

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF FATTY COON

CHAPTER IX.

Johnnie Green loses his pet. Now, Farmer Green and his hired man had not chopped long before they stopped to breathe. They had not chopped long—but oh! what great, yawning holes they had made in the big chestnut! From the limb where he clung Fatty Coon looked down. The tree no longer shook. And Fatty felt better at once. You see, he thought that the men would go away, just as Johnnie had gone away the night before. But they had no such idea at all.



It was no wonder that Johnnie Green shouted. The hired man appeared somewhat doubtful. "Oh, to be sure—to be sure!" answered Farmer Green. "And with that they set to work again. But this time they both chopped on the same side of the tree—the side toward the woods. Now, if Fatty Coon was frightened before, you will believe that he was still more frightened when the big chestnut tree began to sag. Yes! he began to lean toward the woods. Slowly, slowly it tipped. And Fatty was scared half out of his mind. He climbed to the very top of the tree, because he wanted to get just as far away from those men as he could. And there he waited. There was nothing else he could do.

THE GUMPS—

PLEASE GO 'WAY AND LET ME SLEEP

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.

HIBERNATING ANIMALS—A GREAT STUDY—THEY'VE GOT THE SYSTEM—WHEN WINTER COMES ON AND FOOD IS HARD TO GET—THROUGH ALL THE COLD AND DREARY DAYS THEY GO IN DRY DOCK—SLEEP—A LONG AND PEACEFUL SLEEP—NO WORRIES—NO TROUBLES—SLEEP THROUGH IT ALL—



AND WITH THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING WHEN EVERYTHING IS ROSY THE TROUBLES ALL OVER—OVT HE POPS—OH HOW I'D LIKE TO BE ONE OF THOSE HIBERNATING GUYS—I'D GO TO THAT HIBERNATING FIELD—CRAWL IN—PULL THE EARTH OVER ME AND ALL OF MY LITTLE TROUBLES WOULD HAVE PRETTY BLUE EYES—



BUT BEFORE I'D GO—ON THE BUY—THERE ARE A FEW BIRDS I'D CALL ON AND HAND 'EM SOME FRESH AND UNADULTERATED INSULTS—I'D GO TO THE COAL MAN AND SAY—HOW MUCH IS YOUR COAL?



\$1800 A TON—TOO CHEAP—DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN DO IT FOR THE PRICE—I'LL BE BACK NEXT SUMMER—I'D GO TO THE BUTCHER AND SAY—HOW MUCH ARE YOUR PORK CHOPS? GO \$ A POUND—WHY THAT'S THROWING A GOOD PIG AWAY—AND THE LAND LORD—THAT'S THE BABY—I'D JUST STICK MY HEAD THROUGH HIS WINDOW AND SAY—HOW MUCH DO YOU GET FOR A NICE 7 ROOM FLAT? \$1300 A MONTH—RENT IT TO ONE OF THOSE GUYS THAT CANT TAKE ONE OF THOSE LONG SLEEPS—



Yes! he waited until that awful moment should come when the tree would go crashing down upon the ground. What was going to happen to him then? Fatty wondered. And while he was wondering there sounded all at once a great snapping and splitting. And Fatty felt the tree falling, falling. He could hear Johnnie Green shouting. And he shut his eyes and held fast to his branch. Then came the crash. When Fatty Coon opened his eyes he expected to see Johnnie Green all ready to seize him. But to his great surprise he was still far above the ground. You see, Farmer Green had been mistaken. Either the big chestnut tree was taller than he had guessed, or the woods were nearer than he had thought. For instead of dropping upon the ground, Fatty's tree had fallen right against another tree on the edge of the woods. And there it lay, half-tipped over, with its branches caught fast in the branches of that other tree. It was no wonder that Johnnie Green shouted. And he shouted still more loudly when he saw Fatty scramble out of the big chestnut and into the other tree, and out of that tree and into another, and then out of that tree. Fatty was going straight into the woods. It was no wonder that Johnnie Green shouted. For he had lost his pet coon. He had lost him before he ever had him. And he was sadly disappointed. But Fatty Coon was not disappointed, for he had not wanted to be a pet at all. And he was very glad— you may be sure—to get safely home once again.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Wish That Tugged at Madge's Heart. Dicky looked at his watch as I moved abruptly away from the bridge railing. "Why the mad rush, old dear?" he queried. "We've still got a good margin before Whistling Sam's schedule." "I thought I saw a snake down there," I replied, with a mendacious little shudder. "Besides I want to see that little camp over beyond. It fascinates me." "I'd like a look at it, too," Dicky assented, falling into step beside me. His manner was as indifferent as if he had never heard of the man named Tim. I cast a furtive glance at him. Was he really unconscious of the man's identity, had Hugh Grantland kept to himself all details of Grace Draper's arrival and banishment, or was my husband only pretending ignorance? Since his memorable talk with me concerning my exposure of Rita Brown I never have been quite certain how much he does or does not know of my affairs.

building, its site a gentle eminence from which one caught delightful glimpses of the river, the bridge and the winding auto road. "It's just one big room with a washroom adjoining, and this wonderful fire of logs blazing in its deep throat, I lost all interest in the veranda, and rushed toward it with the childish glee I always feel on seeing a big fireplace. "Oh, Dicky," I exclaimed. "Isn't this wonderful?" "What always makes you so daffy about a fireplace?" Dicky inquired curiously. "You always act as if you were 6 years old, and expected Santa Claus to come right down the chimney. Not that the old boy couldn't get down this one easily, at that," he said, surveying the big opening critically. "Lingerer Tim. "If you'd been brought up over a hole in the floor with hot air coming up from a furnace when the furnace chose to work you'd be daffy about one, too," I retorted hotly. I always longed for a fireplace when I

was a child, but I never had a chance to live beside one until I was grown up. "Well, she shall always have a fireplace as long as her husband can hold a pencil and draw little pieces for the papers, so she shall," Dicky teased, slipping his arm around my shoulders, but hastily taking it away again, as a chorus of ohs and ahs sounded from the steps. A second later a group of tourists from the other canoes filed into the room. Dicky and I, with a lingering glance at the antlered deer heads decorating the walls, the big rustic table strewn with magazines and smokers' conveniences, and the comfortable-looking coats standing against the walls, walked down the steps and toward the dining hall. Dicky's nonsensical moods always raise my spirits, no matter what depressing influences may be near me. And even the sight of the man named Tim, lounging on the boat landing, with his face turned toward the entrance of the dining hall, failed to oppress me, as had my previous glimpses of him. After all there was nothing to be feared from the man himself. It was simply because he was an emissary of Grace Draper that I dreaded seeing him or speaking to him. And, I told myself, I really had no warrant for believing that he had any message for me or any desire to see me. But I knew that my tormenting curiosity, founded on my dread of Grace Draper, would make me seek an opportunity to put a single question to him. "Madge makes opportunity. "Better hurry a bit, old dear," Dicky admonished. "We've less than five minutes allotted us by Whistling Sam to get ready for dinner. And our friends at the camp are hurrying behind us. I understand it's a point of honor at these dinners not to delay the service by a second. Whistling Sam's a temperamental cook." I hurried accordingly. Washing my hands and arranging my hair and hat in a rustic washroom where two or three other women were hastily primping, I joined Dicky and sat

down with him at precisely the moment and in the place Whistling Sam indicated. "I'll tell the world he's got a right to be temperamental," Dicky said, as we finished one of the most delicious meals I have ever tasted in my life. "And now, me for an interview with him. How about it? Want to go along and listen to my spiel?" I grasped at the opportunity for finding the man named Tim. "I don't think I do," I said. "I'd much rather go and sit on that lovely little veranda up there. But you can't see him now. He'll be too busy. Suppose you come out with me for a stroll and a smoke and then go to see him?" "Sometimes you really have an idea," said Dicky, as we left the dining room. (Continued Tomorrow.)

General Colby, attorney for the defendant, appealed to the district court and the defendant was released on bond of \$500.

PHOTOPLAYS. SUN. TODAY—TOMORROW. "IT'S A GREAT LIFE" —Also— LARRY SEMON In "THE SUITOR" Bring the Kiddies to See Little DOROTHY WAHL She Will Dance and Sing at 3, 4:45, 8:10, 9:45

PHOTOPLAYS. Driver of Auto in Accident Sentenced to County Jail. Beatrice, Neb., Dec. 16.—(Special.)—Ed O'Connell of this city, charged with being intoxicated when he drove his car into one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pefferman, October 28, injuring Mrs. Pefferman and badly damaging the machine, was sentenced to 60 days in the county jail.

PHOTOPLAYS. OUT OF THE STORM. Adapted from the Famous Novel, THE TOWER OF IVORY. With Barbara Castleton, Famous star of "The Branding Iron"

No stronger picture ever produced! The drama of a young girl whose past was linked with the shameful "Barbary Coast"!

PHOTOPLAYS. "Half a Chance" Vivid as the Lightning! Gigantic as the Thunder! The stupendous super-picture that is stirring Omaha to the very depths!

Shall the Immigration Flood Be Dammed?

Something more like panic than enthusiasm is manifested by our growing army of idle workers which already numbers two million, according to the American Federation of Labor, over the vast reinforcements from the war-broken countries of Europe. Immigration officials, says the New York Tribune, state that seven out of ten of the immigrants now entering this country are dependents—mostly women, children, and old men. Mr. Frederick A. Wallis, Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, says that he is informed that eight million emigrants are ready to come from Russia as soon as peace is declared, and he adds, "what will happen when the bars of Russia are let down can only be guessed." Other authorities and editors, however, deny and minimize all these alleged dangers, arguing that virtually every immigrant produces more than he consumes, and is, therefore, an asset rather than a liability; that instead of a labor surplus in this country we have an actual shortage of "cheap" or unskilled labor, the result of the stopping of all immigration during the war; that the farms, particularly, need such labor if they are to do their part in building up national prosperity; and that, as the New York Herald summarizes this point of view, "when we contemplate barring out immigration altogether, we contemplate suicide."

Read the leading article in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week (December 18th) for an all-sided survey of this perplexing problem.

- Other interesting news-articles in this number of THE DIGEST are: President Wilson's "Confession of Faith" First Aid to Farmers Our Neighbor Armenia West Virginia's War European Views of "New" America "Keeping" the Kaiser in Holland American Trade Conquests in India How to Lower Prices The Truth About American Dyes Saving the Lives of Clothes Straw Gas for Farm Use The Seesaw Windmill When Your Name Is Not Your Own The Storm About "Margot" A Film Duel Chicago Indicting Herself Operatically Christ and Buddha at Tokyo Are We Overdoing "Safety First"? Is the Jew Convertible The Cannibal's Substitute for Religion Zinc Trade of the World Railway Transportation Winter Travel and Recreation—All the Best Winter Trips Topics of the Day Best of the Current Poetry

Many Illustrations, Including Humorous Cartoons

December 18th Number on Sale To-day—News-dealers 10 Cents—\$4.00 a Year

It's a Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest. FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY (Publishers of the Famous NEW Standard Dictionary), NEW YORK

AMUSEMENTS. BRANDEIS TONIGHT and Sat. Matinee. Augustus Pitus, Inc., Presents MAY ROBSON In a New Comedy—By Allan Dale "Nobody's Fool". PRICES: Evenings—Orchestra, \$2.00; Balcony, \$1.50, \$1.00; 2d Balcony, 50c. Saturday Matinee—Orchestra, \$1.50; Balcony, \$1.00; 2d Balcony, 50c.

SHARD. A Lois Weber-Paramount Special Production. "To Please One Woman" For a Woman Has the Power to Make or Break the Man Who Loves Her. PATHE NEWS-COMEDY SILVERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES. COMING TO THE MOON CHRISTMAS DAY

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Dec. 19, 20, 21, 22. MATINEE WEDNESDAY. Box office sale and mail orders now. No Seats Laid Away or Phone Orders Taken. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00. RICHARD WALTER TULLY Presents GUY BATES POST "THE MASQUERADER" The Century's Sensation. Double Revolving Stage Thematic Music. Triple Electrical Equipment. Three cars require to transport. No One Seated During Prologue. CURTAIN 2:15-3:15 SHARP.

EMPRESS. Two Shows in One. Tango Shoes. Vaudeville's Newest Novelty. Rasso & Company Europe's Well Known Juggler. Patter & Hartwell Singing, Dancing Comedy Chatter. Long & Perry "From Grand Opera to Jazz". Photoplay Attraction "DANGEROUS DAYS" Featuring All the Best Fox Sunshine Comedy Fox News

Opera House Circuit. Matinee Daily 2:15. Every Night 8:15. HARRY FOX with Beatrice Curtis; IMHOFF CONN & CORENNE; GRACE NELSON; Muller & Francis; Rose & Moon; Lou Reed & Al Tucker. Tuscano Brothers; Topics of the Day; Kinograms. Matinee 15c to 30c; few 75c and \$1.00 Sat. and Sun. Night 15c to \$1.25.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety Daily Mat. 15-25-50c. Nites 25, 50, 75, \$1.00. LAST TIMES TODAY 8:30. Harry Luder, JACK SINGER SHOW Nites: 10:30 & 11:30. Tomorrow (Saturday) Matinee and Week End. JOLLITIES OF 1921 San Howard News. TIRED SHOPPERS' MATINEE DAILY

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

HIT 'EM UP I'M FOR YOU. The Girl with the Jazz Heart. Singo bang. Look Us Over at the "SUN" Next Week

Now Until Sat. Nite. His "Kick-less Kisses" and pepleess wooing caused all the trouble! And—then his old father demonstrated "How It Should Be Done" Girls! Don't miss this picture. GIRLS! GIRLS! Come and laugh till you ache, while the Amateur Devil goes to the bed and comes back with a "reputation" RIALTO ORCHESTRA. HARRY BRADER, Director. JULIUS JOHNSON, ORGANIST. BRYANT WASHBURN in "An Amateur Devil"