THE BIG SHOW IS ON

### SANTA CLAUS JUNIOR By H. KATHLEEN DUDLEY

Toy Town was open! A perfect ecstasy of joy flooded the small person of Jimmy Brown and illuminated his pinched little face, as he clutched the chubby hand of his to the sister tighter and made the founds from one fascinating toy to another.

"Oh look Peggy!" he exclaimed, his voice rising in a crescendo in his excitement, "There's a horse with real hair and look at the drums painted every color with tassels on

them. Oh Peggy-! He looked down at the curly little head, then understood why she did not share in his enthusiasm. The tip of his own small nose was just on a level with the counter—while Peggy's—it was above a little mouth that was beginning to tremble, an ominous signal, she could see none of the wonders he was pointing out

"Oh, Peggy, I forgot you weren't grown up," he murmured contritely, lifting her up so she could view the array of toys, "Do you see them now and the little train that runs around on a track?" but even yet they did not exist as far as Peggy was concerned. Her eyes were

was concerned. Her eyes were glued immovably in another object.

"Peggy wants that doll." Two little arms reached out longingly towards a lane-eyed, fair-haired baby doll. "Give Peggy that, doll," she ended pleadingly.

"Hush, Peggy." Jimmy put her on the floor again, with a truly masculine dislike for scenes. "I can't buy it for you now. I haven't enough money, but you wait and Santa Claus will bring it to you."

Still Peggy hung back and then followed a lengthy and glowing description as to how that beloved gentleman would arrive on Christmas tleman would arrive on Christmas eve and come right down the chimney with a big pack of toys on his back and the doll would be there and he would put it right in her own little Christmas stocking, and so he enticed her away from her heart's

At supper both children chattered away excitedly, describing to their mother the marvels they had seen. not noticing, in their haste to tell her all, that she was unusually

When Peggy had been safely tucked safely in her bed Jimmy hus-tled about importantly, helping clear

"Won't Peggy be happy when she gets that doll," he exclaimed, his eyes shining, completely forgetting self in his love for his sister.

"Jimmy, you are mother's little-man, aren't you?" his mother's voice was serious and suggestive of unshed tears.
Sensing disaster, Jimmy squared his shoulders and hodded his head, not trusting himself to speak, as a lump had come unbidden to his

She dropped on her knees beside him, gathering him up in a quick

embrace.
"Oh, Jimmy darling, I am afraid Santa won't be able to come this year," she choked.

Why, I thought he always came.' "No, dear, he sometimes forgets little poor children, and we are very, very poor, and will have barely enough to eat even that day. If your father had only fived!" and the poor woman sobbed bitterly.

"Never mind, mother. We won't care so much." Jimmy said bravely, swallowing his own bitter disap-pointment. "Mrs. Eddy gave me 10 cents today for shovelling her walk, and we can buy candy with

ashamed of her tears.

When the first pale rays struggled ing Peggy was up, and clamouring on his bed began to tell him of the "booful" doll Santa was going to bring and sach hour samual but to of doubt table?" he cried, an agony "booful" doll Santa was going to "Oh, mother!" he cried, an agony oring, and each hour seemed but to of doubt taking possession of him. climax arrived that evening, when at her mother's knee, her curly head powed reverently over her dimpled precious doll. "Santa came," she hands, she ended her simple petition, 'Please 'Dod' tell Santa not to for-

morning, and Reggy clapped her little hands with delight as she watched the big soft flakes go whirling by the window, and a ray of hope even penetrated the deep gloom hope even penetrated the deep gloom "Yes, dear," his mother smiled. "Yes, dear," his mother smiled. "He came in a big automobile. You were right near the read when you again. Perhaps, oh perhaps there would be lots of Mrs. Eddy's in the deep snow. He carried you in, still clinging to the doll, "Why, this is the best little charshovelled also."

ner that day, and the meal was many other good things besides." hardly over before he had slipped quietly off again.

The hours dragged by on leaden turned to his mother. wings. How heavy the snow was! It seemed as if with each shovelfull the weight increased. His little arms ached, but the store of pen-nies, nickels and dimes in his pocket kept increasing and increasing. Now and then in answer to his knock and timid question, a harsh voice ordered him away, but for the most part he

as received kindly.
"It is getting late," he murmured.

Christmas shoppers. Fear clutched his heart. Supposing it was gone! and all, smiling down at him from ment parks and occasionally for its lofty height. At last it was done transporting material. by indeg his arm. How happy his (Copyright, 1920, by the Wheeler Syndibrown paper, and tucked safe-

### THE GUMPS-

AND A

OF

THE DOOR BELL SURE-MISTER RINGS AND GUMP IN WALKS HERE? CHRISTMAS HEW YEARS. THANKS-GIVING ATH OF JULY COUPLE BIRTH DAYS



## More Truth Than Poetry



### THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE

Everybody's gone to bed An' I can't hear a single sound Except the buzzin' in my head That keeps a goin' round and round. My reg'lar bedtime's long went by; I been awake six hours, I b'lieve; I never knew the reason why But I can't sleep on Chris-mas Eve!

I've been an' listened down the stairs A hundred times, or pretty near, He must be close around somewheres, But I am sure that he gin't here. They say he has an X-ray sight
That goes right through the thickest wall. An' if you haven't acted right He never comes around at all.

I wonder did he see me when
I hooked that apple off the store,
If he was snoopin' round there then
I s'pose it made him kinda sore.
An' when I broke the baby's cart, That's got me awful scart, somehow; I wonder would he have the heart To hold that up against me now.

I dassn't try to go down stairs; That board that's loose would mebbe crack Or I would stumble on the chairs, An' he would take the presents back.
That is of course if he was here
An' had a lot o' things for me . . .

Oh Gosh! This night seems most a year. Suppose he isnt' comin'! Gee!



NOT SAFE TO TAKE ANY CHANCES Meat was still high enough to make it advisable for Santa Claus to leave his reindeer at home.

DON'T FORGET HIM The postman who staggers up to your door with two hundred pounds of Christmas mail will not be bothered by the added burden of the dollar bill you are going to give him.

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS Many a small boy will be disappointed this morning when he finds that father broke his electric locomotive playing with it last night. (Copyright, 1920, By The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Common Sense

BROADEN OUT.

By J. J. MUNDAY.

of correct solutions through their

But this source of knowledge will

None has sufficient brains to ana-

lyze every matter which comes up and to arrive at a correct answer or

position relative to all problems,

vinced of errors. He has but one

cause he gives credit where due.

Trust such a man to come some-

I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who laughs when

My, but you did cut a comic figure.

you'll feel the effects of it for some

time. But I've got to laugh. That's

You're just an old grouch,

(Copyright 1920, Thompson Feature

own correct deductions.

mind working for him.

where near being right.

you get a bad fall.

all I can do.

ot take you far.

from within.

that for Peggy's stocking."

"Yes." Mrs. Brown gripped his joy on the morrow. He trudged hand and dried her eyes hastily as if steadily on as he had no money "And we can left for car fare and the snow began pop some corn and perhaps make to fall again, impeding his progress, some ginger bread men. We'll man- It was such a long way home and age somehow, won't we Jimmy every muscle of his pain racked litoy?"
tle body cried out at every step.
He was apparently sleeping peaceIf it would only stop snowing! The fully when she came in to give him drifts were so deep! He stumbled goodnight kiss, but long after and fell, but picked himself up and had left the room he had to bury began again. He shifted the heavy bead deeply into the pillows, parcel to the other arm and dug she had left the room he had to busy his head deeply into the pillows, where he could sob forth his grief unrestrainedly. If he could have but deliciously drowsy. He must sit but deliciously drowsy. He must sit but deliciously drowsy. He must sit but deliciously drowsy. The doll! He had forgotten about But no, his mother would be wait-Yet he must have that doll. ing anxiously for him as it was get-

He had promised Peggy Santa ting quite dark. He struggled a few would bring it to her. He must steps farther, fell, stumbled a few more steps, fell and lay quite still. When he awoke he felt delightfully through his window the next morn- warm and tempting odors seemed to

intensify her longing for it, until "Did I just dream it all or did I get for the first time in his life he avoid-ed her, and he noticed a hunted look creep into his mother's eyes. The was covering his face with kisses.

nodded gravely towards the foot of He sat up rubbing his eyes. Never had there been such an array of toys,

that enveloped her brother, as he were right near the road when you joined her. Snowing! Mrs. Eddy fell and the light from the car shone want her walk shovelled on you as he drove slowly through

It was a very hungry and a very told him our story, and he went off, quiet little boy who sat down to din-Jimmy sat spellbound with happiness for several minutes, then he

"I just knew Santa wouldn't for-

### Where It Started

### The Monorail.

me a grinning monkey. Just be-The first practical one-rail raildent is no reason why the world way was made by Charles Lartigus in 1882 in Algeria. He used a car, should weep.

Maybe, I would be sore if you'd laugh at me when I fall. But that's "I must hurry. Just one more path and I'll have enough," and he summoned every atom of his faltering moned every atom of his faltering ing railway, the Listowel-Ballybuning rai which straddled the rail, with mast neither here nor there. Be game about it, and take it in good parts even if it does hurt. You night as well, because bawling me out isn't going to stop me from carried passengers for years. The monorail has not come into univers-But no there it was, pink ribbons al use, however, except at amuse-I tried to make you see the funny side of the matter, but what's the

# "Leave that to us," said Jimmy Rabbit. He winked at his brother;

Fatty Coon Plays Robber. After Fatty Coon played barberhop with Jimmy Rabbit and his If he had, he wouldn't have waited prother it was a long time before he met them again. But one day Fatty Rabbit brothers to return. They



Fatty paused and looked at the brothers.

was wandering through the woods when he caught sight of Jimmy. Jimmy dodged behind a tree, And Fatty saw Jimmy's brother peep from behind another. You see, his ears were so long that they stuck far beyond the tree, and Fatty couldn't help seeing them.

"Hello!" Fatty called. "I'm glad to see you." And he told the truth, too. He had been trying to find those two brothers for weeks, because he wanted to get even with them for cutting off his moustache. Jimmy and his brother hopped out from behind their trees.

"Hello!" said Jimmy. "We were just looking for you." Probably he meant to say, "We were just looking at you." He was somewhat upby meeting Fatty; for he knew that Fatty was angry with him. "Oh, ho! You were, were you?" Fatty answered. He began to slide

vn the tree he had been climb-Jimmy Rabbit and his brother edged a little further away. "Better not come too near fis!" "We've both got the pinkeye, and you don't want to catch

Fatty paused and looked at the brothers. Sure enough! their eyes were as pink as anything. 'Does it hurt much?" Fatty

If you consider your opinions in-fallible, you will make little advance "Well-it does and it doesn't" Jimmy replied. "I just stuck a brier till you get rid of your self-conceit. While you think your ideas always into one of my eyes a few minutes ago and it hurt awful, then. But right you won't learn from others. The only chance a conceited peryou'll be perfectly safe, so long as you don't touch us. son has of improving is the forming 'How long does it last?" Fatty

inquired. Probably we'll never get ove Frobably we'll never get over it," Jimmy Rabbit said cheerfully. And his brother nodded his head, as much as to say, "That's so!"

Fatty Coon was just the least bit alarmed. He really thought that there was something the matter with eyes. You see, though the The self-pleased man is not open Rabbit brothers' eyes were always to conviction—will not listen to pink (for they were born that way), argument and so he cannot be con-Fatty thought it would be safer not

to go too near them. "Well, it's too bad," he told The man with strong mind, well balanced, allows for mistakes he "I'm sorry. I wanted to limmy. might make, by getting the best lights from others which he can play with you."
"Oh, that's all right!" Jimmy said. "We can play, just the same.
I'll tell you what we'll play. We'll command on the perplexing questions and then sifts and weighs and colsiders and finally arrives at a conplayclusion which is not puffed up be-

"Not barber-shop!" Fatty interrupted. "I won't play barber-shop. I never liked that game. Jimmy Rabbit started to smile. (Copyright, 1920, by International Feature Service, Inc.) But he turned his smile into speeze. And he said-

"We'll play robber. You'll like that, I know. And you can be the look like one, anyrobber. You That remark made Fatty Coon

And he wished that Jimmy angry. How can I help it? You don't hadn't the pink-eye. He would have know how foolish you look. If you liked to make an end of him right should only get a peep at yourself then and there.
you'd have to laugh, too. "What do you mean?" he shouted. "Robber nothing! I'm just as good

The graceful way you caressed the as you are!" "Of course, of course," Jimmy said hastily. "It's your face, you know. That black patch covers your eyes just like a robber's mask. floor would make anyone's sides I can't stop to raise you to your feet and find out whether you are hurt or not? I know you got a ter-That's why we want you to be the rific bump, all right, and I'm sure

Fatty had slipped down his tree to the ground; and now he looked into the creek. It was just as Don't get mad at me and call Jimmy said. Fatty had never thought of it before, but the black patch of short fur across the upper part of his face made him look exactly like a robber. "Come on!" said Jimmy.

can't play the game without vou."
"Well—all right!" said Fatty.
He began to feel proud of his mask.
"What shall I do?" "You wait right here,"

dered. "Hide behind that tree. We'll go into the woods. And when we come back past this spot you jump out and say 'Hands up!' . . You understand? "Of coursel" said Fatty.

hurry up! Don't be gone long"

and they started off together. Fatty Coon did not see that wink, there all the afternoon for those

went the forest-people called "Rob-ber!" after him. And Jasper Jay was the most annoying of all, be-cause whenever he shouted "Rob-ber!" he always laughed so loudly and so long. His hoarse screech echoed through the woods. And the worst of it was, everybody knew what he was laughing at. (Copyright, Grosset & Dunlap.)

# Dog Hill Paragrafs By George Bingham

Sile Kildew went to Tickville Saturday afternoon and stood around to eavesdrop on somebody, but he says the line must of been out of fix as he couldn't hear a word.

Yam Sims is now thinking about



for awhile Saturday. He leaned against a telephone pole and tried marrying a red-headed girl near Rye Straw. But she has a good farm,

It was at first believed that by having both sides of the checkerboard at the postoffice checked off that two games could be kept running at once.

### Parents Problems

Should children be allowed o answer the front door bell? This depends upon circumstances. In the country or small town, there is no reason why it should not be done. In the city, it would be less

### Relief Ship for Irish.

London, Dec. 24.—The Evening Standard's Cork correspondent says that at yesterday's meeting of the relief committee announcement was nade that a ship was coming from New York with goods for the sufferers from the recent fires and disorders, while American sympathizers also were sending large sums o money. The English and American Society of Friends has offered

is St. Nicholas the patron Saint of Christmas?

This particular saint was Archbishop of Myra, in Lycia, in the fourth century, and appears to have been a hely person of many and various attributes. He is the patron saint of Russia and especially of the serfs, because he protected the weak against the strong; of Venice and other seaport towns, because he is reputed to have stilled a storm while journeying to the Holy Land; of boys and of young girls. He is supposed to have died on Decem-ber 6, 342, and his festival on the anniversary of that date has been celebrated for centuries in Roman and Greek Catholic countries with special reference to his favors toward the young. In France, St. Nicholas' Day

is the great fete-day of children in general, and in many of the southern provinces of Germany the festival is celebrated as a preliminary to Christmas. Gradually, however, the two have become merged into one, and the proximity of the 6th and the 25th of December have made St. Nickor "Santa Klaus," as the Dutch, settlers of New York called him -the patron saint of all youngsters who hope to receive presents on Christmas morning.

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Quite Parisian as It Sells Smokes to Women

New York Is Becoming

New York, Dec. 24.—New York is becoming quite Parisiau. If you don't believe it take a look at today's "Feminine smokers' niceties,"

sings a coy little advertisement. "The rare and treasured gift," it continues. Among the articles listed are jade

ash receivers—how much more charming and expensive than the old-fashioned masculine brass onesnever came back at all. And they lacquer cups, silver mounted and lined, might be used perhaps in a pinch for a grape juice highball; long time after that wherever Fatty using bisque plates and cigaret boxes lacquer cups, silver mounted and of rolled leather or old brocade inlaid with jade carvings.

### Famous Works of Art From Potsdam Palace Recovered in

Paris, Dec. 24.—Paintings valued conservatively at \$500,000, identified as some stolen from Potsdam, have been found in a hotel here ready to be sold by two Germans, who admit-ted to police that they had brought them from Berlin.

Among the pictures are one Mo-net, two Cezanne and two Renouardt valued at from \$15,000 to \$65,000

The two Germans, named Georges Castari and Hugo Bealus, have been arrested, charged with importation of art treasures.

Robber Suspect Taken. Chicago, Dec. 24.—After barricading himself in his home, which was surrounded by police. Paul Hansen, 26 years old, surrendered after several hours' siege. He was arrested as a suspect in the slaying of Paul I I have a simple who was shown J. Loberg, a jeweler, who was shot during a holdup in Loberg's store. Hansen is said to be out under \$10,-000 bonds under charges of partici-

pation in several other robberies.

Chaum Orbhoum

AMUSEMENTS.

LAST TWO TIMES CHRISTMAS Matinee Today, 2:45

EARLY CURTAIN **TONIGHT AT 8** ANATOL FRIEDLAND; WALLIS CLARK; JOHNNY BURKE; Emily Darrell; Frank and Milt Britton; James and Etta Mitchell; Osakl and Taki; Topics of the Day; Kinograms. Matiness, 15c to \$1.00. Nights 15c to \$1.25. Christmas Matinee and Night Seats Now Selling.

EMPRESS Last Times

"Prediction." comedy playlet by Hugh Herbert; Wheeler and Potter, comedy "THE DEVIL TO PAY" Fox News, Mack Sennett Comedy.

Gayety Daily Mat. 15c to 75 FOLLIES of the DAY Musical With HARRY (ZOOP) WELSH and Johnny Weber. A world of spirited fun that fits the foliday week like a glove. Gorgeous settings. Glorious Beauty LADIES' DIME MATINEE WEEK DAYS
1x1 1-4—SAT. A. M.—AMUSE.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER"

Auditorium Thursday Evening, Dec. 30, at 8:15 The Tuesday Musical Club Presents PAVLOWA "THE INCOMPARABLE"
With Her Ballet Russe and Symphony
Orchestra Prices \$1.00 to \$3.50 Seats Now Seling-No War Tax



CAFE SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DINNER-\$1.50

Served All Day and Night Continuous Dancing From 2 P. M. to 1:30 A. M. TWO JAZZ BANDS Matinee ......25c Night ........55e JACK CONNERS, Mgr.

**BEATTY'S** Co-Operative Cafeterias Pay Dividends to Those Who PHOTOPLAYS.

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith. Style Committee Urged

SPECIAL MIDNIGHT SOCIAL MATINEE PRE-SHOWING OF

Madame

Monday Evening December 27, 11 P. M., at the



Admission \$1.00-War Tax 10c Tickets Now Selling at the Box Office

Last Times Today

ZANE GREY'S FAMOUS

"RIDERS OF THE DAWN"

If you take a trip "DOWN HOME." At the "SUN" Starting Tomorroy

"DOWN HOME"

For Next Legislature

Lincoln, Dec. 24.-(Special.)-At-

orney General Davis is of the opin-

ion that the coming session of the

legislature should follow out the

plan used by the recent constitutional

convention and have a committee of

style and phrascology in order that

bills before passing could be ar-ranged so that there would be no question as to their meaning.

PHOTOPLAYS.

LAST TIMES TODAY

Six Reels of Real

Entertainment

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

In "EASY STREET"

Motion Pictures of the KEMPER-WENTWORTH

Thanksgiving

FOOT BALL GAME

When the girl you love has left yo

And you're tired out and blue,

If of all joy she's bereft you,

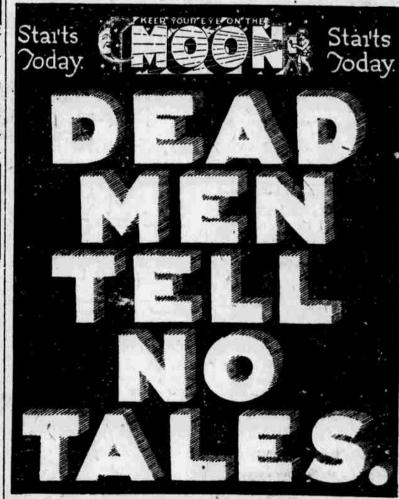
And you don't know what to do.

It will brighten up the gloam,

And dispel that dark blue feeling,

Let this ray of hope come stealing,





"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"