Gladys Peters To Be Ak Queen Avers Rhymer

Winner in Friday's "Queen's Jingle" in The Bee's Contest, Miss Grace Latham Says So.

Miss Gladys Peters will be queen of Ak-Sar-Ben this year, according to Grace Latham, 3326 Seward street, winner of Friday's "Queen's Jingle" in The Bee's Ak-Sar-Ben jingle contest. Miss Latham's winning jingle is this:

Who shall be queen
That remains to be seen,
But regardless of rhyme or of meter (s),
I know a fair maiden
Who charms quite o'erladen,
Her name—'tis Miss Gladys Peters.

Send in a little jingle about any man or woman whom you believe to be fitted for king or queen of Ak-Sar-Ben. You may win the daily prize of two tickets to the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival and shows and you may win the grand prize as well.

1. No governor of Ak-Sar-Ben or any member of his family is eligible to compete, nor any employe of The Bee or his relative. Anyone else may contribute one or more jingles.
2. The guess must be embodied in a jingle, either a "King's Jingle" or a "Queen's Jingle." It must be written plainly and enclosed in an envelope addressed to the Ak-Sar-Ben Jingle Editor of The Bee.
3. Each jingle must be on a separate sheet of paper, the "King's Jingle" on one and the "Queen's Jingle" on another.
4. The author of the best jingle each day will receive two tickets to Con T. Kennedy's Ak-Sar-Ben carnival shows.
5. The person who guesses correctly the name of the king will receive any $10 article in any Omaha store; the person who guesses correctly the name of the queen will receive a second order for $10 worth of merchandise in any Omaha store.
6. In case two or more persons make the same winning guesses, the author of the best jingle will receive the first prize and the author of the second best jingle a separate $5 prize.
7. The contest will close September 22.

What Do You Know?

(Here's a chance to make your wife worth money. Each day The Bee will publish a series of questions. They cover things which you should know. The first complete list of correct answers and the name of the winner will be published on the day indicated below. Be sure to give your views and address in full. Address "Questions Editor," Omaha Bee.)

1. Where is Abraham Lincoln't body buried?
2. In what year did the United States start work on the Panama canal?
3. What state is known as the Pine Tree state?
4. What is the highest mountain in the world?
5. What city in California was wrecked by an earthquake in 1906?

(Answers Published Wednesday.)

WEDNESDAY'S ANSWERS.

1. Who was ruler of Mexico when Cortez, with his Spanish followers, invaded the land? Montezuma.
2. Would you expect the pupil of the eye to be expanded or contracted at dusk? Expanded.
3. Where is the Cave of the Winds? At Niagara, between the American and Horseshoe falls.
4. What state is called the "Dark and Bloody Ground," in reference to the amount of fighting which has taken place on its soil? Kentucky.
5. What does it mean to say that a sailor has gone to Davy Jones' locker? He is dead.

Winner: Elizabeth Bertsch, 2211 Miami street, Omaha.

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who uses the office stamps and stationery for his personal correspondence, monopolizes the office phone for his personal calls and takes the office pensils home for his family to use.

Well, why not?

The office will never miss anything I take and the calls on the phone don't cost anything extra. So why not help myself? Think what it saves ME!

Of course I'd be sore if anyone put anything like that over on me, but that would be different. I'm not an office. I'm an individual. And it would come out of my pocket.

Besides any graft I can slip over I'm entitled to. I earn a lot more than I'm paid and I have something coming to me.

Of course, the boss wouldn't agree with me if he knew it, or happened to think about it, but that's his business, not mine. And what he don't know won't hurt him.

So I should worry. And keep grabbing anything I can while the grabbing is good.

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Pastor at Methodists' Meet Once Famed Pitcher

The Rev. F. H. Urwin, pastor of the Methodist church at Inman, Neb., who is attending the Methodist conference now in session in Omaha, revived recollection of the state championship base ball tournament in Omaha in 1899 when the Omaha team won the pennant by one score.

The Rev. Urwin took a prominent part in the series. He will be remembered by pioneer sport fans as having pitched for Louisville, Omaha's final contestant for the prize.

The Rev. Urwin was then 18 years old and was known throughout the middle west as "Nebraska's Kid Pitcher." A year later he entered Nebraska Wesleyan university to study for the ministry. He is still a great lover of sports, he says.

Fight Date With Relative Broken

Makes Appointment to Whip Aged Father-in-Law, Then Fails to Show Up.

When Frank Olander, 28 and healthy, 212 South Fourteenth street, challenged John Hamlin, 1531 North Eighteenth street, his father-in-law, to a catch-as-catch-can and hit-as-hit-can street brawl to settle a dispute between them over a "poodle dog, beer crock and 75 bottles," he little thought the sprightly elder would accept.

"Say bo, ya ain't got nuthin' on me atall an' I'll meetcha at 11 o'clock tomorrow at Nineteenth and Charles streets," son-in-law 'phoned to father-in-law Wednesday.

"I'll be there," the elder emphasized.

For one hour, John waited, perhaps patiently, at the appointed place while the discarded son-in-law was in Justice of the Peace Collins' court telling of the intended battle.

"An' it's goin' to be settled this time," he boasted. "It'll be a clean K. O. for me. Leave it ter me."

Pedestrians and passing autoists along Florence boulevard wondered at the elder sitting alone on the curbing. Police receiving a "tip" of the intended fight made a run to Nineteenth and Charles only to find the father-in-law in fiery mood.

"Yeah, he ain't keerful with hisself w'en he asts me ter fight," John said. "For he ain't showed up yit."

The police departed and John waited—waited—and is still waiting for the "challenger to come to battle."

Women in Auto Crash Sue Driver For $7,500

Stella Hayes asks $5,000 and Jessie Leland asks $2,500 from Charles D. Nelson in a suit filed in district court yesterday for damages and injuries which they say they received in a collision between their car and Nelson's at Twenty-fourth and N streets last Monday.

Holding a Husband

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

How Dicky "Took" Maj. Grantland's Words of Madge.

As Major Grantland stated the terms of the promise he wished to exact from me I stared in horrified amazement.

"You cannot mean that, Major Grantland," I exclaimed. "Not to go outside the house unaccompanied by my husband or father—"

"Or some other man," the army officer supplemented gravely.

"But—but—that's virtual imprisonment," I said hotly, yet with a little chill of fear creeping over me.

"I know it and regret it," Major Grantland replied, "and I think you know that I would not ask it unless I were absolutely compelled to do so for your own safety."

I threw back my head and looked at him steadily.

"There is—danger—then—to my safety?" I asked quickly.

He hesitated, and I saw Dicky throw him a swift, furtive look. It was a look of inquiry, and I saw that the bizarre situation, whatever it meant, was dominated by Major Grantland. Dicky was but a supernumerary. While I was reasonably sure that he knew the reason for Major Grantland's actions I was also sure that he had no idea of the methods which the army officer meant to employ.

When Hugh Grahtlant's eyes next met mine there was pain behind the firmness shining in them.

"Yes—there is danger," he said quietly, "but you must not ask me what it is. I can promise you, however, that it will be removed in a few days."

Grantland is Grim.

There was a grimness in his manner, a sternness in his face which reminded me of the strenuous dramatic times when he and I had faced death and danger together. His expression boded no easy time for "the danger" whoever or whatever it might be. He waited for a long, tense minute before he spoke again.

"May I have your promise?" he said at last.

"Of course," I replied with a great weariness settling upon my spirits. I had counted so much upon the rest and comfort I should gain from this trip south, and here I faced one of the strangest, most maddening restrictions my life had ever known.

Major Grantland took a step toward me, and I saw that his fingers were clenched into his palms. He disregarded Dicky's presence as if he were not beside us, and his eyes blazed down into mine.

"You know I would give my right hand to spare you this," he said tensely, and the words were redeemed from banality by the pain and sincerity in his voice and face.

"That's a pretty big order, Grantland," Dicky drawled mockingly. "It's a good thing you won't be called upon to fill it."

Dicky's Mocking Comment.

Major Grantland flinched as if he had been struck an unexpected blow. Then he straightened himself to his full height.

"I will not detain you longer," he said quietly, "and I pledge you that your discomfort will only be temporary."

He bowed ceremoniously and left the place almost abruptly. I braced myself to hear whatever Dicky had to say. I knew by his tone when he had commented upon the army officer's unconsciously theatrical little speech that he was furiously angry.

He chose to mask his anger, however, by scathing ridicule of the man striding rapidly toward the road.

"That guy's certainly missed his calling," he drawled with a smile, but I caught the vicious note in his tones. "He'd make a hit in the movies, or, better still, in the ten-twenty-thirt, if they'd only revive that classic entertainment. Can't you just see him, stretching out his right hand and thundering 'You know I would give my right hand to spare you this!'"

He paused, threw me an impish, malicious, smiling glance, then went on meditatively:

"You know, there's one line he omitted. I was sure he was going to spout, 'Rags, are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake.' How he ever left that out I can't imagine. It's the prize gem of the whole collection. Come on let's go back. I'll lock you in your dungeon cell and turn the key over to Dad while this nonsense lasts. He'll have to squire you round on your walks abroad. I'll be damned if I'm going to make myself ridiculous with this nonsense."

"Dicky!" I sprang from my seat, grasped him by the arms, and faced him. "Is it all nonsense or Major Grantland's agitation? If you say so, I'll go directly to him and ask him to release me from my promise."

My husband stopped abruptly, considered a minute.

"Oh, I wouldn't say there's nothing in it!" he said, hesitatingly. "Better do what he asks for a few days, anyway, even if it is ridiculous."

(Continued Monday.)