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tion."

THE BEE: OMAHA, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1920.

AMUSEMENT. THE GUMPS-Holding a Husband Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith. NIX, ANDY, NIX BRANDEIS And Until SAT. NIGHT Adele Garrison's New Phase of **Revelations** of a Wife YOU KNOW THAT'S SWELL SCENERY FOR A THAT'S NOTHING-I WAS READING THERE ARE EIGHT WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS WHERE A COUPLE GOT MARRIED Envious Phrase Leila Voiced WELL THERE'S SOME WEDDING - A COUPLE OF YEARS WONDERS OF THE WORLD MIN? HERE'S A COUPLE Which Troubled Madge FROM NOW IT WILL BE A NICE PEACEFUL SENSE TO THAT -IN AN ANIMAL CAGE FULL OF BUT AFTER SEEING GOT MARRIED IN A SHOW did not give Leila time to LIONS, TIGERS AND EVERYTHING PLACE FOR HIM TO GO AND HIDE-HE'S JUST GETTING USED panic stricken over my news of Al-WINDOW OF A FURNITURE fred's expected arrival to take her TO WHAT'S COMING -(I GUESS THAT WAS A KNOCK STORE - SOME AD EH? back to her great-aunt's home, but kept up a running fire of small talk OUT) until she had finished dressing to the last hairpin in her colffure. "Wait here a minute," I said as I picked up her hat and gave it to her. "I'll ask Mrs. Lukens if we may wait on the veranda for Alfred He'll be sure to stop here first, and there's no one around." "Whatever shall I say to him?" she asked with a pretty, helpless air, which annoyed me even while I acknowledged its appeal. "I don't mean about Rita," she amended You Will Agree With the quickly, "I've promised you about that, but I don't know how to ex-Thousands of Others That THERE ARE NINE plain about my coming over here. He'll think it so queer my not be-ing at Aunt Dora's when he comes Ladies' Only Souvenir Mat. Friday. Any Seat, \$1.00. All Seats Reserved. Girls Under 15 Not Admitted. I walked over to her, took her Regular Matinee Saturday es: Nights and Sat. Mat., 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 by the shouders, and gave her the little shake I had been fonging to SIDNEY SMIT administer ever since she had come to me, horvorstricken at Rita Brown's tale. mouth when a stone landed within was his father that was throwing meets in the church, or at the settle "Say nothing to him in explana-on," I said impatiently. "You **Common Sense** an inch of his nose. "His father!" Paddy Muskrat ex-there is no reason why the girls and there is no reason why the girls and "You BRANDED All Next Week Matinees Wed. and Sat. Paddy didn't stop to say another word to himself. He dropped the wanted to come to see me, that's claimed. "I never supposed it was Farmer Green., And I must say in the evening, if parents or other all. You certainly don't need to of-Make Up Your Mind And Do It. fer an excuse for that. And see to clam quickly and dived into the By J. J. MUNDY. Geo. M. Cohan's Comedians in it that you do not ask him for an explanation of his going to that that it's a pretty small thing for a grown-ups concerned approve. water, while the stones went chug! You say you want to accomplish THE ROYAL chug! all around him. grown man to be doing-stopping to bachelor dinner. Let your marriage certam thing this winter, but if AMUSEMENTS. "This is a little too much!" Paddy throw stones at me. It's a boy's tie be an elastic band instead of an unyielding chain. You'll be fat trick-that's what it is!" Muskrat told his friend, Mr. Turfar anyone pins you down to a specified VAGABOND "But he wasn't throwing stones at happier than if you persist in this combination role of doormat and tle, whom he met on his way home. "If Johnnie Green is coming here LAST TIMES TODAY time, for which you must put off ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY Mr. Turtle explained. "He everything else, in order to accom-A Cohanized Opera Comique Company of 75-Twenty-five Song Hits. Aug-mented Orchestra. Biggest Musical Success Since "The Merry Widow." petty tyrant you appear to be plan-ning for yourself." didn't know you were on the bank. every evening to throw stones at lish results, you begin to fence.

She pouted and twisted herself Now the question is how much do away from me in pique, hesitated an ou want to excel in that thing? instant, then threw her arms around What stands first in your scheme of things? You get where you want to go if your heart, body and soul work to-

and soul is forgotten.

our own make-up.

me in impetuous contrition. "Forgive me," said said pleading-ly, "and I'll follow your advice re-ligously. You and Dicky are cerligously. You and Dicky are cer-tainly happy enough to warrant any one copying you." gether. The trouble with mos' of us is Would Madge Be Free! that we are pretty evenly divided.

Was she wholly sincere? I ve flected, startled, or was there a pinprick concealed beneath the ingen-uous words and manner? I looked at her sharply, saw that she meant exactly what she said, and kissed her warmly.

"You know the old adage," said lightly. "Do as I say, not as to accomplish anything worth while. You say 'you want to do-you must do-that thing you have been planning, but when it comes to the do. But come, just turn your mind to the angle at which you want to put that. That's the most important question before the house just now." test you won't change a single plan for your own pleasure, so that you I slipped out of the room before she could answer me. And all the may get somewhere near the goal you can see. way to Mrs. Lukens' room I tormented myself over the question which her naive little remark had

How much do you want to do that something? What is absolutely first in your raised in my mind. Were Dicky and I an ideally hapmind

py couple in the eyes of our friends? There was gratified vanity in the thought, shadowed, however, by the Sit down by yourself and study the relative values, then hew to the consciousness that the reputation was an undeserved one. Happiness, exquisite, wonderful, is often mine,

but even as I gave a short, unhap-py, little laugh at the thought, I py, little laugh at the thought. I had no idea of when my husband meant to return home, or in what mood he would be when he did ar-

I stopped short in the corridor for a moment on the verge of the despairing wish which many a wife ud or in silence, according to her temperament, when was for her a rare gesture. there has been an especially un-pleasant disagreement between her-your conscience and your breeding," there has been an especially un-pleasant disagreement between her-

self and her husband. "Oh, that I were free again!"



CHAPTER XV. Throwing Stones.

enting a dainty morsel on the bank, spot where Paddy Muskrat crouched near his home. He had dug a sweet- over his tidbit. tasting root from the bottom of the pond and had swum to the shore to

himself sayagely, as he dived out of sight and swam toward his door-

dining upon the bank, where the air was fresh. If Paddy Muskrat was angry then, he was much agrier the next evening,

He dropped the root at once happened too often, every day, cause him any uncasiness. The ware clam, when a wagon stopped in the road close by. Paddy paid little heed to it. Several wagons had passed while he was eating. "I'm glad. it's not that horrid and plunged into the pond.

o cause him any uneasiness. The wagon stopped. But that. Johnnie Green! too, had happened before. And still between nibbles.

Now, Mr. Turtle did not want Paddy to go away. "It's quite safe here," he said. "I've lived in this pond for almost a hundred years and nothing has ever hurt me. To be sure, I've had plenty of stones thrown at me. But

"Well! I wouldn't care to be hit by a stone, whether it was aimed at dy Muskrat-"you must remember me or not," Paddy Muskrat remarked. "Just keep away from that side of

the pond," Mr. Turtle advised. "It won't be long," he added. "How long?" Paddy inquired. plenty of time to grow tired of throwing stones and drive on again. Then Paddy crept out of his house, for he intended te go back to the "Nonsense!" old Mr. Turtle cried. "There's no danger at all! And swer,

just to prove to you what a safe place into the water and swam back to stones are falling." So Mr. Turtle swam for the spot

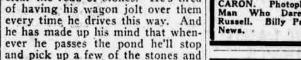
where the stones were chugging and other root, which he took home to splashing into the pond. He crawled out upon the bank, too, and climbed

of the road. It was not long before Mr. Turtle began to smile. And then he slopped nto the water and swa mback to find Paddy Muskrat.

"It's just as I said!" Mr. Turtle told Paddy. "There's no danger. Nobody's trying to hurt anybody in

this pond. "Didn't you see Johnny Green?" baddy asked.

DANCING HUMPHREYS; SANTUCCI GREEN & PUGH; BELL & CARON. Photoplay Attraction: "The Man Who Dared," featuring Wm Russell. Billy Parsons Comedy. For Farmer Green is simply trying to clear the road of stones. He's tired





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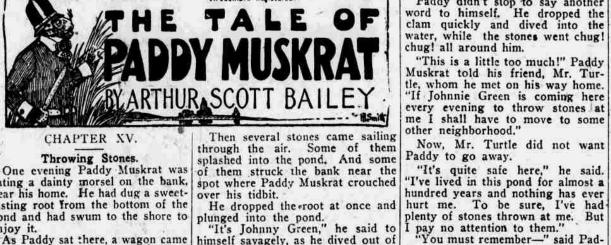
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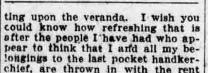


As Paddy sat there, a wagon came clattering down the road. But Pad-

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Please use the

enjoy it.



heart in one place, body in another

There must be unity of purpose in

You must have concentration-

fixed purpose one way or another

of furnished cottage." She moved closer to me and patted my arm with what I knew she said whimsically, "don't bother

She nodded brightly and walked

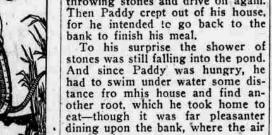
ternoon sunshine to wait for her knight. I was glad in her happi-ness, but reflected dolefully that

when Alfred should come for her

Dicky's continued absence would be

the more painful for me by con-

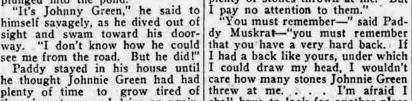
But when a motor car purred up



when the same thing happened again. He was on the bank, eating a fresh-

Johnnie Green!" Paddy remarked

Paddy Muskrat continued his meal. The words were hardly out of his



on top of a rock, where he craned his neck, in order to get a good view

"No!" Mr. Turtle answered. "It

throw them into the water.

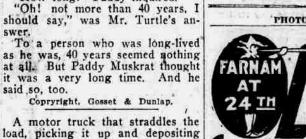
Mr. Turtle added.

"So you see there's no danger,

Do the Work



USE BEE WANT ADS-THEY BRING RESULTS



veranda or the telephone or any-thing else freely." Yet even as my thoughts betrayed me I knew there could be no happi-ness to freedom; that without Dicky oriskly through her dining room door, closing it after her. With a life would be an arid waste, that he was all life's happiness to me.

from the kitchen door brought back to common sense with a t. I had no time to be with a The sight of Mrs. Lukens emergjerk. I had no time to be indulg-ing in hystorical introspection. The distance between Cedar Crest and Cedar Croft was but the matter of a few minutes to a swift motor car. Alfred might arrive at any time.

I proffered my request for the use of Mrs. Lukens' veranda, wonder-ing at the scrutiny which she gave trast. the driveway, and Alfred waved cagerly to Leila's tremulous little before replying.

Her Glad Surprise

Her Glad Surprise "Yes, you mean it" she said "You actually think it is up to you to ask me for the privilege of sit-

More Truth Than Poetry JAMES J. MONTAGUE



TO A PESSIMIST When the sun isn't warm and the sky isn't bright. And nothing seems happy, or kindly or right, When all of the world is bereft of delight, And life seems a snare and a folly, When you cannot find pleasure in plays or books, When most of your fellows appear to be crooks, Cheer up! it's not nearly as bad as it looks-Your liver's just off of its trolley.

When you don't want to work, and you don't want to play But sit around and hate yourself day after day, While sins you've committed in horrid array Athwart of your vision come flocking; When in through your window a billious moon beams And the minute you sleep you are haunted with dreams, Don't worry; it's not half as bad as it seems, It's merely your liver that's knocking.

When friends that you love, with a cold icy eye Reproachfully stare as they're passing you by, When you think it were better, far better to die, And wistfully look at the river. Reflecting that you would be happier there Away from the heart-break and bitter despair Of burdens you never were destined to bear-It's merely a grind in your liver.

Don't kill yourself yet, do not even go round Reflecting how happy you'll be when you're drowned; Don't try to imagine the low gurgling sound When your head from your torso you sever. The world may seem dismal and friendless and chill, But it isn't at all, and you're not even ill, Just go to your doctor-he'll give, you a pill And then you'll be happy as ever.



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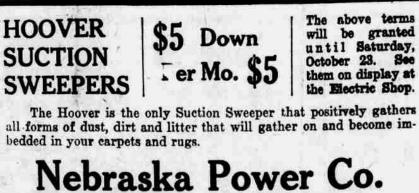
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