



THE TALE OF PETER MINK

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

IX.

Helping Jimmy Rabbit. Peter Mink was feeling even more peevish than usual. And this was the reason: Jimmy Rabbit had a new sled.



Now you simply can't fall off Peter said.

What a good time Jimmy was having, coasting down the side of Blue mountain.

There was only one thing that Jimmy Rabbit did not like about his sled. It went so fast that he always fell off long before he reached the end of the slide.

"I can fix that," Peter Mink told him. "You go home and borrow your father's hammer and a few nails, and I'll show you how you can coast 'way down into Pleasant Valley without once tumbling off."

Jimmy thanked him. And he hurried home at once. He dragged his new sled after him, too; for he was afraid that if he left it behind, he might not be able to find Peter Mink—or the sled, either—when he came back again.

But Peter did not seem to care. Perhaps he had something on his mind. Anyway, when Jimmy Rabbit returned with the hammer and nails, Peter Mink was waiting patiently for him.

"Now, then," said Peter, as he took the nails and the hammer, "you sit on the sled, Jimmy, and I'll fix you up in no time."

So Jimmy Rabbit sat down on his new sled. And in a few minutes Peter Mink had nailed Jimmy's trousers fast to the sled.

"Now you simply can't fall off," Peter said. "I'll give you a push and the first thing you know, you'll be down in the valley."

Jimmy Rabbit said to himself that Peter Mink was very bright, to think of such a splendid plan as nailing his trousers to the sled. He thanked Peter; and he gripped the sled tightly—though he didn't need it—while Peter gave him a push that sent him flying down the mountain-side.

Though he went like the wind, he never fell off once. And soon he was down in Pleasant Valley, skimming over the crust which covered the drifts in Farmer Green's meadow.

At last the sled stopped. And then Jimmy Rabbit decided that Peter Mink had forgotten something. How was he to get off the sled with his trousers nailed fast to it? And what would his mother say, when she saw the nail-holes in his trousers? And what would his father do, when he saw the nails in Jimmy's new sled?

It was not very pleasant for Jimmy Rabbit, sitting all alone in the meadow, with such thoughts running through his head.

After he had sat there a while Jimmy heard something that worried him even more. He heard old dog Spot bark. And he saw that he would be in a good deal of a fix if Spot should happen to come along and find him. For he couldn't stir from his sled.

Jimmy began to hate that sled. He wished he had never seen it. And then he heard somebody scuffling over the crust. He was at most too frightened to look around to see who it was. But he turned his head. And he was glad to find that it was Peter Mink, who had run all the way down from Blue mountain.

"You had a fine ride, didn't you?" said Peter Mink.

"Yes," Jimmy answered. "But I liked the beginning of it better than the end."

"Why, what's the matter?" Peter inquired.

"I can't get off the sled," Jimmy said.

Peter Mink pretended to be surprised. And he said that he hadn't thought of that.

"But I'll help you," he promised. Jimmy Rabbit thanked him.

"But," said Peter Mink, "I can't do all these things for you for nothing, of course. I have too much else to do, to be wasting my time like this, without pay."

"What do you want?" Jimmy Rabbit asked him.

"Give me the sled," said Peter Mink, "and I'll help you to get off it."

"All right," Jimmy agreed. He would even have given Peter his wheelbarrow, too, he was so anxious to be freed from his seat. "I think, though, that you might pull me up the mountain," Jimmy added.

"I don't feel like walking. He said that was quite true, because he had been so frightened, when he heard old Spot barking, that his legs were still shaking.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

I stood beside the phone one day, And thought up bitter words and strong Which I proposed, forthwith, to say. If Central got my number wrong, I hoped, in this untoward event, Her ladyship's replies to me Would be extremely impudent And wake my powers of repartee.

For when one gets a busy line In answer to a casual call, Or when—by obvious design—He doesn't get a line at all, It's consolation to invoke Profanity's explosive art. A few rough words in anger spoke, Pour balm upon a troubled heart.

I got a line I didn't call (Which nine times out of ten I do), And eagerly I thought of all The hard and cruel words I knew. But when I'd built them, word on word, In one intense and savage swear, An awful thought to me occurred: There wasn't any Central there.

An oburgation will suffice To move a maid to much disquiet, But a mechanical device Is wholly unaffected by it. No matter what wild words you fling, It just resumes its dreary droning, And so this automatic thing Takes half the pleasure out of 'phoning!



OF COURSE
"Wilson Rejects Offer of \$150,000 for Article."—New York Sun. Probably it was Article X.
IF WE HAD OUR CHOICE.
Mrs. Pankhurst is coming over here to suppress bolshevism, but there are a lot of us who would prefer bolshevism.
STILL HIGH.
There hasn't been any reduction in the wages of sin.
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Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

Vampires.

This is an ancient Slavic superstition which spread to many lands, but flourished chiefly among peoples who buried their dead instead of cremating them. Though much less common than formerly, the vampire superstition is by no means extinct. In 1870 and 1871 there were many trials of people accused of disturbing dead bodies in connection with vampirism in Germany—there seemed to be an epidemic of the superstition just then—and in comparatively recent years at least two cases have come to light in New England.

A vampire is supposed to be a dead person who comes forth from his grave to suck the blood of the living at night. The superstition is a bit hazy as to the form in which the vampire comes, whether as a ghost or in the actual buried body. An examination of the oldest and best authorities would seem to indicate a sort of "astral body." Criminals and suicides turn into vampires, but a rabbit running over, or a bird flying over, the grave of an innocent person may change him into a vampire.

This superstition doubtless originated in the gloomy imaginations of Slavs who saw their loved ones dying from some wasting disease for which they were unable to account. In a New England case of vampirism which the writer investigated about 30 years ago the family afflicted were found to be consumptive. Burning the body of the suspected vampire is the accepted remedy for the affliction.
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Parents Problems

What course should be followed by his parents when a boy of 12 is causing undue trouble at school?
The parents should have a friendly talk with the teacher. If the result of such a conference does not cause matters to improve, it might be well to consult a physician; it may be that the boy is not well in some particular.

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Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham

Raz Barlow and his dogs, Watch and Ring, tread a ribbon under the postoffice this morning, and in lifting up one corner of the building they upset a conversation going on inside.

The Hog Ford preacher last Sunday asked all who had not done something they oughtn't to during the week, to stand up. The preacher



was the only one that stood up and he was already up when he asked the question.

Sidney Rocks left this morning for somewhere. It was not first believed he was coming instead of going as he had his hat on hind-part before.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

Rare indeed is today's talismanic gem, the star ruby, which brings to its wearer great peace and prosperity, the happiness gained by honest endeavor, and the respect of his fellow men. Those who wear the star ruby need not fear accidents or plagues, according to an ancient superstition.

Another deep red stone, the bloodstone, is today's natal gem. Indians of the southwest believed that this stone, cut into heart shape and worn on the right hand, would protect its wearer from diseases of the blood, and another superstition credits it with the power to check hemorrhages.

Pink is today's lucky color, symbolic of good health and clear thought, it is also indicative of prosperity coming from the wearer's efforts. The red rose is today's flower, but should be worn rather than used as a decoration in the home; by the latter connection it symbolizes unwise ambition.
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EMPIRESS

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, miniature Musical Comedy; MARTHA HAMILTON & Co. Comedy Skit; McKOWN & BRADY, "Words and Music"; SKIPP, KENNEDY & REEVES, "Company Capers"; VINCENT "SONG" MARQUISE, Popular Songster. Photoplay Attraction—"Partners of Fate," featuring Louise Lovely. Harold Lloyd Comedy, "Get Out and Get Under."

I'M THE GUY

By J. J. MUNDY.

Self-encouragement of day dreaming may be one of the barriers to your success.
It may afford you pleasure during the idle moments to draw mental pictures of some good fortune which might befall you one of these days.

Who's sensitive? Not I. If I were a little deaf I'd admit it. I don't need an ear-trumpet nor any advice about watching the speaker's lips.
I can hear all right and don't ask for any help from you. See that your own hearing is all right and don't mind mine.

Omaha Ranks First

The Omaha recruiting district for the army ranked highest in the United States for the month of December in enlistments. The quota assigned to the Omaha district was 364 men. The recruiting party recruited 514 men during the month.

OUT OF THE SNOWS

Now Playing

RALPH INCE PRODUCTION



A mighty drama of the silent north, where the only law is that of tooth and claw.

"A DOGGONE WEDDING"

Winner of \$25 R. N. W. M. P. prize announced at every show.

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Last Times Today

Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton in "Behind the Man"

Free tryouts on Muse stage tonight before moving picture camera.

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WALLACE REID

"The Charm School" A Paramount Picture

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

You think if this should come to you it would be in such form that you would not have to work for the rest of your life—no worry.
Your day dreaming may have reached such a stage that you actually live in a world of your own imagination and believe yourself almost in possession of great riches.

You have a mental picture of a man who suddenly becomes interested and donates enough to you to assure you of at least a small income the remainder of your life—enough to keep you as well as your family as today.

The more you indulge these illusions the less likely it is to happen to you—the fulfillment of dreams.
Silly imagination ruins the mind for concentrated sensible thought and the visionary one loses the little he or she has.
Guard against this state of mind which renders constructive work impossible.
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Tugging at Your Heart Strings This Tremendous Scene From One of the Greatest Dramas Ever Screened

You Will Set as Though in a Trance Throughout This Appeal

"This, Messieurs, is the first time in my life I have come in contact with the bitterness of a woman's misery and grief."
"No words of mine could have such weight in moving you to pity as must her tears."
"To the Gendarme she said, 'I killed Laroque to prevent him from doing an infamous thing which would bring disgrace to somebody I love.'"
"This poor creature, who has been beaten down to the lowest rungs of the ladder of physical and moral misery—loves."
"Love was the motive that made her a criminal. Love, and love alone"

"And she will sacrifice her life rather than let herself be known, so that perhaps her picture may remain unstained, un tarnished in the heart of the creature she worships."
"It is not at her that we should throw the stone, but at the man who probably started her on the road that has brought her to this."
"It may be a husband who, without pity, sentenced her to a life of wretchedness and sin."
"Some man has made this woman what you see her today, and in the eyes of Eternal Justice he stands by her side or EVEN LOWER."
"Messieurs, this woman is not morally guilty and it is your duty to acquit her."

I M A G I N E yourself viewing upon the screen, and following the lips of the speaker, drinking in every precious word of this boy, who is fighting with his life's blood his first case in court. Fighting for a woman who has been driven down, down and down, and committed crime to shield the boy she loved and that boy unknowingly was defending—

HIS OWN MOTHER!

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