

SLEEPY-TIME TALES



THE TALE OF SANDY CHIPMUNK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

WHAT THE OLD COW DID. When Sandy Chipmunk reached Farmer Green's barn he crept inside and looked all around. He had expected to find the barn crowded with saucers full of milk. But not a single saucer did he see. There were two long rows of cows stabled in the barn. And Sandy noticed Farmer and his boy and his hired man, each sitting on a low stool beside a cow. They were milking the cows. But Sandy did not know it.

He began to think the Henry Skunk had played a trick on him. And he was about to leave the barn when he turned to look at several bright tin pails standing on the floor. Sandy crept up to one of them and sniffed at it. He was glad that he had done that, for he smelled milk. There was no mistake about it.

Sandy Chipmunk couldn't crawl up the side of the pail. It was so smooth and slippery. So he jumped right up and stood on its edge. An' looking inside, he saw that the pail was almost full of milk. He knew then that Henry Skunk had told the truth.

By bending down Sandy was just able to reach the milk. And he began drinking it as fast as he could. It was so delicious that he forgot all about Johnnie Green and his father and the hired man.

With his head inside the pail, of



He didn't wait to learn exactly what had happened

course Sandy couldn't see what happened in the barn. The more he drank the further down he had to stretch his neck. And when at last he heard a shout, and a milking-stool came sailing through the air not far above the pail, Sandy was so startled that he lost his balance and went plump into the milk.

Luckily, Sandy Chipmunk knew how to swim. So he managed to keep his nose in the air or he would certainly have drowned.

"Where on earth did the chipmunk go?" he heard Johnnie Green say as he picked up his stool. You see, Johnnie never once thought of looking inside the pail.

Still, Sandy Chipmunk was in a fix. For the inside of the pail was as smooth and slippery as the outside. And of course he couldn't jump out, for there was nothing from which he could spring.

Now it happened that the pail of milk stood not far behind the surly old cow that had told Sandy not to be silly, when he asked her for some milk to drink in the pasture that day. Johnnie Green's shouting and the stool hurtling through the air displeased her. And since she was not the sort to hide her ill nature, she promptly kicked the milkpail over.

For a moment Sandy Chipmunk thought that this time the end of the world had certainly come. The old cow's foot crashed against the pail and sent it flying against the stone wall on which the barn was built. And Sandy tumbled out upon the floor in a sea of milk.

He didn't wait to learn exactly what had happened. For as soon as he dashed out of the barn and tore across the fields towards the pasture. Later, when he reached his house and sat down to rest, he soon forgot his fright. For he had a very pleasant time licking himself clean. That was the way Sandy Chipmunk always made himself clean. And though there may be some people who would not consider such an act to be in the best of taste, Sandy Chipmunk thought what was left of the milk tasted very good. And since his mother did not object to what he was doing, perhaps no one else ought to.

THE END.

WHY Does Sound Carry Further Over Water Than Over Land? The sensation to which we refer as "sound" is really made up of waves of different lengths transmitted through the air-vibrations of the atmosphere around us. Just as the waves of the sea are broken up when they come in contact with a rock, these sound waves may be shattered or diffused by striking an obstacle, though they will penetrate for a surprising distance through walls of solid rock or other dense material. On land, sound waves cannot travel far without coming in contact with something which impedes their progress. Houses, trees, mountains—all these prevent the waves traveling very far, while the multitude of other sounds serve to deaden or counteract the original noise. On the sea, however, or on a large lake, where the shore line is sufficiently distant, sound travels a long distance, because there is nothing in the path of the sound waves and, moreover, the water itself acts as an excellent conductor for the vibrations.

THE GUMPS



OH WELL—SHE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE THAT'S GOT A NEW COAT— I JUST TOOK THAT \$205 BUCKS I HAD LEFT OUT OF THAT THOUSAND AND I JUST BOUGHT MYSELF THIS FLOCK OF FUR AND CLOTH— IT DOESN'T LOOK SO BAD—



I'VE HAD A LITTLE PERSIAN LAMB HOPPING AROUND FOR ME TOO— RAISING THIS BEAUTIFUL FUR— THEY TELL ME IT'S PRETTY WARM IN PERSIA— HE DIDN'T NEED IT— HE WOULD HAVE SUFFOCATED ANYWAY— TAIN'T LIKE TAKING THE SKIN OFF A SEAL THAT'S GOT TO SLEEP ON THE ICE—



QUVERING JELLY— IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK— SHE NEVER SAW A CURTAIN GO UP IN HER LIFE—



OH MIN!

The-BEE BOOK SHELF

THE MEMORIES THAT LIVED.

By RUTH LOGAN.

Miss Murray wasn't a graduate nurse nor would she be entitled to the white uniform for a matter of some six months. However, being a senior in charge of the third floor of the Lakeview hospital carried with it more duties than a graduate nurse ever could have. Especially so since, added to the business of keeping her eye on the probies, she had also been assigned to N. 301.

The man in that room said his name was John Smith but he couldn't remember where he had lived or anything about his past except that he had been struck by an automobile that speeded away unapprehended.

Arriving at the hospital two days before, he had impressed the superintendent nurse as being seriously in need of medical attention, partly because of the anguish in his face, but more especially because of his obviously demented state as evidenced by a certain violence when he was informed that he could not enter every room in the hospital for the purpose of discovering whether or not a woman he was seeking could be found within its doors.

The superintendent had endeavored to learn the name of the patient he was so desirous of finding, but John Smith thought—merely—thought—that her name was Mary, and if his memory had not failed him entirely he also thought her last name was Brown. There was no Mary Brown at the Lakeview but in some way John Smith was persuaded to go up to No. 301 and here he remained two days, not from any desire to remain, but because Miss Murray watched him so closely that he had no chance to leave.

The night before he had endeavored to make an exit by means of a window and Miss Murray had been forced to call help. The help came in the form of a young intern, Dr. Edward Jackson. The window had been fastened securely after that and No. 301 refusing to close his eyes had sat on the edge of the white bed and glared at the little nurse between him and the door. He had incidentally hurled a telephone at Dr. Jackson accompanied by language that left no doubt in Miss Murray's mind that John Smith was a vicious patient and a profane man.

At 7 o'clock the following morning John Smith from sheer exhaustion fell back onto the pillow and slept—at least Miss Murray believed him to be asleep. Consequently she ripped from the room and returned to her desk in the corridor. "Good morning," began Dr. Jackson as he saw her sitting there.

Great big eyes lifted to his and she answered, "Is it good morning? I had rather thought that it wasn't. The baby came in 300 last night. A boy, going to live, too."

"Corking," he answered the young intern. "Mother isn't quite so depressed now. Think she's going to come on all right."

"Poor little woman. It would have been a mercy if she could have lost the little chap. She's too frail to face the world alone with a baby."

"The young man's face glowed. 'I don't think you mean that, Anne. No woman ever feels that way about her own baby.'"

"I suppose not, but what a trick love plays on a woman when it persuades her to give her heart to man. From that time on she never knows what life has in store for her. 300 is pretty. Can you imagine what kind of a beast a man would have to be in order to desert a woman like her?"

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



THOUGHTS ON WORMS

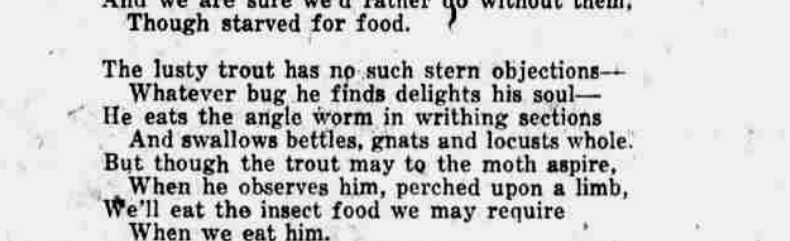
A Colorado entomologist insists that insects would provide us with excellent food were it not for our prejudices.

We have no doubt that bran and hay are filling; We're not averse to dietetic stunts; We've eaten whale and shark, and we are willing To sample almost any creature—once. We quite applaud the scientist's endeavor To build synthetic food of harmless drugs. But not for any reason whatsoever Will we eat bugs.

We're fond of bugs—we think they're pretty creatures— The ugliest have their redeeming features, We know they must be useful, one and all. We like to watch the butterflies at twilight, To see them sail on every breeze that stirs, We like to watch the moths above the skylight— Though not in furs.

But while we have no doubt that they're nutritious And cooked with butter sauce would likely make A dish as appetizing and delicious As oysters, fish, or even sirloin steak, We feel that there's a squishiness about them, A certain softness that could not be chewed, And we are sure we'd rather do without them, Though starved for food.

The lusty trout has no such stern objections— Whatever bug he finds delights his soul— He eats the angle worm in writhing sections And swallows beetles, gnats and locusts whole. But though the trout may to the moth aspire, When he observes him, perched upon a limb, We'll eat the insect food we may require When we eat him.



JUDGING BY DEVELOPMENTS

Apparently some of those base ball players who went to work for the shipping board were given high executive places.

CHEAP SKATES

The lawyers who took only a million dollars for settling the Field will must have been astonished at their own moderation.

THE ONLY WAY

If Italy wants to get D'Annunzio out of Fiume it will have to think up some scheme for keeping Fiume out of the headlines.

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I'M THE GUY

I'm the guy who thinks conversation is a monologue. When I see an opening I dash right in and you can believe me, no one else is going to get a chance while my voice holds out.

I dislike listening to anyone's conversation except my own. No one is half as interesting to me as myself. When it comes to entertaining one or a party with chatter, I admit I'm just the guy that can spill it to the bewilderment of my audience.

I've got it all over a phonograph. That runs down once in awhile, but I'm always wound up. Of course my line of gab may be about as interesting to you as a lecture on the language of the Hottentots, but I should worry. I simply ignore your bids for a look-in on the talkfest. If I lose my breath and you do slip in a few remarks, I pick up my monologue just where I left off.

You ought to know better than to attempt to interrupt me while I'm holding forth. You have nothing to say anyway. So be quiet, or go some place far away from me.

ONE DOSE often commences to ENRICH YOUR BLOOD

Nuxated Iron contains organic iron, like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, fruits and apples, while metallic iron, which people usually take, is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron. One dose of Nuxated Iron is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It is like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat. Nuxated Iron is the only iron preparation that is absorbed into the stomach. Over 4,000,000 people annually are using it. Beware of substitutes. Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters N. I. on every tablet.

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Common Sense

LEAN AND FAT YEARS. J. J. MUNDY.

Are you one of the persons who before the war never was able to keep the amount of one pay envelope ahead of running expenses? Then you got a job at such big money that you thought you were a millionaire right off the reel, isn't that so?

And now you are out of a job and you are not satisfied to take up any kind of work offered at less money because you have come to feel that your services are worth so much—and wartime wages are your standard.

If this be your attitude and reasoning, your years and education are limited. High wages to bridge a necessity or a calamity has shot everything else up in price and one dollar is worth only about thirty-three cents of prewar years.

If you have put your big money in the bank or some safe investment and kept your expenses down by extremely judicious buying, you will be in shape to weather the readjustment.

If you have spent all you made for luxuries at wartime prices, you must expect a lean time. Learn a lesson by it—that things even up eventually. Keep a reserve fund always for the lean years.

Medals for Marines.

Victory medals for former marines are ready for distribution. Applicants must present or mail their discharge certificates before being eligible. Medals for men of the Omaha district will be issued from the recruiting office in Kansas City or from Washington direct.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham

The mayor of Tickville went to show the other night, but did not enjoy it much, as he was bothered



ing all the time about how hard his car was going to be to crank when he started home.

The Rye Straw storekeeper is advertising that he will on and after the first of the month again resume sticking an Irish potato over the spout of each can of oil bought of him.

Jefferson Potlocks says all he asks when he dies is that a big crowd be at his funeral.

Australian business men have formed a company to develop an air mail and passenger route to England, having landing sites about 300 miles apart.

AMUSEMENTS

The Best Amusement Organization Ever on Tour Coming to the Brandeis Theatre Omaha—4 Nights Starting Sunday, Dec. 19th Matinee Wednesday

For the first time in the history of amusements in this city a theater manager has been served with a petition—signed by thousands unable to attend a previous performance—requesting a return engagement of this great American star.

When negotiations began to have Mr. Post REMAIN in the United States during the present season, his manager, Richard Walton Tully, had already completed arrangements to have Mr. Post and his unusually excellent company appear in Mr. Tully's theater in London in both "Omar the Tent Maker" (his former success) and "The Masquerader," in which Mr. Post had been so phenomenally successful the past four seasons.

Sothern and Marlowe had announced they would remain in Europe during the present season and the Associated Theater Managers of the United States did not wish the plan of having the two leading Dramatic Attractions—Guy Bates Post and Sothern and Marlowe—both absent from America at the same time; as Mr. Post had recently toured Australia, it was deemed best to have him again tour the United States before making a prolonged run in London and the English Provinces. The Managers appointed Mr. Tom Campbell, of the Tulane and Crescent Theaters, New Orleans; Mr. L. N. Scott, of Minneapolis and St. Paul Metropolitan Theaters, and Geo. Hood, who represents the entire Northwest, to arrange to have Mr. Post again tour the United States.

The same excellent company that was to have visited London will this season visit the leading cities of the United States, and, excepting for a few minor roles, it is the same company that presented this unusual success in Omaha last season—the same wonderful scenic equipment—with its massive double revolving stages, its thematic music—its two mechanical crews—its triple electrical equipment and inimitable resources that require three mammoth cars to transport, will again visit Omaha four nights, starting December 19.

The stage of the BRANDEIS THEATER is large enough to accommodate any attraction that has ever visited this city, BUT THE STAGE MUST BE CLEARED OF EVERY VESTIGE OF HOUSE SCENERY AND PROPERTIES, AND THE REGULAR CURTAIN REMOVED TO ACCOMMODATE MR. POST'S MASSIVE PRODUCTION.

THE BOX OFFICE WILL BE OPEN FOR REGULAR SALE OF SEATS MONDAY, DECEMBER 13. MAIL ORDERS will be filled in order received now, when accompanied by cheque or Postoffice money order, together with self-addressed stamped envelope (to avoid error)—add amusement tax of 10%.

The mail orders and advance sale for this unusual attraction will undoubtedly be the largest in the history of the Brandeis Theater and we earnestly suggest early applications for seats.

Prices, Any Performance, Area—Boxes, \$3.00 and \$2.50; first floor, \$3.00 and \$2.50; balcony, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50; gallery, \$1.00.

Respectfully, C. J. SUTPHEN, Manager Brandeis Theater.

No one seated during the prologue. Curtain 8:15 Wednesday Matinee, 2:15. Conveyances, at 5 and 11. Mr. Post Will Not Appear in Any Other City in the State

Parents Problems

How can the use of slang best be overcome in high school boys and girls?

A certain amount of slang would seem to be almost inevitable. So long as it is harmless, perhaps it need not be too stringently met. But it should not be encouraged, nor accepted. A society for the suppression of slang often helps—especially if the grown-ups join with the children, and keep the rules or pay the fines.

RIALTO

NOW PLAYING "DINTY"

WESLEY BARRY

Also "Snooky," the Humazee in "A TRAY FULL OF TROUBLE"

"Il Guarany" Overture New Rialto Orchestra

Harry Brader, Conductor Julius K. Johnson at the Organ

SUN

Also Buster Keaton in "Convict 13"

Every Lady Attending the Matinee This Week Will Receive Free A Copy of That Famous Song, "BEN BOLT"

Strand

THOMAS MEIGHAN

In William De Mille's Offering "Conrad in Quest of His Youth"

A Clever, Present-Day Story

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

World's Most Perfect Woman, in Show Motion Pictures, Analyzing the beauty in THE ART OF DIVING

SILVERMAN'S ORCHESTRA

Playing a Request Overture A HUNTING SCENE

Nothing to do till to-morrow



IT'S A GREAT LIFE

AMUSEMENTS.

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THE HUMAN APE.

TARZAN (HIMSELF) Coming, in Person

EMPRESS Two Shows in One

BRAZILIAN HEIRESS, Miniature Musical Comedy; VIOLIN GOLIATH, "Dainty Violinist"; COLLINS DIET BAR, a Dainty Song and Dance Offering; RIALTO & LAMONT, "The Talkless Boys"; Photoplay, Attractions, "Just Pals," featuring Buck Jones, Christie Comedy; FOX CENTER.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Daily Mat., 15c to 75c Nites, 25c to \$1.25

L. H. Herk—Arthur Pearson Present the Smart and New Powder Puff Revue Musical Burlesque

With JAMIE COUGHLIN, JACK PEARL, LOUISA ELLIOTT, Florence Talbot, Ben Bard, Gladie Riley, and a beautiful Assortment of Lida Powder Puffs. LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAILY Sat. Mat. & wk. Jack Singer's Show & Wacky Dancers

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Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

PHOTOPLAYS.

WHAT Is It That Comes



Is It— Love? Marriage? The Hunger of Children? A Great Moment of Decision?

or The Sacrifice of Unselfishness?

YOU'LL KNOW WHEN YOU SEE DOROTHY PHILLIPS

In ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN?

A Picture Every Woman Will Understand

Now Playing at the



Also Buster Keaton in "Convict 13"

Every Lady Attending the Matinee This Week Will Receive Free A Copy of That Famous Song, "BEN BOLT"

MOON

TICKLING THOUSANDS!

REX BEACH'S

Famous Snappy Tale of Wild Women and Speedy Men

"GOING SOME"

Chester Conklin in a Riot of Lingerie and Laughter "HOME RULE"

MUSE

Last Times Today

H. B. WARNER in "Felix O'Day"

Dead Men Tell No Tales

COMING TO THE MOON CHRISTMAS DAY

EMPRESS RUSTIC GARDEN

Jack Connors, Mgr.

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Follow the Crowd Also Public Dancing as Usual

Accommodation for 3,000 People

ADMISSION 55c

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