Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

At Tickville last Thursday Cricket Hicks tried to play hero before a

young lady and ran out in front of a runaway to stop it, but he did not meet with success, as it turned out to be the firewagon.

* * *

Sidney Hocks today stated that the country was getting so dry a person can drive from here to Bounding Billows without even hitting a stump.

* * *

Sim Flinders went out to a beehive one day this week to see if his bees needed anything. He was met at the front door by a committe of them.

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who takes almost eternity to make a move in checkers. Why shouldn't I? I want to win, and I mean to if I can possibly do so.

I'm wise to your attempts to hurry me by making all sorts of remarks about my going to sleep, or taking a week off. But that doesn't rattle me for a second.

In fact it only makes me more cautious, for I have to think longer.

I know the game isn't for money, and it isn't a case of life or death.

Nevertheless I always go into any kind of a game with a determination to win, and it's principle with me never to give up until I'm absolutely beaten.

Don't tell me I can't play a decent game anyhow. Perhaps I do overlook the right move, and leave my opponent an opening for a clean sweep to the king row. That's nothing. I'd have done that if I had moved in a hurry.

Don't try to make me speed up, if you know what's good for you. I'm going to take my time, whether you like it or not.

Maybe I'm not the best checker player on earth, but you've got to admit I'm the most cautious.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

The turquoise is today's talismanic gem, and legends of ancient Rome tell us that it is sacred to youth and love, and symbolic of a happy and successful future. The Romans dedicated it to Venus, the goddess of love.

The natal stone of those born on an anniversary of today is the lapis-lazuli, which guards its wearer against mournful and morbid thoughts.

Light blue is today's fortunate color, and particularly for weddings or celebrations where young people are much in evidence should it be used.

White and pink carnations bring happiness to those who wear them today.

GOSSIP!

I just got a call from Bill and we're going to celebrate New Year's Eve. at that swell place I told you about last night. You know, the Empress Rustic Garden.

Bill was nutty about the swell time we had there the other night and he's just as keen as I am to see the Girls' Midnight Dancing Revue that Jack Conners is going to spring tonight. I understand that some of the prettiest girls and the best dancers in Omaha are taking part.

Bill overheard Mr. Connors say that they are going to pull off a program of special vaudeville acts in addition to the Dance Revue. Golly, we sure will get our money's worth, won't we Peggy? And they're going to dance all morning! I'm sure going to stay till daylight and see the New Year in. 'Cause we can sleep all day New Year's.

They're going to have confetti, horns, streamers, caps and all sorts of fun-making novelties for New Year's Eve. Doesn't that sound like a good time?

Why don't you get Steve to take you and well make a party of four? Let me know right away so we can reserve a table at the Empress Rustic Garden.

Yours for a Happy New Year,
MABEL.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of *Revelations of a Wife*

What Maj. Grantland Did for Madge.

I spent a physicially luxurious, but mentally uncomfortable afternoon in the hotel to which Major Grantland's chauffeur had directed me.

The room to which the bell boy had escorted me, after I had registered and asked for a room with adjoining bath, was unusually attractive, with an immense window overlooking a winding avenue of long-leafed pines, which led down to the main road. Its charm and restfulness soothed my jangled nerves, even as I looked at it.

There is a sybaritic strain in me which responds to the luxury and convenience of modern hotel appointments. I revelled in the hot bath, the icy needle shower, the softness and fleeciness of the covers, and the whiteness of the linens of the bed into which I crept after my bath, to try to compose myself for the nap I felt I sorely needed.

But I soon found that though I could rest luxuriously, sleep would not come to me. Major Grantland's unexpected appearance at the railroad station had complicated my problem for me. Was it indeed possible that my intuition at the railroad station had been correct, and that he was also going north on the Richmond train? I had a sudden vision of Dicky's face if he should learn of this angle of my defiance of his wishes in regard to the northern trip.

My mental restlessness soon made repose impossible for me. I also became conscious of the fact that I had eaten nothing since my hurried and rather frugal breakfast. I knew that I needed hot food and drink if I were to face the rest of the day and what it might bring me.

I stepped to the wall telephone and requested that a luncheon be sent up to my room in half an hour. Then I dressed, arranged my hair, and put another small log upon the fire which the attendant had lighted—it was already laid—in the grate when he brought my bags to the room.

A deft and courteous colored waiter brought my luncheon at the time I had specified, and I directed him to put the table in the large window enclosure. It is my theory that all dining tables, wherever possible, ought to be placed where the diners can look outdoors instead of at a wall. When I was finally settled in front of a perfectly cooked, perfectly served luncheon, I looked out upon the vista of long-leafed pines, and was as content as I could possibly be under the circumstances.

I dismissed the waiter, and discussed my luncheon leisurely, prolonging the meal as much as I possibly could, for I knew that I had a tedious afternoon and evening in front of me, the train north not leaving until 10 o'clock at night. But it finally came to an end, and when I telephoned for the waiter, I also ordered copies of the latest magazines and newspapers to be sent to my room, hoping that a long afternoon of reading would keep my mind from the questions annoying me.

But like malignant little elves they kept dancing in front of me until I was positively glad when a knock sounded on the door and an attendant brought me Major Grantland's card.

"Where is Major Grantland?" I asked as I read the card.

"He am in de reception parlor, ma'am, on de second floor. Shall I show you where?"

"If you please," I responded, crossing his palm with the piece of silver he evidently expected.

With a widely grinning acknowledgment he led the way to the "reception parlor," which proved to be a small sitting room, cozy and inviting, in flowered chintz draperies and furniture coverings.

Major Grantland sprang to his feet as I entered and drew a chair forward for me with the touch of awkwardness which often invests his movements, remained standing after I had seated myself.

"Did you find comfortable accommodations?" he asked, solicitously.

"Oh, wonderful!" I replied with genuine enthusiasm. "Thank you so much for directing me here."

"I am glad you like it," he said, "for I am afraid you have a tedious wait. I know enough about railroading to realize that the train tonight is apt to be very late. However, I shall keep my man and car in attendance at the door here and keep in constant touch with the railroad station, so that you will be spared the uncomfortable wait there. I shall know within 15 minutes of the real hour of departure and will see that you get over in plenty of time. So do not get nervous if you see other people hurrying about and very much upset."

What infinite pains he was taking to save me worry! The contrast of his solicitude to Dicky's boorishness about my departure loomed large before me. It made my voice, I am afraid, unusually soft and grateful as I looked up at him and answered:

"Experience has taught me, Major Grantland, that it is impossible to be nervous when you have charge of things, or to do anything else but trust you implicitly."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Parents Problems

What can be done to overcome the reluctance of a little girl of 9 who must wear spectacles, to doing this?

The common sence of the child must be appealed to. If such an appeal fails, the only thing to do is to make the wearing of the spectacles a rule of health, like regularity as to food and bed time.