

Company Actors Open Accounts in Local Banks

Members of Bert Smith Plays, Making a Protracted Stay at Empress, Are Believers in Saving.

Completing the third month of their long engagement here the Bert Smith Comedy Players at the New Empress are enthusiastic about Omaha audiences and Omaha business institutions.

Coming here in March for an engagement of eight weeks the company has been so successful that its contract has been extended until September, when previous bookings in the east compel the company to leave.

The booster spirit typical of Omaha finds hearty response among the members of the Bert Smith organization. Bert Smith, who controls several other companies, prefers residing in Omaha rather than in the east.

"The cordiality of Omaha audiences and the friendly welcome that greets one in all places of business has made a great hit with all of us," said Mr. Smith.

"Every member of my company feels the same as I do in this respect. Modern show business has taken great strides in the past few years. The creation of new show-goers has made possible the presentation of companies such as ours, numbering 25 people in all, at popular admission prices. A few years ago the limited patronage enjoyed by the equally limited number of playhouses would have made such a venture a financial impossibility.

"There also has been a marked advance in the business methods of the theatrical performer in that same period. Formerly the profession was recruited from a class of people who sought adventure and were carried away by a spirit of the wanderlust. Now the lucrative salaries attract people from the very best circles, college graduates and even professional men and women.

"There is not a member of the company that does not have a bank account of some sort. Several own property in various cities. Another one has a splendidly paying farm of 160 acres in one of the richest portions of Wisconsin. So it was an easy matter to interest the cast in the attractive savings plan of the Peters National."

Mary Make-Believe.

If it had not been for Mary's extremely level head, this story would not have ended so happily—but we get ahead of the tale.

"Well, I'm ready for the big jolt," said John, as he sat down in his fiancée's drawing room. "First, you refused to go to the theater, then you turned down a party at the club, and now you say you want to talk to me seriously; what have I done?"

"Nothing very bad, John, but it's just this: you make \$200 a month. The show tickets for tonight would have cost \$2; the cab fare would have been \$2 and the supper another \$2. That would make \$8, which is more money than you make in a day. Now, I want the man I marry to treat me as a partner instead of merely somebody to spend money on. Dad says nobody can succeed unless he saves money, and as much as I appreciate you being fine and generous, I'm going to make a business proposition to you. You can take me out somewhere, once a week. We'll ride the street cars and maybe take in a theater. Next morning you'll go down to the bank and deposit the \$3 taxi fare to your credit in a growing savings account. The other nights you can call me up, invite me to go to a show and I'll accept; then we'll just stay at home and enjoy the fun of not going—but not us two. Next day you'll put the \$3 ticket money in the bank. What do you say?"

"I'm on," replied John, and that is the way it started. Today it is the happy firm of Mary & John, except that "company" really belongs, for there is the cutest little company you ever saw. The whole crowd lives in a tidy little bungalow over among the oaks on the hill and the bungalow is paid for. The saving still goes on and they still continue to have "make-believe dates" with each other.

They Are Wearing.

The luncheon hour at the Ritz a day this week revealed as many wraps of various kinds as suits. The smartest suits were exemplified in three-quarter length coats, one in cinnamon brown, with lapels and pockets treated somewhat in the director manner, and the other in black with a front facing and collar of a soft silk plaid.

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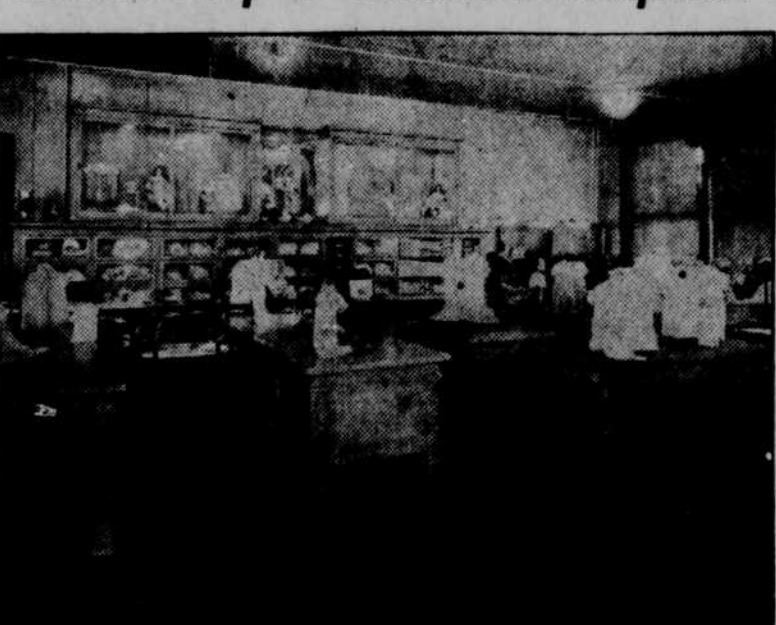
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Kiddie Shop at Goldstein-Chapman



Some Call It Luck

"There goes Bob Pringle in his new car. He's a lucky chap. Left school when I did without a dime, and look at him now. Owns his own home, drives a car, and his boss positively loves him. I wouldn't be surprised to see him running the business one of these days."

George Lyman was walking home from the L with his friend and neighbor, Harry Wells. He was 34, a hard worker and brilliant, and it annoyed him to see others pass him in the race for independence. It took about all he could make to keep his wife and little daughter as comfortably as he wished.

"I wonder how he does it," he concluded. "Do you know what Bob's salary is?"

"No."

"It's just a little less than yours, George. The only difference is, he makes it show him a profit."

"You interest me, Harvey. What's the secret?"

"Well, a business should not pay all it makes in dividends, so he applies the principle to himself. He sets aside a certain amount every pay day as surplus and never spends it. He considers it a fixed expense like rent and lives within his income outside of that. And it's building him up the same as a surplus builds up a business."

The House of Light.

Did it ever occur to you what a mighty influence thrift has upon homes and whole neighborhoods? People who save money, are usually free from financial embarrassments and it is probably a fact that nine people out of 10 who seem worried, owe their unhappiness to some form of debt.

Savers literally live in houses of light and the happy atmosphere radiates out into other homes and into the highways around them.

Life is a thing which is eminently worth while and this being true, the individual who best knows how to live it, gets the most out of it.

Granted health of body, the person who is free from money worry just can't help being a dynamic force for joy and cheer.

This institution earnestly prescribes a growing bank account as one of the very big elements in human happiness.

Money is not everything in the world, but money will get almost everything.

Save regularly, systematically and with determination so that you may always live in the house of light.

Jim Hit the Sawdust Trail

A Savings Novel of Novel Savings

Jim Blakeley represented a large eastern company in Chicago. His income ran into the five-figure mark and he had an expense account that looked like the government debt. Jim needed these things, for it had always been his idea that it was necessary to spend money for business, and even more money to hold it. Now we don't want to give the impression that Jim "bought" his business, for he didn't. He was just free-handed in everything he did. He couldn't any more walk in to call on one of his customers and not hand out expensive cigars than a traffic cop could smile when you ran by his signal to stop. Jim was fat and genuinely good-natured. Everybody liked him and he liked everybody. Nobody ever beat him to the Monday lunch check nor to the cigars afterward. Jim enjoyed being host and he most always was. Everybody imposed on him but he liked it. The copper on the Avenue all knew Jim, and he knew the Chief. When ever trouble arose for any of these men on the beat, Jim was the fellow that "fixed" it with the Chief. Occasionally some friend got in Dutch through some mischief or other and Jim was called on the phone at all hours of the night and asked to see the Judge in the morning—and Jim did.

If I have given you the impression that Jim was an all-around good fellow and that he liked being one, that his friends imposed on him unendingly, that he helped them all alike and willingly, then you know Jim Blakeley, too.

Just one thing marred Jim's contentment, and that one thing he never told his friends. He was not getting anywhere financially. He spent all he made and had continued to do it since he could remember. He had figured when he was starting out that it was necessary and that soon, that he would just naturally make more money than he could spend; but then Jim did not reckon on what a good spender he would turn out to be. In fact, he was a near chameleon.

His awakening came at Christmas time when the Boss's letter reached him, enclosing the yearly bonus check. The Boss complimented Jim on his wonderful business and incidentally mentioned the fact that Jim's business was showing a very handsome profit to the company and that, naturally, made the Boss happy. Years ago when Lanky Bob delivered that celebrated solar plexus and Gentleman Jim hit the canvas for the count, the blow rang around the world, but loud as that was, the word profit rang even more loudly to Jim just then. The Boss always spoke of profit when writing to Jim and Jim himself always used the word in his daily talks to his customers, but before this day he had never thought of the word as a factor in his own personal business.

The celebrated solar plexus, while a knockout, was only a slight tap compared to the force of that word profit when it walloped Jim on the think tank. When Billy Sunday exhorts the sinner and the said sinner sits and listens with an open mind, it is dollars to doughnuts that Billy will sell him on the value of religion, so pliable is the poor human. Jim was just a poor human himself and after he had gone all over in his mind what a poor dumbbell he really was and that he had been really working for nothing all these years, it was no trick to make himself hit the sawdust trail. And Jim did. He next time Jim went to his bank he stopped to talk with the Friendly

"To be real honest, he got on my nerves with his confounded prosperity, until one day I asked him about it. I'm using his little scheme now, myself. I've only been at it about a year, but it's working. So far my savings don't amount to very much, but it's awfully satisfying to know you're headed right and getting a little further ahead every day instead of sinking gradually into the mire."

"I got a small raise last month, and I'm going right on as though I hadn't got it, and saving the whole thing. Good night, George. See you tomorrow."

"I guess I've been the prize idiot," said Harvey to himself as he felt for his door key, "but it's not too late to mend."

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- Alpago Dairy Co., 26th and Leavenworth Streets
- Dundee Woolen Mills, Men's Tailors, 15th and Harney Street
- Burgess Shirt Shop, 217 Karbach Bldg.
- Heaton Optical Company, World-Herald Bldg.
- John Fleming, Cigars, 24th and Farnam Streets
- Petersen's Bakery & Delicatessen, 1806 Farnam St.
- Petersen's Lake Street Bakery, 2504 No. 24th St.
- Petersen's Bakery, 24th and Ames Ave.
- J. A. Pardoe, Ice Cream, 11 Stations
- Aristo Confectionery, 33d and California Streets
- C. V. Warfield, Groceries and Meats, 2209 Military C. Avenue
- Johnson & Blind, Groceries and Meats, 2917-19 Leavenworth Streets
- Ames Avenue Market, Groceries and Meats, 3922 Ames Ave.
- Schaben's Grocery, Groceries and Meats, 2603 North 49th Street
- A. Bige & Son, Groceries and Meats, 50th and Union Street
- Plotkin Bros., Groceries and Meats, 20th and Cass Streets
- Plotkin Bros., Groceries and Meats, 24th and California Streets
- Wm. F. Armbrust, Groceries and Meats, 4969 Military Avenue
- Grand Avenue Market, Groceries and Meats, 4101 Grand Ave.
- Tuchman Bros., Groceries and Meats, 24th and Leavenworth Sts.
- Tuchman Bros., Groceries and Meats, 25th and Harney Sts.
- Tuchman Bros., Groceries and Meats, 24th and Cuming Streets

Cashier. Jim hadn't done this often before. He unloaded his story of profit to the F. C. and instead of being laughed at as he had expected he found a sympathetic listener and a friendly counselor. The F. C. seemed to know all about those people who spent all they earned, and told Jim that these cases held a suggestion to offer to victims of the spending habit.

"Jim," the F. C. said, "supposing that you were to get a 20 per cent cut in your salary. Could you get along?" Jim promptly answered, "Why, of course I could. I'd have to."

"Well," said the F. C., "just imagine you have had one for the next year, and each week as you get your office check just make out a check for 20 per cent of the amount of that check and bring it or mail it to your account in our Savings Department. Good cigar about that time."

"Here," said Jim, "have one right now, and say, take me over and introduce me to the man at the Savings window, for the first 20 per cent dividend check goes in today. A year from now I'll bring you a box of cigars."

One day, as Jim was passing, the F. C. hailed him and asked him how much money he had on deposit. Jim's book showed over \$1,000. The F. C. extracted a bond of that amount, issued by Jim's own company, on which an 8 per cent dividend was guaranteed. Did Jim buy it? Well, I'll leave it to your own imagination.

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The Peptomist.

Tom, Dick and Harry, all worked for the same company and were discussing the cost of living.

"I tell you, fellows, it's impossible to save," said Tom. "For two years our family expenses have been as great and often greater than my income."

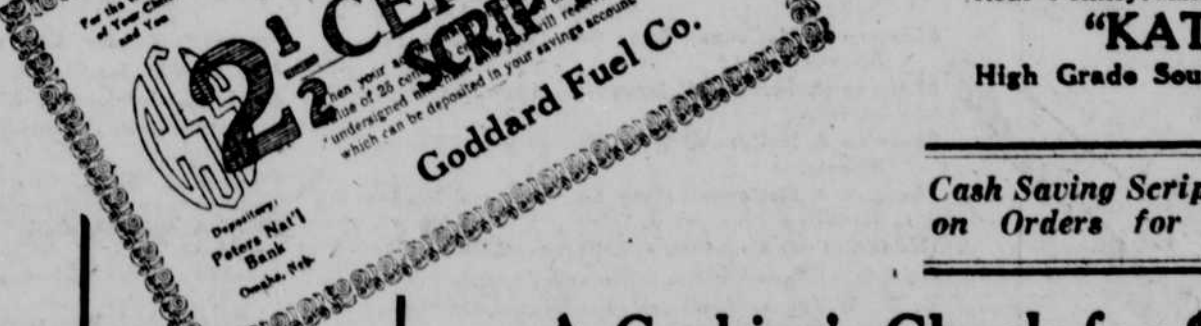
"Here," said Jim, "have one right now, and say, take me over and introduce me to the man at the Savings window, for the first 20 per cent dividend check goes in today. A year from now I'll bring you a box of cigars."

"Just this," answered Harry. "I make a little less than either you or Dick, but I'm putting \$10 in the bank each week. I make my deposit just as soon as I can after I draw my salary; whatever is left I spend and months when extra expenses strike us a bit heavy, the wife cuts down on the home bills a little and we manage to get by all o. k."

The experience of these young men is identical with that of many. While some are sure a thing can't be done and others believe it MIGHT be accomplished, there is somewhere in the crowd a PEPTOMIST who is already doing it.

No man can save unless he banishes doubt, calls at a good bank for his pass book and makes a definite beginning.

"I believe you're wrong," interrupted Dick. "It's my opinion that men



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RAY C. GODDARD W. F. MEGEATH FORREST RICHARDSON

Serious Side of Being Funny

Bert Smith Tells of Hard Work Part of Making People Laugh.

"In a born comedian the sense of humor is highly developed. Comedians are born the same as poets, artists and musicians," says Bert Smith. Let 10 men tell a story and only one of them will bring out the full value of its humorous angle. In a born comedian the sense of comedy is highly developed. The humorous possibilities of any proposition is the first that appeals to him, and naturally, that is the twist he will give it when he passes it along. But just as the poet must work for perfection in his art, so must the successful comedian be a close student of human nature and be everlastingly trying to discover the answer to the question: Why and wherefore is a laugh?

For laughter is the real reward of the comedian, it rewards him financially and personally, for to know that your efforts are a success and are pleasing is a feeling with a performer that even money can not obliterate.

Where the playwright is contented with a single laugh that comedian must try and create three or four. Each situation has many angles and the actor who is satisfied with touching but one of the humorous possibilities is not a born comedian but a stereotyped one with few possibilities of advancement. There are rules in the art of creating laughter, as there are in any other art. Certain scenes must be treated in a certain way. The pitch of the voice, the pose of the head, the position of the body, articulation and modulation all tend to make or spoil a laugh.

Billy Van Allen, as local audiences have probably noticed, is a very extemporaneous comedian or "ad lib" in the stage vernacular. In other words, he never works two shows alike after the situations are firmly planted in his mind; in each show he seeks to create new laughs, sometimes he takes out from a preceding show and sometimes he keeps adding until he gets the vein of comedy just where he considers it should rest. Van for many years was essentially a blackface comedian and was known as "The Virginia Minstrel," being a native of that state and a graduate of the University of Virginia. The old man character he created is very different from any old man character I have ever witnessed and is a type that is seen in the rural districts of the south very often. This character has appealed to audiences more generally than any other character I have ever seen, it particularly affects the irreflexibilities of southern audiences and is very well received in the north.

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