Los Angeles Turns Chilly Shoulder to Peggy Joyce

Refusal of Mary Pickford to Meet Former Actress Said to Have Been Last Straw.

Omaha Bee Leased Wire.

Los Angeles, Oct. 22.—Why did Peggy Joyce leave Los Angeles?

Was it because Mary Pickford turned her down "cold" and refused to receive her, or because the Los Angeles women refused to make a fuss over her, or because the Dolly sisters were reported vamping her beau in France?

Peggy came here to rest, is was said, from her arduous labor of acquiring a divorce and a couple of million dollars. She was going to don trim blue serge suits and become a business woman. She was going to build a million dollar theater in Hollywood.

A few weeks later she stepped aboard an outgoing train. 'Tis said that her white brow was puckered in a frown, that her French heels disdainfully shook our plebian dust and that the train did not pull out too soon for Peggy.

Visit Disappointment.

Why?

It appears unlikely she quarreled with Charley Chaplin, who was her devoted swain during her visit here. Hardly that.

Her friends say Peggy found Angeles frightfully disappointing. Were her views colored by the attitude of some of our elite towards her? It is whispered about that Peggy was not received as she had anticipated. Los Angeles refused to make a fuss over her.

But, to cap the climax, Mary Pickford gave her the gauntlet full in her lovely face. Oh, quite politely, quite. In fact, 'twas with a cool nonchalance that Mary refused point blank to meet Peggy when her gallant swain, Charley Chaplin, escorted her to the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, sure of a welcome. Mary was not "at home." So a rather crestfallen Charles escorted a slightly disgruntled Peggy out to her motor.

Following Mary's lead, other doors, which had shown a slight inclination to open, slammed so tightly that no amount of husbandly persuasion could wedge Peggy in, so rumors have it. Gentlemen there were a plenty to do her bidding.

"Tired of Men."

But "Peggy was tired of men," one of her local friends said. "They weary her. She really wanted to settle down and keep house and be 'homespun,' like other women." That is, she did until they turned their backs.

Here's another possibility—could Peggy's departure have been induced by the report that her dear friend, Monsieur Henri Letellier, had been seen escorting a dear French actress—also the Dolly sisters—to the races and gaming tables at Deauville?

Anyhow, the wives of certain wealthy Angelenos might be able, if they chose, to answer the question—"Why did Peggy Joyce leave Los Angeles?"

Baby Contest Features Alliance Pure Food Show

Alliance, Neb., Oct. 22.—(Special.)—Large crowds attended the second annual three-day pure food show in Alliance. The main feature of the program was a prize baby contest, with the winners as follows: Boys 1 to 3 years old: Howard Earl Reddish, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Reddish; boys 3 to 5 years old, Thomas Manion, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Manion; girls 1 to 3 years old, Jane Eileen Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Edwards; girls 3 to 5 years old, Helen Maxine Lyons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Audrey Lyons.

Little Theater Movement Is Launched in Kearney

Kearney, Neb., Oct. 12.—(Special.)—The Kearney Dramatic league has started a Little Theater movement and already has part of a building fund available. This money has been raised solely through community plays. The first of the next season's series will be presented next week and the league hopes that during the present season the building fund will be rounded out.

Uncle Sam Says

Food Value of Sugar.

This booklet tells about the composition and characteristics of sugar, its food value, digestibility and the practical use of sugar in the ordinary diet.

The fact that most persons enjoy the flavor of sugar, either alone or combined with other foods, is a very good reason why it should be included in our list of common foods. An equally good reason is that if sugar is used in moderation it is easily digested and the energy stored in it is very quickly released for the muscular work of the body.

Readers of The Omaha 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. 535," or they may purchase a copy at any time by asking for the same number and enclosing 5 cents in coin addressing the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Just say

Blue-jay

to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Saturday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Tragedy ended the romance of Remember Steddon, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Steddon, of the little town of Calverly, when her lover was run down and killed by an automobile. She faced the world grief-stricken and with a secret. In her plight she turned to the family physician, confessed there was to be a baby and appealed to him for help. A cough from which she had been suffering, furnished the doctor an excuse to order a trip to the southwest. There, he suggested, Mem was to arrange an imaginary marriage and then "let her imaginary husband die quietly." Mem told her mother the secret of the expected baby and her father was induced to approve the trip as necessary for her health.

In letters home she described attention paid her on the train by an imaginary "Mr. Woodville" and later wrote her parents she had become "Mrs. Woodville." Needing money, she started from Yuma, Ariz., to a ranch near Palm Springs, a desert oasis, to take a job as a servant.

On the way across the desert from the railroad station to Palm Springs, she chanced upon Tom Holby, famous motion picture actor, and his company out on location. Holby, admiring her beauty induced her company director to give her a chance as an extra in the sandstorm scenes they "shot" that day. She was a success in shedding tears in one close-up.

But she decided against attempting a cinema career and remained as a servant in a Palm Springs family. She took the final step of becoming a widow, writing home that "Mr. Woodville" had perished in the desert while looking for a lost mine.

Then came an event that changed all of her plans. While on a walk into the mountains near Palm Springs she suffered a serious fall. Afterwards the physician called to attend her told her her "hopes" of motherhood never would be realized.

Several weeks later, after she had struggled back to health, there came a letter from Leva Lemaire, one of the movie company she had met in the desert, urging Mem to come to Los Angeles. She accepted the invitation and planned to seek opportunity in the movies.

The girls agreed. Their adventurous spirit included a reckless hospitality and they put off care till tomorrow in the hope that it would never come.

After the dinner the victrola was set whirring again, and Mem was invited to forget her troubles in a fox-trot.

She gasped at this. She had never learned even a lamb-trot. Her father's church did not permit dancing, and, while it overlooked the sin in certain of its parishioners, there would have been scandal indeed if the parson's daughter had ever lifted her foot in aught save solemnity.

But Mem was not allowed to explain. She was adragged from her chair and forced to copy the steps set before her. It would have been impossibly priggish and insulting for her to plead religious scruples, and she put her best foot foremost.

The dance mood was innate and she had a natural grace of rhythm that had languished unheeded. The steps were simple, and their combination at the whim of the dancer who led.

Mem was soon whirling about the room, with more or less awkwardness which only made for laughter, and with a swimming intoxication that left her panting and dizzy, but strangely, foolishly happy.

She had learned a new alphabet of expression. She misspelled the words and jumbled the syntax, but she was getting along somehow on a new planet.

When three or four men drove up in a car and invaded the house with invitations to a dance at the Hollywood hotel, Mem declined, of course. Her refusal was ignored as of no importance.

"It's Thursday night," said Leva, "and it's our religious duty to show up at the Hollywood. Everybody's there. You might meet somebody who'd give you a job."

Mem begged to be excused. She could not dance and she was very tired.

"That's when you're at your best," cried Leva, who was an entirely other woman from the shrouded Arabian that Mem had met at Palm Springs.

While Mem protested Leva motioned one of the men, a young actor, to make her dance.

In spite of her struggles she was snatched from her chair into the arms of this faun whose manly beauty was his stock in trade. It was the first time any man except her father and her brothers had embraced Mem since Elwood Farnaby had thrilled her with his love. She did not count the brief duel with Tom Holby in Palm Canyon, since he had made no effort to overwhelm her resistance.

But this laughing satyr, Mr. Creighton, held her tight and compelled her to dance.

Giddy with the whirl and sullen with the outrage, Mem's anger blazed into open disgust. Creighton said he was horribly sorry and only meant it in fun, and by his abject contrition made Mem ashamed of herself. She did not know what to do or say.

This was her first experience of the confusion that comes from being too respectable on a holiday. To escape from the scene of her kill-joy boorishness (as it looked to her now) she went out into the moonlit patio. The moon seemed to make life simpler. It has a way of blotting the material details with dumb shadow and spreading a love light over dreamy surfaces.

From a house somewhere near and drowned in foliage came a music of guitar and ukulele and young voices.

An automobile went by, trailing laughter in a glittering scarf. Over her head a palm tree waved an aromatic fan, as over a daughter of Pharoah. Along the northern sky the mountains were aligned, built of some soft-tinted cloudiness as if they were a wall decreed between this Xanadu of all delights and the harsh, respectable realms of the east, a barrier between the woeful lands of shagbark and mock orange and this garden of almond trees and roses.

In a radiance to armorous that it seemed almost to coo, Mem felt that the great needs of her soul were love, tenderness, rapture. This yearning was divine in this light. In the bright lexicon of the moon there was no such word as "Don't." Everything wooed everything. In Mem's downcast eyes her bosom was silvered with the glamour and gathered into the same thought that mused upon wall and flower and tree, upon the deeps of the sky, and upon the nearest vine leaf amuckle with the ecstacy of being alive at night.

The air was imbued with a luscious fragrance that delighted a perfect globe in symmetry, and curiously forming a little universe whose support was lost in the gloom beneath. In the round night of its own sky hung moons exhaling perfume and temptation.

Like another Eve, she yielded to the cosmic urge and put her hand forth to the tree of knowledge, plucked the fruit that was not hers, and made it hers.

She did not peel the cloth of gold and divide the pulp, but, as she had seen these Californians do, buried her teeth in the ruddy flesh, tore out a hole, and drained the syrup.

She was too well schooled in biblical lore not to think of Eve. There was, however, no Adam for her to involve in her fall so she took the whole fruit for herself. But then, instead of feeling shame as the scales fell from her eyes, shame itself fell from her and she laughed. Eve had become Lilith for the moment.

She felt in her heart that there was something wrong here in the new life. But then there had been so much wrong in the life she had led before. This was a city of peril, but she had not escaped peril at home.

She breathed deep of the new freedom. She cast off her past, resolved to bend her head and her back no longer under remorse, but to stand erect, to run, and dance, and to be beautiful and rich and famous.

Like Eve, she felt that the first necessity of her new era was clothes. If she had had any she would have called a taxicab and dashed away to the Hollywood hotel. She felt that she could dance with anybody or with nobody. She could be Salome and dance herself into half a kingdom; dance everybody's head off, including her own.

But it has been so arranged that whenever a woman is set on fire with a high resolution to do some glorious thing, an elbow demon always brings her back to the dust by whispering, "You have nothing fit to wear." Otherwise the conquest of the world would not have been left to blundering, hesitant males.

Mem went into the house. The moon was all very well for beautiful moods, but it was impracticable; it did not provide the wardrobe for the deeds it inspired.

She went into the house like a prisoner granted a little exercise in a walled yard, then driven back to her cell. She was awake in her perplexities when Leva and her friends came home. The young men raided the icebox, then went their way.

Leva was so drowsy that she could hardly get her hair down, but she sat on the edge of Mem's bed and discussed the future.

Leva advised new duds by all means, and offered to have them charged to her own account until Mem could find a job and begin to pay. It was harrowing to Mem to think that she must take on a burden of large debt before she could hope for small wages. But the need was imperative.

The next morning Mem acquired on tick the brief trousseau of a little business bride. Then she went to the studio with Leva and was assigned without delay to the laboratory projection room at $25 a week. A hundred pretty actresses got no jobs at all, for they were seeking glory and wealth.

The size of the studio astounded Mem. It was a vast factory. This company's assets were $13,000,000; its last year's gross income $8,000,000. In a score of years a toy unknown before had become the fifth largest industry in the world, a mammoth target for every sort of critic.

And now Mem had entered the machine shop, if not the art.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

My Marriage Problems

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

What Lillian Told Katie to Comfort and Quiet Her.

As Lillian with her never-failing, prompt reaction to an emergency, obeyed my command to turn the light up high, and followed that action by shutting the door, I bent over my little maid's bed, and took the hands clutching her bruised throat in mine.

"I am here, Katie," I said soothingly, "and I won't leave you again. Stop crying now."

She clutched at me pitifully and made an heroic effort to control her cries, then broke out into a wild, terrified wail:

"Oh, dot Joe! Dot Joe! He know now dot I fool heem! He go und keel my Jeem, he go und keel my Jeem!"

Lillian and I exchanged a glance of sudden comprehension. This, then, was one of the threats which the mysterious "Joe," now in the hospital, had held over the hapless girl's head—that the husband she adored in her funny, hectoring fashion, would be murdered did she prove treacherous to the line of conduct Joe had marked out for her. And Jim, misjudging her, had left her to face her problem alone.

Poor Katie! Hers had been, indeed, a hard fight and a great triumph. I felt my spirit bow in recognition of the victory over her own terror which the humble, unlettered but great-hearted girl had won.

"You Not Know!"

It was no time for half measures. I stooped and gathered her in my arms as I would a frightened child, and held her close, her face against my shoulder, smothering her cries.

"Joe does not know anything," I said, slowly, firmly. "He is still in the hospital, and no one has seen him. And we know that in a day or two he will be taken many miles from here. You will never see him again."

She twisted her face away from my shoulder, and looked up at me with eyes in which there was nothing save wild despair.

"Oh, you not know!" she wailed. "You not know! Dot Anton tonight, dot devil who shoke me und try to keel you, he dot Joe's boss, everything he say, dot Joe he have to do! He can get into hospital, can get anyvere. He go straight back, tell Joe I feex a trick by dem, und no place on earth small enough for me und Jeem to hide. Dey find us anyveres."

There was such deep conviction in her tones that I could not help a terrified shiver. The two men certainly had been able to plant in her an abiding terror of their power. But I gave her no inkling of my feeling. Instead, I stooped and looked her straight in the eyes.

"Katie, did I ever tell you a lie?" I asked.

"No! Oh, no!" she asseverated fervently.

"Then I expect you to believe me now," I answered slowly. "But Mrs. Underwood can tell you better than I can what happened tonight. Listen to her carefully."

Is Katie Right?

I had switched the responsibility to Lillian, partly because I felt that I could not stand the strain of rehearsing the escape of Smith, partly because I knew what a calming effect upon my little maid Lillian's authoritative manner would have.

"Joe knows nothing of what you did tonight," Lillian began impressively. "We do not think he ever will know. This is the reason we think so."

She paused, and Katie, choking back her frightened sobs, pulled herself to an upright sitting posture in my arms, but she kept her eyes fixed upon Lillian's.

"The man, Anton, whom you fear so much, was captured by Mr. Drake tonight, and then frightened so that his only idea was to get as far away as possible. He was tied up in a room and left to himself, so that he might get away, but still fear that some one was after him. Do you understand me?"

Katie's face had come alive with interest and the dawning of a hope.

"Yes! Oh, yes! I understand," she said. "He got away?"

"Yes, in a big car, which is now on its way to New York, and is being followed, so that he will be watched now for months, years if necessary. And your enemy, Joe, will also be watched. Even if Anton should ever see Joe again, and tell him about your splendid bravery tonight, there will be no trouble come of it for you. They will be powerless."

The hope in Katie's face warred with a shadowy but real terror.

"Maybe so, maybe so," she said tonelessly. "But dose two men like big poison snakes. Dey do no mischief—only ven dey dead."

And my heart contracted with a tiny premonitory warning that she had spoken but the truth.

Ten of the heaviest known elements arranged in order from the heaviest down, are: Uranium, thorium, radium, bismuth, lead, thallium, mercury, gold, platinum and iridium. The ten lightest known elements in the order of their specific gravity are: Hydrogen, helium, lithium, glucinum, boron, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, flourine and neon.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

On last Saturday afternoon our prominent fellow townsman, Clab Hancock, had the misfortune to be caught

out in a hard rain, soon after he had dyed his whiskers for Sunday.

* * *

Jefferson Fotbicks is making his lying table taller so that the hair can cut out of the high chair without getting stump shoulered.

* * *

The right hand of the Rive Brass storekeeper is now being carried around in a sling, and he has to use his left one to make the scales balance.

NOW SHOWING AT WORLD

Film advertisers now displaying films at the World Theater are—

Home Builders
Nash-Vriesema Auto Co.
Orkin Brothers Co.
Omaha Bee
Sandwall Jewelry Co.
Eskimo Pie
Drake Rental Agency
Hansen Investment Co.

Some space available now.

HALLGREN

Straight Downtown Animated Film Advertising Service

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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.

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WAYS TO AVOID CANCER.

A family was gathered around the dinner table. It was Thanksgiving, and the table was loaded. Just as the head of the household picked up the carving knife and began demolishing the bird, the door bell rang.

There was a visitor. It proved to be a relative. In fact, it was a son and a brother. We might say the "prodigal son."

Another chair was brought up. The others moved over and a plate and other paraphernalia was provided.

The prodigal had an overgrown appetite. He proceeded to eat the entire spread, leaving little more than the scraps for the other members of the family.

This happened at Bluffton, Ind. It likewise happened everywhere else. It happened 69 times in Chicago in the week of October 7.

Worse and more of it! When the prodigal had eaten all the food on the table, he turged in an ate up his hosts.

At least, that is the story as the American Society for the Control of Cancer tells it.

The greedy guest is the cancer cell. The hosts are the other cells in the body. The cancer cell is a brother to the other cells. Born of the same stock; perhaps raised for a while as a peaceful member of the same household; presently, for no well understood reason he turns berseker and runs amuck.

It is not a question of inheritance, in any proper sense. It is true that some families have more cancer than others, but even in such families about four-fifths of the members who attain old age do not develop cancer. It is a long ways from this state of facts to inheritance, properly speaking.

Nor are cancer cells radically different in their appearance from their brothers. It is a question of behavior. Why do these cells turn berseker?

There are several answers.

One is nagging. If they are nagged for a long time, they change into the lawless kind. Continued irritation, continued nibbling, continued mild inflammation, continued exposure to certain chemicals—these are illustrations of the kind of nagging out of which cancer develops.

This little bit of information, on which there is practical agreement, can be of service to the man who would avoid cancer.

If there is anywhere in his body a chronic, mild, irritating, continuing inflammation, he had better have it healed up. If he has a plate in his mouth which nags away at some point, he had better have it adjusted.

If he smokes a pipe and always holds the stem at one point in his lips, he had better shift it or stop smoking a pipe, or stop smoking.

If, on the face there is a chronically irritated place, he had better have it cared for.

If the person concerned is a woman, she had better be on guard against stays which irritate the breast, or irritating local conditions in the pelvic organs.

"Plumber's Colic."

A. G. writes: "What are the symptoms of lead poisoning?

"Is this what they call 'plumber's colic?'"

REPLY.

Lead poisoning and "plumber's colic" mean the same thing.

Among the symptoms are: Anemia, colicky pains, cramps, headaches, blue lines along the gums, constipation.

Community Cake of Soap.

H. B. L. writes: "Please settle a dispute as to whether it is safe for a number of persons to use the same cake of soap.

"'A' claims that germs can't be washed off a cake of soap, and that face soap is not strong enough to kill germs or skin diseases.

"'B' claims that you cannot contract skin trouble or any germ, as the soap is strong enough to kill all disease."

REPLY.

Ordinary soap has no bactericidal action. Only one or two of the bactericidal soaps have any such power.

If there was any ground for the campaign against the community towel, there is as much ground for campaigning against the community cake of soap.

Housewives, Attention!

E. L. M. writes: "About chapped hands.

"For years I was troubled by bleeding skin on the back of my hands and cracked finger and thumb tips, which were all very painful. I made two discoveries.

"First, housework, even sifting ashes during the war, was not the cause, for my hands were worse when I did no housework, but boarded. Second, grease made them worse, if used in the daytime.

"Cure for my hands, consisted, to the best of my belief, of wearing no gloves in warm weather, and of getting away from a smoky atmosphere (caused by the use of bituminous coal). You may not be conscious that there is anything grimy in the atmosphere, but your bleeding hands will prove it.

"I can do any kind of housework for any length of time, and by defying Mrs. Grundy in the matter of gloves from early spring until late fall, and by wearing gloves that I can remove easily when in a hot steam or street car for any length of time, I have had no trouble at all with my hands for three years. Previously I had very painful hands in winter and spring for 25 years."

Parents' Problems

Should the older children of a family be taught to yield to the youngest, because he is the youngest?

No, not because he is the youngest. But all children, older and younger, should be taught to be unselfish one to the other, yielding their preferences generously and with good humor. They should all also be taught not to yield in matters of right and wrong, either among themselves or with outsiders.

Feeders Busy at Cozad

Cozad—Thousands of cattle, sheep and hogs are being fed in this community again this year. Several large feeders have again selected this point as a profitable feeding station.

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

AC

Most Engine Trouble Comes From Worn-Out or Incorrectly Designed Spark Plugs

(Why You Should Buy AC's When You Change Plugs)

More than 200 car and truck makers now use and have for years used AC Plugs as standard factory equipment. Among these:

Dodge Brothers cars have been AC-equipped since the company was founded.

Buick has been AC-equipped for fourteen years.

Nash cars, both Sixes and Fours, have always been equipped with AC's.

Oakland for the past fourteen years.

Chevrolet has always used AC Plugs.

Cadillac, Chandler, Cleveland, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, LaFayette, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, Willys-Knight and others are all standard AC-equipped.

When your car misses and performs badly—don't blame the carburetor or piston rings.

Probably all you need is a new set of AC Plugs.

Ford Owners:—The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain. If your Ford dealer will not supply you any other good dealer can meet your needs.

AC Spark Plug Co., FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,131,757, Apr. 13, 1915, U. S. Pat. No. 1,315,170, Feb. 17, 1919. Other Patents Pending

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER VII.

Fatty Coon and Benjamin Bat.

It was an autumn evening and Fatty Coon had left the edge of Cedar Swamp on his way toward Farmer Green's fields.

"Where are you going?" piped a squeaky voice out of the air.

Fatty knew at once that Benjamin Bat had spoken to him.

"I'm off for the cornfield to get my supper," he answered.

"What are you going to eat?" Benjamin Bat inquired. And this time his question came, not from ahead, but from some distance behind Fatty. It was always hard to chat with Benjamin Bat. You never knew where he was going to be. He simply couldn't keep still. And since he never appeared until dusk, it was almost impossible to see him. Because of all his zigzagging about, you would have had a good deal of trouble keeping him in sight even in broad daylight.

"Worse!" Fatty told him each time, with a groan.

Well, Fatty Coon explained that he expected to have corn for his supper.

"There's nothing better than corn," he declared.

"I've never tasted it," Benjamin Bat remarked far over on Fatty's right.

"Then I'll invite you to come and enjoy a meal of corn with me," said Fatty Coon.

"Thank you very much," Benjamin replied from far over on Fatty's left. "I accept with pleasure. I know where the cornfield it, so I'll lead the way. Just follow me!" Off he flew then, before Fatty Coon had time to say a word.

"He ought to follow me," Fatty grumbled to himself. "He's my guest. I invited him to supper."

There seemed to be nothing for Fatty to do but to follow Benjamin, at least until he could overtake him and explain that, as the guest of the evening, Benjamin ought to be the follower and not the leader.

Fatty Coon soon found himself turning this way and that, as now and then his ears heard the flutter of Benjamin Bat's wings or his eyes saw them flicker across the face of the moon.

Instead of heading for the cornfield, Fatty soon found himself facing Cedar Swamp.

"My goodness!" he cried in dismay. "I'll never reach the cornfield at this rate; and I'm growing hungrier every minute." Then he tripped over a root and fell into a pool of water.

"Hi, there!" he bawled to Benjamin Bat. "Wait a bit! Keep still a moment! I want to talk with you."

"Here I am," Benjamin Bat piped. And now his voice came from the direction of the pasture fence. "Come nearer! I can't hear you clearly."

Fatty Coon scrambled out of the pool and ran as fast as he could toward the spot from which Benjamin Bat's voice had just floated on the balmy night air.

"Now, don't move until I give the word," Fatty called. "You're my guest and you must do as I tell you. We'll never enjoy a corn supper so long as you keep me floundering about on the edge of Cedar Swamp. You'll have to follow me."

Luckily at that moment Benjamin Bat happened to skim close to Fatty's head. So he heard what Fatty was saying.

"I can't follow anybody that moves in a straight line, slowly," Benjamin Bat cried. "I have tried to travel that way and it always makes me so dizzy that I have to stop to hang by my heels from a branch, upside down, until my head clears."

"My goodness! I'm dizzy from trying to follow your zigzagging," Fatty Coon exclaimed.

"Then you ought to climb a tree and hang by your heels for a while. That's a sure cure," Benjamin told him.

"I'll try it," said Fatty. "If I don't feel better I shan't be able to eat any supper."

So he promptly climbed the nearest tree and hung head downward, while Benjamin Bat circled about and asked him now and then how he felt.

"Worse!" Fatty told him each time, with a groan.

"I'm afraid you'll have to hang there all night," Benjamin Bat announced at last. "I'll sup with you tomorrow evening. Good-bye!"

At last Fatty Coon gave a howl of despair. At the same moment he lost his grip upon the branch where he had been clinging and fell with a thump upon the ground.

He lay there for a few moments. And when he stood up he felt quite well again. He was dizzy no longer.

"Now for a good supper of corn!" he muttered, as he turned about and started across the pasture.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Common Sense

Ever Try Yourself Out By Another Line?

Mediocre in his line—though he knew what was required for good salesmanship, after doing considerable thinking, a man came to the conclusion that if he could get the agency for some article in which he could have faith he might direct persons in selling it.

He tried the experiment and before many years retired, independent.

Possible something of this sort might work out for you.

With a little money you would have to start a business.

Starting out in a small way, you could place your salesmen on a commission basis and allow them enough to make the proposition attractive.

Map out a sort of selling campaign and give them the line of talk you think would win sales.

Do not try to do the selling yourself, if you are not proficient.

Give your entire time to managing—make yourself valuable by thinking it out for the others, yourself included.

It is easy to get men who want selling jobs.

Good salesmen, frequently, have not ability, or the desire, to do anything else.

Men of this sort can make money for you, and you can give them the opportunity.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Never use soda water when washing dishes with gilt decorations. Soda will gradually react on the gilt until it disappears.

IT'S TOASTED

LUCKY STRIKE

CIGARETTE

It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful quality that can not be duplicated

Make Dishwashing *A Jiffy Job*

LINN

—The Soap Powder with the Lemon Fragrance

2 Sizes—10c & 25c
Get the 25c size for economy

Pass your dishes through LINN washwater and they come out with a new sparkle and shine. LINN cuts the grease in an instant—banishes that greasy rim from your dishpan and dissolves it from your dishes. LINN makes washwater soft as milk, keeps hands soft, white and beautiful.

LINN is great for washing clothes—it will not injure the most delicate tint or fabric. Try it today. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

At Your Grocers'

Mf'd by LINN PRODUCTS CO., Chicago, Ill.

Buy One Package—Then Be the Judge

Every Day Satisfaction

¶ Much of the enjoyment of life consists in having a variety of wants that you can satisfy.

¶ Today there are things you want, tomorrow there will be others. And there are still some other things you'd want—if you knew you could get them.

¶ There is no way in which you can satisfy so many of these needs of everyday life as through the daily reading of the "Want" Ads in The Omaha Bee.

¶ There you can find ways of getting almost everything from expensive homes and touring cars to furnished rooms and typewriters.

¶ The changing offers of the advertiser makes Omaha Bee "Want" Ads a constant source of interesting, satisfying news.

The Omaha Morning Bee—THE EVENING BEE