THE BEE: OMAHA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1921.



For Saturday Salisbury Steak, Bordelaise, 25c. Burgess-Nash Downstairs Store.

Saturday Chrysanthemums, 10c each. Roses, 5c each. Ferns, 39c each. Narcissus bulbs, 3c each. Violets, 25c each. Burgees-Nash-Mezzanine Floer.



Section or from catalogues of children's books which we will give you. The stories which contain the most titles and which at the same time are the most original will be awarded the prizes. Books in the Children's Section may be inspected each day until 5:30.

PRIZES: The first two prizes, \$5.00 each. The second two prizes, \$3.00 each. The third two prizes, \$2.50 each. The four two prizes, \$2.00 each. The fifth two prizes, \$1.75 each. The sixth two prizes, \$1.50 each. Any boy or girl in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades is eligible to compete in the contest. Burgess-Nash Book Shop-Main Floor.





BURGESS-NASH COMPANY.

Smart Winter Coats \$6950

Coats with a richness of fabric that absolutely belies the price. Lined so exquisitely in soft, durable Crepe de Chines and smart Silks that one almost wants "to wear them inside out." Styles conservative enough to last, and smart enough to be just a bit ahead of the minute.

Plain tailored and fur-trimmed in: Moussyne Bolivia Panvelaine Wolf Burgess-Nash Cleak Shop-Third Floor.



"Wha-what!" the big man stam-mered. "Sayl I clean forgot there were ladies present. I sure beg your pardon. Mrs. Graham-and-Miss pardon, Dean."

"Oh, Pa Cosgrove!" she gurgled. "If I could only cuss like that I'd

My Marriage

Problems

Revelations of a Wife"

One Suggestion Bess Had to Make.

Had to Make. Pa Cosgrove is naturally the most courteous of men, but his wrath had been stirred so mightily by the ac-tion of the tall man at the roadside inn, that he "said bad words" stead-ily and methodically to himself for a whole minute after we had made our dramatic rush from the inn grounds. It was as artistic a per-formance as I ever had heard, and even my Puritan training was not proof against it. Despite the stress of the moment, I could not cavil at Bess Dean for the appreciative chuckling laugh which came to her lips as Mr. Cosgrove paused for breath on a particularly picturesque imprecation.

ski, 1911, by Newspaper Feature Berrice, Inc.)

Dean." "I need no apology, Mr. Cos-grove." I made the words espe-cially emphatic, because I could not turn my head to utter them. I was obeying Dicky's instructions to "step on the gas," and the machine needed every atom of my attention. "Do we turn at that next corner?" "No, keep on about a quarter of a mile beyond the corner. You can see Jake Kerns' light when you get a few yards past the corner."

a few yards past the corner." "Who is the tall gent back there?" drawled Dicky. "The one who ap-peared to be so preved at us?" "The biggest no-good stiff in all this section," Pa Cosgrove returned emphatically. "His name—the name he gives up here—is Smith, but I'll bet a cooky there was a "sky' or a 'chdt' tacked on before he changed it. He came up here about changed it. He came up here about 1912, bought up nearly a whole mountain, built him a great, big house, and put up a lot of other buildings. He put barbed wire, miles of it, all around his boundaries, miles of it, all around his boundaries, and had a regular mystery place up there. Of course, there was a lot of talk during the war, bound to be, but either he was O. K. or had an awful pull; anyway, he was never investigated, and since the war stopped he's got a lot of the men around here on his pay roll in some capacity or other, pays big wages, and they don't dare say their souls are their own. "Take that little restaurant man

"Take that little restaurant man back there, Kronish, as nice and inback there, Kronish, as nice and in-offensive a little chap as ever lived. But Smith owns his place, and lets him have it at low rent—the fellow's a good landlord, and liberal to all his help—and, of course, Kronish slides down the pole whenever Smith rings the fire alarm. But Smith don't own me, thank the Lord, although he could make it most awful unpleasant for us if he keeps up this pose of thinking we had anything to do with that young fillow getting hurt. But I'm not going to cross that bridge until we come fo it. There's Kerns' light now. Mrs. Graham. Now every-hody say your prayers that the doc's