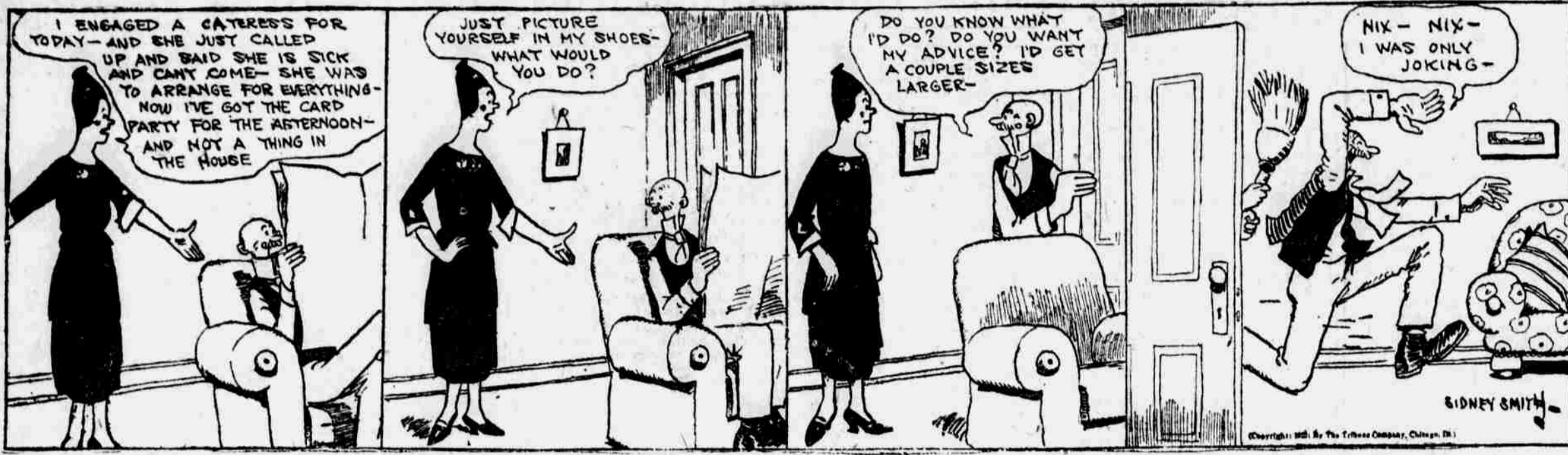


THE GUMPS—

LIGHT-HEARTED ANDY

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF FATTY COON BY ARTHUR, SCOTT BAILEY

HOLDING A HUSBAND Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

CHAPTER V. Fatty Coon Goes Fishing. One day Fatty Coon was strolling along the brook which flowed not far from his home.



At least, that was what Fatty Coon thought.

Fatty Coon suddenly saw something bright, all yellow and red, that shined on the water right before him. It was a bug, or a huge fly. And Fatty was very fond of bugs—to eat, you know. So he lost no time.

Dog Hill Paragrafts By George Bingham

The people at the Rye Straw are showing some indignation toward



the Mail Carrier, as on his last trip he had his mind on something else and drove right by without stopping.

It snowed a lot at Bounding Hills yesterday but none fell here. Slim Pickens says if it tried to snow everywhere at once there wouldn't be enough left to go around.

Clab Hancock, who has been playing the fiddle for a long time, says he finds that the public don't pay so much attention to the looks of the fiddler so long as he can fiddle.

I'M THE GUY

I'm the guy who always pulls Copyright 1920, Thompson Feature Service. Why shouldn't I? If I don't tell everybody that I'm down in my luck I'd have people borrowing off me all the time.

stuck fast in his mouth. And all the time Fatty was being dragged along through the water. He began to be frightened. And for the first time he noticed that there was a slender line which stretched from his mouth straight across the pool.

Do you wonder that Fatty Coon was frightened? He jumped back as well as he could, in the water—and tried to swim away. His mouth hurt; but he plunged and pulled just the same, and jerked his head and squirmed and wiggled and twisted. And just as Fatty had almost given up hope of getting free, the gay colored bug or fly, or whatever it was, flew out of his mouth and took the line with it.

Now, this was what really happened. Farmer Green had come up the brook to catch trout. On the end of his fish line he had tied a make believe fly, with a hook hidden under its red and yellow wings. He had stoken along the brook very quietly, so that he wouldn't frighten the fish. And he had made so little noise that Fatty Coon never heard him at all.

Something seemed to amuse Farmer Green, as he watched Fatty dive into the bushes; and he laughed loud and long. But Fatty Coon didn't laugh at all. His mouth was too sore, and he was too frightened. But he was very, very glad that the strange bug had flown away.

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Common Sense By J. J. MUNDY.

Golf and Business. Going the rounds is a story to the effect that an employer looking for a man for a responsible position took the applicants who were golf players to the links to try them out.

The man who played a good game only when he was in the lead showed that he was not the man to put up a business fight if things went against him for a while.

When a man missed a putt and began to swear and cuss everyone but himself he decided that that fellow would blame others for his mistakes in business.

The man who lied about the number of stocks he took to make a hole would lie about his record to make it look better.

The man who gave up trying to get out of a bunker and played his ball lengthwise to the end of obstruction would not stand up well under adversity.

The man who gave up trying to hold down the number of his shots after getting a high score on two or three holes would give up in the same way under hard competition.

But the man sufficiently master of himself to keep smiling and trying even after a few dub shots, was the fellow to deliver.

WHY— Do Objects Turn Yellow From Age?

When we say that something is "yellow with age" we refer either to an object composed of vegetable matter or use the phrase in its metaphorical sense. Strictly speaking, only vegetable matter turns yellow with the passage of time, as is evidenced in the case of paper, cloth or leaves.

Why Madge Was Startled at Sight of the Guide.

Dicky made record time on the little trip whose destination I suspected to be the railroad ticket office, came back into the house as surreptitiously as he had left it and went directly to our room. His usual luck was with him, for his mother sewed on placidly, supposing him to be packing, and it was only when he passed the window I overlooked, for the second time in returning that I ventured to make any change in my own position which might attract the keen observation of my mother-in-law.

"I think I'll go to see how Dicky is getting along," I remarked, casually, rising and putting up my work. "That's the first sensible thing I've heard you say today," his mother retorted. "You'll probably find him wrapping his golf sticks in his dress shirts. I wish you'd keep him busy long enough for me to go down to the ticket office and back."

"Oh, Mother!" I exclaimed, a bit startled, and wondering if Dicky really had been ahead of her. "Do you think that's wise? Are you strong enough yet?"

"Fiddlesticks!" she retorted tartly, "I walked farther than that yesterday, and you know it. And I'd go there if I had to crawl. I'll teach that boy he can't pull the wool over my eyes, not as long as I have my five senses intact."

"I don't think he tries to, Mother," I said loyally, but observing a suspicious glance turned in my direction, I added hastily: "But I'll engage to keep him safe until you come back. Shall I take Junior with me?"

"Richard Second will come with me," his grandmother replied, loftily, and I hurried out of the room, lest I betray my amusement at her bombast.

"Dicky!" I rushed into our room and seized him by the sleeve to attract his attention, which was centered frowningly on his trunk. "Your mother is going to the railroad station right away."

He looked down at me with twinkling eyes. "Haven't a bit of faith in the old man's ingenuity, have you?" he asked. "And yet, I distinctly saw you watching me when I beat it out of here this morning! Don't worry, old dear! Those chaps down there are my pals. She'll get an awful about the reservations being piled up. That's no kid, either. I was the luckiest devil to get ours in. Today there isn't one ahead for a week. It's the rumor of the railroad strike that has done it."

"But you could have secured them for —" I began. "Granted—but I didn't. What are you going to do about it?" he demanded, impudently.

"This!" With a sudden impulse I ran over to him and kissed him. "I'm awfully glad you managed things so we could have this little excursion. I'll get through the packing some way, and I did want to take this canoe trip before I went back."

A New Menace. "It's something you'll remember all your life," Dicky promised, "and you'll be glad your husband had sense enough to overrule you." I remembered his words, and echoed them assentingly the next morning when Dicky escorted me to the boat landing upon the Lumbee river about a mile away, where the start with the canoes was to be made.

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