

THE TALE OF PETER MINK

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XI

The Circus Parade.

If it hadn't been for the circus posters on Farmer Green's barn, the idea of having a circus parade would never have occurred to Jimmy Rabbit.

You see, all those wonderful pictures set him thinking. And he lost no time in inviting everybody to help. He even invited Peter Mink though he was sorry, afterwards, that he had.

For a day or two everybody in the neighborhood of Blue Mountain was as busy as he could be, getting ready for the parade. Cuffy Bear had promised to be the elephant, because he was so big. Frisky Squirrel was to be a wolf, on account of his being so gray. And Jimmy had invited Peter Mink to march as a giraffe, for the reason that he had such a long neck. And as for Jimmy Rabbit himself, he said that he expected to be a little pitcher, because he had heard that they had big ears.

"I've heard that, too," remarked Billy Woodchuck. "But I never knew that a pitcher was an animal."

"Well, you see you have a good deal to learn," Jimmy Rabbit said.

Then Tommy Fox announced something about having heard that little pitchers had big mouths, too, and that they always talked a good deal. But Jimmy Rabbit made believe he didn't hear him.

Everything would have been pleasant on the day of the parade, if it hadn't been for Peter Mink. He insisted that he must lead the procession, and that made trouble at once, because Jimmy Rabbit had expected to do that.

Peter finally settled the dispute. "A parade," he said, "has two ends. Of course, one person can't march



Then a queer thing happened

at both ends at the same time. So while I march at the front end, Jimmy Rabbit can march at the other. And that's perfectly fair."

At first Jimmy Rabbit looked quite glum. But pretty soon he seemed to feel more cheerful, and he said, "All right."

Then there was a great bustle, and much talking, as the parade prepared to start.

"Remember!" Peter Mink warned everybody, "you must follow everywhere I go, because I'm the leader. At that, Cuffy Bear seemed somewhat worried. He knew that Peter Mink was fond of squeezing through narrow places; and he didn't see how he could follow him.

But after a while Cuffy began to smile again—right after Jimmy Rabbit had come and whispered something in his ear. You see, Jimmy went to everybody in the parade and whispered. And last of all he went to Peter Mink and whispered in his ear, too.

"Everybody must look straight ahead," Jimmy told Peter, "because that's the way they always do in a circus parade."

"Don't you suppose I know that, just as well as you do?" snapped Peter Mink. "You'd better hurry back to the other end of the parade, because I'm going to start in exactly two or three minutes—I'm not sure which."

So Jimmy Rabbit hurried back as fast as he could. He might have run faster, if he hadn't stopped to wink at every person in the line. But he just managed to reach his place when the parade started.

Then a queer thing happened. When everybody had taken 10 steps, the whole parade turned about in its tracks and started marching in the opposite direction. And now Jimmy Rabbit led the procession, instead of Peter Mink.

I said the whole parade turned around; but what I meant to say was everybody but Peter Mink. You see, Jimmy Rabbit had told Peter to look back, but to march straight ahead, with his eyes to the front. And naturally, Peter Mink supposed that that was what Jimmy had whispered to everyone else.

So away Peter Mink marched, trying to look as much like a giraffe as he could, and feeling very proud, too—because he thought the parade was following him.

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Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Look Yourself Over.

You have spent a great deal of time and a great deal of hard-earned money, along a certain line, with rather indifferent results.

You wonder whether you are wise or foolish to keep on indefinitely. There is no better time than the present for you to take stock of your talents and what you are doing with them.

You feel that if you are ultimately successful the end attained is worth it all.

In what sort of health is it pitting you, and can you carry on to the end and pay the price of what it takes out of you personally?

To whom do you owe it to consider this nervous cost?

Is it due to your own mismanagement that you are so tired when night comes, or to your own miscalculation that you are no farther ahead financially?

It is worth while to study it out carefully.

If you condense and conserve and at the same time expand, and you can keep your health and it looks good to you, go on.

But if you see it is a losing game, be brave enough to quit in time.

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THE GUMPS—

A GAIN MIN HAS THE SPOTLIGHT

THE GUMPS ARE THE BIG HEADLINERS—

RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HALL—

THEIR TABLE LOOKS LIKE A CONSERVATORY—

DEWEY IS NOT FORGETTING HIS AUSTRALIAN PAL—

"ANDY THERE'S THAT WIDOW MRS. ZANDER— DON'T LOOK NOW— JUST A MINUTE— I'LL TELL YOU WHEN SHE ISN'T LOOKING— SHE JUST CAN'T KEEP HER EYES OFF THIS TABLE— AND WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IS WITH HER? THE SAME LITTLE SHRIMP"

"THAT'S ONE WOMAN I CAN'T STAND— I CAN'T SEE WHAT ANY ONE SEES IN HER— SHE WASN'T SO BAD LOOKING TILL SHE STARTED TO REDUCE— JUST LOOK AT THAT HAIR— I CAN REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS BROWN— GIVE HER A COUPLE MORE YEARS AND SHE'LL WALK OUT WITH A COUPLE OF BOOKS IN HER ARM— MAKE PEOPLE BELIEVE SHE'S GOING BACK TO SCHOOL"

LOOK AT OLD TEA AND TOAST WITH HER TOO— HE CAN MAKE A NICKEL GO FARTHER THAN A WIRELESS MESSAGE— WAIT TILL YOU SEE HIM GET HIS GLASSES OUT AND ADD UP THE CHECK— YOU'D THINK IT WAS A BOOK KEEPER GETTING HIS MONTHLY BALANCE

DON'T LOOK NOW JULIUS— THERE'S MR. AND MRS. GUMP AND THAT RICH UNCLE— THEY ACT LIKE A COUPLE OF CHICKENS IN SWIMMING— THEY'RE HAVING THE TIME OF THEIR LIVES THIS WEEK— RIDE AROUND IN HIS AUTOMOBILE— THEY'RE STILL DANCING ON SAND— A SMOOTH FLOOR IS TOO FAST FOR THEM—



More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



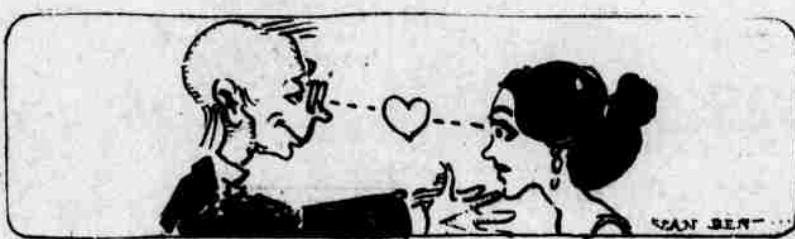
HOW CAN THEY DO IT?

Old Jake Kildare was a hard boiled egg— Uncommonly hard and grim— You never could borrow or coax or beg— The price of a meal from him. The old man's wits were as keen as steel; Whatever he tackled paid; He never was gyped on a business deal Or trimmed on a single trade.

But when he shuffled his earthly cares And lay in the cold, cold ground, And the will was read to his rightful heirs It jolted them when they found, That he'd paid a million to buy a note That only the other day, In fond endearing terms he wrote To a Jane in a cabaret.

Jim Green was a man without romance— A sordid morose old gent— Never by any sort of a chance He was moved by sentiment. He took the shrewdest of sharpers in With a grim and ghoulish pride, And grinned an evil and savage grin As he peeled a sucker's hide.

But when old Jim had passed along, The world was amazed to find That there wasn't the price of a marked-down song In the wealth he had left behind. It had all been paid for a missive, which, In a day not so long ago, He had written a little blue-eyed witch Who stood in the second row.



FAIR EXCHANGE

It may soon be necessary to offer to keep the tax and let the government have the income.

NOT MUCH AT THAT

Apparently the shipping board and the outja board were about equally deserving of the confidence reposed in them.

THE RESULT IN THE END

Some ladies break into literature by learning how to write, and some by learning how to shoot.

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HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Aid Lillian Underwood Offered Madge.

Lillian had not exaggerated the virtues of her new needle shower. I revelled in its icy sting after my luxurious hot tub and went back to my room so refreshed that the dirt and discomforts of my journey were as something far in the past.

"I feel like a goddess!" I said enthusiastically.

"You look like one," Lillian swept me a bow and flashed me a mocking smile. "But that bathrobe isn't exactly Olympian drapery. Please get into something pretty while I remind Dicky that his 10 minutes are up."

She went out of the room, while I hurried with my dressing and was brushing out my hair when she returned.

"I almost had to use force to separate Dicky and Marion," she said. "I don't know which was the harder to pry loose. How he spoils that child whenever he sees her!"

"I'd defy any one to spoil Marion," I returned warmly. "She's unspoilable."

"She is a dear," Lillian assented, her face and eyes glowing with the look that comes to them whenever she speaks of her idolized daughter. "There! Your hair is perfect! Don't fuss with it a second longer. Is this the gown you're going to put on? I'll help you with the fastenings. I warn you I'm not going to wait much longer to hear about everything that's happened."

"You won't have to wait another 60 seconds," I replied. "I'll begin from the minute I left New York, and will tell you everything."

"Don't forget Grace Draper," she said significantly.

I stared at her in amazement. "Oh, I know about it," she said. "You didn't mention it in your letters, but you see I keep tab on you wherever you are. However, there might be something which my particular little news bird didn't know, so don't forget any details, please."

I paused for a moment's fleeting wonder about the person of whom she was speaking. My father? Major Grantland? But I knew there was no use conjecturing. When Lillian got ready to tell me she would do so. Until that time I would be wise to suppress all guesses and queries.

Obediently, therefore, I began at the beginning and told her of all the important incidents of my sojourn south. She listened attentively until I had finished, then she looked at me commiseratingly,

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Tobe Moseley says the Excelsior Fiddling Band's fame can never become very lasting or widespread as the music evaporates as soon as they make it.

The prisoners in the Tickless jail broke out night before last and are



still at large. They had been acting dissatisfied for several days.

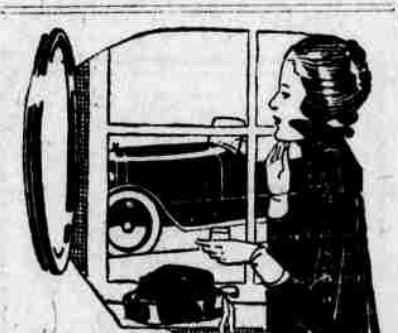
The Deputy Constable has improved his general appearance very much with a new pair of pants, which he seized from a suspicious looking stranger who passed through here day before yesterday.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

The lapis-lazuli is both the talismanic gem and the natal stone for today. Among the ancient Egyptians it was regarded as a stone meant for sirens, and Cleopatra and other famous women frequently wore it as an ornament. It was believed also to be a cure for the unhappiness arising from disappointment in love. It was also endowed with the power to cure various forms of fever, according to ancient legends, but those who wished to benefit by it must wear it close to the flesh.

Today's color is violet, which the



Skin roughness quickly relieved by Resinol

A little touch of Resinol Ointment after exposure to wind or sun—and that tense, drawn feeling of the skin will be promptly dispelled. That is because this pure ointment soothes while it heals. Try it once and you will understand why so many people recommend it.

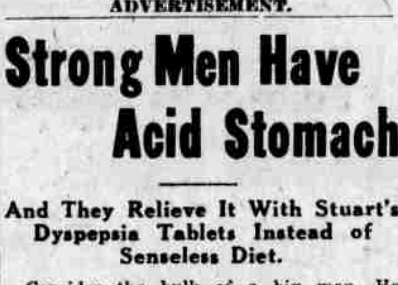
Resinol Shaving Stick contains the same medication and it leaves the skin free from smarting or dryness. Both products sold by your druggist.

ADVERTISING.

Strong Men Have Acid Stomach

And They Relieve It With Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Instead of Senseless Diet.

Consider the bulk of a big man. He needs a lot of good food. And yet a simple disk may so distress him that he will



Parents Problems

What should one do when a neighbor's small boy breaks a windowpane in one's house? One should have a pleasant talk with the boy's mother. She will, of course, wish to pay for the breakage or to have her boy pay for it.

Where It Started

Spectacles. The discovery of the use of spectacles or eyeglasses to aid vision is credited by some to a Florentine monk, Alessandro di Spinci, who is said to have discovered them accidentally in the early part of the 13th

century, A. D. By many investigators, however, credit is given to Roger Bacon, the distinguished scientist, who lived contemporary with di Spinci.

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The Bohemians, Inc. Present A Revue of Comedy of New York's Latin Quarter

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

James Watts, Ted Lewis, "Jazz King," Al Herman, Sylvia Jason, Vera Gordon, Fickey Bros, and the 20 FAMOUS ARTISTS' MODELS

Nights: \$1 to \$3—Sat. Mat. \$1 to \$2.50

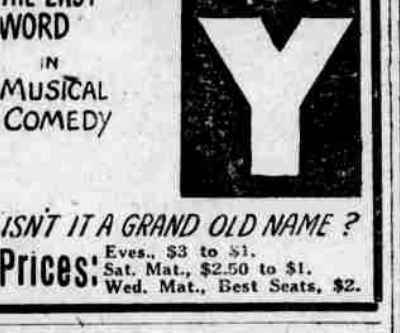
Next Sunday and All Week Mats Wed. and Sat. SEATS SELLING

MARY

THE FIRST WORD— THE BEST WORD— THE LAST WORD

IN MUSICAL COMEDY

ISN'T IT A GRAND OLD NAME? Prices: Even, \$3 to \$1. Extra Mat., \$2.50 to \$1. Wed. Mat., Best Seats, \$2.



Empress

NEW SHOW TODAY

CASSON KIRKE & CO., "Songs of Mirth and Melody"; ANGEL & FULLER, "Music and Chatter"; MASON & BAILEY, "The Boys from Dixie"; BURNS BROTHERS, "Society Gymnasts." Photoplay attraction, "The Woman and the Puppet," featuring Geraldine Farrar, Century Comedy-Fox News.

Gayety

Daily Mat., 15c to 75c Nites, 25c to \$1.25

Jack Singer Presents

LEW KELLY HIS OWN CO. Musical Burlesque

(Mr. Kelly is the most imitated man in Burlesque)

Extra Added Feature—The Marx Brothers, J. J. HANLEY, direct from the Ringling Bros. Circus. Superb Cast and Happy-Giddy Society Chorus

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EMPERESS

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Every Day DANCING LUNCHEON 12 to 2 P. M. 50c

Boys' Dancing Contest Tonight

Private Dancing Lessons By Appointment

Admission 55c Jack Connors, Mgr.

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias

Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

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NOW PLAYING

Ralph Ince in

OUT OF THE SNOWS

A Thrilling Drama of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and the "Law" of the Silent North

SUNSHINE COMEDY

A Doggone Wedding

Help Europe's Starving Children

"Earthbound"

Will Hold You SPELLBOUND at the

RIALTO

A. H. Blank

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

The American Drama eternal! Coming to the MOON

SUNDAY, JANUARY 16TH.

Benefit of Father Flanagan's Boys' Home

Big Charity Ball

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM Jan. 19, 1921

Arranged by the good Fathers and Mothers of Omaha, in recognition of Omaha's most constructive work of clothing and educating the poor little waifs of every creed, color and nationality.



Honorable Mayor Smith and Some of the Boys

The most important work of the hour training the future citizens of Nebraska and the Nation, FUN FOR ALL—OLD AND YOUNG. Buy a ticket and help feed and clothe Omaha's own. A MINSTREL SHOW preceding the ball, lasting 30 minutes, by Father Flanagan's Boys, trained by Dan Desdunes. LET'S ALL GO and make it Omaha's tribute to this noble work. Do not forget! Dan Desdunes and his famous Band will be on hand to see that you enjoy yourself. Minstrel show, 8 p. m. sharp. Tickets \$1.00. Dancing, 8:45 p. m.

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WILL ROGERS

in the First Omaha Showing of the Screen's Greatest Comedy Drama

'HONEST HUTCH'

Special—"BIG SISTERS" Musical Program

Help Europe's Starving Children

Supply Your Needs by Using

Bee Want Ads—Best Results