

Holding a Husband

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

For a wonder, Mandy had built the fire in Mother Graham's bedroom with "agatness and dispatch." It was blazing merrily when I went in to inspect it. After tugging down the sheets and running a hot water bottle over them, that there might be no possibility of a chill for her, I went back to the sitting room, where she sat still shivering, though her heavy bathrobe was wrapped around her, and she was huddled over the fire.

"Come, mother," I touched her shoulder, and she looked up at me pitifully. "Do you suppose I'm going to be ill, Margaret?" she asked, and there was distinct fright in her eyes. "I'm not seriously ill, at any rate," I evaded. "I'm tired and over-tired, and have caught a bad cold. But we'll have you all right shortly. And you'll feel a great deal better in bed. Just lean on me. I have everything ready for you."

"I guess I don't have to be carried, yet," she said with a flash of the spirit she had shown a few minutes earlier. So I stepped back to let her try the walk alone, keeping her enough, however, to catch her if she should have over-estimated her strength.

"There! You see!" she said childishly, and I smiled down at her indulgently. "I see that you're determined to have your own way," I said, gayly. "But now I'm going to have mine. Just cuddle down under these covers and let me take your shoes and stockings off. There!" I adjusted the hot water bag comfortably against her spine. "I'll get another for your feet directly, and we'll soon get you warm."

"I—I don't believe I'll ever get warm again," she said, with chattering teeth, and I saw that she was suffering a reaction from the burst of spirit which had carried her across the hall.

"Oh, yes you will!" I said, although my heart was heavy with foreboding. Illness in Mother Graham always alarms me greatly, because of her weak heart, although she has been in better health during the last year than any time since I have known her.

Working swiftly, I took off her shoes and stockings, put another hot water bag to her feet, piled covers over her, prepared a dose of cod liver oil, and gave it to her. As I finished administering it, a light knock sounded on the door.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



COMING—RUDYARD KIPLING

I have noticed something missing in the movies, though I couldn't figure just exactly what. But I felt that there were chances for big, brave, red-blooded romances.

Which the brightest of producers hadn't got. But since I have seen the latest London papers, what for many years has puzzled me, I know. Though most literary persons have been writing bad and worse novels.

Mr. Kipling never wrote a movie show. We have missed, and never knew it, big Mulvaney and the Paythens that he joyfully destroyed.

And (as now we see quite plainly) we have watched the pictures vainly. Missing Orthrus, and hulking Jock Leary.

Put these three heroic figures on the fillum. (As they will when Mr. Kipling starts to write) Let 'em gain the fighting glories that they used to in the stories.

And they'll pack the picture houses every night. There is something rough and real about the fiction. That proceeds from brother Rudyard's ready pen.

There's a zip and an attraction in his slashing style of action. That you'll go to see—and go to see again. Though he writes of posching seal inside the Circle.

Or of tiger hunting down along the line, Or of barrack room carouses he will always fill the houses. Anywhere they put his name up on the sign.

In the future we are going to save our quarters, for we're overfed on cowboy stuff and such, and the rough house and disorder and the shooting on the border.

Have been played, we seek of feel, a lot too much. But when Mr. Kipling jumps in his pajamas and proceeds to write a five-reel show. Of the Paythens or the Hinds, as we know darn well he kin do. Every time his name is out, we're going to go.

HONORS ARE EVEN. The fact that Mr. Bryan has asked the president to resign arouses the suspicion that in 1917 the president made the same request to Mr. Bryan.

BUT WE CAN'T. If we could only clamp an import duty on the goods Canada is now sending to us, the expenses of the war would soon be paid.

TOO HIGH. It seems impossible to equip the peak of high prices with a toboggan slide.

I'M THE GUY. I'M THE GUY who eats garlic for a cold. Why shouldn't I? It's the best cure I know of. It's surprising how quickly it can break up any soreness in the throat. I have great faith in garlic and use it every time I get the least bit of a cold.

What if the taste of garlic, too; it's like eating fried onions in pill form. And I don't mind saying I'm strong for fried onions—steak or no steak.

What if it does almost asphyxiate everyone in the street car, or the office? I can't help that. I don't mind the odor in the least. I've got a cold anyway, so I don't get it.

If you don't like the smell, keep away from me. If you find it overpowering, get a gas mask. Your senses of smell may be delicate, but mine isn't.

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WHY—Does % Mean Per Cent? (Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syndicate)

While practically all works on mathematics and the history of the shorthand symbols which have come to represent "plus," "minus," "divided by," and the like, are distinctly hazy with reference to the derivation of the percentage mark, the following theory has been advanced by several experts and appears to be well founded.

Granted that the figures "00" represent the hundred, or the Latin centum—the figures 1, 2 or 3 placed in front of them signifying only the number of hundreds—and remembering that one of the meanings of per is "through," then the diagonal line drawn through or between the two ciphers will give us the exact meaning of the symbol %—a line drawn through per centum.

It is also reasonable to suppose that the connecting link between the first "0" and the cross-line came into being through the rapid writing of the symbol, as the hand would naturally follow through upwards, but would not be likely to connect the final "0."

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES



THE TALE OF SANDY CHIPMUNK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER IX

Working For Mr. Crow. Old Mr. Crow had decided that he would not fly south to spend the winter. He said he was getting all most too old for such a long journey.

And he remembered, too, that he had heard the weather was going to be mild that winter.

"There's just one thing that worries me," he told Aunt Polly Woodchuck one day, when he was talking about it.

"I'll do it," said Sandy Chipmunk. "If Frisky is willing. So he went off to find Frisky Squirrel, who proved to be much interested in the plan.

"How much will you pay me?" he asked Sandy Chipmunk. "I suppose you ought to have half the food," Sandy said. "That's what Mr. Crow is paying me."

Frisky Squirrel said that that seemed fair. So they set to work at once. And every time Sandy brought a load of food to the foot of the tall elm, where Mr. Crow lived, he found Frisky Squirrel waiting for him.

"Let's see," Frisky said, when Sandy brought the first load—"since I'm to get half, I'll take everything you bring in your left cheek-pouch. And you can take what you bring in the right one."

Sandy Chipmunk said that that seemed fair. So each time he came to the elm he left with Frisky only what he carried in his left cheek-pouch. And before gathering more food he scampered home to have away his own share.

So the day passed. And when evening came, and the sun was dropping out of sight in the west, Sandy and Frisky decided they had worked long enough for Mr. Crow.

"Don't you suppose he has enough food by this time?" Sandy asked. He looked up at Mr. Crow's house. "We mustn't fill his house too full," he said. "He has to have room for himself, you know."

"I don't think he'll have any trouble getting inside it," Frisky Squirrel answered. "Well, I'm glad you helped me. If it didn't make me dizzy to climb so high I'd like to take a look at Mr. Crow's food. I hope he'll be pleased."

"I hope he will," Frisky Squirrel agreed. Sandy Chipmunk noticed that Frisky Squirrel was smiling. But he thought that it was only because

AMUSEMENTS. "OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Daily Mat. 15c to 75c. Nites, 25c to 61.25.

DAVE MARION'S OWN COMPANY. LAND OF IMPOSSIBLE. Presenting "The Land of Impossible."

Opera House. "The Scuffer" Now Playing. "The Scuffer" With An All-Star Cast.

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

BRANDEIS Today Mat. & Evening. Friday & Sat. Special Matinee for Late Diners Today at 2 P. M.

The Famous Grand and Comic Opera Star "FRITZI SCHEFF" In the Musical Comedy Hit "GLORIANNA"

BRANDEIS Starting Next Sunday "YOU'LL WHISTLE" "CLASSY CLOTHES" WHICH CHAS. ABBATE WROTE FOR

MARCUS SHOW OF 1920 SEATS NOW SELLING

Wilson Pardons German. But He Must Leave U. S. Washington, Nov. 24.—President Wilson has commuted the sentence of Franz von Brintelin, a German convicted of war-time conspiracy, on condition that he leave the United States before next January 1.

Special Entertainment For Ben-Hur Dancers Thanksgiving Night At Ben-Hur Dancing Academy 28th and Farnam Streets

HENSHAW CAFE. Special Thanksgiving Dinner - 11 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ten Course Plate Dinner, \$1.75 Special Music

Thanksgiving Carnival Night 10 P. M. to 1 A. M. Special Entertainment and Cabaret Dancing

Henshaw Valley of Sweets Omaha's most beautiful confectionery parlors. Special Thanksgiving Candy. Extraordinary assortment of fancy boxes.

HENSHAW HOTEL

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDT. Step Out, Mr. Man. In comparing your position today with what it was a year ago, what do you find?

Isn't it proven to you that you are no better off financially, in no better position with the firm, have no better prospects of promotion?

You are dissatisfied—possibly slackening your efforts. But think what you have done all the past year—just drifted along the way of least resistance. Isn't it true?

You have thought it not worth while to prove yourself of any particular value to the firm. You have thought it not worth

while to figure any ways to cause prices going up "too anyway," you said. And so now you find your better off, if you actually much better off than you were last year.

Do you really want to be any better off if it means you have to make any particular effort in any direction?

Wake up. What are you, a Rip Van Winkle? Going to sleep till it is too late to do any good?

Can you honestly say that you deserve any more than you have? (Copyright, 1920, by International Feature Service, Inc.)

The Liberty shipyard plant in Wilmington, N. C., has been purchased by that city for \$37,500. The yard was used to build vessels for the government during the war and will now be used as a municipal dock.

Auction Sale of Many Olive Thomas' Gifts Brings in \$26,000

New York, Nov. 24.—The first day's sale of Olive Thomas' personal belongings at public auction brought \$26,000. Five years or so ago Olive had been an employee of a Pittsburgh department store at \$3 per week.

Yesterday society leaders vied with stars of stage and screen in bidding for the effects of the wife of Jack Pickford, who died from the effects of mercurial poisoning in Paris last September.

The goods include a platinum diamond ring, several pearl necklaces, two fur coats and two automobiles. Over 100 articles were sold, ranging from the expensive jewels to chic little velvet skirts and waists.

THANKSGIVING DAY PROGRAM CUPID, THE COWPUNCHER Starring WILL ROGERS

Reuter & Paul's Native HAWAIIAN SERENADERS A Sunshine Gloom Blaster "His Noisy Still"

RIALTO Now Playing "The Scuffer" With An All-Star Cast

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Special Thanksgiving Attraction Dancing Matinee Thanksgiving Day, Admission 25c. Thanksgiving Ball at Night, Admission 55c.

LARGEST SPRING DANCE FLOOR IN THE CITY

Continuous Dancing 2 p. m. to 1:30 a. m.

Advertisement for SUN photography featuring Lewis Sargent and "The Soul of Youth".

Advertisement for "The Soul of Youth" featuring Lewis Sargent.

Advertisement for "The Soul of Youth" featuring Lewis Sargent.

Advertisement for "A Prohibition Monkey" featuring Lewis Sargent.

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SHOWS TODAY 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15, 6, 7:45 and 9:30. Come early please.

Appearing Today at 3, 4:45, 8:15, 9:45 THREE OMAHA BOYS

in a reproduction of a scene from the picture. SONGS—TALK—DANCING. You'll be surprised at these clever youngsters.

"Kiddies" Matinee TOMORROW 10c

SATURDAY—Our regular children's prices will prevail. So send the youngsters tomorrow.

APOLLO 20th and Leavenworth TODAY AND FRIDAY. HUCKLEBERRY FINN

A Photoplay of the Famous Story by Mark Twain.

GRAND 16th and Binney Today and Friday. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "His Majesty, the American"

SPECIAL Matinee at 3:00 p. m. Today

MUSE THANKSGIVING DAY BLANCHE SWEET

in a vivid dramatic story of a woman's wits matched against man's brutality.

"The Deadlier Sex"

WALLACE REID in His Latest Picture "ALWAYS AUDACIOUS"

From Sat. Eve. Post/Story

Kill That Cold With HILL'S CASCARA QUININE AND La Grippe

Neglected Colds are Dangerous. Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first attack.

Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache. Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT