

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF FATTY COON

When Jasper Jay told Fatty Coon about Farmer Green's forty fat turkeys Fatty felt hungrier than ever.

That was enough for Fatty. He made up his mind that he would show Jasper Jay that he was not afraid.

Green's house were all out, Fatty Coon went stealing across the fields.

He was not afraid, for he knew that Farmer Green and all his family were in their beds.

Fatty did not intend to make any noise. The turkeys were asleep—so Jasper Jay had told him—and he expected to grab one of them as he went.

When Fatty Coon came to Farmer Green's yard he had no trouble at all in finding the spreading oak.

He could see the turkeys plainly where they dozed on the bare branches.

It takes to tell it Fatty had climbed the tree. On the very lowest limb there was a row of four plump turkeys.

And Fatty reached out and seized the nearest one. He seized the turkey by the neck, so that he could hold it without calling out.

But Fatty was not quite quick enough. Before he could pull her off her perch the turkey began to flap her wings.

She struck the turkey next her, so that that turkey woke up and began to gobble and flap her wings.

Then the next turkey on the limb woke up. And the first thing that Fatty Coon knew, every one of the thirty turkeys that were left was going gobble-gob-gob-gobble!

And some of them went sailing off across the yard. One of them landed on top of the porch just outside Farmer Green's window and it seemed to Fatty that that one made the greatest racket of all.

Farmer Green's window flew up, and Farmer Green's voice called "Spot Spot!"

Fatty Coon did not wait to hear anything more. He dropped the turkey he had seized and slipped down to the ground.

And then he ran toward the woods as fast as he could go.

Farmer Green's dog Spot was barking now. And Fatty wanted to climb on top of the barn outside the roadside.

But he remembered the narrow escape he had had when the dog had treed him near the cornfield.

So he never stopped until he reached the woods. Then he went sily up into the trees. And while Spot was barking at the first tree he climbed, Fatty was travelling through the tree-tops toward home.

He never said anything to his mother about Farmer Green's turkeys. But the next time he saw Jasper Jay Fatty told him exactly what he thought of him.

"Ha! ha!" Jasper Jay only laughed. And he did not seem at all surprised that Fatty had fallen into trouble.

To tell the truth, he was only sorry because Fatty had escaped. Jasper Jay did not like Fatty Coon. And he was the first of the forty fat turkeys because he hoped that Fatty would get caught if he tried to steal one of them.

"Wait till I catch you!" Fatty said. But Jasper Jay only laughed harder than ever when Fatty said that. He seemed to think it was a great joke. He was most annoying.

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THE GUMPS

A WIRELESS FROM UNCLE BIM— WILL BE WITH YOU ON CHRISTMAS DAY— CALL UP LEE SPRATLEN AND ARRANGE FOR SPECIAL TRAIN TO MEET ME— GET YOURSELVES SET FOR A BIG WEEK— BIM GUMP

AND THEN— DO THE GUMPS GET BUSY? COME ON YOU OLD SOFT DOUGH

UNCLE BIM'S PICTURE AGAIN SEES THE LIGHT OF DAY— OUT OF THE STORE ROOM ONTO THE WALL— DOWN ON THAT SIDE— DOWN TO YOUR RIGHT NOW—

BELOW YOU SEE THE DOUGH BAIT— PROPERLY ARRANGED BY MRS. MINERVA GUMP— IF THIS LAY OUT DON'T MAKE HIM TAKE OUT THE CHECK BOOK AND THE FOUNTAIN PEN MIN HAS WASTED A LOT OF TIME

LISTEN— GENTLE READER THIS OLD BACHELOR UNCLE BIM HAS AMASSED SUCH A GREAT FORTUNE THAT HE COULDN'T GIVE IT AWAY IN A NATURAL LIFE TIME WITH A STREAM SHOVEL AND THE GUMP FAMILY— MIND YOU— ARE THE ONLY LIVING HERS

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

Why Madge Woke Dicky the Second Time. I returned to our room outwardly calm, but inwardly agitated.

I was not particularly happy, either, at the thought of the journey alone for I had no idea that Dicky would go with me.

Mother Graham caught me as I put my hand upon the doorknob. I had wondered at her tardiness.

"Come in here," she directed, crisply, from the door of her own room, and I promptly obeyed her.

"What did that ticket agent want?" she demanded, when I had closed the door and been rapturously greeted by my baby boy from his crib.

"Mother Graham's Order. He came to advise us to cancel our reservations," I said, quietly.

"Say that again!" I repeated the statement, while her mouth, which had flown open at my first words, tightened like a nutcracker.

"That's just a fake. He wants to give you tickets to some of these millionaire snobs down here whom he knows, and who happen to want 'em just for tonight."

"I choked off the laughter that threatened to bubble from my lips in spite of my very real anxiety.

WHY— Is the "Christmas Tree" Associated With Christmas? Digging back into the folklore of various nations, we find a number of legends surrounding the light-and-present-bedecked which is now a symbol of Christmas.

The French version of the story is that one of the early knights found a gigantic tree whose branches were covered with burning candles—some standing firm, some drooping—and at the top, the vision of a child with a halo round his head.

As a permanent institution—the Christmas tree can be traced back only as far as the 16th century, appearing, apparently for the first time in its now accepted form, in Strasbourg.

Where It Started The Rapid-Fire Gun. In 1881 the British government ordered a gun that would fire six-pound projectiles at the rate of 12 aimed shots to the minute.

Delicate scales test the lifting power of small balloons used by the United States weather bureau to determine atmospheric conditions high above ground.

SPREADING THE DOUGH NET

More Truth Than Poetry By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

The Bee's Short Story BENNY TRIES FOR A JOB.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS. Benny Carmichael was a earnest young man and a good looking young man, but his clothes were worn and his face bore a somewhat haggard look.

It was such a natural, of course, that under such circumstances gloom should cloud over them as they set close together on the sofa in the parlor of the boarding house where Mary lived.

"I know you did," I replied equably, "but your mother demanded that I wake you up, for she wishes to see you at once."

What was going on behind the scenes? Mary was a good little investigator and she soon found out. And what she found amazed and horrified her.

"There's something wrong going on!" Mary cried to Benny. "That crowd that is supposedly booming Dawson is really going to double-cross him. They're pretending to work for Dawson when they are really straining every effort to make Smith president!"

"Absolutely!" Benny's eyes narrowed and he clenched his fists. "I thought something like this was going on! But I couldn't put my hand on it!"

"By Joe, I'll go there and break the whole thing up," he cried. Benny was as good as his word.

Clab Hancock says if a fellow wants to get bawled out right good and proper just let him go into a man's place of business and throw in two or three shovels of coal without being asked.

One of the Sims boys, residing on Gander creek, has been in a big city for several weeks. His mother took a notion she wanted to see him today, so she sat down and wrote him that she had cut another ham.

Slim Pickens who last week decided he would trim out his mustache, has changed his mind, thus wasting all that time for nothing.

Parents Problems Should a little girl of twelve who has learned to use her father's typewriter, be permitted to do this? Will it be bad for her health?

It is not likely that this little girl will use the typewriter sufficiently to injure herself. She is more likely to injure the typewriter! It is a fascinating toy to both boys and girls, and a little careful freedom in connection with it might be permitted.

After long experimenting an English scientist has developed a way to remove the gum which permeates ramie fiber, which may be extensively used as a substitute for cotton.

More Truth Than Poetry By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

SURE! I gazed upon a work of art Without the flutter of the heart That comes to cultured men, But all the free untrammelled swish And wry wriggling of a fish Is something else again.

A Leonardo on a wall A picture is to me—that's all; A Michelangelo Might be the work of Horace Brown, Who runs the art shop in our town, For all I'd ever know.

But when I see a school of trout, With speckled bodies, dart about, No hankering have I For Titian, Rubens, or Van Dyck; I only think how much I'd like To try one with a fly.

And though, sometimes, my wife to please I wander round through galleries, Indifferent and glum, When I'm alone on pleasure bent My idle hours are always spent At the Aquarium.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR OLD NICK Strict enforcement of the blue laws will make it still less difficult for Satan to find work for idle hands to do.

BAD BUSINESS Shipping board investigations ought to make Uncle Sam, who hired all those dollar a year men, ashamed of himself for employing cheap labor.

PREPAREDNESS Apparently all the members of the league took along blackballs in case Germany should apply for admission to membership.

now that you've come in on this proposition uninvited and have given the whip hand on us, we'll give you what you want provided you keep your mouth shut.

Common Sense By J. J. MUNDY. The Other Fellow. Everybody, even those who are not clergymen by profession, does considerable preaching up and down in the course of a year.

You, Mr. Man, as well as your wife, feel called upon to lay down the law to your own children and very often the offspring of your neighbors and some go farther and write it for the world to read, if it will take time or is in the mood.

And what have they ever done to you? Nothing. It is only that you have no patience with frivolous empty-headedness, as you think.

Half the persons you see on the street are posing and perhaps it is done to cover up an aching heart underneath the fair exterior.

666 is a Prescription for Colds, Fever and LaGrippe. It's the most speedy remedy we know, preventing Pneumonia.

Dead Men Tell No Tales COMING TO THE MOON CHRISTMAS DAY

Women Honor Jerry Howard For Services for Suffrage

Jerry Howard, Douglas county statesman, received yesterday a distinguished service award from the National American Woman Suffrage association.

"I have labored for the cause through adversity and prosperity, and think I have earned the diploma. I shall have it framed," said Mr. Howard.

AMUSEMENTS. SPANISH THEATRE. TONIGHT AND WEDNESDAY. WEDNESDAY MATINEE.

POST "THE MASQUERADER" The Century's Sensation. Double Revolving Stages. Thematic Music.

RIALTO Until Wednesday Night ETHEL CLAYTON

"The City Sparrow" "Going Thru the Rye" Christie Comedy

Strand DAVID POWELL MAE MURRAY In a Paramount Production "Idols of Clay"

CHU CHIN CHOW A Musical Comedy De Luxe

OPHEUM Circuit THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PRODUCTION

EMPRESS "AND SON" Comedy Playlet: JEAN BERZAC'S CIRQUE, A Carnival of Fun

Gaiety "OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Daily Mat. 15c to 75c.

CAFÉ DANCING Music by Slater's Southern Jazz Band

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias

Supply Your Needs by Using Bee Want Ads—Best Results

SUN Now Playing The Girl with the Jazz Heart

CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "Easy Street" "ZUELLA," HENRY'S SAXO-PHONE FOUR

Should a Woman Sell Her Soul? NORMA TALMADGE in the wonder-pictures "Panthea" NOW PLAYING

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