Mice Have Holiday While 116 Blooded Cats Are in Show

Feline Aristocrats of All Shades Exhibited by Omaha Persian Cat Society at Auditorium.

"When the cat is away the mice will play."

Many mice are having a holiday for a few days on account of the annual show being held at the Auditorium by the Omaha Persian Cat society.

This show is held in the balcony and will run until Saturday night. Mrs. C. C. Stevens, show manager, stated yesterday that she had 116 entries and more to come.

Saved by Mary Pickford.

One of the features of the show is "Scrub," who occupies cage No. 107. Mrs. Stevens is authority for the story that the cat was saved by Mary Pickford. It is not a Persian cat, but is a feline of unusual size and of considerable hauteur.

The most valuable cat in the show is "King," shown by Mrs. C. E. Cummings of Kansas City, Mo. This beautiful Persian has a yard of ribbons and medals won at cat shows throughout the United States. Any Omahan willing to pay $1,500 may take King home. Mrs. Cummings also shows "Jack O' Lantern," another prize-winning animal with blue eyes. This cat won prizes at the Chicago and the Kansas City shows.

Many Prize Winners.

There are Persians of all colors and shades at the show. Mrs. Ruegnitz of Denver is showing her "Ima Son of Moonbeam," first prize winner at the Denver show two weeks ago. This is a silver colored cat. Mrs. C. C. Stevens entered "Tornado of Fox Valley," and "Dreamery," two of her prize winning cats at the Denver show.

Blanche E. Watson of Aurora, Ill., noted cat authority, will be here today to judge the cats at the Omaha show.

Mrs. Z. McIntosh, Forty-sixth and Washington streets, is showing "Mayflower" and "Sunflower," sister cats, eight months old.

Dr. C. C. Hall is veterinarian of the show.

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 diagnosis or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Linwood, Ala., is a small place, say about 1,000 inhabitants. Nearby is Demopolis, Ala., with 6,000 inhabitants, and yet Linwood had more than six times as much dengue as did Demopolis, its neighbor, and here is the reason:

According to Dr. S. W. Welch, Alabama state health officer, Demopolis conducted a thorough-going anti-mosquito campaign in order to get rid of malaria. Linwood did not. Dr. Welch further says that all Alabama towns that had conducted anti-mosquito, anti-malaria campaigns had escaped dengue.

Leaving Dr. Welch, I tackled Dr. Bharnis of the Florida state health department with this question: When can I advise the people who write me for information that they can go to Florida for the winter with saftey against dengue? He replied that dengue always stops when the nights get cold enough to stop mosquitoes; that there should be no danger after December 1, and that there is not much danger after November 15. Then he added that Miami and many other Florida towns, especially east coast towns, had had no dengue. Why? Because they have conducted mosquito campaigns especially planned to control malaria.

But dengue is not spread by malaria mosquitoes. So far as we know, it is spread by mosquitoes that are either those which convey yellow fever or are their close relatives.

How can a campaign against malaria serve to prevent dengue and even yellow fever?

The answer is easy. When folks go out to get mosquitoes, they leave the microscope at home. They are not content to kill country mosquitoes, roadside breeders nad such. They get mad with the entire mosquito family.

They become discontented and unhappy if bitten by any kind of a mosquito, ring-legged, white-legged, dotted winged, biting by day, night time, any time. They drain low ground, oil ponds and put minnows in streams, but they do not stop then. Having arrived at a point where even a buzzing irritates them, they clean up all the breeding places in and around the house—put on screens, patch up holes and keep behind their walls of protection.

The result is that in addition to escaping malaria, they are safe against dengue and yellow fever, are generally more comfortable and happier, and live more healthily.

This may not be something for nothing, but it is like buying a quarter's worth of lard and having a side of meat thrown in for good measure.

Prunes Won't Harm You.

L. C. writes: "1. Will you kindly tell me what is the harmful effect of benzoic acid in cranberries and plums? In a recent article on acids and fruits you stated that this acid in these fruits was not beneficial, but I have been advised to eat prunes as a laxative.

"2. Why is it that grapefruit seems to agree with me when oranges and lemons do not, since all these contain the same acid—citric?"

REPLY.

1. Benzoic acid is not readily broken up in the body into simple chemicals. Kellogg says the use of these fruits (those which contain benzoic acid) tends to render the tissue fluid, the urine acid and to cause acidosis.

I have an idea that the dose of benzoic acid in prunes is too small to be worth reckoning with. Normal people can eat cranberries in moderation with safety.

2. I do not know. Lemons and oranges contain a greater proportion of acid.

Keep Adam's Apple.

C. L. K. writes: "1. What is the cause of so-called Adam's apple?

"2. Is there any method of making it less prominent?

"3. I am 16 years old, 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weigh 150 pounds.

REPLY.

1. I reckon you must unload on pa or ma.

2. Getting fat.

3. Keep your apple. Obesity is the greater evil.

Bitten by Rabid Cat.

Mrs. A. L. J. writes: "We had a cat come to our neighborhood which was found to have rabies. It bit one little girl and scratched another.

"What I want to know is, if that scratch will hurt the girl if the cat's claws did not draw blood?"

REPLY.

I think there is considerable danger some of the infected saliva may have been on the claws.

Drawing blood is not an essential for infection.

The child had better be treated.

Reflex Causes Sneezing.

A. Mc. writes:

"1. A newspaper article recommends the eating of a peach stone kernel after meals to aid digestion on the theory that one poison counteracts the other. Is there anything to it?

"2. I sometimes have violent attacks of sneezing, which last an hour or two, accompanied by watery discharges from nose and other symptoms of a bad cold. These attacks seem to me to be due to gastric irritation, although at such times I do not feel any stomach disturbance. The trouble leaves as suddenly and mysteriously as it came. Please advise me."

REPLY.

1. No.

2. This is due to some reflex. Such symptoms sometimes precede the desire to go to stool. This relation was one of the justifications for sniffing tobacco snuff, as our forebears were wont to do.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Past Defeats Don't Mean Failures Always.

Are you worrying too much about the past?

Your poor efforts, your mistakes the things you ought to have done and the things you ought not to have done, are the things you keep in mind, rather than what you should do in future.

The more you worry about the past the less time you have to think of the present and the future.

Forget your mistakes and misfortunes of past years except to provide information and furnish danger signals for the future.

Mistakes in judgment which you thought quite right at the time and have proven poor with the passing, should make you better prepared to reach success now.

Because you have met with defeats in the past should not convince you that you are a failure.

It is well to know the pitfalls before you engage in any undertaking and knowing you can avoid them.

Don't consider yourself a down-and-outer, but get yourself together and go at it again.

Parents' Problems

How can the slang problem be solved in a family, when the father uses slang?

The system of fines is a good one. Charge a cent for every slang word or expression. Have a small bank conveniently at hand, to take care of the money. Set a regular time for opening it, and select a definite object to which to donate the contents.

Woman in State Cabinet

Mrs. Mary Finn Lawrence

Mrs. Mary Finn Lawrence is being mentioned as a possible member of Governor-elect Gifford Pinchot's state cabinet in Pennsylvania.

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

The Way Madge Strove to Avoid Harry Underwood.

Only the consciousness that somewhere behind me were the watchful eyes of the three reporters kept me from a violent start as I caught sight of the tall man who at my approach had suddenly turned away from the head of the stairway and melted into the crowd.

For I instantly had recognized the disguise with which the tall man was invested, and knew at once the identity of the man sporting the white military mustachios and closely-trimmed white beard of an elderly foreigner, and wearing the faultlessly tailored but foreign-looking clothing. Harry Underwood again appeared upon my horizon. And with the knowledge of the watchful eyes behind me, there was no other person of my acquaintance whom I more dreaded to meet. With him in my vicinity, I felt as if I were holding a can of explosives in one hand and a lighted match in the other.

That he had been watching for my appearance at the head of the waiting room stairway I was sure, and I did not need to exercise my mental powers very greatly to deduce the reason for his being there. He had told me that he kept close track of my doings and Dicky's, and he must have read the account of Dicky's escapade in the morning newspapers, and decided that I would take the first train available.

His quick avoidance of me meant only a respite. Harry Underwood can do nothing except with a dramatic flourish. I was not only sure that he would join me at some stage of my journey, but that he would endeavor to provide a setting for his appearance which should breathe mystery and melodrama.

A Sudden Inspiration.

If I could only elude him and the reporters at the same time! I clicked my teeth angrily at the remembrance that my inexperience in city driving had prevented me from making the entire journey by motor, and I mentally resolved that before many weeks had passed I would be able to take my car anywhere. But that resolve did not help me now, and as I walked slowly across the space devoted to hurrying commuters coming and going, I tried to think of some feasible plan.

And then, with a sudden inspiration I wheeled and hurried toward the stairway which leads up from the Long Island station to the taxi entrance.

I was tempted to step into a taxi there and be taken directly to the ferry, but I had a psychic little feeling that somewhere behind me Harry Underwood's keen eyes were watching me, and I dodged between taxis across the driveway into the big open space of the Pennsylvania station. I had remembered that from the corridor of the lavatories beneath the women's waiting room there is a door leading into the labyrinth of stairways and passages. By these I might reach the Eighth avenue side of the big building, and with good luck get a taxi unobserved.

"Well Played, Lady Fair!"

Trying to keep my gait a moderate one so that I might not be conspicuous by my haste, I walked through the concourse and the waiting room and down the steps into the lavatory corridor, and thence up the stairs to the Eighth avenue entrance. But there was no empty taxi to be seen, and I realized that I must walk to the corner before getting one.

I cast an apprehensive glance around me, was reassured by seeing no familiar face, and made my way to the corner, where I was instantly accosted by the chorus:

"Taxi, lady? Taxi?

I selected the man nearest me, and waited until I was in the cab before I gave him the direction. Then in a low tone I told him to take me to the ferry and to hurry. I knew that I could have made much better time to the Jersey terminus of my train by taking the tubes, but I already had decided to wait for a later train to Caldwin or to find some other route to the village than the direct one which I was sure the reporters meant to take.

At the ferry entrance I paid and dismissed the taxi man, walked into the big building and secured my ticket just in time for the opening of the gates.

I went directly to the front of the boat, my favorite spot, one of which I never tire when crossing the river, and exulted over two things—that I was alone, and that I had eluded Harry Underwood.

The boat was moving slowly out of the slip when his voice, cautiously low, but full of exultant mischief, sounded behind me.

"Well played, Lady Fair, but you'll have to get up earlier in the morning to fool your Uncle Dudley."

CHAPTER VI.

Two Can Play a Waiting Game.

Master Meadow Mouse had waked up early from his afternoon nap and had come to the stone wall beside the pasture. Each evening he met his friends there. And they had fine times frisking in and out among the stones.

He was the first to reach the wall this evening—that is, the first of all his merry company. There was, however, one person who was there ahead of him. This was Tommy Fox. And the moment Master Meadow Mouse appeared, Tommy ran to meet him.

Master Meadow Mouse saw Tommy in time. He whisked off the top of the wall and crept down into a deep cranny between two rocks. And then he smiled all to himself.

"He didn't get me this time," he chuckled. But his smile soon faded. He thought of his friends. "I hope they'll all be very late this evening," he murmured.

Like all good hunters, Tommy Fox knew how to play a waiting game. When he chased some small creature into a hole Tommy would stay there for a long, long time, watching for a pair of bright eyes to peep out and a little nose to sniff. He was always careful to crouch out of sight—and out of smell—of any tiny person whom he was hunting in this fashion.

And now Tommy waited beside the wall. He hid behind a clump of ferns, through which he peered sharply, never once taking his eyes off the cranny into which Master Meadow Mouse had vanished.

Meanwhile Master Meadow Mouse waited too. He knew a good deal

Meanwhile Master Meadow Mouse waited too

about the fax family and their ways. Very early in his young life his mother had told him tales about them. And to these stories Master Meadow Mouse had listened so closely that now he could repeat every one of them. This was why he kept perfectly still and never even tried to look out and see if his enemy had left.

But at last it seemed to Master Meadow Mouse that Tommy Fox must certainly have grown tired of waiting and gone away.

"I'll creep out now," Master Meadow Mouse thought.

But before he could move, Tommy Fox spoke. It seemed to Master Meadow Mouse that Tommy yawned as he remarked to nobody in particular, "He must have got away. I may as well go down to the henhouse. Yes! I'll trot along." And then a twig snapped, just as if Tommy Fox had carelessly stepped on it.

Master Meadow Mouse had caught his breath when Tommy's voice broke the silence.

"My! That was a narrow escape," he said to himself. "Anyhow, I can step out in a few moments; because he'll be gone."

All at once Master Meadow Mouse remembered one of his mother's tales about Tommy Fox—the one that told how he never, never, never stepped on a dry twig. Yes! he always moved through the woods without making the slightest sound.

If Tommy stepped on a twig now, it was only to make Master Meadow Mouse think he had moved away. If he spoke, it was only to fool Master Meadow Mouse into believing he was really going down to Farmer Green's henhouse.

So Master Meadow Mouse sat tight. In a little while he heard Solomon Owl's laughter boom through the woods, and Simon Screecher's long-wailing whistle.

"It's growing dark," said he to himself. "I hope my friends will be very, very late coming to the stone wall tonight."

After a while he heard a faint rustle in the dry leaves that strewed the ground. He heard, too, certain faint squeaks that made him pay close attention. And then a tiny voice cried, "Where can Master Meadow Mouse be? We can't have much fun if he isn't here."

"Here I am!" Master Meadow Mouse called, as he scampered out of his hiding place.

Tommy Fox had gone. When he went Master Meadow Mouse didn't know. He had gone silently. But so long as he was no longer there, Master Meadow Mouse didn't care when, where, nor how he went. Master Meadow Mouse had played one game—the waiting one. And now he was ready for another—a livelier sort of game, with his friends.

Uncle Sam Says:

Bantams.

Bantam chicks are the object of a widespread interest primarily as ornamental fowl, but also as egg layers and as children's pets. Usually they are kept in small flocks, often rather closely confined.

This booklet which is issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry tells about the characteristics of bantams, describes proper houses and runs, and contains illustrations of the different bantam breeds.

Readers of The Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1251."

Daily Prayer

Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us—Eph. 5:2.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for having mercifully kept us in health and strength, and for filling our lives with so much of comfort and happiness.

We pray for each one of those near and dear to us, and we beseech that Thou wilt keep them, and defend them from all evil. Enrich them with the blessing of Thy Holy Spirit.

Likewise we pray for all Thy disciples of every creed, wherever they may be, and that Thou wilt bring all those now separated from Thee to a vital knowledge of Thy goodness to them, and to a desire to become Thy humble followers.

As we pray "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," so, O Lord, may we daily strive by all our acts to do all that we can for the upbuilding and extension of Thy kingdom on earth, and may our lives show to all men that we are Thine.

May we honor Thee by striving to obey Thy command to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and so bring men to acknowledge Thee as their Lord and Savior. Amen.

ALBA B. JOHNSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Married on Thanksgiving

On Thursday at noon the marriage of Miss Thelma Detwiler to Mr. J. Willard Green was solemnized by Rev. Frank H. Anderson of the Plymouth Congregational church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Hopson. Mrs. Hopson is an aunt of the bride. Only immediate relatives were in attendance.