Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

What Mother Graham Ordered Dicky to Do.

"What's the matter, mother?" Dicky inquired meekly, as he strolled into his mother's room with an air of carefree leisure that I suspected was assumed for the occasion.

"Matter!" his mother ejaculated. "Matter! I should think there was enough the matter. Hasn't Margaret told you about that grafter of a ticket agent? I just know some of these old-timers down here paid him a good penny to scare you into giving up your reservations."

"Who's given up any reservations?" Dicky asked belligerently, looking at me.

"Not I," I returned lightly, glad, indeed, that his truculence had taken this turn. If only he would share my determination to get as far north as possible in spite of the railroad strike everything would be all right.

"Fortunately Margaret got a little firmness in her backbone for a wonder and told him she would hold on to her reservation and get as far as she could on it," his mother interrupted. "And I want you to hurry down there and find out what really in the matter?"

"May I inquire," Dicky asked mockingly, looking at me, "what you and mother have decided about my reservation? You have evidently decided for yourself. What did you plan for sonny to do?"

"You'll Not Wait."

I knew it! I told myself grimly. No matter what I had decided concerning the reservations, Dicky would have found something to wound his vanity in the arrangement. There was a distinct weariness in my tone as I replied.

"I would not have presumed so far. Perhaps you remember that you absolutely refused to get up and see the man, so there was but one thing for me to do. I decided my own course, and I told him that you would come down to see him as soon as you dressed."

Dicky stared frankly. Then, unexpectedly, he laugher heartily, and patted my shoulder.

"And a very proper proceeding, too, old top," he said. "Couldn't have done it better myself. "Now if somebody'll rustle me some breakfast I'll go down, interview the lad and find out what's the matter."

"You'll not wait for breakfast," his mother declared grimly. "It's only a step down there and the walk will just give you an appetite. You hurry along now and your breakfast will be ready when you get back."

"If you think I need anything to give me an appetite," Dicky grumbled.

"You may not need it, but you'll get it," his mother retorted. "And don't dawdle on your way. I just know he's sold your reservations to some one else."

Madge's Decision.

Dicky threw his mother an appealing look, me a humorously resigned one, and went out of the room. In another minute we heard the front door close with something very nearly resembling a slam.

"I'll go and stir that Mandy up a bit," Mother Graham said, rising. "He'll probably be in a tearing rage when he gets back, and there's nothing like a good hot breakfast to calm a man down."

With which bit of philosophy, garnered by every woman of any experience with masculinity, she hurried out of the room, leaving me to speculate as to Dicky's probable attitude toward the situation upon his return.

Beneath the calm mask which I was exerting all my will power to wear. I was really wild with anxiety to get north to my home, and the arduous tasks which there awaited me. To dismantle the house, find another, and get the furniture moved—all by the first of May—these were the duties which loomed large before me.

Two precious days of the three weeks were already gone, surreptitiously filched by Dicky in order to get in the trip to Blue's Bridge. In the face of this new turn of affairs I regretted for the first time that I had yielded to my own desire for the trip, and forebore to puncture the very palpable pretence of not being able to get reservations which Dicky had made. I knew that he had no idea of the labor before me, and would lend a willing ear to the ticket agent's account of the perils of the return journey.

I rose and went back to my own room in search of something with which to busy myself. But everything of mine save the very last things, requiring about five minutes' work, was already packed. With the sudden thought, however, that it might be a long time before my trunk would reach New York, if the railroad strike continued, I wondered if I would not better repack, and contrive to carry more things with me. Then my common sense came to the rescue, telling me that in a precarious railroad journey like the one before me I would better travel as light as possible, and I already had in suitcase and bag everything that I needed for two or three weeks, even if my trunk did not arrive. So I set to work to make our room tidy and pick up after Dicky, who never by any chance hangs up any clothing or puts anything in its proper place.

I had only just finished when I heard the hall door open, and I hurried into the living room to learn what he had decided.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

$3,403 Raised First Day Of Drive for Relief Fund

There is $3,403.60 in an Omaha bank credited to the Douglas county European Relief council. That was the result of the first day of the $52,000 drive in the county for the relief of the starving children of Europe, exclusive of several thousand which have been subscribed but has not been turned in. The drive opened officially Monday noon at a meeting of prominent business and professional men at the Omaha club at which G. W. Wattles, state chairman, presided.

Pontificial High Mass Christmas at St. Cecilias

Pontifical high mass will be celebrated by Archbishop J. J. Harty at midnight Christmas eve in St. Cecilias cathedral, Fortieth and Burt streets.

Preceding midnight mass the choir will chant "Terce," the first of "Little Hours," followed by the procession with carols by the boys' choir.

THE GUMPS— GROOMING THE HEIR APPARENT

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.
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More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

THE TREACHEROUS COW

When ole Buck Blodgett's cow come home,
Her eyes with flame a-flicker,
Her jowls all white with drippin' foam
An' smellin' of red liquor,
The revenuers seen that she
Was darned onusual frisky,
An' so they knewed that Abner Gee
Was makin' moonshine whisky.

If they went climbin' up the hill,
There's nothin' much they'd see there
For neither Abner nor his still,
When they arrived, would be there;
He has a mighty crafty way
Of duckin' his pursuers,
The more especially when they
Is these here revenuers.

Next day, when Bossie started slow
To wander up the holler,
The revenuers seen her go
And started out to foller.
An' when the brute began to run,
Like kids go after dinner,
They 'lowed, as each one grabbed his gun:
"We got the blamed old sinner!"

An' then she hit a quicker gait,
Let out a joyful beller,
An' with her head up ambled straight
Down old Judge Jones'es cellar.
An' that is why the good ole judge,
Who's down on evil doers,
Has always had an awful grudge
Against them revenuers!

SUSPICIOUS

Germany's plea for a loan would be a little more convincing if she wasn't planning to pay annuities to the members of the Hohenzollern family.

HOUSEHOLD HINT

If you can't get brandy, a little kerosene poured on the Christmas plum pudding will make just as bright a blaze.

WHICH IS WHY

Constantine didn't make a single speech, and got 98 per cent of the votes in the recent election.

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Where It Started

Porcelain.

Porcelain originated in China. Some Chinese writers give the date of its origin as far back as the Han dynasty (206 B. C.—220 A. D.), but this is not generally believed. The real beginning of the art is probably in the Ming dynasty in the 14th century A. D. The manufacture of porcelain was introduced into Europe in 1709 by J. F. Bottger, at Meissen, near Dresden.

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Underwriters Discuss Insurance Conference

Members of the Omaha Life Underwriters' association discussed the recent conference of insurance men with Governor McKelvie and elected officers at a meeting and luncheon in the Chamber of Commerce.

Officers elected are: President, Edward J. Phelps; vice president, Nathan Bernstein; secretary, George B. Brown, treasurer, Charles A. Eyre. A remarkable increase in the membership of the organization was announced.

Reports on the year's work were heard from H. E. Sorensen, chairman entertainment committee; O. H. Menold, chairman publicity committee; G. L. E. Klingbeil, chairman legislation committee; S. W. Townsend, chairman educational committee; J. J. McMahon, chairman membership committee; Hugh E. Wallace, secretary; Chas. A. Eyre, treasurer; and H. O. Wilhelm, president.

Heat Melts Extinguisher, Which Smothers Blaze

Geddes, S. D., Dec. 21.—(Special Telegram.)—Careful placing of a small fire extinguisher by a stove is all that saved the large $20,000 J. A. Stork implement building from total destruction by fire here when a blaze burned unnoticed for over one hour during the noon closing period. Just before 12 it is thought a cigaret was carelessly thrown into some waste, igniting the floor. As the walls burned below a pyrne fire extinguisher, heat melted the container and caused the contents to drop directly into the fire, automatically smothering the blaze and saving the building.

Parents Problems

Should children be taken to visit the sick?

Children should never be taken to visit sick children, or grown persons, whose illnesses are infectious, otherwise, they might visit the sick—preferably, accompanied by their mothers.

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

The Tickville fire department has been made more efficient by the addition of two more tin buckets.

* * *

The Horse Doctor, who has been very busy for the past month, will

now be able to take a rest, all of his patients except one mule having passed away.

* * *

The Ladies Hearsay Club held a meeting at the home of Mrs. Poke Eazley Thursday afternoon. Poke, being laid up with rheumatism, had to be present, so he stuffed his ears with cotton, but it turned out to be absorbent cotton, so he heard all the gossip.

Dr. Fields Forced to Spend Christmas in County Jail

Dr. L. S. Fields, found guilty a week ago of performing an illegal operation on Ruth Ayers, who died following the operation, probably will spend Christmas in the county jail since it will be impossible to get a supersedeas bond until after arguments on a motion for a new trial are heard by District Judge Troup.

The introduction of an affidavit by Mrs. C. C. Bort, a former nurse, 4124 Lake street, in which she says a girl giving the name of "Miss Ayers" called at her home August 2 and stated that she had tried to bring about an operation on herself, made ruling on the motion for a new trial impossible as the county attorney's office must send to Hayes Center to get affidavits to prove that "Miss Ayers" was not Ruth Ayers.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES (Trademark Registered)

THE TALE OF FATTY COON

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XIII.

Fatty Meets Jimmy Rabbit.

For once Fatty Coon was not hungry. He had eaten so much of Farmer Green's corn that he felt as if he could not swallow another

"Well, don't I get anything for the use of my tail?" Fatty asked.

mouthful. He was strolling homewards through the woods when someone called to him. It was Jimmy Rabbit.

"Where are you going, Fatty?" Jimmy Rabbit asked.

"Home!" said Fatty.

"Are you hungry?" Jimmy Rabbit asked anxiously.

"I should say not!" Fatty answered. "I've just had the finest meal I ever ate in my life."

Jimmy Rabbit seemed to be relieved to hear that.

"Come on over and play," he said. "My brother and I are playing barbershop over in the old sycamore tree; and we need you."

"All right!" said Fatty. It was not often that any of the smaller forest-people were willing to play with him, because generally Fatty couldn't help getting hungry and then he usually tried to eat his playmates. "What do you need me for?" Fatty asked, as he trudged along beside Jimmy Rabbit.

"We need you for the barber's pole," Jimmy explained. "You can come inside the hollow tree and stick your tail out through a hole. It will make a fine barber's pole—though the stripes do run the wrong way, to be sure."

Fatty Coon was greatly pleased. He looked around at his tail and felt very proud.

"I've got a beautiful tail—haven't I?" he asked.

"Um—yes!" Jimmy Rabbit replied, "though I must say it isn't one that I would care for myself. . . But come along! There may be people waiting to get their hair cut."

Sure enough! When they reached the make-believe barber-shop there was a gray squirrel inside, and Jimmy Rabbit's brother was busily snipping the fur off Mr. Squirrel's head.

"How much do you charge for a hair-cut?" Fatty asked.

"Oh, that depends!" Jimmy Rabbit said. "Mr. Squirrel will pay us six cabbage leaves. But if we were to cut your hair we'd have to ask more. We'd want a dozen cabbage leaves, at least."

"Well, don't I get anything for the use of my tail?" Fatty asked. He had already stuck it out through the hole; and he had half a mind to pull it in again.

Jimmy Rabbit and his brother whispered together for a few moments.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Jimmy said. "If you'll let us use your tail for the barber's pole, we'll cut your hair free. Isn't that fair enough?"

Fatty Coon was satisfied. But he insisted that Jimmy begin to cut his hair at once.

"I'm doing my part of the work now," he pointed out. "So there's no reason why you shouldn't do yours."

With that Jimmy Rabbit began. He clipped and snipped at Fatty's head, pausing now and then to see the effect. He smiled once in a while, behind Fatty's back, because Fatty certainly did look funny with his fur all ragged and uneven.

"Moustache trimmed?" Jimmy Rabbit asked, when he had finished with Fatty's head.

"Certainly—of course!" Fatty Coon answered. And pretty soon Fatty's long white moustache lay on the floor of the barber-shop. Fatty felt a bit uneasy as he looked down and saw his beautiful moustache lying at his feet. "You haven't cut it too short, I hope," he said.

"No, indeed!" Jimmy Rabbit assured him. "It's the very latest style."

"What on earth has happened to you?" Mrs. Coon cried,—when Fatty reached home that night. "Have you been in a fire?"

"It's the latest style, Mother," Fatty told her. "At least, that's what Jimmy Rabbit says." He felt the least bit uneasy again.

"Did you let that Jimmy Rabbit do that to you?" Mrs. Coon asked.

Fatty hung his head. He said nothing at all. But his mother knew.

"Well! you are a sight!" she exclaimed. "It will be months before you look like my child again. I shall be ashamed to go anywhere with you."

Fatty Coon felt very foolish. And there was just one thing that kept him from crying. And that was this: he made up his mind that when he played barber-shop with Jimmy Rabbit again he would get even with him.

But when the next day came, Fatty couldn't find Jimmy Rabbit and his brother anywhere. They kept out of sight. But they had told all the other forest-people about the trick they had played on Fatty Coon. And everywhere Fatty went he heard nothing but hoots and jeers and laughs. He felt very silly. And he wished that he might meet Jimmy Rabbit and his brother.

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A ton of wood pulp yields nine to 10 cubic meters of sulphite lye.

WHY—

Is Today Known as Forefathers' Day?"

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Celebrated by New England and by New England societies all over America as the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass., "Forefathers' Day" takes on a new significance this year for it is precisely 300 years ago that the expedition is reputed to have set foot upon what is now Massachusetts soil.

The first celebration of the event was in Plymouth itself in 1769, when the Old Colony club gave a dinner at Thomas Southworth's Inn on North street. At every annual recurrence of the day the descendants of the Pilgrims have made this their chief rallying-place, and anniversary orations by Webster, Everett, Choate, Winthrop, and Sumner, and anniversary poems by Bryant, Stoddard, John Boyle O'Reilly and others have added to the glory of the occasion.

It is the Plymouth Old Colony club, therefore, which is responsible for settling upon December 22 as the date of the landing of the Mayflower and the beginning of the settlement of Plymouth. History, however, states that the final debarkation did not take place until January 4, 1621, and that, though a landing was effected on December 21, 1620, it was only for purposes of exploration.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Friendship and Good Manners.

On what does you love for your old friends depend?

Does the fact that So-and-So puts his knife in his mouth bar him and put him beyond the pale of your terior?

Do you drop your friends for bad manners or do you look farther and see the good heart and good will which lie beneath a rather rough extaerior?

How big and broad can you be or how small and narrow are you anyway?

Take your own measure once in a while; it will do you good.

A man or a woman should be measured by his or her opportunities and what use has been made of them.

If eating with a knift indicates a stupid brain which is too lazy or too obtuse to learn or regard the nice ways to do things, then perhaps you are justified in giving such a person little consideration.

But if it be lack of opportunity to see how things are done by persons who know how, that is quite a different matter.

But don't be one of those pests who think it so smart to make pointed remarks in the presence of those who do not do as you think they should do.

Do not undertake instruction in good manners unasked or you will find someone else has put you in the class you are trying to show you are out of.

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I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who laughs himself out of paying the check.

Why should I settle when I can get out of it so easily? It doesn't set me back any coin to guffaw at your old chestnuts.

Of course, it is some effort to appear interested in ancient jokes and near puns. But in the long run it's worth it.

While I'm lost in convulsions of laughter, I never see the waiter with the check, and so you have to take it.

I don't see but it's right, at that, I deserve something for even listening to your chatter. You can't be such a blockhead as to think that a man will stand for such stuff for nothing.

Why should you get sore if you have to settle all the time. It's the least you can do in return for my permitting you to try your wit on me.

If you don't like it, find someone who is willing to have his ear talked off with what you call humor.

A comic like you ought to be on the stage—they could throw things at you.

Why don't you build a theater of your own, and hire an audience.

If you don't want to settle for me, why don't you say so, instead of telling all the world except me. Speak out like a man or shut up.

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