

Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Strange Things the Vandals Did Upstairs.

Lillian's eyes fairly glowed as I called her attention to the envelope tied around the neck of the bottle stuck in my old clock.

"Handle it carefully, Madge," she cautioned. "We want to save that in its entirety."

The envelope was unsealed, and I gingerly drew out the single sheet of cheap, colored notepaper which it contained. The notepaper bore the same caption as the envelope:

"To the cheapskates who live in this house," and then followed a medley of words.

"Oh! You cheap skates!" "You think you're smart."

"No money and no sense, ha, ha, ha."

"A booze, not even wine or hops, you stingy dirty pups."

"But we'll fix you good and proper. Better have a better welcome when we come next time, which will be soon."

"Remember!"

"Then followed two or three Rabelaisian scenes, which made me all flush angrily. Lillian put out her hand.

"In the Kitchen."

"Do you mind if I keep this, Madge?"

"I am glad to get it out of my possession," I said, handing it to her, and involuntarily wiping my fingers vigorously upon a towel which lay carelessly thrown across a chair with other linen from my sideboard drawers, and which by some miracle had not been soiled in the orgy that had been staged in the room.

With another searching glance around the dining room we left it on a chair, through the other rooms, finding in each evidence of the strange marauders. I had not ordered the gas or electric light turned off when we left, because I wanted to have everything in readiness when I returned, and in the kitchen we found the gas stove covered with a trail of burned grease, while a frying pan held a mass of the same congealed material, surrounding a cold fried egg. Other eggs, broken wantonly into plates, stood on the stove, while the kitchen table held plates showing that at least two persons had eaten there. The plates held scraps of egg and bread, and there were dishes of canned fruit, evidently taken from the half-empty glass jars which stood near them. The coffee pot, still half full of coffee, stood on the stove.

"They must have been hungry," Edith Fairfax said.

"Perhaps," Lillian replied thoughtfully, examining the plates closely. "Did you have these things in the house, Madge?"

"We have some eggs in the cellar which we put down in brine last summer for winter use for cooking," I replied. "I suppose these are from those supplies. The canned fruit is ours, of course, but they must have brought in the bread. As for the grease, I do not know. We had some butter put down for the winter in a jar in the cellar."

The Keepsake Trunk.

Lillian took down a small, clean looking box, and a knife, struck a match, turned on the gas flame, and set the pan on it. Then she took up a knife of the congealed grease and put it in the other pan.

"Butter," she decided in another minute when the fat was sputtering and smoking. "Well, there's no use staying here! Let's go upstairs."

We ascended to the second floor, and there found disorder enough to bring despair to the heart of any housekeeper. Every bureau drawer had been opened and its contents dumped on the floor. The locks of the trunks had been broken, and the trunks turned upside down, letting their contents fall where they might. Every bundle had been untied, every box opened and its contents scattered.

"Is anything missing, Madge?" Lillian asked, as we stood in my mother-in-law's bedroom, for we had taken the rooms in order down the hall.

"I cannot tell yet," I said. "Oh, poor Mother Graham!"

"The drawer of her Martha Washington sewing table, the pride of her heart, had been wrenched out and its hinges broken, while her sewing things were scattered on the floor, and a collection of picture postal cards she kept in the lower drawer, which had been sent her from all over the world, were nowhere to be seen.

"I'm afraid her picture postal cards are gone," I said.

"That would indicate boys, wouldn't it?" Edith Fairfax asked. "Professing thieves wouldn't want postal cards."

"Perhaps," Lillian again spoke noncommittally.

"With a sudden thought I darted from the room."

"Oh, my keepsake trunk!" I exclaimed, as I darted down the hall to my own room.

When the others entered the room they found me on my knees beside my mother's old trunk, my face against it, sobbing like a heart-broken child.

I heard Lillian exclaim savagely under her breath as she stooped and raised me.

THE GUMPS---

BREAKFAST IN THE MAIN DINING ROOM

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith. Copyright, 1921, Chicago Tribune Company.

Comic strip showing a character demanding breakfast: 'I WANT A COUPLE OF BOILED EGGS—ABOUT TWO MINUTES AND TEN SECONDS—AND AFTER THAT I WANT SOME PANCAKES AND COUNTRY SAUSAGE— I WANT THE PANCAKES CRISP—NOT FRIED OUT—JUST CRISP—AND LATER YOU CAN SERVE THE SAUSAGES—' 'AND REMEMBER I WANT IT WELL DONE—NOT FULL OF GREASE—AND WITH THE SAUSAGES I WANT SOME TOASTED RYE BREAD—WELL TOASTED BUT NOT BURNED—AND I WANT TWO POTS OF COFFEE—THE FIRST POT SERVED WITH THE PANCAKES AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER THE SECOND POT WITH THE SAUSAGES—' 'BRING ME ANYTHING—AFTER THAT—ANYTHING!!'

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

The grasshopper sings through the long summer days, No arduous labor does he, He foolishly follows frivolity's ways In reckless and sensuous glee. He never lays up any chow in his lair On which to subsist when the meadows are bare, And all of the moralists loudly declare How shortly a corpse he will be.

Yet grasshoppers swarm from the north every year And feast on the ripening grain; They eat every blade, every leaf, every spear Again and again, and again. While the ants have to work or they don't get along, Which seems to establish that something is wrong, You may know the moral of this little song, To me it is not very plain!

Dog Hill Paragrafts

By George Bingham

Wednesday, and some harsh words might have been spoken had not Miss Peachie Sims arrived on the scene just in the nick of time.

The mice and rats that have been making their home at the residence of Toobe Moseley have got discouraged and left. Cricket Hicks says it is remarkable how some laundries can wash a collar without tearing it up.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY

Perhaps the man you work for, in your estimation, knows less about his own business than you do, but the fact that he is an employer instead of an employee is evidence that his way of doing things has proven successful to him.

Where It Started

The Prison System. In ancient times prisons were private affairs, used to remove rivals or enemies. The first application of the prison system as a punishment for crime, came in the establishment of workhouses in London in 1550.

Parents Problems

Should a girl of 12 be allowed to follow her preference for companions four or five years older than herself, or should she be encouraged to make friends of girls of her own age?

This girl should be encouraged to make friends and companions of girls of her own age. The occupations of girls of 16 or 17 are not suitable for a girl of 12.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF PETER MINK

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XIX. Settling a Dispute.

While Jimmy Rabbit was looking for wise old Mr. Crow, Peter Mink stuck close behind him.

"You needn't think you can run away with my rabbit's lucky left hind-foot," Peter kept saying.

"That's my foot! You promised to give it to me for helping you out of the mud. And I intend to have it. I'm going to follow you wherever you go. I wish you'd try to be a little more careful where you step with my foot."

"You stand by your bargain, and I'll stand by mine," he told Peter. And that was all he would say.

At last Jimmy found Mr. Crow. And as soon as Peter Mink spied him he hurried up and began to complain to Mr. Crow that Jimmy Rabbit wouldn't stand by his bargain.

"What was it?" Mr. Crow asked. "He promised to give me his left hind-foot, if I'd pull him out of the creek," said Peter Mink.

"Did he pull you out?" Mr. Crow asked Jimmy Rabbit. "He helped me in, too," added Jimmy. "But I didn't have to pay him for doing that."

"You're out of order!" Mr. Crow told Jimmy sharply. "And looking down at his mud-stained clothes, Jimmy Rabbit said that he supposed he was."

"Can you repeat the exact words of the bargain?" Mr. Crow asked Peter Mink. "Yes," Peter began. "He said— 'That will do!'" Mr. Crow cautioned him. "I said, 'Can you repeat them?' I didn't tell you to repeat them, did I?"

"I advise you to be very careful," Mr. Crow warned him. Then Mr. Crow turned to Jimmy Rabbit. "Can you repeat the exact words of the bargain?" he asked. "Yes, sir!" said Jimmy Rabbit promptly.

"Good!" Mr. Crow exclaimed. "I'll settle this dispute in no time. Now, I want you Jimmy Rabbit, to whisper the exact words in my right ear, while Peter Mink whispers the exact words in my left one. In that way I shall know at once if there's anybody that isn't telling the truth."

Mr. Crow was very particular. He made Peter and Jimmy begin at the same time. And he said that if they both told the truth it seemed to him

that they ought to finish at the same time, too. And that's just the way it happened!

"I don't see what the dispute is," said Mr. Crow. "You both agree. And how can two people have a dispute, when they agree perfectly? The only difference I noticed in your stories was that Peter whispered much louder than Jimmy."

"The trouble," Peter Mink cried, "the trouble is, he won't let me cut off his left hind-foot, why— I should like to know what does!"

Woman Asks \$10,000 For Broken Finger

Chicago Tribune-Omaha Rep Leased Wire. Chicago, Jan. 21.—Because she can not do good stenographic work with the third finger on her right hand broken, Miss Catherine Springer has brought suit for \$10,000 against James Murphy, a trader with a La Salle street brokerage firm.

At about 11 o'clock on the night of October 28, Miss Springer says, she returned home. The light in the vestibule was out and she switched it on in order to unlock the inner door.

As she did so, she alleges, an infuriated man, who later proved to be Murphy, sprang at her from a corner of the vestibule. In another corner was the other girl roomer.

Miss Springer says Murphy used the vilest language, attacked and beat her. In trying to save her face from his blows, she put up her hand and he broke her finger.

AMUSEMENTS.

Ophelum LAST TWO TIMES MATINEE TODAY 2:15 EARLY CURTAIN TONIGHT AT 8 FRANKLYN ARDELL & CO.

EMPRESS LAST TIMES TODAY RIVAL ARTISTS. Comedy Girl Act: JACK MCLOSKEY & PALS.

Sliding Billy Watson in the New "Hits and Bits" Musical and Comedy.

ARE GARGOYLES PLACED ON CHURCHES? Undoubtedly a wealth of imagination and skill must have been expended on many of the gargoyles which adorn the walls of old churches and other ancient buildings.

EMPRESS Rustic Garden Private Dancing Lessons By Appointment 6 Lessons, \$5

DANCING MATINEE TODAY Admission: Nights .75c, 5c; Matinee .75c, 25c. JACK CONNERS, Mgr.

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeterias Pay Dividends to Those Who Do the Work

D'Annunzio in Venice

London, Jan. 21.—B Gabriele D'Annunzio arrived in Venice Tuesday, says a dispatch to the Central News from Rome. He retired to the Barbarigo palace and refused to talk, the dispatch adds.

PHOTOPLAYS.

Help Europe's Starving Children RIATRO LAST TIMES TODAY Throbbing with thrills and mystery. Starting the tears and ending in happy smiles.

HELIOTROPE Throbbing with thrills and mystery. Starting the tears and ending in happy smiles.

Beethoven's Egmont Harry Brader, Director. Julius K. Johnson, Organist.

WILLIAM S. HART IN "The Testing Block"

Sliding Billy Watson in the New "Hits and Bits" Musical and Comedy.

KATHERINE McDONALD The screen's most beautiful woman, in "My Lady's Latchkey"

MADAM X TOMORROW "THE SAPHEAD"

WALLACE REID in His Very Best Picture "What's Your Hurry"

The Business Man's Page

Nebraska business men read the principal business reviews of The Chicago Tribune and of The New York Times—and at the same time as their eastern friends.

The best of the local, Chicago and New York market news and gossip appears in The Omaha Bee every morning.

Charles Michaels' Chicago Grain Letter, The New York Times' financial review and many other articles of importance to the business man every morning.

THE OMAHA BEE

MOON LAST TIMES TODAY THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS A Story That Will Live Forever!

Chief OS-KO-MON in "The Dance of the Senses" in Two Beautiful Scenes Most Striking Prologue Ever Shown in Omaha

But even a Saphhead has luck once in a while and the luck comes your way, for

The Saphhead starts tomorrow at the SUN Funnier than "Fair and Warmer"

SUN LAST TIMES TODAY "MADAM X" TOMORROW "THE SAPHEAD"

WALLACE REID in His Very Best Picture "What's Your Hurry"

WALLACE REID in His Very Best Picture "What's Your Hurry"

WALLACE REID in His Very Best Picture "What's Your Hurry"