

THE GUMPS—SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

THE KING IS COMING—PREPARE THE AMBUSH

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith Copyright, 1921, Chicago Tribune Company

Dennison Denies That Omaha Is an Open Town

He also believes that Commissioner H. W. Dunn is best fitted for the job of police commissioner. "I don't know a lot about the situation," he added, "but if anyone says this is an open town, they are all wrong. If this was an open town I'd know about it, I think, and thus far I haven't found it very open."

CABLEGRAMS HAVE ARRIVED AT THE ZANDER AND GUMP RESIDENCES ANNOUNCING THAT AN UNCLE AND SWEETHEART FROM FAR AWAY AUSTRALIA IS SAILING FOR THE STATES.



HIS IS ONE WAY THE CABLEGRAM WAS RECEIVED—



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF HENRIETTA HEN BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XIX. Aunt Polly Helps. Somehow Henrietta Hen couldn't help liking Aunt Polly Woodchuck, in spite of her old-fashioned appearance. She certainly had a way with her—a way that made a person want to tell her his troubles.



"No—no! No feathers!" Aunt Polly replied. "I use herbs in my fall as this," she protested. "I've never got my winter feathers so soon. I fear you're mistaken," she told Aunt Polly.

"Oh, no! I'm not mistaken," Aunt Polly Woodchuck insisted. "I know it's early for molting—but haven't you noticed that the wheat has grown big this year, and that the bark on your trees is thick? And haven't you observed that Frisky Squirrel is laying up a great store of nuts in his hollow tree, and that the hornets built their paper houses far from the ground this summer?"

"Well, Henrietta Hen began to feel better at once. She actually smiled—something she had not done for days. "Thank you! Thank you!" she said. "You're a fine doctor, Aunt Polly. I don't wonder that folks ask your advice—especially when there's nothing the matter with them!"

Henrietta Hen couldn't understand how Aunt Polly managed to stay so calm. Henrietta had expected her to throw up her hands and say something like "Sakes alive!" or "Mercy on us!" But the old lady did nothing of the sort. She set her basket down on the ground; and, pushing her spectacles forward to the end of her nose, she leaned over and looked closely at Henrietta Hen. Aunt Polly's gaze traveled over Henrietta from head to foot and then back again. And she took hold of one of Henrietta's feathers and gave it a gentle twitch.

"Look out!" Henrietta cried. "You'll pull it out if you're not careful. And I can't afford to lose any more feathers than I have to."

"Don't worry!" Aunt Polly Woodchuck advised her. "Cheer up! There's nothing the matter with you. You are molting. You are going to get a new outfit of feathers for winter. Your old ones have to fall out in order to make room for the new. And no doubt the fresh ones will be much handsomer than the old."

Henrietta Hen couldn't believe that Aunt Polly knew what she was talking about. "I can't be molting as early in the

Jack and Jill

Jack fussed through dinner and Jill sensed a brewing storm. Not a storm, really, for the dear girl had never known a storm with her Jack-man in all the whole year of their wedded life. "Picallil?" she said in surprise. "Sure—picallil—haven't we any?" "Why, no, dear, I didn't know you were so fond of it. I'll order some from the grocer tomorrow."

Jack spread half a biscuit thick with butter. "Haven't we got any jelly, either?" he asked presently. "Any jelly? What on earth has gotten into the boy?"

"Well, I think we ought to have jelly on the table," said Jack, truculently. "All right, honey," said Jill. "I won't forget it, you old bear. I'll order some from the grocer tomorrow, and we'll have it on the table every night."

Jack thawed a little. He pressed the mealy baked potato on his plate and was just about to spread it liberally with butter, when he glanced searchingly over at the tea wagon that served Jill for a serving table.

"Say, don't we ever have gravy," he demanded. "Gravy? Of course we have gravy when we have a roast. But we don't have gravy with chops, honey. What in the world is the matter with you tonight, you old crosspatch?"

"Well, I like gravy on my potato," said Jack. Nevertheless he contented himself with the butter. Jill passed him a plate with a slice of chocolate cake and poured the coffee.

Where It Started

Silver Plating. The origin of silver plating is ascribed by Horace Walpole to a man in Sheffield, about 1760. He speaks in a letter about "one man having discovered the art of plating copper with silver." Whether his account is correct is doubtful; but there seems to be no other record of the origin of the art.

New in the furniture line is a combined chair and telephone cabinet, the top of the latter serving as a small table.

Jack positively glowered at the rich, heavily-frosted cake. "Say—" "Goodness sake, Jack, if you dare to ask for another thing that we haven't got for dinner tonight, I shall just cry. I don't know you what can be the matter with you tonight. You're as fussy and cranky and fault-finding as a—"

"You just hush up, Jack, about whipped cream desserts, with cream the price it is now. I simply—" "Well, other people can afford it, and I guess we can," said Jack, sturdily. "What other people?" asked Jill, suspiciously.

"Well, don't you remember, when we had dinner over at Bill and Anne's, the other night, they had picallil, and jelly, and gravy, and everything?"

Jill sat back in her chair and stared at him. "Jack, you just listen to me. Any time you find that my cooking isn't suited to your distinguished taste, you just march over to Bill and Anne, and ask them to take you in as a boarder. I'll bet they'd get mighty tired of your fussing and complain-

ing, and I'll bet you that Anne doesn't get up at 6 o'clock every morning and get Bill hot cereal, and biscuit, and pancakes, and—and—" And Jill burst into tears.

But then, the sunshine after the tempest is so wonderfully bright—when a man's been married only a single, little year—that Jack felt it was worth the full half hour it took him to make his Jill-girl smile again. (Copyright, 1921, Thompson Feature Syndicate.)

Low Prices Prevent Sales

Wymore, Neb., Nov. 18.—(Special.)—A horse buyer from the National stock yards bought 21 head of horses here at prices ranging from \$10 to \$100. Young and well-matched farm horses sold at \$50 a span. Many farmers refused to sell at the prices offered. The horses will be shipped to St. Louis.

Opheum Opheum Circuit THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE Last Two Times MATINEE TODAY 2:15 EARLY CURTAIN TONIGHT at 7:50 LILLIAN SHAW SAMMY LEE—YORKE & KING

"Sawing a Woman in Half" Next Week: FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and BEVERLY BAYNE. Prices: Mat., 10c to 50c; some 75c; \$1 Sat. and Sun. Nights, 10c to \$1.00; some \$1.25 Sat. and Sun.

BRANDEIS Tomorrow Afternoon November 20 At 3:00 P. M. MME. EMMY DESTINN DRAMATIC SOPRANO IN CONCERT Tickets On Sale—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 & \$2

BRANDEIS Tomorrow Night All Next Week Matinees Thanksgiving and Saturday MAY ROBSON In a comedy drama It Pays To Smile Evenings, 50c to \$2; Mat., 50c to \$1.50

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Mat. and Nite Today Good Res'd Seat 50c SAM HOWE'S NEW SHOW MUSICAL BURLESQUE

CHIEF Bragdon and a host of other entertainers. The European sensation, CUTTING A WOMAN IN HALF, at Every Performance. Holiday Mat. Thanksgiving Day at 3:00. Big Beauty Chase. Ladies' Tickets, 15c-30c—Every Week Day

Empress LAST SHOWING of JUSTINE JOHNSTONE Beautiful Miss Johnstone is gaining hosts of new admirers in this, her latest picture. She solves a problem that has baffled every father and mother, sister and brother.

STARTING TOMORROW Constance Binney In "The Magic Cup"

MOON LAST TIMES "The Mysterious Rider" 4 DAYS ONLY Starting Tomorrow BUCK JONES IN Bar Nothin'

RIALTO Last Day of Big Special WIFE AGAINST WIFE

Empress Rustic Garden DANCING and REFRESHMENTS Cabaret, Harmony Trio and Ciro. Carl Lamb's 10-Piece Orchestra

Mid-winter Fox Trot Contest at Keep's Open to all dancers beginning Tuesday Eve., Nov. 22 CASH PRIZES First \$25.00 Second 10.00 Third 5.00 Fourth, Season Pass to Keep's

MASK BALL Thanksgiving evening, Thursday, November 24 \$25 Cash Prizes Novelty masks free for those not in costume.

Old Man Johnson Chirps

HOW'S THIS, YOU BARGAIN HUNTERS— 500 BALCONY SEATS SUNDAY'S MATINEE 25c

EMPIRE LAST TIMES TODAY TOM BROWN'S MUSICAL REVUE, A Musical Offering with Pop, Comedy and Jazz; JO JO HARRISON, in "A Comedy Odality"; MARCELL WARDIE, "The Personality Girl"; MONROE BROS., in "The Douching Babies," Photoplay Attraction, "SHELTERED DAUGHTERS," Featuring Justice Johnstone.

Just Received Hundreds of Misses' Blouse Coats, with either fur collar and cuffs or plain, specially priced— \$25.00 and \$29.50 See them before you buy.

Julius Orkin 1512 Douglas Street

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SPECIAL RELEASE 18818—Second Hand Rose (Fox Trot)—Paul Whiteman's Orch. Have You Forgotten? (Fox Trot)—Paul Whiteman's Orch. . . . . 85c

18819—My Sunny Tennessee (Fox Trot)—Benson Orch. Ma! (One Step)—Benson Orch. . . . . 85c

18820—Tuck Me to Sleep (Fox Trot)—Benson's Orch. Wabash Blues (Fox Trot)—Benson's Orch. . . . . 85c

A. Hospe Co. 1513-15 Douglas Street The Pioneer Victrola Store

Common Sense By J. J. MUNDY. Plugging Away. How do you figure it is going to be possible for you to do bigger things than you are doing at present if you do not begin, or make an attempt at it?

As you look ahead you see a point you would like to reach; you have cast your gaze in that direction many times—why don't you start? A whole-hearted start is what you need.

Do you think a miracle can be worked and it will get you where you want to be, with no effort, no education on your part for a successful issue? Men who do big things have big plans, and then they work and keep working at them, a wedge in hand, a poke and a pull and a twist and a turn, a never-ending pushing forward to the goal.

If all your ventures are small ones, you won't get above the a-b-c class in business. Not that you have to be a plunger, but you have to have everlasting stamina and aggressive grit to get out of the small groove into the larger ones to cut a swath in accomplishment. How broad is your vision, that tells the story. Look far enough ahead, and you won't realize the obstacles. Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.



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