

TWIN STORIES

BY
LUCY FITCH PERKINS

St. Nicholas Story Concluded.
"That very same day the wicked farmer went to market with some vegetables to sell. As he was sitting in the market, St. Nicholas appeared before him. He had on his mitre and his long robes, just as you see him in Kit's cake."
"Have you any pork to sell?" St. Nicholas asked the man.
"No," said the farmer.
"What of the three young pigs in your brine tub in the cellar?" said St. Nicholas.
"The farmer saw that his wicked deed was found out—as all wicked deeds are, sooner or later. He fell on his knees and begged the good saint to forgive him."
"St. Nicholas said, 'Show me the way to your house.'"
"The farmer led his vegetables unsold in the market and went home at once, the saint following all the way."
"When they reached the hut, St. Nicholas went to the pickled pork tub in the cellar. He waved his staff over the tub, and out jumped the three boys, hearty and well. Then the good saint took them through the woods and left them in sight of their own home."
"Oh, what a good St. Nicholas!" said Kit and Kat. "Tell us another."
"Well," said Grandmother Winkle, "once upon another time there was a very mean man, who had a great deal of money—that often happens. He had, also, three beautiful daughters—that sometimes happens, too."
"One day he lost all his money. Now, he cared more for money than for anything else in the world—more, even, than for his three beautiful daughters. So he made up his mind to sell them!"
"St. Nicholas knew of this wicked

plan; so that very night he went to the man's house and dropped some money through a broken window."
"Why did he do that?" asked Kat.
"Because the man was selling his daughters to get money. If he had money enough, he wouldn't sell them."
"The first night St. Nicholas dropped enough money to pay for the oldest daughter. The next night he took a purse of gold for the sec-



ond daughter, and dropped it down the chimney. It fell down right in front of the man, as he was getting a coal to light his pipe. The third night the man watched; and when St. Nicholas came, the door flew open and the man ran out. He caught St. Nicholas by his long robe and held him."
"O St. Nicholas, servant of the Lord," he said, "why dost thou hide thy good deeds?"
"And from that time on, every one has known it is St. Nicholas who brings gifts in the night, and drops them down the chimney."
"Did the man sell his daughter?" asked Kat.
"No," said grandmother. "He was so ashamed of himself that he wasn't wicked any more."
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Tomorrow—St. Nicholas Visits the Dutch Twins.

Rev. Thos. Casady Arrives to Take All Saints Pulpit

Rev. Thomas Casady, new rector of All Saints Episcopal church, has arrived in Omaha by automobile from Pueblo, Col., and is at the Hotel Blackstone pending the arrival of his wife and five children. For the past seven and a half years Rev. Mr. Casady has been rector of the Church of Ascension at Pueblo. Services of institution for Rev. Mr. Casady will be held at All Saints at 11 Sunday morning, with Bishop E. V. Shaylor in charge. Bishop Shaylor will read his letter of instructions to Rev. Mr. Casady, and present the Bible, prayer book and canons of the church to him. He will also make a short address. C. S. Montgomery, senior warden, will present the keys of the church to the new rector. A recessional hymn will be sung in memory of Rev. J. T. Mackay, late pastor of All Saints.

Rev. Mr. Casady will preach his first sermon to his new congregation at these services, and pronounce the blessing. His subject will be "Religion as an Adventure."
"I'm enthusiastic about Omaha and the opportunities here," said Rev. Mr. Casady last night.
Mr. Casady and his family will reside in the All Saints rectory at 560 South Twenty-sixth street. Mrs. Casady, who is visiting relatives in Des Moines, will arrive in Omaha Sunday.

What Do You Know?

(Here's a chance to make your wits worth more each day. The Bee will publish a series of questions, prepared by Superintendent J. H. Beveridge of the public schools. They cover things which you should know. The first question of correct answers received will be rewarded by \$1. The answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views fully and in full. Address "Question Editor," (Omaha Bee).)

By J. H. BEVERIDGE.
1. What is the chief manufactured product of Grand Rapids, Mich?
2. In what state is Yellowstone Park?
3. Where are the most noted marble quarries in the United States?
4. What is the largest city in California?
5. Which New England state has no seasons?

Answers Published Tuesday.

- TUESDAY'S ANSWERS.**
1. Who invented the telephone? Alexander Graham Bell.
2. What was the first message sent over the electric telegraph? "What hath God wrought."
3. Who invented the electric arc light? Charles F. Brush.
4. In what year was the battle of Gettysburg? 1863.
5. Who discovered the North Pole? Robert E. Peary.
Winner: Angelo Di Giorgio, 510 Poppleton avenue, Omaha.

PHOTO-PLAYS.

Everybody's talking
Everybody's talking
Everybody's talking
Everybody's talking

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Questions That Troubled Made—The Vow She Made.

Am I a successful wife? Have I made my husband happy? If he were free to espouse a wife again, and had no feeling of obligation toward me, would he, with all the knowledge of me he has acquired, choose me again from all the world to walk by his side till "death do us part?"
"These are the questions which are beating on my brain today. These are the queries, the answers to which I mean to make it my business to find."
It is a time of matrimonial stock-taking with me, this dreary day of earliest spring, when a cold drizzle outside, effectually banishing the sunshine, has found its reflection in my own spirits. I mean to cast up accounts with myself and find out if I have been cheating Dicky, my husband, in this matrimonial game, if I have not been defrauding me, or if we, after all, have struck a fair balance.
"Did I say matrimonial game? What a misnomer! If ever there was a serious, solemn business in the world's whirl of affairs it is the business of marriage. And if ever there was a job requiring all the tact, ability and resourcefulness which a woman possesses it is this job known to womankind of "holding a husband."

I wonder if I have made good upon my particular job.
I remember, years before I met Dicky, hearing Mrs. Stewart, the dear old woman with whom my mother and I boarded, quote caustically:
"Any fool can marry a man, but it takes a wise woman to keep one." I have not thought of the words in years, but today they have been ringing insistently in my ears. With them as a yard stick I have been measuring not only my own marital career, but those of the people I have known intimately since that time.

Lillian and Harry Underwood! Of course, Lillian's name comes first to my mind in any mental survey of my friends, for I hold her above all women, reverence her judgment and her high ideals. And yet, measured by the little yard stick, Lillian has failed, for two men have called her wife and then deserted her.
But—was it possible for any woman to have kept the love of either man? More potent question still, was the love of either worth 60 seconds of any true woman's effort? Honesty compels a negative answer to both questions.

Both Dicky and I, her nearest friends, know how bravely and truly she tried to do the right thing in the harrowing situations which confronted her. It fell instinctively that if in that long past time when Robert Savarin, rising artist, had set the feet of Lillian Gale, eager acolyte, in the path she so ardently desired, he had also claimed the love he had unconsciously won, he would have been spared the years of mental darkness that later came to him because of another

when education and training have not sharpened one's perceptions—and one's nerves?
I return to the contemplation of my own problem with my spirits both staggered and strengthened. I have seen the stupendous task with which each woman I call friend has had to deal, but I have been heartened by the thought that in any case where the man was a possible human being the game lay unmistakably in the wife's hands. And Dicky, bless his heart, is distinctly possible, however otherwise I may think sometimes when his instability or his jealous rages make me suffer.

My thoughts go back to my wedding day, to the wild, wonderful bliss of that honeymoon time, yes and to the doubts that beset me even then as to the probability of happiness in marriage.
How much I have learned since that time, learned that if there be no happiness in marriage there is certainly nothing outside its charmed circle which can bring such bliss and contentment that she and the man she loves belong to each other wholly, irrevocably, together, "for better, for worse," with all the rest of the world outside.

Learned, too, with a tremendous fear at my heart, that there could be no greater tragedy in the world for me than the loss of my husband's love. If I want any must have had this life it behooves me to make good on my job as a wife.
Curiously enough, it has been the trembling inquiry of a girl on the brink of marriage which has set me to the self-inquiry, the mental stock-taking of the last hour.

Leila Fairfax came to my room this morning. She is to be married to Alfred Durkee in a few weeks, and I have invited the motherless girl to be my guest while she is preparing her simple trousseau. Putting her arms around me she said earnestly, with a hint of tears in her voice:
"Madge, dear, tell me—I am so frightened—isn't it an awfully hard task being a successful wife? You and Dicky always seem so happy, and yet I know you must have had your share of troubles as well as

It is but a few months now until the end of the school year and the year of perfunctory respect for Milly's memory, and then the two who have loved each other hopelessly for so many years will be united. I have no fear of Alice being unable to hold her husband. And yet I suspect that she will find the placid waters of marriage will hide snags as annoying, if not as dangerous as those of the turbulent torrents through which her bark has been steered.

Jim and Katie? An irrepressible smile comes to me at the thought of my little maid with her tempestuous moods, and Jim's smiling, stolid acceptance of them. Katie has held her husband's love, will continue to hold it. Is that question, as well as all others of the spirit, less a problem when life is somewhat primitive.

other women. And—I feel as if I knew so little, and—and—I do want to make Alfred a good wife!
The tears were overflowing now. I saw that the girl was overwrought, and wondered for an unworthy, fleeting minute if her remembrance of little studio parties in which her sister, herself and Dicky had figured, innocently enough, yet without my presence, was troubling her now that she herself faced the possibility of being the wife who stayed at home while her husband enjoyed himself elsewhere. But in another second I had banished that thought and was assuring her emphatically that all her fears were unfounded.

"You foolish child," I scolded. "There's one thing certain. A teary wife is the worst possible kind. So stop crying and listen to words of wisdom from an authority. You're going to make Alfred the best possible wife, and you're going to be idiotically happy. Now run along and dry your eyes, or Alfred will see that you have been crying and think you don't want to marry."
She tripped away, smiling through her tears, and I have been sitting

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SATURDAY, MAY 8
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Admission 50c
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR
Produced by Mrs. E. John Brandeis.
Shown first time last Saturday evening at Brandeis theater. To be shown again at the
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Saturday Morning, May 8, at 9 o'clock, until noon, continuously.
General Admission 10c
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