MOVIES

Very much to the "soup and nuts" and at the same time carrying one of the most breathlessly thrilling scenes is "The Sleep Walker" at the Empress this week.

Jack Mulhall, our hero, has riding breeches, racing cars, tweed suits, tuxedos and everything connected with the luxurious life, while Constance Binney, the convent bred maid, is no less surrounded by riches and luxury. Of course, they love each other, but there's Mr. Hammond, a crafty young diamond merchant with a black mustache who raises the devil in the plot. Constance, who is Doris Dumond in the story, walks in her sleep and walks into Mr. Hammond's room, greatly compromising herself. But when she is found later in the thrilling scene, walking in her sleep on a ledge outside the hotel, in order to rescue a baby, everybody can see that it really, really was a mistake about her being in Mr. Hammond's room. Wedding bells!

Now let us step over into the World where is being flashed "My Dad," a very different story, a tale of the great open spaces of the far northwest where men and women are sometimes ladies. Hickory shirts, mackinaw coats, snowshoes, dog teams mushing over the mountains, men in need of shave, and a girl. Ah, a girl!

Johnny Walker is the young hero and the girl he loves is Ruth Clifford. In the story he's Tom Logan and she's Dawn O'Day. Tom's father is under a cloud, believing himself to have committed a murder many years ago. Dawn's guardian, the factor or boss, threatens to hand him over to the police unless he keeps Tom away from Dawn. For the wicked factor has fallen in love with Dawn himself though his attentions are extremely distasteful to her. Finally turns out that the factor himself did the murder. Everything hunky dory for Tom and Dawn.

Wallace Reid, as Warren Jarvis, a snappy young American, undertakes to clear a Spanish castle of ghosts, and numerous laughable and thrilling results occur in "The Ghost Breaker" which opened to delighted audiences at the Strand yesterday.

The story starts with a succession of thrills, the action moving from Kentucky feuds to Spanish encounters with a joyous interlude in New York. The Ghost episodes are a sizzling alternation of side-splitting laughter and hair-raising thrills and the ending, both happy and sudden gives a pleasant glow of enjoyment.

It's a picture that gives Wally a fine chance to show himself at his best. And there's pretty Lila Lee, the Spanish girl who owns the castle. And Walter Hiers who, behind burnt cork for the first time, plays the comedy role of Rusty Snow and almost turns white with fright in the ghost-haunted rooms of the ancient castle.

"Human Hearts" at the Sun is just what the title indicates, real "b'gosh drama" with all the time-honored properties—the stern old father with chin foliage, the sturdy, dutiful son (they're both blacksmiths), the village simpleton, the fat boy, the gentle old mother, the village church with its funny folks and all the rest.

B'gosh, it's all there and we give it a cynical smile. But why is it that the tears steal into our eyes and the lumps rise in our throats and these are swallowed by laughter at the fat boy and the village band and fire department?

House Peters and Mary Philbin are the stars in the production which is a film version of the stage success of a generation ago, written by Hal Reid, father of Wally Reid.

Undoubtedly it touches the primitive emotions and shows we are exactly the same as our fathers were before us.

Plenty of action in "Sure Fire Flint" at the Rialto. Johnny Hines is the active actor. He loses one job after another but keeps right on until he lands right and wins the inside track to the girl's heart into the bargain. She's the daughter of his wealthy employer. Her screen name is Doris Kenyon.

Johnny uses a bicycle, motorcycle, automobile and locomotive in rapid succession in traveling a matter of a few miles in a hurry. How's that for action! And Doris is locked in the safe and in great danger of suffocating but Johnny gets there in time and she falls into his arms as he swings open the big door.

Now back to Alaska again for the scenes of "Caught Bluffing," showing at the Moon. It is in the feverish gold days. Frank Mayo is a gambler and boasts he is an honest one. He also is a woman hater.

An occasion arises where he cheats at cards to save the life and honor of the one and only girl who has ever unclamped the doors of his heart. And, after a bit, the girl, we are happy to report, sees what a fine chap this gambler is and she falls in love with him. It's all very well done.

Common Sense

Have You Ever Analyzed Your Failure?

That you have not succeeded so far is not a sign that you cannot succeed.

Did you ever get away by yourself and think in an unbiased way as to why you have not succeeded to date?

If you have been honest with yourself you probably acknowledged that you have not worked hard enough.

You have been unwilling to put forth the necessary effort to wrest success.

You deplore the fact that you lack early educational advantages, and overlook the truth that you might make up for that lack by extra work now.

You have pitied yourself instead of being up and doing to get the education which some other men have had earlier in life, but which you could get if you wanted it hard enough.

You excuse yourself on the grounds that your present position makes such demands on your strength, but you could manage that if you wanted to enthusiastically.

If you had started five years ago and studied intensively, you would have been prepared for the place you see ahead, but for which you dare not apply, because you are not ready.

Going at the present rate in another five years you will be no nearer.

Going to keep moving at the present gait?

(Copyright, 1922.)

YOUR good truck engine pulls more, lasts longer, and costs less to operate when the rear wheels of your truck are equipped with Goodyear All-Weather Tread Solid Tires.

It is one of the complete line of Goodyear Truck Tires sold and serviced by your Goodyear Truck Tire Dealer.

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University of Nebraska

Toward the $436,000—the amount to be raised for Nebraska's memorial stadium—the university community has subscribed over $227,000 (over $102,000 by the students and over $25,000 by the faculty), almost one-third (27 per cent) of the total amount. The faculty oversubscribed their quota by about $3,500 and the students by about $10,000. The alumni of the university, who number about 25,000, will be asked to contribute $218,000. The campaign for $150,000 from Lincoln alumni and business men begins Monday, November 13.

Nebraska spirit at Casper, Wyo., is so strong that former students are planning to come to the Nebraska-Notre Dame football game Thanksgiving in a special car.

Disapproval of a "beauty contest" for the 1923 Cornhusker was repeated by the Pan-Hellenic council in answer to the recent query of the management of the university annual as to the advisability of repeating last year's contest. The Valkyrie, senior women's honorary society, took similar action a few weeks ago. University women feel that "beauty contests" put them in a wrong light—are not representative of the spirit and ideals of university women.

Four students have been elected to Chi Delta Phi, national literary fraternity for women. Margaret Caswell, Louie Hartman, Randolph; Mildred Burcham, Lincoln, and Gertrude Sanford, Omaha. Membership to this organization is competitive—manuscripts are submitted and weighed according to their merits.

About 700 Lincoln people—students, teachers and business men mostly—are in the five night classes in business administration and history, offered by the university extension service.

The college of business administration is one of the schools associated in the publication of the University Journal of Business, to be published quarterly by the Chicago university and other institutions of the middle west. It will be devoted to articles and reviews by business men, faculty members and students. A special effort will be made to secure contributions for economics and business research from the students of the various schools.

Twelve University of Nebraska women (including four from Omaha), specializing in journalism, have been pledged by Theta Sigma Phi, national honorary professional journalistic fraternity for junior and senior women, and will be initiated November 14. They are: Stella Andrews, Broken Bow; Eleanore Dunlap, Pawnee City; Zella Gilmore, Denison, Ia.; Bonnie Hess, Wayne; Helen Kummer, Columbus; Leata Markwell, Omaha; Edith Olds, Lincoln; Emily Ross, Omaha; Mrs. Henry Schultz, Lincoln; Mary Tee, Omaha, and Marjorie Wyman, Omaha.

"Dad's Day," an innovation at the University of Nebraska, is set for November 18, the day of the Nebraska-Kansas Aggie football game in Lincoln. At a luncheon in Memorial hall, Governor S. R. McKelvie, Mayor F. C. Zehrung and Chancellor Samuel Avery of the university, Coach P. T. Dawson and Capt. "Chick" Hartley will speak.

Creighton University.

It is on the homecoming, November 16, that the general attention of students, alumni and faculty is chiefly centered. Preparations have been under way for more than a month. Class secretaries for the students classes of all the departments, from the oldest classes of the university's earliest days, to the graduating class of 1922, have written to their living classmates urging a large and thoroughly representative attendance, and all the indications are that the campus will swarm with old and young Creighton men.

The interest which the city of Omaha as such is taking in the event is shown by the practical co-operation given by the Chamber of Commerce. The executive committee of this body is going to extend the city's hospitality to the Creighton graduates. Two thousand five hundred invitation badges have been ordered with name plates and representations of the city of Omaha. Special rates have been secured on the railroads for the men attending.

Walter Head, president of the Chamber of Commerce, has come out with a cordial and emphatic statement of support in which he said in part:

"The plans for homecoming day are fine. It should be an annual event. The return of 1,000 of Link Jesuit Creighton graduates to their Alma Mater in Omaha each fall is a product which the Chamber of Commerce heartily supports, and Creighton can count upon us to do everything in our power to make this homecoming celebration great events.

"The possible competition and conversation between members of the Chamber of Commerce and co-operate in every way. The enthusiasm seems to be unanimous that Creighton at last is coming to its own as Omaha's university, and the city of the Rose Festival is going to do its share to make the homecoming and armistice day celebration a success."

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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WORKING EFFICIENCY.

The best long distance runners know the pace they can maintain for the distance of the race they are entered in. They start rather slowly and gradually work up speed. This speed they hold. When they sprint, as they frequently do, they wait until the home stretch.

Amateurs pitch in and run their tongue out down the first stretch, or, when some competitor goes by them, they lose their heads and go after him. Not so with the professional. He knows the steady pace is best.

Dr. Bedford finds the same to be true of workers. The best worker is the steady fellow. The ideal curve is one in which the man starts off rather deliberately on Monday morning. By Monday afternoon his hourly output is above that of the morning. The hourly output steadily increases each day of the week and reaches its maximum the end of the week.

If the man's hourly output is too high on Monday it is certain to sag before the end of the week.

If study of hourly output shows a sag during the week, either the man is loafing, is guilty of sabotage or else the working day is too long or the conditions are not right or the man is not right.

The proper length of the working day has been scientifically determined for certain industries, but not for all.

Much has been done about working conditions. A recent report relating to proper temperature conditions has been made by Leonard Hill and Campbell. They made use of a Kathathermometer. This instrument determines the cooling power of air, and, therefore, is something of an improvement over thermometers and instruments for determining humidity. In fact, it is a combination of a thermometer and a humidity determiner.

Hill and Campbell found that the muscles would work for a short period with just as much force and efficiency in improper air surroundings as elsewhere. But, if the cooling power of the air was low, the pulse rate ran up and the subject became uncomfortable and, in time, the hourly output of work was decreased.

The explanation of the decrease was that air of low cooling power threw so much extra work on the heart that fatigue came on unduly early. Furthermore, discomfort through both physical and psychical channels caused a decrease in effort.

They concluded that each proprietor should scientifically determine the proper cooling power of the air for his shop, and then make the conditions fit that standard. By so doing, he will make money for himself, as well as help his men.

Finally, the man may not be right because of illness or because he was just naturally wrong.

Get Booklet on Children.

Mrs. W. G. writes: "1. My baby is of a very nervous disposition. He is 14 months old. He jumps in his sleep and wakes at the slightest noise sometimes, but other times sleeps where there is noise without it bothering him. He wakes during the night and cries oftentimes.

"He is afraid and screams and runs to me if he hears horses or automobiles pass, but if he sees them is not afraid. We never scare him. Do you think he will outgrow this nervousness? Is there anything I can do to help him? He is in the open air all day.

"2. Also his navel stands out. It does not seem to hurt him. Do you think he could be easily ruptured? I have tried cotton to hold it down, but it slips off when he walks. He is perfectly healthy and strong and weighs 24 pounds.

"He drinks a quart of goat's milk a day. Do you think that is too much besides cereal or an egg for breakfast?"

REPLY.

1. You have a nervous child. His chance of outgrowing it depends upon your willingness to train him into nerve poise. Send in a large self-addressed envelope, with 4 cents in stamps attached and I will send you a booklet on nervous children.
2. Yes.
3. Yes. Give him less milk and more bread, cereal, vegetables, fruits, butter and gravy. May children of his age do not handle eggs well.

Children of the Deaf.

An Interesting Reader writes: "1. If a deaf person marries a deaf person (both born deaf) will they have deaf children?"

"2. If a deaf person marries a deaf person (both lost hearing) will they have hearing children?

"3. If a deaf person who was born deaf marries a deaf person who was not born deaf will they have deaf and hard of hearing children?"

REPLY.

1. Some children will be deaf, but not all.
2. Yes.
3. Yes, in all, probability.

Athletic Mothers.

R. B. writes: "I am a woman of 22. So far as I know I am in good health and normal. I am engaged to be married in the near future. My twin sister is married and has two children. In college I played basket ball and other strenuous games, with no ill effects that I know of.

"1. Is it likely that where one twin sister has children the other will not be able to have any?

"2. Is it likely that any previous efforts in athletics will make it difficult or impossible for me to have children?"

REPLY.

1. No. 2. No.

Midland College.

Midland college holds its homecoming this year November 14 in connection with the Kearney-Midland game. Special preparations are being made this year by one of the great number of former Midlanders and former Fremonters who will attend.

The opening of the Homecoming day will be at the chapel exercises. When a monster pep meeting will be pulled off. Business men, students, faculty and alumni will all take part in this meeting. At 2 in the afternoon there will be the parade downtown, in which the various organizations of the city of Fremont, as well as the student body, faculty and the homecomers will take part.

From 4 to 6:30 a reception in all stores will be held in the president's home. At 6:30 in the college dining hall the homecoming banquet will be served.

At the meeting of the Young Women's Missionary society of Hall hall the girls decided to arrange for a big Fun Fair November 16, and in this way help to make up their quota to the amount given last year.

Chadron Normal.

Thursday morning the Y. W. meeting afforded the students an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with nature affairs and their accomplishments. Mrs. Hulse gave a very interesting talk on "Nature Affairs," being particular of the events to Chadron for fall.

A short review was then rendered by Dorothy. The story selected could not change as the subject to be pictured first. The Blue Athletic association held their first meeting when the constitution was read and adopted. The note in the book that the girls taking vest drill were to wear black.

SOULS for SALE

By RUPERT HUGHES.

(Continued From Saturday.)

Polly turned the witchery of her shining eyes on the author, wheedled him, flattered him, courted him, all for the boon of a little brine.

And finally she coaxed a promise from him that he would interpolate a scene with Miss Steddon and give Polly a good cry.

The news was glorious. She darted to her mother, squealing with delight. She ran back and kissed the confused scribe, who would one day boast that the great Polly Thorne had honored him with such a seal of approval.

Polly dashed to Mem and sat upon her lap, tremendous with the rapture of her promotion to the dignity of a priestess of grief. Mem understood the thrill. She was looking back already from an increasing remoteness upon the excitement of her own novitiate.

Strange people, these actors, who plead for ruffering! Yet what else do the rest of us but cultivate misery, hug it to our hearts, run to embrace assured regret, make a habit of renewed remorse, resent all warnings and sign posts, and store up repentance in lavender, in old attics, in revisited scenes and haunted night thoughts?

Since we cannot always find grief enough at home or in the misbehavior of our neighbors, we have a gory newspaper dropped at our doors every morning. We snatch at extras, the bloodier the better. We buy magazines and books dripping with assorted woes for every taste; we have story tellers, songsters, fiddlers, poets, painters, players to make us writhe. We put tragic art at the top of the heap and pay him or her the most homage, and usually the most money, who wrings the most drops out of our twisted hearts.

The moving picture made its infant appeal because it brought the most agony within the reach of the masses at the greatest convenience with the least expense.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Have a job and get a job. To him that hath—

Remember Steddon's first picture was approaching its finish by a zigzag path, the scenes being shot according to their geography rather than chronology.

In one episode Mem was photographed stealing in through a front door and crossing a hall into a drawing room. When this was rehearsed and taken several times, she was immediately required to return across the hallway from the drawing room and carry with her the memory and the influence of what had taken place in the drawing room.

But, as a matter of fact, the art director and his crew of carpenters and decorators had not yet constructed the drawing room. It was still building on another stage, 200 yards way, and the scene could not be taken for a week.

Furthermore, the preceding scene in the street had not been taken. It would be shot on location in a street several miles away.

The actress had, therefore, to recall what she had done long before she did it.

This was one of the inescapable difficulties of the technic. Every art has its absurdities and contradictions, and the moving picture actor must perform incessant Irish bulls of sequence.

But all of Mem's anxieties concerning makeup and costume and interpretation were overwhelmed in the anxiety as to her future. She dreaded any hiatus in her career, another fretful hunting for more work.

She had been already acquiring a little name. Gossip of every sort was rife, and some of it was flattering. The word floated about that "Steddon was making good at Bermond's."

Other directors began to speak to her on the lot and at the luncheon table. The matron in charge of the dressing rooms told her that she had heard several people speak of Miss Steddon's fine work. The man in charge of a projection machine told her one day, "Very nice, Miss Steddon!" That was praise from a jaded expert. Some of the other actresses on the set had confessed that she had made them cry and choke up. She had "the stuff." She was delivering the goods. Her soul was getting over.

At home she found a note now and then asking her to call at another studio. Agents sent her proffers of their good offices and promised to enhance her opportunities and her earnings.

But the Bermond company had an option on her services. This included the right to farm her out for single pictures to other companies. It was a flattering kind of slavery. Still more flattering was Bermond's reluctance to lend her to a rival.

Eventually, Bermond agreed to rent Mem to a new company that was to make Tom Holby a star. He had earned the elevation and this meant that he and Robina Teele would part company—at least upon the screen.

When Mem read of this plan on the motion picture page of an evening paper her heart gave a hop, as if a fat frog had leaped in her bosom. She was not sure just what the excitement meant within her there.

She did not want Tom Holby for herself, yet she did not want to see any other woman land him.

Claymore obtruded upon her meditations. She was under the obligation imposed by his devotion.

It was certain that he and Mem must sever the relations they had established as director and directed, but a deep friendship, something deeper than friendship, had developed during their communion.

He had found her increasingly, irresistibly fascinating as he ransacked odd corners of her heart for emotional material, as he studied her expressions and postures, as he thought of her in her absence. Before him, she moved about to music, and that lifted them to another planet somehow.

He tried to be particularly aloof, professional and directorial in his conduct with Mem, lest the company discover his infatuation. But his love was less and less content with martyrdom alone. The very effort emphasized what he sought to hide, and the whisper went about that Claymore and Steddon were thicker than thieves. They gave the impression of a bride and groom pretending to be old married people and only advertising their infatuation by their aggravation indifference.

Mem was not blind to the look in his eyes, nor deaf to the overtones in his voice. She wondered for a while that so powerful a man should have selected so humble an apprentice and let the star glide by unworshipped.

Her heart was mellowed with a kind of upward pity for the great man that she was dragging down to her own meek level. But it was pleasant to be adored.

All day they labored over the ruinery of love and woe, and yet they gained no private immunity from its fever.

When he called of evenings, Claymore would make excuses to step out in the patio with Mem to show her a very remarkable moon.

He persuaded her now and then to stroll—anything to get her away from the eyes and ears of her mother and her housemates.

He never said anything, however, that he might not have said before a crowd. He never tried to hold her hand or snatch a kiss or filch an embrace. Mem was constantly set quivering with expectancy that he would make some advance, some gesture of endearment, yet always unable to decide just what she would do if he did. But he didn't.

She wondered at his curious shyness. For a man of such autocracy and such a habit of ordering her about before people, to be afraid to speak to her in solitude—it was funny.

She did not realize that his chief battle was with himself. He knew the perils a director runs who lets himself flirt with or favor one of his company. Even to deliver himself of handled jokes was unbearable. He fought his love for the sake of his pride of office.

So he did not speak, but he ached, and he communicated his anguish to the very air.

The picture and its final retakes were finished on a Saturday afternoon. There was an evening's idleness ahead. Claymore asked Mem to take a drive in his car, a long farewell flight about the familiar and the unvisited roads. She accepted meekly. Something told her that this drive was important to her fate.

Something was always telling her something. Nine times out of ten it was false, but she forgot the failures and recalled the coincidences.

CHAPTER L.

Nobody had yet asked Mem for her self respect as an initiation fee or an initiation rite. She was paid a weekly wage based upon her ability, her experience, and her usefulness. She was paid in coin of the realm.

Her price would rise and fall according to the general market for moving pictures and her specific value. Her emotion and her beauty were commodities, and Steddon stock would be quoted on the Soul Exchange as the demand for it rose and fell, as the bidders for it increased or diminished.

She could not add to her artistic assets by incurring moral liabilities. If her sins were discreet or picturesque they would not affect the public esteem. If they were unlucky sins, she might find herself suddenly bankrupt, closed out, shut down.

Up to now she had met no more of those compliments which are called "insults" than any girl is likely to meet with as she goes her way through any community. Her mother had been with her almost all the time when she was not on the lot, and the lot was full of mothers of little children and young stars.

Claymore had been chaperoned by the company and his own reverence for discipline. But now she was outside his authority. Both were outside the Bermond inclosure.

The picture was finished. Claymore could offer her no more scenes, no more advantages, no more roles, not even the little tributes of special close-ups or flattering lightings or the tender privilege of being "shot through gauze" or out of focus.

And now they were as helpless together as any other twain whom nothing restrains or separates in the undertow of passion. They were two emotional people without a barrier.

Among the countless things written and said about the hows and whys of women's surrenders one motive seems to have been too much ignored, though it must have exerted a vast influence on countless women, must exert an increasing influence as women go more and more into the worlds of business, of art and of freedom with only themselves for their guardians.

Good sportsmanship, a hatred of smuggery, a contempt for too careful self protection, a disgust for a holier-than-thou self esteem—these are amiable attitudes of mind that make for popularity. To be a miser of one's graces, a hyprochondriacal coddler of one's virtues, is to be unloved and unloveable.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Yam Sims has been feeling the need of a new hat for some time, and is either going to get a brand-new one at a store, or else swap for a second hand one the next time he eats at the Tickville cafe.

* * *

Sidney Hicks took his bible over to the home of Isaac Holwanger Tuesday night and played before a room full of company. However, he was not at his best, as he had on his suspenders—shirt, and his fiddle skidded every time he tried to make a run.

* * *

Jefferson Pedicoke has put window lights in all the front windows of his home, and it will seem right awkward until the children get used to going in and out of the doors.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXV.

The Tin Pan.

Any bright object, like a bit of tin, never failed to catch Fatty Coon's eye. When he saw such things he always had hard work to keep his paws off them.

Mrs. Coon noticed this trait in her son when he was very young. She knew it was a family failing. So she warned Fatty to beware of going near—or touching — strange, glistening things.

She was not the only one that knew this failing of the Coon family. Men knew it, too. They sometimes hung a piece of tin above a trap in hope that some specially curious Coon would step into the trap when he touched the tin with his paw.

Meanwhile Fatty Coon watched him in amazement

Once Fatty did that very thing — almost. This was the time when he thought he had found the moon.

For a long time afterward he was very careful. But after a while he grew bolder again. And one day when he was nosing about the sugar house in the maple grove, he came upon a gleaming tin pan which somebody had left on the ground just outside the door.

"Ah, ha! I know what's under that," Fatty said to himself. "There's a trap there."

He vowed firmly that he would go no nearer to the danger. But there couldn't be any risk in simply looking at the beautiful pan. So he sat down and feasted his eyes upon it. How it did glitter in the sunshine!

As he gazed upon the pan he hitched himself little by little along the ground, without knowing what he was doing. At last he was so close to then pan that he could have touched it by reaching out a paw.

All at once a great longing came over him. He felt that, danger or no danger, he must touch the bright object. He told himself that he would draw his paw away so quickly that nothing could catch him.

Alt this time Fatty was so intent upon the shining pan that he never spied somebody who was watching him from the roof of the sugar house. Up there Frisky Squirrel sat on the vedy edge of the roof, right above the doorway, bending forward to stare at Fatty and wonder what he was doing. In his paws Frisky Squirrel clutched a nut. He had been on the point of cracking it when he noticed Fatty and his queer actions.

When Fatty slowly stretched his paw toward the pan Frisky bent farther over the eaves. He bent so far that he lost his balance. To save himself from falling, he dropped the nut and clung to the roof with his forepaws as well as his hind ones.

The nut fell straight downward. Fatty's paw was within an inch of the pan when there came a sudden bang!

It was only a nut striking the pan. But Fatty Coon didn't know that. He thought the trap had sprung. He pulled back his paw. And he was already running away when he heard a voice calling, "Stop, thief!" He knew it was Frisky Squirrel's voice. So Fatty stopped and looked all around.

"Bring back that nut!" Frisky Squirrel cried.

Fatty saw him then.

"Nut?" he asked.

Frisky had supposed that Fatty was running off with the nut. Now he saw that he was mistaken. He did not waste any words—not even to apologize. Instead he hurried down off the roof of the sugar house and ran up to the pan. The nut was inside it. And Frisky Squirrel hopped into the pan, picked up his nut, then cracked and ate it.

Meanwhile Fatty Coon watched him in amazement.

"He'll never get away," Fatty said to himself. "The trap will catch him."

But it didn't. It didn't, because there was no trap there.

To Fatty Coon the whole affair was almost puzzling. He couldn't understand it at all. But he said nothing about the matter to any of his family when he reached home a little later.

The next time he found a tin pan he intended to look inside it and pick out the nut, himself.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Uncle Sam Says:

Cancer Facts.

Do you know that cancer is the cause of about 80,000 deaths annually in the United States? Do you know that nearly one-half of these cases, the United States public health service says were at one time curable? Cancer is a disease of adult life and its onset, while usually painless, is in most cases curable. This booklet gives the warning signs for most of the various kinds of cancer and contains much valuable information.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., asking for "Keep Well Series No. 8."

The more prominent the man the more likely the doctors are to diagnose his oil age as a "slight indisposition."

My Marriage Problems

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

Why Dicky Was Forced to Telegraph for Madge.

I fairly snatched the newspapers from Lillian's hands and fumbled them over without finding the thing I sought. Lillian took one of them from me, opened it, folded it to a certain column, and handed it back to me.

"This is the worst one," she said quietly. "Better get it over."

I took it from her and saw staring out at me the pictures of Dicky and Claire Foster—he in the uniform of an aviation officer. It was a photograph of Dicky which every newspaper in the country had had in its "morgue" since the world war from which he came back an ace.

The picture of Miss Foster was patently a snapshot, and I surmised that it had been obtained perhaps surreptitiously from some acquaintance of the girl's at her city address.

The captions beneath the photographs were not calculated to soothe my resentment.

"World - famous American ace, Dicky Graham, and beautiful Claire Foster, the companion of his latest ascent, the most romantic, if not the most thrilling of his spectacular record."

"It Is Admitted—"

I turned to the accompanying story, ignoring the flaming headlines, saw that the date line was Caldwin, and read the flippant, sensational account of the adventure behind my husband's frantic appeal to me to come to him.

"Dicky' Graham, who has faced a boche air rival, and an infurated art editor with equal aplomb, ruefully acknowledges today that for unpleasant ferocity either is backed off the boards by the redoubtable female whom our grandfathers knew as Madame Grundy.

"It is admitted that the day has entirely disappeared from urban circles, and that city dwellers, especially the ultra-modern young women, do exactly as they please, but the old girl is still firmly planted in country circles, and nowhere does she thrive more than in the little summer resort of Windy Cave, 18 miles from here.

"Mr. Graham has won fame in two directions. He is one of our most brilliant younger illustrators, and during the recent war he was an American ace whose exploits were widely heralded. So spoiled a darling of fortune, no doubt felt that it was no one's business if he took a daily flight in a friend's airboat with the prettiest girl at the Windy Cave resort as his companion. So every day for the past week the rocking chair brigade of the autumn colony has watched Miss Claire Foster, a beautiful, wealthy and ultra-modern western guest of the Windy Cave house, attired in the latest flying outfit, trip blithely to the big, open field near the village, and wait for the dashing Dicky Lochinvar-like to appear from out of the west.

"What Will His Wife Say?"

"Speculation ran high over the identity of the gallant flyer, for Miss Foster, insouciant but inscrutable, did not deign any information upon the subject nearest to the hearts of the veranda knitters. But day before yesterday something went wrong with the airboat. Perhaps Dicky's attention was distracted from his controls—and, who could blame him? At any rate, there was an unexpected nose dive, a forced landing in a swamp, and a perilous and most uncomfortable tramp back to civilization for the unlucky aviator and his companion.

"Drenched, bruised and exhausted, they reached Windy Cave yesterday morning after 24 hours of wandering, and the rocking chair brigade learned the identity of Mr. Graham, and remembered at the same moment that the gallant Dicky has a charming wife and a cherubic small son out on Long Island. Everybody remembers the kidnaring of the Graham baby, and his subsequent recovery, with the newspaper furore it entailed, and with that topic and the air disaster before them, the verandas at Windy Cave are humming like the nests of angry and censorious hornets!

"Miss Foster has been confined to her room since her return, and has refused any statement to reporters. Dicky grieved the sensitive souls of the newspaper contingent by requesting their departure at once to a place of perpetual torment, and the veranda brigade have just one question which they are broadcasting through the ether:

"'What will his wife say?'

"And if there is anybody who doubts the continued existence of mid-Victorian Madame Grundy, let him come to Windy Cave."

Parents' Problems

How can children best be taught to be accurate in making statements?

It depends upon the age of the child. Reason with him and show him how such statements could not be true. Maybe his imagination is working. If the fault is exaggeration, it may be gradually overcome by having him make the statement over again in accurate numbers.

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