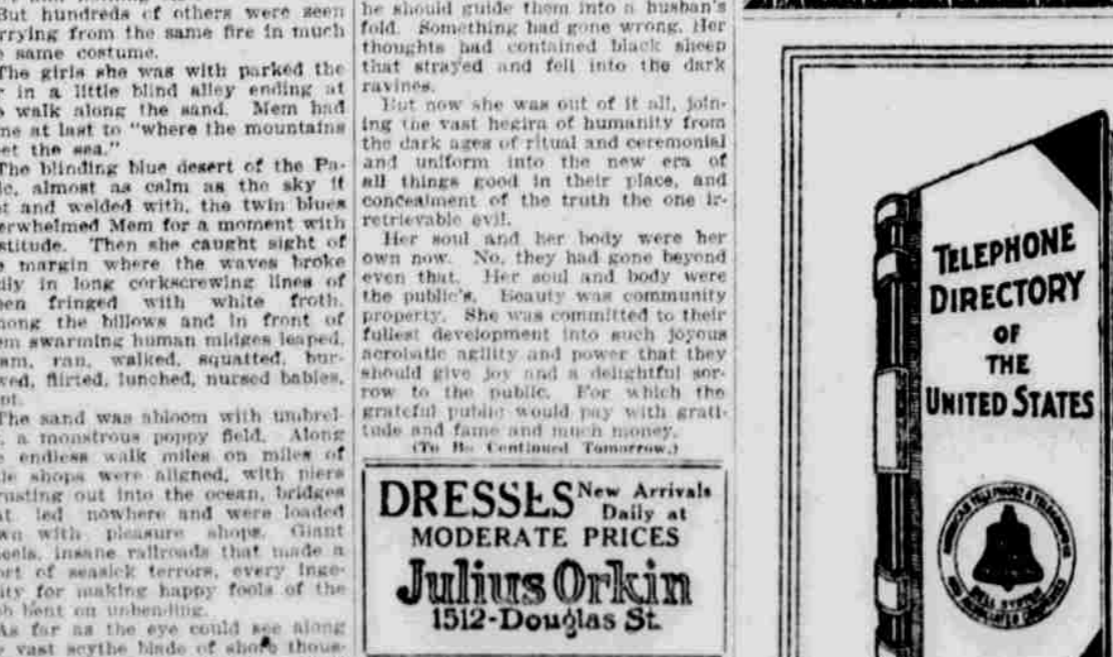
Ellick Helwanger was noticed at the Bounding Hillows store yesterday afternoon looking at a black necktie and a right black suit of clothes, which is a strong indication that he is either going to die or get married. Cricket Hicks saw Miss Peachie Sims at the store this afternoon, and noticing that she carried a paper of pins, he wanted to tote them home for her, but she told him she was still able and willing to bear her own burdens. Before the afternoon had slipped into twilight she was able to laugh when she saw them playing ball with a sunburnt young man of their acquaintance. When they gathered about her and sat in a corner of brown and white legs, she had to reconcile herself to South Sea standards. The sky was too bright to stare at all the time. They ate peas, nuts and popcorn and introduced her to that wonderful meal composed of a roll split open like a clam and stuffed with cold sausage, dill pickle, lettuce and mustard, a viand so infrequently seen that it had a grace to its shameless name, "hot dog." A few days later Mem might have been seen in a bathing suit of popular brevity, substituting a general coat of tan for the 40 bluishpower she had abandoned. She was not sure whether to call herself a lost or a new found soul, but she was sure that she was an utter changeling from the remorseful girl who stole shamefast out of Calverly to hide herself from human eyes. She was already publishing her bodily grace to the world and she was devoted with ambition to give her soul entire to the millions. She wanted to attitudinize her soul upon a film as public and as huge as the sky and compel mankind to watch it and admire. Mem in a way was an allegory of all recent womanhood. She had dwelt in Puritanical respectability as in a kind of mental harem, with a passion for her demure mind and a shapeless black robe of modesty over her humdrum clothes. Her thoughts had been her father's to direct until he should guide her into his arms. Her thoughts had contained black sheep that strayed and fell into the dark ravines. But now she was out of it all, joining the vast heira of humanity from the dark ages of ritual and ceremonial and uniform into the new era of all things good in their place, and concealment of the truth the one irretrievable evil. Her soul and her body were her own now. No, they had some beyond even that. Her soul and body were the public's. Beauty was community property. She was committed to their fullest development into such joyous aesthetic activity and power that they should give joy and a delightful sorrow to the public. For which the grateful public would pay with gratitude and fame and renown money. (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

DRESSES New Arrivals

Daily at MODERATE PRICES Julius Orkin 1512-Douglas St.

For Relief from Piles

Send to Nearest Druggist for a Box of Piles... U. S. Leads Telephone statistics recently compiled show that all Europe has only about 5,300,000 telephones, or about one telephone for every eighty people. In the United States alone there are over 12,500,000 telephones operated by the Bell System and connecting companies. This is nearly two-thirds of all the world's telephones. In Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria and Germany the telephone systems are operated by the government. In Sweden, and Denmark, where the telephone has been largely under private control, there are more than three times as many telephones in proportion to the population as in Great Britain or France.



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Public Now Prefers Vegetable Laxatives

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin affords prompt relief in a natural way. THE public is constantly becoming more discriminating in its choice of things. Those subject to constipation try to learn what makes them constipated, and then avoid it. If constipation persists in spite of all their efforts they take the mildest, most easily tolerated laxative obtainable, and not a drastic physic that upsets them for days afterwards. An over 10 million bottles of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin are sold a year, a large proportion of the people of this country must believe that this mild vegetable compound is the proper remedy for them, and so it is. No need to take salt waters and powders that dry up the blood; coal-tar drugs in candy form that produce skin eruptions, or calomel that salivates. These drugs are "herald measures," over-effective, weakening and gripping. The best constipation remedy is the one that moves the bowels without shock to your system, and such a one is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics, and has been satisfactorily sold for 30 years. Unlike the harsher physics it does not produce a habit, and increased doses are not required; in fact, it so trains the stomach muscles that in time medicines of all kinds can be dispensed with. Many take a teaspoonful of Syrup Pepsin once a week as a health safeguard. Others use it only when required, as, for example, Mrs. J. W. Borroughs of Little Rock, Ark., who finds it equally valuable for herself and the children, and Mr. Eneas S. Costa of Watsonville, Cal., whose family uses it regularly. Try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in constipation, biliousness, piles, headaches, sallow complexion, and to break up fevers and colds. A generous-size bottle can be had at any drug store, and it costs only about a cent a dose!

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEP SIN

The family laxative

Coal Is Our Business - Not Our Sideline Peoples Coal Co.