

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

CHAPTER XV. Fatty Visits the Smokehouse. The winter was fast going. And one fine day in February Fatty Coon crept out of his mother's house to enjoy the warm sunshine—and see what he could get at eat.



Fatty could not eat fast enough.

had been in the fall. He had spent so much of the time sleeping that he had rarely eaten very little. And now he hardly knew himself as he looked at his sides. They no longer stuck out as they had once.

After nosing about the swamp and the woods all the afternoon Fatty decided that there was no use in trying to get a meal there. The ground was covered with snow. And except for rabbit tracks—and a few squirrels—he could find nothing that even suggested food. And looking at those tracks only made him hungrier than ever.

For a few minutes Fatty thought deeply. And then he turned about and went straight toward Farmer Green's place. He waited behind the fence just beyond Farmer Green's house; and when it began to grow dark he crept across the barnyard.

As Fatty passed a small, low building he noticed a delicious smell. He had gone far enough. The door was open a little way. And after one quick look around—to make sure there was nobody to see him—Fatty slipped inside.

It was almost dark inside Farmer Green's smokehouse—dark that was what the small, low building was called. It was almost dark; but Fatty could see just as well as you and I can see in the daytime. There was a long row of hams hung up in a line. Underneath them were white ashes, where Farmer Green had built wood fires, to smoke the hams. But the fire were out, now; and Fatty was in no danger of being burned.

The hams were what Fatty Coon had smelled. And the hams were what Fatty intended to eat. He decided that the best way he could never have done that—at least, not in one night; nor in a week, either. But when it came to eating, Fatty's courage never failed him. He would have tried to eat "an elephant," if he had had the chance.

Fatty did not stop to look long at the row of hams. He climbed a post that ran up the side of the house and he crept out along the pole from which the hams were hung.

He stopped at the very first ham he came to. There was a great deal of fat on top of him and he had dropped on top of the ham and in a twinkling he had torn off a big, delicious mouthful.

Fatty could not eat fast enough. He wished he had two mouths—very well so hungry. But he did not wait all he had made a great hole in the ham. And he had no idea of stopping. But he did stop. He stopped suddenly. For the first time he knew, something threw him right down upon the floor. And the ham fell on top of him and nearly knocked him senseless.

He choked and spluttered; for the ashes filled his mouth and his eyes, and his ears, too. For a moment he lay there on his back; but soon he managed to kick the heavy ham off his stomach. He felt a little better. But he was terribly frightened. And though his eyes smarted so he could hardly see, he sprang up and found the doorway.

Fatty swallowed a whole mouthful of ashes as he dashed across the barnyard. And he never stopped running until he was almost home. He was puzzled. Try as he would, he couldn't decide what it was that had flung him upon the floor. And when he told his mother about his adventure—as he did a whole month later—she didn't know exactly what had happened, either.

"It was some sort of trap, probably," Mrs. Coon said.

But for once Mrs. Coon was mistaken. It was very simple. In his greedy haste Fatty had merely bitten through the cord that fastened the ham to the pole. And of course it had at once fallen, carrying Fatty with it!

But what do you suppose? Afterward, when Fatty had grown up, and had children of his own, he often told them about the time he had escaped from the trap in Farmer Green's smokehouse. Fatty's children thought it very exciting. It was their favorite story. And they made their father tell it over and over again.

More Truth Than Poetry



CAN HAPPEN

Sister trims the Christmas tree. Candles gleam and glow; Children, helpful as can be; Darting to and fro; Sister says, "Let go that limb," Baby disobeys— Which is natural to him— Up the candles blaze.

Hose cart Five and Engine Two, Hook and Ladder Four, Drag a writhing pipe line through A smashed-in kitchen door. That's about the only way Some folks ever learn That although it's Christmas day, Things like trees will burn.

Father, playing Santa Claus For the little folk, Lights a cigarette because He just has to smoke; Lets the blaze run up the match, Leaps a little higher, Children cry as whisks catch: "Santa's all on fire."

Father's hair and moustache gone, Wrapped up in a sheet, Fire ladders carry on Till the flames are beat. Family has but little cause For its Christmas cheer, A sadder, wiser Santa Claus Father'll be next year.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY In some cities you have to have a doctor's prescription to get a ton of coal, which makes the coal cost you twenty-five dollars a ton instead of eighteen.

CHEERFUL THOUGHT If Mr. Bryan does as much for the reformers as he did for Mr. Cox there won't be any blue laws.

NOTHING IS WASTED Judging by some of the steaks the butchers are selling the packers are using the leather that the shoe men can't find a market for.

The Bee's Short Story

CHRISTMAS IN THE HEART

By A MARIA CRAWFORD.

With her aching arms full of bulky bundles and a pint of cranberries in a thin paper sack, Polly made the rounds of the market-house for the second time Christmas Eve, searching for a holy wreath that would cost no more than a quarter. For she had exactly 30 cents left and she had to save car fare, for she and Tom had bought a little bungalow in the suburbs and it was too far for her to try to walk home.

"Couldn't you let me have a small one for a quarter?" she asked a countryman plaintively. "It won't seem like Christmas unless I have a holly wreath and I've spent all the money that I had with me."

It was with that humiliating expression on her lips that Polly saw Fred Harper, snugly warm in his great fur-lined overcoat, approaching her with the well remembered caring look in his handsome brown eyes. It had been five years since they had met. With the devious swiftness of a moving picture operator, memory shifted the scene back to her last meeting with him. It was at a college club dance and she had been thrillingly happy because Tom Fuller had just asked her to marry him. Then, as she was about to accept, she had learned that he had married another girl.

"I'm on my way south and, remembering that I had a sister living here, decided to stop over. Are you purchasing something more?" he asked, extending his hands for her bundles. "I have Sis's car around the corner. Let me run you home?"

"I'll sell this one for 30 cents," bargained the countryman, holding up a pretty wreath shining with crimson berries. Polly handed over the last penny that she had in her purse. If Fred was going to drive her home she could afford to spend her carfare, too.

She sank back upon the handsomely upholstered cushions of the automobile with a little sigh of relief. What a glorious feeling of luxury pervaded her tired body. Just before Fred slammed the door an old woman extended a pained hand. "A little Christmas gift, sir? A dime, maybe?" she begged piteously.

"I've always known that when I saw you again, Fred, I would have on my oldest clothes, my hair would be wispy and my nose sadly in need of a powdered chamomis. And yet I have hoped that by some kind

providence, I would be spick and span and my house in order when you appeared upon the scene."

"And so," he paused dramatically. "You haven't forgotten either powdered nose or not, you'll always be the loveliest woman in the world to me." He sighed and glanced down, saw a toy gun sticking out of one of her parcels. "Going hunting?" he questioned with an obvious effort to avoid any more personalities.

"That's for little Tom. He adores guns, just like big Tom. He turned to look at her. "Polly flushed with eagerness. "I want you to see our baby. He's dear. Red headed, of course, and he has Tom's big blue eyes. He's the wonder of the age."

"All that junk you were carrying for him?" "For Polly? It is some cranberries for her. I forgot to order them this morning and turkey does not taste just right without the fixings," she laughed. "Then I have a silk shirt for Tom in this square box. I've had it put away downtown for six weeks. I was afraid to take it home because the girls and she like it just like me to open it and show it to Tom before Christmas."

"What difference would that make?" drawled Fred. "I think buying gifts is sheer nonsense. I have my set of retires and a new mother and the girls and she like to have a visit with that child and see if you cannot change his or her viewpoint of life. That little Christmas gift and subsequent interest in behalf of a boy or a girl may result in making a man or a woman a better person than he or she is now. It is a point of view that I believe in. Would it not be pretty good interest on the investment?"

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Sidney Hocks caught a nice wooden leg in the drift that floated down Gander creek Saturday afternoon. He says that it is just his luck to find something valuable and then not be able to use it.

The Mail Carrier, believing as he does that coming events should cast



their shadows, today placed a cowbell on his horse.

Columbus Allison's wife was seen sweeping the floor today, and he says he guesses company is expected.

C. of C. to Hold Christmas Luncheon in Dining Room

A special Christmas luncheon will be served to members of the Chamber of Commerce this noon in the main dining rooms of the chamber. Every member and guest present will be presented with a gift by the chamber Santa Claus, President Robert S. Trimble, acting as toastmaster, will introduce Rev. Thomas Gasady, who will deliver an address on "The Spirit of Christmas."

Man Insists on Singing in Court House; Is Jailed

Special Investigator Carey Fond of the county attorney's office was standing on a stair landing in the county court house. He investigated and found the man to be filled with Christmas "spirit"—the liquid kind. When the musical one refused to leave the building without singing a few more Christmas carols, Mr. Ford called a police patrol.

Girl Swallows Drug When Police Come to Take Her

May Barnholtz, 20, Sioux City, Ia., alleged to have run away from home December 17, and was picked up by police Wednesday at the Edwards Hotel. Before she submitted to arrest she left the hotel room for a brief instant, during which police say she swallowed a large dose of a drug. She is now in a critical condition in the St. Joseph hospital.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

If you have but little money to spend for Christmas gifts, find some poor boy or girl whose heart you may gladden by a remembrance. If you have larger resources, choose one or more whole families. You may think, with what it costs to live, you have all you can do to remember your own family on Christmas day.

While this may be true in a sense, it does not require a large expenditure to bring joy to the heart of a boy or girl who might not receive another gift otherwise. Endeavor to find some child whose nature is not cultivated in the home life.

Try to win the confidence and affection of such a child by giving something which that child wants, and after Christmas, when it is a point to have a visit with that child and see if you cannot change his or her viewpoint of life.

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WHY

Is December 25 Celebrated as Christmas?

Great as the feast of Christmas is, no one knows anything definite about its origin, who first celebrated it, or when or where or how. In fact, no one really knows that December 25 is really the anniversary of the birth of Christ, because the celebration of birthdays was originally a pagan rite which the early Christians studiously avoided.

After Christianity had become well established, however, this prejudice against the birth-fest died out, and Pope Julius directed St. Cyril to make a strict inquiry as to the precise day on which Christ had been born at Bethlehem. Cyril reported that the western churches had always held that the Saviour was born early in the morning of December 25, but that other communities of Christians held to other dates. In some eastern churches, January 6 had been fixed, not only as the date of the birth of Christ, but also of His manifestation to the Gentiles, while April 20, May 20, March 29 and September 29, were the dates on which commemorative services were held in other churches.

In spite of the fact that, as St. John Chrysostom, writing in 386, states, "the matter of the precise date is very difficult to determine," Pope Julius established the festival of the Christ Mass in Rome about the middle of the fourth century, and before the end of that century the date had been accepted by all the nations of Christendom, and has come down to the present day unchanged, despite a number of alterations in the calendar.

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeteria

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HOLDING A HUSBAND.

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Plan Made.

Not in many months have I been so angry at Dicky as I was when I heard his calm announcement that he had cancelled the reservation which I had expressly ordered the ticket agent to keep.

If there had been no housing crisis awaiting me at home I should have yielded gracefully to his dictum, even though his procedure was not particularly calculated to increase any adult human being's self-respect. But the thought that he was either stubbornly ignorant or of cruelly indifferent to the tasks before me made me so furious that I had had to work to force my tongue and face to the chilly composure I wished.

"Will you please repeat that?" I said, icily, at last. "I cannot believe that I heard you aright."

Dicky stared at me. "Getting on your high horse, aren't you?" he said. "But it won't do you a—n bit of good. And I'll repeat what I said a dozen times if you wish. I cancelled your reservation. I cancelled your reservation. And what are you going to do about it?"

I wanted to scream, to fly at him as a temper-tossed child might do. But, instead, I chose a far more effective course: I looked at him a moment steadily, then I turned on my heel.

Madge Is Prepared.

"Nothing—just now," I said evenly, walking out of the room and into my father's, which I knew was empty, he having gone for his morning walk. "He's a sudden thought that such a strategic move might be wise, I had no sooner entered it than, leaving the door open, I darted noiselessly down the hall to the sleeping porch which Dicky and I occupied, snatched up my packed suitcase and bag, and ran back with them to my father's room, concealing them in his closet."

Then I darted back again. I was assured by the sound of the angry voices coming from the living room that Dicky would have far too much on hand with his mother's wrath to worry with my movements for some minutes to come, so I gathered my hat, traveling suit and all the little last things which I had spread out ready for my journey, and took them back to my father's room. No sooner had I triumphantly dragged the last article to the door, I locked the door and, sitting down, began to take stock of the situation.

I must get north. That was certain. But Dicky had made it impossible for me to go from Cedar Crest. Fortunately, the agent knew nothing of my real reasons for leaving, and I had no doubt, would think it a most natural thing for Dicky to cancel my reservation with him. But I should go down and demand it again I would be lowering my dignity and Dicky's and give an opportunity for unkind comment upon the part of the village gossip of whom I guessed there were many.

Not that I cared a whit for Dicky's dignity in those first minutes of white hot anger against him. But I have always dreaded anything which would lead to a quarrel with my father, and I realized only too well how effectively Dicky, whether premeditated or not, had tied my hands.

What She Feared. I sprang to my feet, threw wide open the window, then began to pace up and down, my infallible remedy for clearing my brain when I want to think out a situation. In a flash it came to me.

There were half a dozen other stations within easy motor access of Cedar Crest. I would summon a taxi, go to any one of them, and get a ticket as far as Richmond. From there on I would trust to luck and my own wits. Thanks to Dicky's liberal allowance, my own prudence, and my father's generosity, I was provided with plenty of money for almost any emergency, including the possibility of having to hire motor cars from one town to another through Virginia and the states north.

My spirits, almost my good

Humor, came rushing back to me at this plan. There has always been something in me which longed for adventure, something to happen outside the beaten track of things. And since Dicky's return from the war and the close of the episode of Milly Stockbridge's death, life had flown in fairly even channels for me.

This trip promised all sorts of exciting possibilities if the tales of the railroad strike were not exaggerated. It had the zest of a thing forbidden, also, and was not tainted by any qualms of conscience on my part. It was a woman, experienced in traveling, would be in no danger, was leaving no responsibility behind, and was sorely needed at my destination. There was only Dicky's very certain displeasure in the way, and I am afraid that in my wrath against him I didn't spend much time over that objection.

The sound of Dicky's rushing feet along the hall to our room arrested my attention. Would he notice that my baggage was gone, and, if he did, would he guess where I had taken it? I found my knees trembling with the uncertainty, sank into a chair to wait for my irate husband's next move.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Free Bridge Endorsed by Omaha Real Estate Board

The Omaha Real Estate Board unanimously endorsed a free bridge for Omaha at its meeting in the Chamber of Commerce, Ed P. Smith, who was present, declared that with falling prices of material and labor the bridge could be constructed for \$1,500,000. John L. McCague, chairman of the Chamber of Commerce bridge committee, said a report on the matter would be made at a meeting of the committee Tuesday.

Parents Problems

How can a timid little girl of 10 be helped to a greater self-confidence? The family should listen respectfully when the child expresses an opinion; and, when possible, follow a suggestion she makes. This will teach her the value of good judgment—and the pleasures of using it.

Under a new process iron is coated with copper by painting it with a varnish made of pulverized copper and copper oxide in crude oil, then subjected to heat, which volatilizes the oil, reduces the oxide and fuses the metallic copper to the iron.

AMUSEMENTS.

Opera Orpheum

Matinee Daily 2:15. Evening 8:15. ANATOL FRIEDLAND; W. A. L. L. S. C. W. J. BURKE; E. J. DARRILL; Frank and Mill Britton; James and Etta Mitchell; Oskari and Taki; Topics of the Day; Klugegrams; Matinee, 15c to \$1.00. Nights 15c to \$1.25. Christmas Matinee and Night Seats Now Selling.

Auditorium

Thursday Evening, Dec. 30, at 8:15 The Tuesday Musical Club Presents PAVLOWA "THE INCOMPARABLE" With Her Ballet, Ensemble and Symphony Orchestra. Prices \$11.00 to \$3.50. Seats Now Selling—No War Tax

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER"

Savoy Daily Mat., 15-25-50c. Nites, 25-50-75c-\$1.00. LAST TIMES TODAY 2:15. 8:15. JOLLITIES OF 1920. Musical Comedy (Saturday) Matinee and Week-End. Folies of the Day. Harry Welch and Gertrude's Tired Shoppers' Matinee Daily.

AMUSEMENTS.

Empress

Two Shows in One. We Take This Opportunity to Extend the Season's Greetings to Our Friends. Special Christmas Program. "PREDICTION" Comedy Playlet by Hugh Herbert. WHEELER and POTTER Comedy Novelty With Song and Dance. CHAMBERLAIN and EARL in "A VAUDEVILLE MENU" MIKADO JAPS Japanese Novelty. Photoplay Attraction "THE DEVIL TO PAY" Adapted from the Novel by Francis Nimmo Green. A Drama of a Society Leader, Who Leading a Double Life, Pitted God Against the Devil. MACK SENNETT COMEDY FOX NEWS

EMPERESS'S RUSTIC GARDEN CAFE

Special Christmas Dinner, \$1.50 SERVED FROM NOON TILL MIDNIGHT DANCING FROM 2 P. M. TILL 1:30 A. M. CHRISTMAS DAY Special Cabare Attractions. Admission: Matinee, 25c. Evenings, 55c. Make Your Table Reservations Early—Call Tyler 5645. JACK CONNERS Manager.

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I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who thinks he's a fancy dancer.

So whenever I get out on the floor, I put in a few of my own steps and I've got to admit that they are really classy. Every new dance I see I like to try out with some variations of my own.

Everyone watches me, for I'm quite an attraction. They all know I'm a genius as far as inventing new steps goes.

Of course, I don't always get away with them, as I ought to because it's hard for me to find a partner who can follow me. In fact most of the girls say I can't dance anyway. But I know better.

True I haven't any ear for music, and don't pay any attention to what is played, but I learned to dance at a school, and I never miss a count, unless my partner trips me, or throws me out.

I know some of the fellows laugh at me and persuade the girls not to dance with me. But I should worry. They're just green with envy. I don't mind a little thing like that, how-ever. I wouldn't like it, either, if some other fellow were better than I am. That, of course, is impossible. Be that as it may, I'm going to keep right on with my fancy work in spite of all hints, snickers and jibes. Copyright, 1920, Thompson Feature Service.

Where It Started

The Submarine Cable. The first man to lay a submarine cable successfully was Cyrus Field, acting in the name of the New York Newfoundland and London Telegraph Co. After many failures, the first successful cable was laid in 1858, and on August 16th of that year President Buchanan sent the first submarine telegram to Queen Victoria of England. (Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

AMUSEMENTS.

Strand

DAVID POWELL MAE MURRAY In a Paramount Production "Idols of Clay" Silverman's Orchestra in a specially presented overture, WILLIAM TELL... Rossini. A two-reel comedy scream "Toonerville Trolley" Buy a Book of Xmas Tickets

AMUSEMENTS.

Rialto

Until Saturday Night "UNSEEN FORCES" With Sylvia Bremer, Rosemary Theby, Conrad Nagle and an all-star cast. JOHNNY HINES in "TORCHY'S DOUBLE TRIUMPH" New Rialto Orchestra Featuring "Chapel Chimes"

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PHOTOPLAYS.

MOON

Starting Tomorrow

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

LAST TIMES TODAY

NORMA TALMADGE

in "PANTHEA"

AMUSEMENTS.

SUN

NOW AND ALL WEEK

THE GIRL WITH THE JAZZ HEART

Six Reels of Real Entertainment

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

In "EASY STREET"

Motion Pictures of the KEMPER-WENTWORTH

Thanksgiving FOOTBALL GAME

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