Common Sense

J. J. MUNDY.

It's The Little Things That Count.

Did you ever lie ill and figure out what you wish some one would do to make you comfortable or happy?

You never go to see any one who is ill yourself, so no one calls on you, and this may be very restful the first few days, but later you wish for a cheery voice from the outside world, and you resolve to make tracks directly for the first sick friend you hear of when you have recovered.

And so it goes down the list of possible attentions to those who lie helpless and suffering.

One tiny flower—a telephone message—a post card or friendly letter to encourage such little things to do, but how often we neglect them.

It is only when you are down flat yourself for more than a day or two that you realize how much friends may or may not mean to one.

Just because your friends are quarantined is no reason why you cannot communicate pleasant things to them, even when you cannot go yourself.

A certain woman made it a life-long rule to send a message to every person she heard was ill, young or old, friend or enemy, rich or poor; it made no difference, she got a message to the suffering.

Any one might envy that woman her shining face and her host of friends.

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I'M THE GUY

I'm the Guy who won't let anyone put anything over on him.

And in case you might think that I'll let you get away with anything, I always make my position clear. It's better to be safe than sorry.

I won't stand for any funny work, so I warn you to lay off me. If you are convinced I'm a fighter and will see a thing through to the finish, I am positive you won't try to do me. In fact, you'll give me a wide berth when it comes to any kind of an argument.

And I am a fighter. I want my rights all the time, and if I think you're not giving me all that's coming to me, I'm going to let you hear about it, and not in mild terms, either.

It doesn't make any difference to me whether it's a mere suspicion on my part. If your acts look to me to be against my interests, I'm going to tell you.

If I do say it myself, very little gets by me. I'm pretty wise to all the tricks that people pull.

Don't sneer or laugh at me, or try to tell me a fellow could make a monkey of me without half-trying. Don't you try; that's all. I know my business and I'm not going to let you or anyone else put anything over on me.

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WHY—

Are American Soldiers Called "Doughboys?"

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During the world war many well-intentioned persons attempted to saddle the American soldier with all sorts of nicknames—"Yank," "Sammy," "buddy" and the like—but the only one which stood up under the strain was the peculiar title of "doughboy."

Probably they didn't know it, but the reason that the men of the A. E. F. accepted the term and answered to it without hesitation was because "doughboy" is the oldest of all slang names for American infantrymen, dating back to the days of the revolution. At this time, following the custom of the British army, each of the colonials was served with three or four cakes a day—cakes which were nothing but flour and water and usually unbaked. The soldiers christened the cakes "doughboys," and before the end of the war the men to whom they were served were known by the same name.

The nickname was revived during the civil war, partly on account of the manner in which it had been used during the revolution and also because of the amount of ridicule heaped upon the large brass buttons of the infantrymen. "They're as big as boiled dumplings," announced one critic. So the name "doughboy" stuck, to be resurrected once more when the American forces crossed the Atlantic.

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"DANDERINE"

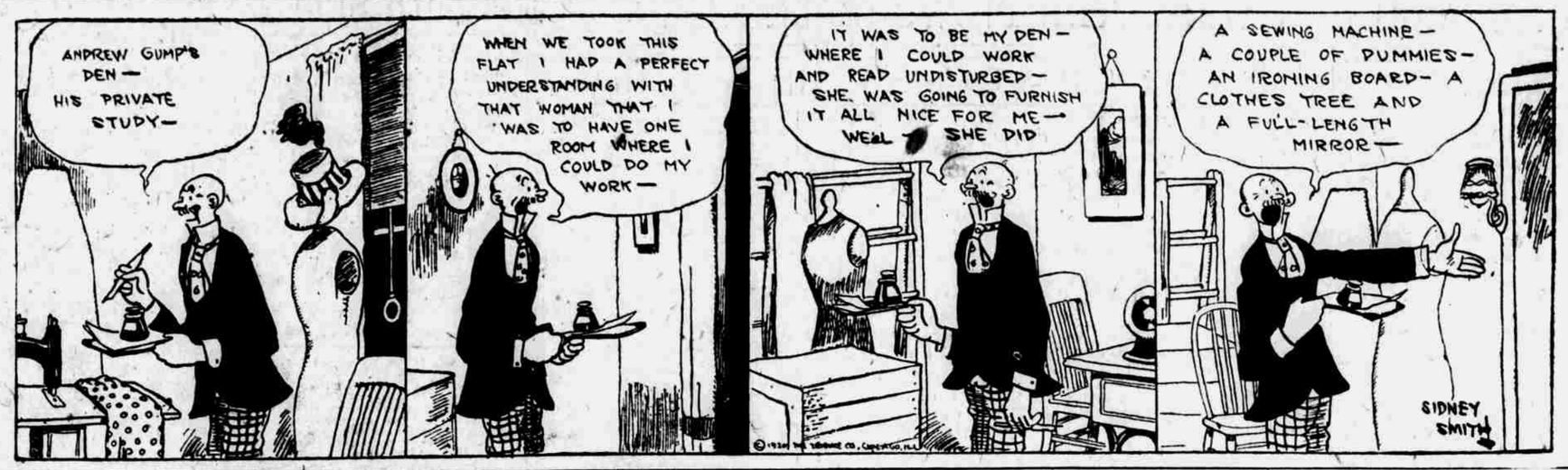
Girls! Save Your Hair! Make It Abundant!

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All druggists.

THE GUMPS— ANDY'S COZY CORNER

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

THE GOLFER'S DEFIANCE

I have no quarrel with reform;
I know that it would ill behoove me
To gnash my teeth and rage and storm
At others' efforts to improve me.
When Mr. Volstead's law forbade
A further alcoholic diet,
I saved what little stuff I had
And only drank it on the quiet.

I'll not indulge in language blue
Or waste my time in futile croaking,
When in another year or two
I'm ordered to forego my smoking.
I'd not make trouble if I could
Because, as the reformers view it,
They pass these measures for my good
And, anyway, they're going to do it.

But if they take my golf away,
A pleasure I enjoy but ONE day
(Because I have no time to play
Around the course except on Sunday),
Although I'm not a man to let
A casual vexation try me,
I'm going to try my darndest yet
To lay those smug old birds a stymie.

I don't need booze; I don't need smokes;
And though I rather hate to lose 'em,
I'll give 'em up, if better folks
Than I declare I mustn't use 'em.
I've been an easy man to drive—
Resembling much dumb driven cattle—
But just as long as I'm alive
I'll not quit golf without a battle.

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Demand for some things must be slackening. Nowadays automobile salesmen almost smile at you when you go into one of their stores.

FAR FROM THE MADDING OFFICE SEEKERS

It strikes us that Mr. Harding would be wise to remain in Panama till his appointments are all announced.

HERE TO STAY

The Volstead law will never be repealed. The bootleggers' lobby is already strong enough to prevent any such thing.

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HOLDING A HUSBAND

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

WHAT MADGE DID TO PLACATE MOTHER GRAHAM.

If the end for which I had been working with such Machiavellian tactics had not been designed to protect my mother-in-law from her own imprudence I would have been heartily ashamed of myself at the eager credence she gave my remarks concerning Junior.

As Dicky would express it, "she swallowed the bait, hook, line and sinker," and I felt myself turning a little red as she rushed into eager excited speech.

"The blessed lamb!" she exclaimed. "Of course he must not go north until settled weather. It's a wonder you had sense enough to think of it," she added caustically, and I was glad of the verbal slap, accepting it as a bit of deserved punishment for the way in which I had played upon my mother-in-law's anxiety for my small son.

"That means, of course, that you and Richard will have to move without me," she went on, "for, of course, I shall stay here with Richard Second. And a fine mess you'll make of it, you two! But I suppose it can't be helped. Now, look here. Get a notebook and pencil, and jot down these instructions. If you follow them you may be able to get through the job without breaking more than half the china and wrecking most of the furniture."

Mother Graham Dictates.

I rose with every outward aspect of meekness, brought the notebook and pencil, and sat down as she had commanded. I was determined not to flinch nor to show any sign of uneasiness or irritation during the ordeal which I saw in front of me. That it was to be an ordeal, no one knew better than I. There have been many such in my life with Dicky's dictatorial and irascible mother. She is never so happy nor so irritating as when she is in charge of some troublesome household emergency, and issuing orders concerning it. But, to do her justice, she is a housekeeper and manager par excellence, and I knew that though I could not possibly follow her plan—for I had my own methods already outlined even while I listened to hers—yet I would be able to profit by many of the points contained in her homily.

"Now, in the first place," she began didactically, "if these things were going to be put into a storage warehouse or were going a long distance, you would have to pack in a very different manner. But as they will probably go only a few miles in a van, you won't have to be quite so particular."

A Message for Dicky.

I wisely kept to myself what I feared; that our belongings would have to be put into a very inferior warehouse, or moved a long distance on account of the housing situation. A letter from an acquaintance in a suburb near New York had given me a glimpse of the conditions, but I had not mentioned it, because I had never dreamed that anything in the situation could matter to us, secure in the ownership of our own home.

"But the thing I wish to impress upon your mind most," Mother Graham declared, "is that those old mahogany pieces of mine simply must have every bit of their surface covered or they will scratch. Put that down and underscore it."

I repressed the desire to tell her that I had seen and had cared for old mahogany before I ever met her. My mother had a few choice pieces which I brought with me to my new home. But Mother Graham, I think, all the years has been actually jealous of them. She never refers to their existence, speaks only of her own.

"Then the china," she began, and from that point her voice went on for what seemed to me an interminable period, while I demurely jotted down instructions until my fingers ached with fatigue.

"I don't suppose you'll remember one-tenth of this, or do it at all as I've suggested," she said ungraciously at last, when I had begun to feel that she must have brought out every idea she had tucked away in her brain for the last 50 years. "But at least I've done my duty. Now go away and let me take a nap. I need one after trying to pound this into your head. And when Richard comes, send him to me. But don't tell him I've changed my mind. It'll do him good to sweat a little."

She smiled grimly, and I felt the echo of her words sounding in my own soul. Worn out with her long disquisition, I felt that it would be but simple justice for Dicky also to face the music for a little while.

So it was that when my husband came home smiling with somewhat the expression of the famous canary-swallowing cat, I added no comment or illumination to the terse news I gave him:

"Your mother wishes to see you at once."

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF FATTY COON

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER II.

Fatty Learns Something About Eggs.

When Fatty Coon started off alone to find something more to eat, after finishing the fish that his mother had brought home for him, he did not know that he was going to have an adventure. He nosed about among the bushes and the tall

There was a sudden rush through the branches of the tall tree.

sunshine was warm upon his back. He climbed almost to the very tip-grasses and caught a few bugs and a frog or two. But he didn't think that that was much. He didn't seem to have much luck, down on the ground. So he climbed a tall hemlock, to see if he could find a squirrel's nest, or some bird's eggs.

Fatty loved to climb trees. Up in the big hemlock he forgot, for a time, that he was still hungry. It was delightful to feel the branches swaying under him, nad the bright top of the tree and wound himself around the straight stem. The thick, springy branches held him safely, and soon Fatty was fast asleep. Next to eating, Fatty loved sleeping. And now he had a good nap.

Fatty Coon woke up at last, yawned, and slowly unwound himself from the stem of the tree. He was terribly hungry now. And he felt that he simply must find something to eat at once.

Without going down to the ground, Fatty climbed over into the top of another big tree and his little beady, bright eyes began searching all the branches carefully. Pretty soon Fatty smiled. He smiled because he was pleased. And he was pleased because he saw exactly what he had been looking for. Not far below him was a big nest, built of sticks and lined with bark and moss. It was a crow's nest, Fatty decided, and he lost no time in slipping down to the crotch of the tree where the nest was perched.

There were four white eggs in the nest—the biggest crow's eggs Fatty had ever seen. And he began to eat hungrily. His nose became smeared with egg, but he didn't mind that at all. He kept thinking how good the eggs tasted—and how he wished there were more of them.

There was a sudden rush through the branches of the tall tree. And Fatty Coon caught a hard blow on his head. He felt something sharp sink into his back, too. And he clutched at the edge of the nest to keep from falling.

Fatty was surprised, to say the least, for he had never known crows to fight like that. And he was frightened, because his back hurt. He couldn't fight, because he was afraid he would fall if he let go of the nest.

There was nothing to do but run home as fast as he could. Fatty tried to hurry; but there was that bird, beating and clawing his back, and pulling him first one way and then another. He began to think he would never reach home. But at last he came to the old poplar where his mother lived. And soon, to his great joy, he reached the hole in the big branch; and you may well believe that Fatty was glad to slip down into the darkness, where his mother and his brother, Blackie, and Fluffy and Cutey, his sisters, were all fast asleep. He was glad because he knew that no crow could follow him down there.

Mrs. Coon waked up. She saw that Fatty's back was sadly torn (for coons, you know, can see in the dark just as well as you can see in the daylight).

"What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed.

Poor Fatty told her. He cried a little, because his back hurt him, and because he was so glad to be safe at home once more.

"What color were those eggs?" Mrs. Coon inquired.

"White!" said Fatty.

"Ah, ha!" Mrs. Coon said. "Don't you remember that crows' eggs are a blueish green? That must have been a goshawk's nest. And a goshawk is the fiercest of all the hawks there are. It's no wonder your back is clawed. Come here and let me look at it."

Fatty Coon felt quite proud, as his mother examined the marks of the goshawk's cruel claws. And he didn't feel half as sorry for himself as you might think, for he remembered how good the eggs had tasted. He only wished there had been a dozen of them.

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ADVERTISEMENT

IF KIDNEYS AND BLADDER BOTHER

Take Salts to flush Kidneys and neutralize irritating acids.

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritaton at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in avoiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.

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HATS RENEWED

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Ladies' Private Shining Parlor.

Parents Problems

Should a very silent boy of 12 be urged to talk more?

This boy should not be urged to talk more: nothing at all should be said to him about his silence. A better plan is to engage him in conversation— particularly to ask him questions that he can answer; he will soon be less silent.

Men Arrested as Owners Of Still Walk Out of Jail

Idaho Falls, Ida., Dec. 8.—Joe Crafton and Gene Bennett, arrested Monday when federal and local officers seized a still in full operation on the Crafton ranch, are still at large, following their escape yesterday while being turned over to county officials by federal officers. The pair had been arraigned before the United States commissioner and their bonds paced at $3,500 each. When the deputy United States marshal returned them to the county jail they walked out of the front door before the sheriff's force understood that they were to be locked up. The still had a capacity of 10 gallons a day.

Union Outfitting Co. Announces a Big Sale Of Fine Floor Lamps at Remarkable Saving

Dozens of Beautiful Bases and Shades on Sale Saturday.

Lamps Embrace the Newest and Most Wanted Ideas.

In the sale which takes place next Saturday there is every kind of Floor Lamp imaginable in all the lastest designs, colors and sizes, embracing High Piano Lamps, Low Devenport Lamps, artistic Boudoir and Table Lamps.

The shades are artistically fashioned from rich looking silks that harmonize with modern decorations richly trimmed with braids, fringes and tassels.

This money-saving event is the result of a "Stock-Reducing" Sale at the Union Outfitting Company located out of the High Rent District. As always, you make your own terms.

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How You Can Avoid It

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The pure food elements in Father John's Medicine build energy to resist cold and grip germs.

The gentle laxative effect of Father John's Medicine helps to drive out impurities.

Father John's Medicine soothes and heals the lining of the breathing passages.

You are safe when you take Father John's Medicine because it is guaranteed free from alcohol or dangerous drugs in any form. Sixty years in use.

PHOTOPLAYS.

Dead Men Tell No Tales

COMING TO THE MOON

CHRISTMAS DAY

PHOTOPLAYS.

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Mack Sennett's Famous Star Comedienne

Will Appear (in Person) at the

RIALTO

Today at 3 o'clock and Both Evening Shows

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BRANDEIS Tonight Friday & Sat. Sat. Matinee

A. L. Erlanger Presents the Distinguished Actor Chauncey OLCOTT

In a Fascinating, Romantic Comedy MACUSHLA Hear Alcott's Songs

BRANDEIS Sunday, Monday Tues. & Wed.

A Brilliant Musical Comedy

New York and Chicago Company. There is no Other.

December 19, 20, 21, 22; Nights of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday. Wednesday Matinee Only.

No Other City in the State Will be Visited.

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—IN—

"THE MASQUERADER"

Original cast and production intact, on transcontinental tour, including the massive double revolving stages, thematic music, two complete mechanical crews, triple electrical equipment, requires three cars to transport.

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Send check or postoffice money order to manager of the theater for the amount of ticket purchased, PLUS war tax of 10 per cent. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope to avoid error in name or address. Mail orders filled in order received. You thus avoid waiting in line at the ticket window.

Prices: $3, $2.50, $2, $1.50, $1

EMPRESS NEW SHOW TODAY

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Daily Matinee 2:15—Every Night 8:15

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PHOTOPLAYS.

SUN

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LAST TIMES TODAY

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Also Usual Public Dancing

Regular Features, Including Slater's Southern Jazz Band.

Dancing Until 1:30 A. M.

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