THE VICTORY AT S.A." by Rear Admiral William Spouden Sims and Burton J. Hendrick, Published by Doubleday Page & Co., New York

When Admiral Sims, just before America's entry into the world war. was sent to Europe to confer with the British pavy officials, and then to command the American forces opcrating in European waters, he was startled by what he discovered. The British officers trankly explained the submarine situation to him and impressed him with the fact that nuless the sinkings were greatly checked var in a few months. How the American navy played a great part in the work, protecting the armics transported across the Atlantic, as well as the big fleets of merchant vessels, is detailed here. An inter-esting view is given of the British ofneers who were in charge of operations and of the conditions under which the Americans worked. There are many stirring accounts of particular incidents in the submarine warfare, in addition to the explanation of the general methods adopted to handle the situation.

POOR MAN'S ROCK." by Bertrand W. Sinclatt. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Price \$1.90.

By Poor Man's Rock in the Pa ific ocean, near Vancouver island. lone fishermen, too poor to afford power boats, come with their little rowboats and struggle against wind and tide to fish for sulmon. It is an interesting setting fer this story. which tells graphically of the life of the salmon fishers. The hero, Jack MacRae, home from the wars spurred on by the wish to revenge his father for an old insult, starts in to fight the canners' combing. How he succeeds is part of the theme, but it is interwoven with alove story of ois own which finally overwhelmes the old spirit of revenge and makes him view the whole situation in a different light. A readable story of the northwest.

WYNDHAM'S PAL. By Harold Bindless, Frederick A, Stokes Co. This is a romance of adventure, intrigue and achievement in the dark lagoons of the Caribbean. It is the story of a young Englishman who faces the task of restoring the fallen fortunes of his ancestral trading firm. Upon his success depends the winning of the girl he loves. His ambition and his love of danger lead him far before he comes home, a better man than when he started

JIM MOESE, GOLD HUNTER." By J. Allan Duna, Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

When the little mud statue in the wift flowing stream melted away the studry old New Guinea chief would die. So said the magic man of another tribe. The chief believed it, and was on the point of death, hen Jim Morse, youthful sailor, and his old sea captain entered the scene. White "magic is opposed to the native magic and the chief lives, to take part in an expedition into the heart of this country. The book, an interesting yarn for boys, has an added interest because of its difterent setting.

TOP O' THE MORNIN'." By Seumas MacManus, Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Little home tales, these are, of the people in the glens of Donegal. handled in the well known Mac Manus style. The stories, like the true Irishman himself, are bubbling over with wit at times, and at other touch the depths of sorrow. Likeable characters they are, from the old couple who were sure the "Lord Mayor of Buffalo," on a visit to Ireland, would call on them because their sons lived in Buffalo, to the girl who twists the swain into a speedy proposal, with her clever line of blarney. He has the faculty of making the characters seem really

LITERARY DIGEST LIBERTY MAP OF NEW EUROPE. Published by Funk & Wagnalla company. New York, Price \$2.75 on paper, \$4.50 on cloth.

This map records the new boundaries of the many new states in Europe. The new Austria, France, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Bulgaria, Turkey and Russia are shown with their present boundaries as well as the new states of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Hungary, Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, Ukrania, Armenia, Hejaz, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Georgia, Azerbaijan, etc. An inset map of Africa shows the mandates granted the great powers there. A 48-page index accompanies it.

AN UNCONSCIOUS CRUSADER By Stdney Williams. Small, Maynard & Co In this novel, business, politics and love are worked into an unusually absorbing story. It is a business story connected with newspaperdom, the hero wins his way from "cub reporter" to owner through experiences the reality of which will be appreciated by every business man.

Do We Refer to the " King's

From the time of the conquest to the 14th century, the language of England was in a very unsettled condition. The Norman-Saxon elements were struggling for mastery. Latin was the language of formal written documents, while French was used in court and by the nebility. The lower classes, however, con fined themselves almost entirely to Saxon, but even this lan-guage varied so greatly that the residents of the north of England could not understand those of the south.

Because of the language of the court could not, of course, be comprehended, by the commoners a language suitable for proclamations and edicts was gradually formed, and to distinquish it from mere dialects, it was called the "King's English." Chaucer and Gower, who frequented the court, learned this style of speech, and they are the first writers to adopt the English language as an entity.

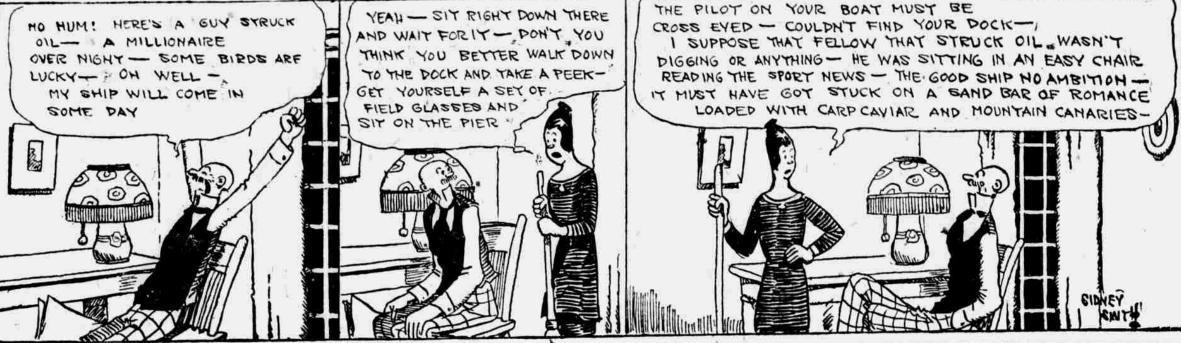
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THE GUMPS-

A ROUGH SEA FOR ANDY'S BOAT

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.

(Copyright: May By The Trabate Company, Chings IN)



More Truth Than Poetry



and the state of t

HOW DID HE DO IT?

We look at the pictures of playwrights In the act of devising great scenes; Their stories we read of the way they succeed In all of the late magazines. Their press agents tell us their habits And dwell on their cute little ways,

Till we avidly dash with a handful of cash

To buy a front seat at their plays.

We know that it isn't the author Who ever puts over a show, It's the press agent's pep that gives it its rep And makes it a whale of a go. It's the sharp little close-ups he gives us

Of the dramatist's intimate life, Of the way that he writes in the cellar of nights Away from his kids and his wife. The author we see playing tennis (In the magazine pages, of course),

The author they snap as he murmurs, "Giddap!" To his beautiful thoroughbred horse, Is the author whose plays are a knockout; No playwright could ever win fame Or make his trade pay, in this curious day, Without the publicity game.

When Shakespeare indicted a drama They just put it on-that is all. And night after night they would pack 'em so tight That they sprung out the sides of the hall. No magazines printed his pictures

To gladden the popular eye; No press agent's praise made a name of his plays-Yet somehow the fellow got by!



EASY GOING

While the authorities are wondering whether to prosecute for smuggling or violating the booze law the boys keep sliding the stuff over the

NOT SURPRISING It was a quiet campaign, but that was chiefly because William Jennings Bryan wasn't in it. THEY SEEM MILD

Italy won't be worried much by the reds. It has had D'Annunzio. (Copyright, 1920, By The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) HOLDING A HUSBAND

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

Why Betty Kane Sent for Madge. each understood the price of the food I gave a comprehending nod to offered, for none asked, and I think each person had brought the exact casually, in order that the other change concealed in a glove or a have no sespicion of anything out of money transaction whatsoever. But

xtra strong today?" I asked.
"I'll have it stand alone if you tion and shook her head.

ish," she retorted lightly. "Not quite that strenuous,"

nose that the lines of worry on her chair, and was sure that it was in do with her summons, and yet the coin which, if exhibited, would make idea persisted in my mind that the her little room a place of commerce two things were related in some way. instead of the place of a pretty home Was the summons on my account

r her own? The first proposition oman to send for me on her own ly heautiful account. I had seen enough of her relations to her townspeople to know that she had hosts of old

friends. She did not need to call pon new ones for any favor. evered and actually beloved by her pleases me also." eighbors and customers, I could see

e voices which greeted her. Betty Kane's quaintly figured brown teapot was no more delicate and of the little room. It was as unlike that made me feel as if I had re- help in caring for their needs, giving the ordinary place where one drops ceived an accolade. in for tea as could well be imagined. Surely, outside the pages of "Cran-ford," I reflected whimsically, there could not be found such another collection of prim, faded gentlewomen of an age that had long ceased to be uncertain, and more or less wheezy old gentlemen, trying hard to be gallant under the handicap of incipient

Betty Kane's Way.

Nor could the question of vulgar ayment for the tea and cakes have twirling his cap nervously, was the been more ingeniously concealed by driver of the mysterious closed 428,000 barrels of crude oil through the Cranfordites than it was by the carriage patrons of Betty Kane. Evidently

omen in the little tea room might handkerchief. At any rate, I saw no the ordinary in our murmured col-loquy.

"Would you mind making my tea one would take farewell of a gra-

cious hostess at an afternoon func-I was morally certain that with each handshake there was left in her smiled, and turning, seated myself palm the payment due for the tea mobstrusively near the case of and cakes, and yet as far as my ostal cards, to wait for my order vision was concerned, I could see of tea, and to speculate upon the no such transfer. But after each probable reason for this odd request handshake I saw the crippled wo-

if Betty Kane's that I should come man's hand go unobtrusively into a the tea room at this time. It was preposterous for me to sup- bag which hung upon her wheelsually placed face had anything to that receptacle she concealed the 'afternoon.

When the last "guest"-I saw that was too absurd for a second's she considered each customer that—thought, considering the brevity of had gone, she turned to me with a may acquaintance with her, and yet, wistful smile curving the lips, that reflected, Betty Kane was not the must in her girlhood have been rare- heard of

The Mysterious Chauffeur.

"Please don't think that I expect trangers to do that," she said, rec- began dressing for the party tonight ognizing with her intuitive courtesy This impression became a cermy unspoken query. "But it pleases tainty as I watched her wheelchair my old friends to pretend that I am yeaving in and out among the peo- simply entertaining them the waytle seated in her little tea room. I would love to do-if I could afshe was not pitied, but was ford it-and I cannot deny that it

"It would please me greatly if by the tender glances which were you would let me 'pretend' in the given her and by the intonations of same way whenever I come," I returned earnestly, and was surprised How can girls of 16 hest be in-The aroma of the tea distilled by and touched to see the quick tears terested in the care of small chilspring to her dark eyes.

"You're real and you're rare," she ragrant than the mental atmosphere said simply, but with an intenation family, let the 16-year-old daughter ceived an accolade.

> "Him?" I repeated the pronoun If there are no little brothers of would see in another moment. And ing infant welfare work. when I had reached Betty Kane's

kitchen, I knew that my premonition was justified. For, lounging against the door

(Continued Tomorrow.)



O discover, by means alleged to be magical, a number thought of by a spectator is neither difficult nor magical, Here is an easy method—one with which you ought to puzzle the folks.

Ask a friend to think of any number, to multiply the number by itself and to set the product of the multiplication down on a bit of paper where you cannot see it. He is next to subtract one from the number thought of and to multiply the sum remaining by itself. The product



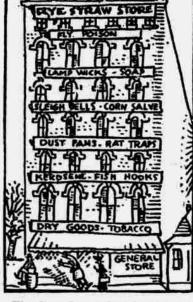
of this multiplication he is to subtract from the sum written on the paper. He tells you the remainder and you tell him the number he thought of.

It is really very easy. that you have to do is to add one the remainder he announces and divide the result by two. This will give you the number thought of

For example, your friend thinks of six. Multiplying six by six he gets 36. This he writes on a slip of paper. He next subtracts one from six. The remainder, five, he multiplies by itself, getting 25. He next subtracts 25 from 36 and gets 11.

When he announces 11 you add one to it. This gives you 12. Dividing 12 by two (of course you will do all this in your head), you get six, and that, you may be sure, is the number thought of. Copyright, 1920, Thompson Feature Serv

Dog Hill Paragrafs By George Bingham



The Rye Straw Storekeeper says he had a store as big as a 20-acre feld and had it stocked from cellar garret, the very next morning Atlas Peck's wife would come in and call for something he never 'Miss Hostetter Hocks returned

this afternoon from the straw stack with a bundle or straw, and at once The bell on top of the Hog Ford hurch that has for so long been used to call the congregation together on Sunday, has been done away with; as nearly everybody knows when Sunday comes any way.

Parents Problems

If there are small children in the her actual responsibility in "There is some one in my kitchen particular; this latter is very imwho is waiting to see you," she said. portant, for girls, like their cliers. "He says it is imperative. Will you are more interested in what they to myself fearfully, with a sudden sisters, get the girl in touch with flashing premonition of the person I some one in the locality who is do-

It is estimated that there will be 12,000,000 automobiles in the United States in 1921. Observing the same ratio, it will be necessary to run 713, the stills in the United States, or 1,954,597 barrels per day.



CHAPTER XI

Bad News "Have you heard the news?" Tired Tim asked Brownie Beaver one day.

"Then I won't have to cut down any took a mouthful of willow bark.

"Why not?" Brownie inquired. "Because—" said Tired Tim—
"because the wind will blow every house away. It will snatch up the sticks of which the houses are built and carry them over the top of Blue et. And though people had 'aughed Mountain. Then I guess you'll wish at the old chap, the freshet had you had taken my advice and not come.

in the bank; for the wind can't very well blow the ground away."

Brownie Beaver thought that Tired

And to his surprise he found that they were laughing at Grandaddy once more. They seemer to have forgotten about the freshet.

Tim was just trying to scare him. "I don't believe there's going to be



Tired Tim laughed

any such thing!" he exclaimed.
"Don't you?" Tim grinned, "You just go and ask Grandaddy Beaver. He's the one that says there's go-ing to be a cyclone."

At that Brownie Beaver stopped

working and hurried off to find old Grandaddy Beaver. And to his great dismay, Grandaddy said that what Tired Tim had told him was the Tired

"It's a-coming!" Grandaddy Bea-

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"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Daily Mat., 15c to 75c Nites, 25c to \$1.25 Last Times Today 2:15 and 8:30 The Maids of America BURLESK Tomorrow (Sat.) Mat. and All Week
INCOM- Mollie Williams PERSON LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAYS



"A cyclone?" Brownie exclaimed.
"When is it going to get here?"
Brownie asked in a quavering voice.
"Next Tuesday!" Grandel!

one."

"It's a big storm, with a terrible wind," Tired Tim explained. "The wind will blow so hard that it will "Well—everything lookes just the "Well—everything lookes just the look overlane." plied.
"What makes you think it's comsnap off big trees."

"Good!" Brownie Beaver cried. Grandaddy Beaver explained, as he

more trees in order to reach the ten- "The moon looks just the same and der bark that grows in their tops." the sun looks just the same. I had Tired Tim laughed.
"You won't think it's very 'good,'" a twinge of rheumatics in my left shoulder yesterday; and to-day the shoulder yesterday; and to-day the he said, "when the cyclone strikes the pain's in my right. It was exactly village." Brownie Beaver did not doubt that

built that new house of yours.

"I shall be safe enough," the lazy rascal continued. "All I'll have to do will be to crawl inside my house them what they were going to do. And to his surprise he found that

But Brownie Beaver could not forget that dreadful night. And now he tried to think of some way to keep his new house from being blown away by the great wind, which Grandaddy Beaver said was comwhich ing on Tuesday without fail. (Copyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who brings candy o his girl and eats it all. She offers it Why shouldn't 1? to me, doesn't she? Then why hould I refuse it? Besides if 1 didn't help her get away with it she'd finish the box, and get sick And I don't bring candy to have my weetie get sick.

And it doesn't always appeal to me, either. Sometimes the candy is not the kind that would bear close inspection so I make sure it can't be examined after my departure. You, would discover that I won it

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at a fair or a raffle months previous And I wouldn't like that, I don't see why you should regis-

ter a kick, or ask me why I bring any at all. Those merry quips don't touch me. You attend to your own stead? and leave me to look after mine. I bet you take generous samples of the candy you bring to your girl. So don't throw any slurs and slights in my direction. I'm bomb-proof. Copyright, 1920, Thompson Feature Service.

A sanitary cart, divided into com fore in these parts, years before any- feeds and equipped with weighing body else in this village was born. And when I see a cyclone a-coming I can generally tell it a long way

NOW UNTIL

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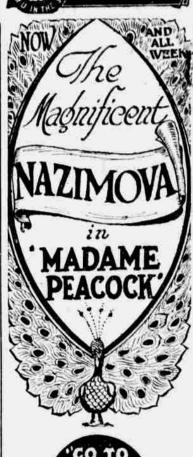
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