

Two Testify to Normal Mind of "Happy" Benmer.

Son's Efforts to Prove Mother Mentally Unsound at Time of Will Receive Setback In Court.

Van Wyck Benmer's efforts to prove that his mother, Mrs. "Happy" Theodora Van Wyck Benmer, was not mentally sound at the time she made her will, October 22, 1909, because of her advanced age of 30, were given a setback in the county court yesterday when Myron Learned, in whose office the will was signed, and Victor Rosewater, witness to the will, testified that Mrs. Benmer appeared of normal mind at the signing of the will.

The will leaves all of the estate to young Benmer, but provides that he shall not get the principal until he is 30, which he points out, will seriously handicap him if he should marry before he reaches that age.

Nier Mr. Benmer nor young Van Wyck are here. They live in New York City, where the latter went following the death of his mother in the spring of 1919.

Both Mr. Learned and Mr. Rosewater testified that they had taken particular notice of Mrs. Benmer at the time she signed her will and that she appeared perfectly normal in her speech and manner.

Dr. Frank Coulter testified that Mrs. Benmer suffered from a disease "due to alcoholic poisoning," for which he treated her at the time she made her will.

Miss Mabel Bessler, housekeeper at the rectory of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, 604 North Thirtieth street, revolver in hand, routed four men who attempted to gain entrance to the rectory yesterday morning.

Representing himself to be a gas meter reader, a man knocked at the rectory door, but was refused admittance by Miss Bessler when he was unable to produce a badge or credentials.

He returned with another man, who claimed to be an official of the gas company. Both were refused admittance but came back again a short time later with two additional men.

Miss Bessler opened the door, brandished a revolver in their faces, and the men fled, declaring they "were not through with her yet."

Police say they believe the men were burglars in search of liquor.

Norfolk Man Dies From Injuries in Auto Crash

T. J. Briggs of Norfolk, Neb., died last night in the Jennie Edmundson Memorial hospital at Council Bluffs from injuries sustained Tuesday night when the automobile which he was driving turned turtle in a ditch on the Lincoln highway between Loveland and Honey Creek, several miles north of Council Bluffs.

Henry Cutler, coroner, took charge of the body, but probably will hold no inquest. The father of the accident victim is expected to arrive this morning from Sterling, Ill., his home. Deputy Sheriff Will Jones of Honey Creek discovered Briggs and the wrecked machine Tuesday night. He first was taken to Missouri Valley, but was removed to the Bluffs an hour later, when his injuries were found to be serious.

Mayor Takes Stump.

Mayor Smith was in Superior, Neb., yesterday, speaking in interest of the league of nations.

Common Sense

BE YOURSELF. Often you wonder why you do not make a more favorable impression on those whom you meet, perhaps for the first time.

Isn't it because you make such an obvious effort to win favor? If you would be yourself—natural—you would make more and stronger friendships and get more enjoyment out of the folk you meet.

It is difficult to be always playing a part. When you are self-conscious it robs you of what little individuality you have, and it is individuality which is sought in friendship.

You cannot play a role and be successful all the time. The impression you make upon others establishes a very uncertain foundation which will not work out to your advantage in the long run.

You must possess the good qualities in reality. If you have the desirable qualities, why should you feign and trust yourself inside out trying to convince others when time would prove it?

Get away from the pretense attitude and be a real somebody and you will find the ones who care for you as you care for them. None else counts.

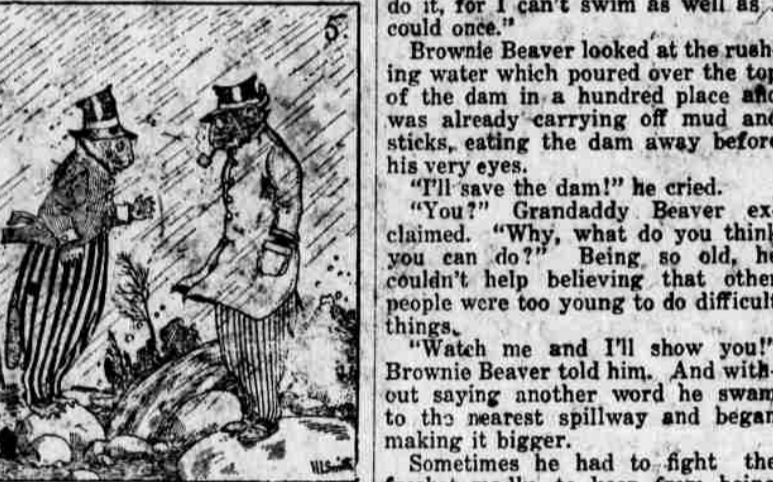
THE GUMPS—SHOP TALK

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BROWNIE BEAVER BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER V Brownie Saves the Dam



Brownie Beaver was always glad that he had taken Granddaddy's advice about the freshest. And Brownie's neighbors were glad that he had, too. For that was really the only thing that saved the village from being carried away by the flood of water that swept down upon the pond, after it had rained for two days and two nights.

The pond rose so quickly and the water rushed past so fast that people had to scramble out of their houses and begin working on them, to keep them from being washed away.

That rush of water meant only one thing to the dam. It was full and running over. It was just as likely as not the dam would be carried away. The dam on which Granddaddy Beaver had worked when he was a youngster, and on which his own granddaddy had worked before him. It would take years and years to build another such dam as that.

Now, with almost everybody working on his own house, there was almost no one left to work upon the dam. But people never stopped to think about that. They never once remembered that out of the whole village old Granddaddy and Brownie Beaver were the only persons whose houses had been made ready for the freshest and that those two were the only people with nothing to do at home.

"There'll be plenty to help save the dam," everybody said to himself, "I'll just work on my house."

Now, Brownie Beaver knew that there was nothing more he could do to make his house safe, so he swam over to the dam, expecting to find a good many of his neighbors there. But old Granddaddy Beaver was the only other person he found. And he seemed worried.

"It's a great pity!" he said to Brownie. "Here's this fine dam, which has taken so many years to build, and it's a-going to be washed away—what mark you words!"

"What makes you think that?" asked Brownie. "There's nobody here to do anything," said Granddaddy Beaver. "The spillways of this dam ought to be made as big as possible, to let the freshest pass through. But I can't do it, for I can't swim as well as I could once."

Brownie Beaver looked at the rushing water which poured over the top of the dam in a hundred place and was already carrying off mud and sticks, eating the dam away before his very eyes.

"I'll save the dam!" he cried. "You'll Granddaddy Beaver exclaimed. 'Why, what do you think you can do?' Being so old, he couldn't help believing that other people were too young to do difficult things.

"Watch me and I'll show you!" Brownie Beaver told him. And without saying another word he swam to the nearest spillway and began making it bigger.

Sometimes he had to fight the freshest madly, to keep from being swept over the dam himself. Sometimes, too, as he stood on the dam it crumbled beneath him and he found himself swimming again.

Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

What Mother Graham Demanded of Madge. I put down my sewing as Mother Graham left the room, gazed down at my little son who had tired of his spoils, and was looking around, evidently, for something else to do.

"Come to mother, sweetheart," I said, coaxingly. He scrambled to his feet with alacrity, toddled over toward me, and when I had drawn him up into my arms he put his own tiny ones around my neck in the most wonderful embrace a woman can know.

"Ma-ma-no-ky," he said decidedly and disapprovingly. I surreptitiously wiped my eyes, turned a smiling, sunny face to his anxious one.

"Mother's not crying, sweetheart." "All wite. Tell ba-bee-tory," he demanded, his own face breaking out into smiles, and his tender little body wriggling expectantly into a comfortable position.

"An-et-little-pig-puff-puff puff—" he began. Junior Regulates Matters. "All right, Junior," I hastily interrupted. For experience has taught his family that delighted with the sound of the word "puff" he will keep saying it interminably when once he gets started upon the name of his favorite tale, which he has twisted in typical baby fashion until he insists that it was the pig who "puffed and puffed and blew his house in"—nor will he listen to any other rendering of the famous nursery classic.

"As I cradled him in my arms and crooned the old story into his delighted ears I wondered why I had allowed tears to come to my eyes for so foolish a thing as worry over Dicky's possible reason for starting up a furious correspondence with real estate firms. True, I love the home in Marvin, and for a brief moment had wondered—I stopped short and clutched my little son to me more tenderly.

Tears! When I had him safe and well, and clinging to me, as the one he loves best in all the world! I ought to be hanged at the yard arm for being so ungrateful.

Junior put his baby hands against me and pushed. His lip curled dolomously. "Ma-ma-hurt," he said decidedly. I relaxed my arms instantly, kissed him tenderly, and resumed the "tory," wondering as he relaxed again with a little sigh into my embrace if unconsciously my small son had given me the key for keeping him from weeping so much use in a person's carrying a cane when he swam arshlow. Although it was sometimes done, he had always considered it a silly practice—and one that he would not care to follow.

Mother Graham's entrance effectually banished my introspective mood. That she was both uneasy and angry I knew by her first words. No matter against whom her anger may be directed she appears to find me the most convenient scapegoat for her mood.

"What are you spolling that great baby for?" she demanded grossly. "You're just him so he'll want to be rocked all the time. Put him down and listen to me. I've something I want you to do."

But I am so used to her little ways that I made no move to obey her, simply shifting Junior to my other arm so that I could look directly at her.

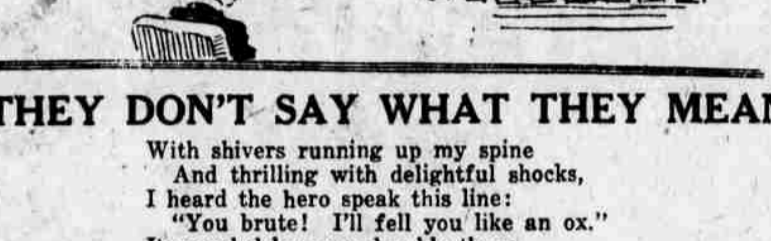
"Can I listen better this way," I said serenely. "What is it you want done?" "Do you mean to—" she began stormily, but Junior lifted up his head and delivered a baby ultimatum.

"Danma Graham's Ultimatum. 'Esbee ky—Dan-ma kyoss.' She was on her knees beside him in an instant, glorying in her chains. 'Grandma's precious baby,' she crooned. 'Was she had to him? Granddaddy not be cross any more.' 'All wite,' Junior accorded her the accolade. 'Big tiss.' He hugged her rapturously, but then—I could not help a little unworthy thrill of triumph, he turned his face to me and cuddled closer into my arms.

"Ba-bee go 'slep now," he announced, and his grandmother and I smiled involuntarily at each other across his little huddled figure. She was on her feet, and she said to me, 'I'm a youngster, but I can't help it,' she said as a sort of half-apology for her hastiness, then she added earnestly: 'Margaret, you'll simply have to take Richard in hand and demand what he means by a those letters to the real estate firms. When I got back he had cleared away everything, so there was nothing for me to see save a pile of sealed letters. And when I asked him what he meant by all that nonsense, he laughed, and said he was qualifying for a course in stenography, and typing, if the illustrating profession should fall—you know how idiotic he can be—and is!'"

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



THEY DON'T SAY WHAT THEY MEAN

With shivers running up my spine and thrilling with delightful shocks, I heard the hero speak this line: "You brute! I'll felly you like an ox." It sounded brave and noble then; But when I thought of it again It quite defied analysis.

For every ox is kind and meek Of gentle heart and placid feature, And not a one would sever seek To felly a fellow creature.

With lowered brow and gleaming eye In accents clear and deep and firm I heard the dastard villain cry "You wretch! I'll crush you like a worm!" It had a fine and moving sound, The sentiment was bold and strong, But on repeating it I found The simile was put in wrong.

I've looked on worlds of worms between The Hudson and the Irrawaddy, But I am sure I've never seen A worm crush anybody.

Last night I viewed another play And how my blood was set astir That time I heard the lady say: "I'm going to shoot you like a cur!" It seemed to me that this brief line Expressed a fiery sentiment, And yet I simply can't divine Exactly what the lady meant. For though the average bow-wow Will bite if you his tail should step on, I've never seen one that knew how To use a lethal weapon!

FIREPROOF There was a big fire in a suburban mansion near New York last week and everything was burned up except the coal in the cellar.

BUT FOR A DIFFERENT REASON Formerly when a man went to Canada he was under suspicion. Now when he goes to Canada he is still under suspicion.

ON THE LEVEL ANYWAY Some of the new burlesque shows are pretty bad, but their owners never set up the claim that they are elevating the stage.

Public Service Is Motive Of T. F. Stroud's Candidacy Desire to render a public service and not a desire to gratify political ambition, led T. F. Stroud, republican candidate for county commissioner in the Third district, to run for office, he said yesterday. The salary attached to the office is little incentive, according to the candidate.

Mr. Stroud is an engineer, and one of the best known road builders in the country. He has lived in Omaha 30 years, and has done much for the development of Omaha.

AMUSEMENTS. Ophoum Circuit Ophoum Matinee Daily 12:15—Every Night, 8:15. LIGHTNING GIRLS & NEWTON ALEXANDER; JACK TRAINOR; Charles Kenna; John Orren and Lillian Drew; Teacher's Cat; Miss Helen; Marcus and Booth; Topics of the Day; Kinograms.

Special TUE. NIGHT, NOV. 2 TWO SHOWS First Show at 7:45 Second Show at 10:05 ELECTION RETURNS Received Over Special Western Union wire to be read from stage Matinee: 15c, 25c, 50c; same 75c and \$1.00 Sat. and Sun. Nights: 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25.

BRANDERS TONIGHT and Sat. The Royal Vagabond Company of 75—Augmented Orchestra TICKETS: 50c-\$1.00-\$1.50-\$2.00-\$2.50 SUNDAY: "Business Before Pleasure"

HOLLINS SISTERS & CLOUTIER; LOVE & WILBUR; BIG JIM; FRANK GOULD; Photoplay attraction, "The Cannoteer," featuring Marguerite Fisher; Mack Sennett Comedy; Fox News.

EMPRESS Two Shows in One HOLLINS SISTERS & CLOUTIER; LOVE & WILBUR; BIG JIM; FRANK GOULD; Photoplay attraction, "The Cannoteer," featuring Marguerite Fisher; Mack Sennett Comedy; Fox News.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Daily Mat. 15c to 75c Nites, 25c to \$1.25 LAST TIMES TODAY—2:15, 8:30 GLORIOUS FOLLY TOWN MUSICAL WAMMOTH featuring Marguerite Fisher; Mack Sennett Comedy; Fox News.

Tomorrow (Sat.) Mat. and All Week HALF-PORTION Maids of America LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAILY

Parents Problems How can children be taught to write interesting letters? By writing about something that is interesting to them and will, they think, be interesting to the recipients of the letters. This is the only reliable "recipe" for interesting letters, whether of children or grown-ups.

MOON

Engagement Extraordinary

MME. MARIE CUNNINGHAM

FAMOUS MIRACLE HEALER

Appearing at 3 p. m. and 9 p. m. today in connection with the showing of the great underworld drama—

"THE WHITE MOLL"

Special Matinee for Women Only 11 a. m. to 1 p. m. Saturday Mme. Cunningham has a message for women only. No men admitted until after 1:20 p. m. Mme. Cunningham will talk at 1 o'clock sharp!

SUN TODAY—TOMORROW The Cohan & Harris Stage Success

STOP! THIEF!

COMING SUNDAY The Star of a Thousand Moods—The Great

Nazimova

in Her Latest Success "MADAME PEACOCK"

Husbands! Do your wives belong to "The Restless Sex"?

EMPRESS RUSTIC GARDEN

Dancing and Refreshments SPECIAL HALLOWE'EN EVE. ENTERTAINMENT

Open From 11 A. M. To 12:30 A. M. Be want ads are best business getters.

WANTED 1000 BOYS AND GIRLS

TOMORROW We're Going to

Take Moving Pictures of all Omaha Children

who join the Boys' and Girls' Muse Club. Admission is 10c to members. Membership is FREE.

A FREE Box of Candy FOR EVERY BOY & GIRL

REMEMBER THE PLACE IS THE

MUSE

Be at the Theater at 1:00 P. M. Saturday. The Picture Is Rex Beach's Famous Comedy—

"GOING SOME"

First Showing in Omaha.

RIALTO

William Allen Whites

IN THE HEART OF A FOOL

Now until Sat. Night

Strand

TODAY AND SATURDAY BEBE DANIELS

"You Never Can Tell"

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work