THE BEE: OMAHA, SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1921.

Heart Secrets of a Fortune Teller

Some weeks ago I was visiten up in ment" werman wijo was all worked up to ment" "Ouite true, madam." I reasons. "Ouite true, madam." I reasons. stit of nervous prostration from "Quite true, madam." I reasons. nake a long story short, this daugh-er was crazy over a certain young lookin' male has either lost interest num of short acquaintance-a sort of tailor's dummy, handsome and nifty in his clohes, but havin' a whole upper floor to rent when it she's got that cravin' to see for her-

or without her parents' consent. It to her from where the sits. She

was a delicate little situation "Madam," I asks, "have you op-posed this attachment that your daughter is so strong for?" "I have?" she answers. "I have opposed it in every way possible Percy is the only young man of my daughter's son who is not allowed in our home." "Ahem!" Lowe the other to see for herself?" "I have?" she answers. "I have to see for herself?" "Do you mean," she asks. "that I ought to allow them to be to-gether? "I wouldn't only allow it."

in our home." "I wouldn't only allow it," I says: "Ahem!" I says thoughtfully. So there's no welcome message on the door mat when Percy rings the bell! Why the quarantine?" "Simply because I can't allow even a calling acquaintance between

even a calling acquaintance between my daughter and this unprincipled week as she chooses. If he's as

my daughter and this unprincipled heafer. It might lead to something serions, and I had rather, see her dead than unhappily married." "Sure you would!" I soothes. "Well, it's beyond my comprehen-sion," the says. "I can't understand what a girl like Mary would see in him. She's well educated and has a liven mind. She likes to read and keen mind. She likes to read and drop in again in a month and reshe keeps up with what's going on in the world. But Percy-! Yes, the month was up today, and "Yes," I says, "I can guess the sure enough she came back to re-

rest. Percy's never read anything deeper than the dope sheet in his life, and hasn't brains enough to natural doubts and fears under a

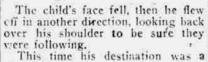
ne, and nasht brains enough to come in out of the rain or pull down a self-supportin' salary. He's too busy dodging bill collectors to cul-tivate regular office hours. He parts his hair in the middle, wears pink silk pajamas and buys the mornin' "A sure cure, was it?"

silk pajamas and buys the mornin' napers merely for the purpose of scein' whether the style in gents' spats has changed over night. I see by your sad expression that the de-scription more or less fits Percy! Such being the case, we can now proceed to business." "In the first place madam reading

proceed to business." "In the first place, madam, you've aroused your daughter's interest in this young feather-head by refusing Why from watchin a few married to allow him in your home. You've couples in these flats. Some of wrapped him neatly in a sugar-coat-ed package, marked 'forbidden,' and They waited till after the ceremony! then you wonder why she wants to open the package and peep inside. "But why." the mother argues, Copyright, 1921, Thompson Feature Service

By RACHEL MACK. The Sure Cure. Some weeks ago I was visited by ways of the world and am a judge of

came to brains. Daughter was a sensible, reason-able girl as a rule, but had gone plum batty over this young bool, and was determined to see him, with or without her parents' consent. It



vere following. This time his destination was a

kilometers, or 1.200 miles, a second, junneasurably more certain hone The dimensions of celestial objects that the knowledge and enjoyment scent almost to be proportionate to of the material heavens will be but their velocities, while we would a part, and a very small one at that, naturally expect the very reverse, of our essential happiness in heaven By WILLIAM F. RIGGE. | of a mile or 88 feet a second, and of Thus with the speed of light waves with which nothing whatever on

By Charles Dana Gibson

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

- By Mabel Herbert Urner

little hand.

devastation

A Trip to the Battlefields Gives a Glimpse of the Horrors of War. "It looks like an endless field of brown weeds?" Helen gazed over the up to the white clay fortifi-the rest barbed for miles before the standing. Here weeks and for miles before the w

To Be Educated by Movies Paris, Ian, 22 .- Movies are hence

forth to play an important part in

the education of French school



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away," Warren strode on ahead in cottage. the narrow path cut through the

"Why, isn't this the part they're

"Trust the French to make the most of show places for tourists." "Dear, why shouldn't they? Sure ly they've suffered enough-they're entitled to anything they can get out of it now. Oh, he's calling to us!" Back in the road waited the car that had brought them from Rheims. The driver was waving and shouting

Now excited French, "What the Sam Hill's struck him?" "Oh, it must be that big shell hole He wants us to go around the other way. We should've let him other way.

come with us." "Guess we can get about on our owh," grumped Warren, poking a trailing wire from the path with his

cane. It was his deep-rooted aversion to guides that had brought them out to "Must be a dugout under here "Must be a dugout under here wanted to take one of the many "personally conducted" tours from But Warren, scoffing at the pipe. subberneck wagons, had chosen to work out their own itinerary. "Oh, how awful " Helen paused

by a weather-stained sign:

"'It is a despicable and unpatriotic deed to take as souvenirs any human bones that may be found on this battlefield. Any such should be reported to the provost marshal at Rheims."

"Surely that wasn't necessary," she resented. "Nobody would do anything so barbarous."

"Huh, most of these tourists are souvenir mad. They'd take home a skull if they found one-and use it for a tobacco jar."

Further on they approached the wrecked German tank they had seen from the road. Every detachable part had been carried off. leaving only the hull that suggested some

pre-historic monster. It had broken down and been abandoned in the deep mine crater in which it lay. The great black cross and some German lettering were still visible through the rust. A gaping hole and the battered plates mutely testified to the terrific shell fire,

forts. "Some of your fool tourist stunts always scribbling their names over everything." pointing a disdainful cane at the chalked names and ini-

"Fred C. Baker-Hartford, Conn. U. S. A." was a bold and recent signature on the rusty armored

plate. As a child, Helen had heard the old adage, "Fools' names are like their faces-always seen in public places." and ever after had a contemptuous aversion for that form of publicity.

"Then this was No Man's Land-

"Yes, and it mighty near got through. There's the front line." As they made their way back, Helen paused for a closer inspection of the grass-grown trenches. They were neither so deep nor so rendering it possible to classify wide as she had pictured. Those cases. The one building being fit-shallow ditches could not have ted for and devoted to the treatgiven much protection. Some halfburied sand bags and rotting supports were still in place.

Past the rear lines, and they returned to the waiting car.

A mile further on they ap-proached the great Fort of La Pompelle. Again the driver igni-fied his cagerness to accorpany care and special nursing. exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful

"About time they cleared this marked the ruins of some peasant's opening just ahead." "Go on, then! Call when you're ing the longer path around, They followed the narrow-gauge out! I'll wait here!"

railway, built to convey supplies, until the rails entered a tunnel, now she groped her way toward the light. going to leave just as it is-for a caved in. From there they were ingrimage ground?" forced to climb over steep rocky answer was like a far-off echo. paths, that recalled Alan Seeger's An anguished tive minutes An anguished tive minutes folhour famous poem, and the line, "Up lowed. She had come out on anthe bloody slopes of La Pompelle." other side of the fort and could not The summit gave a view over miles of ravaged fields, and in the tered. way

distance a shattered village. Helen pictured the night bombardments-"Warren! Warren!" with visions of him lying beneath another avathe deafening cannonading and lanche-his escape cut off. shrieking shells. At last a distant "Here!

At last a distant "Here!" brought the silence was intense. No surging relief. signs of life, not even the twittering Following his voice, she saw him

of birds, for there were no trees left hurrying toward her. to harbor them, and no leaves to "Why in blazes did you turn' off? rustle in the wind. Well, that ends your exploring." he They began their descent on the tucked her hand through his arm.

other side, past yawning mouths of "Oh, you were frightened about many dugouts. It was like a great me, weren't you?" with a thrill of mound of burrowing animals, now clation, for Warren rarely showed any concern. "What did you think extinct. "Why, it's a stove pipe!" as she when 1 was cut off way under

stumbled over a rusty, protruding there?

"Thought you were a damn fool "Dear, I feel so depressed," nestl-for poking into that hole," shattering ing closer to Warren. "Those dug-Hold on, you'll break your neck!" her hope of a sentimental moment. Eager to trace the source of the "Hello, son, where'd you come Helen half slid down a steep rom?

bank to the mouth of the excavation A ragged little boy had suddenly It was a large dugout with over appeared from behind a steep mound. whole deviltry of war mighty close. head rafters. Shelves had been cut in the earth and held in place by Apparently a self-appointed guide You'd think these countries over o the fort, he darted ahead to the here would be fed up with fightingwire netting. A broken stove lay "Voila! Voila!" as he entered, beckoning them to follow. and willing to get back to work. But they've all got a chip on their shoul-der--and they're all looking for annear the corroding pipe. A tree and willing to get back to work. But trunk that supported the rafters had "Nothing doing, young man. Had other scrap!" also, from the bristling nails, served for a clothes rack .-Il the dugouts we want for one day." (Copyright, 1921, Mabel Herbert Harper,

The ground held pools of mud from a recent rain, and the walls oozed dampness.

"Think of living in this for months -eating and sleeping. We don't know what hardship is! Oh dear, I can't help but be glad you never got over. "Tried hard enough," growled Warren, for the fact that because of a valvular heart he was three times rejected still rankled. 'Oh, it tunnels way back! I wish we'd brought a flashlight.' Warren struck a match and they

penetrated the blackness beyond. A he passage grew shailower, 'even Helen had to stoop. "It branches off here! I wonder

where this leads?" "Probably down to the road. They had a network of tunnels under the:e

Thinking he was following, Helen turned into the branch passage. A faint gleam of daylight ahead lured

A thud of falling earth! Terrified she turned to find the

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tight rope." shrugged Warren, tak-ing the longer path around. Only a few days later sible to impart to a body by artiflight years. I once heard an astronomer say

"Dear, hadn't we better go back? as an underestimate and put it down cial means. As a standard of refer- in a public lecture that he often children. Every alternoon children Helen's heart beat sickeningly as We've seen about all there is, and as 200,000,000 times the volume of ence let us take this velocity as a wished he might be born a century are taken from their classrooms to mile a second we shouldn't keep hing waiting too the sun. or two later in order to know more a vast movie hall where history and

Over 1,000 Miles a Second

"All right!" she should back. His long," thinking of the mounting fare, Now Slipher of the Lowell observ- The heavens abound with exam-lef the wonders of the heavens mod- geography lessons are thrown on the for they had hired the car by the atory, Flagstaff, Ariz, makes a speed pies of all kinds of speeds. The

Dreyer, No. 584, in the constellation an hour, with a velocity of about "Yes, guess we've had about other side of the fort and could not enough Here. Buddy, show us the of Cetus, the Whale, is dashing two-thirds of a mile a second, which back to the road," pointing in through space away from the earth is less than that of our standard that direction. "You ought to know at the velocity of almost 2,000 kilo-some short cut." at the velocity of almost 2,000 kilo-iffe bullet. This is its own proper meters, or over 1,200 miles a second, speed in its orbit around the earth

at the velocity of almost 2,000 know the bullet. This is its own proper meters, or over 1,200 miles a second, speed in its orbit around the earth. It is hard, if not impossible, for us to form a correct idea of what miles a second that the earth travels "He understands, He's really very bright," commended Helen. "I supthis speed really means. There is about the sun. The outermost pose he lives in one of those huts a question here of the bodily trans- planet. Neptune, aubles along like up the road."

ference of a material object-and a our moon with two-thirds of a mile "Here you are!" Warren thrust gigantic one at that-and not of the a second, while very distant comets two francs into the eager, grimy propagation of a wave in which the on the confines of our solar system.

particles of matter move only over a very minute space. Thus, when we To the motions of all the members As they drove off, Helen looked back over the shell-plowed fields to near a distant sound, the body pro- of our solar system we must add the the great white fort, a gaunt montabove all that panorama of

sun, and a chill wind emphasized iro motion of the particles of air. lated star like our sun, although the But in considering the speeding highest on record is about 360 miles Dreyer, we are speaking of the mo-tion of a body as a whole and of its nebulae, as a class, travel much transference to another place. In faster. The highest speed hitherto The

"Pretty grim, Kitten, Brings the the molecular one of heat as well as nebula. N. G. C. 4594 of 1.180 kilo-Passing over the customary ex-Slipher's nebula, Dreyer No. 584, acample of a railway train moving cording to the present recent deterwith a speed of 60 miles an hour, mination, new speeds along about . c., a mile a minute, or one-sixticth two-thirds faster, that is, about 2,000

ducing the sound does not come to 12 miles a second with which the sun us nor does the air that is near it, It is only the sound wates that come, and these consist only of a to and almost the typical velocity of an iso-The sombre silence, the setting

> cientific language we would call found by Shopley of Mount Wilson, his molar motion, in opposition to for any celestial object is that of the

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