

Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The "Surprise" Dicky Gave Into Madge's Hands.

I walked steadily to the door when Dicky had closed it after him, and turned the key softly in the lock. Then without undressing I threw myself on the bed in a tempest of the nervous tears which I had been stoically repressing for days.

All the pleasure afforded by Dicky's championship of me against Edith's slur concerning "investigators" had vanished, swallowed up in charge at his evident perturbation because of the patent antagonism between Edith and me.

In vain I tried to tell myself that his concern was apparently as much on my account as on Edith's—sanity had no part in the hysteria which was wreaking its will on me. I wept and sobbed until quivering and exhausted I mechanically drew a blanket over me and fell asleep.

It seemed no more than a minute or two, although in reality it was fully an hour before I was awakened by the abrupt knocking on my door. I started violently, calling in a frightened tone:

"What is it?"

"Are you dead or just asleep?" Dicky's voice came back in irritated accents. "I've been pounding here for an hour and I don't want you to get up."

I knew that in all probability he had knocked only twice or thrice before the loud summons which had awakened me. As I scrambled from the bed I caught a mirrored glimpse of myself by the light which had been extinguished.

"For the love of heaven," he exclaimed when he beheld me—he was quite true to form. I reflected a bit cynically—"whatever in the world is the matter with you?"

"I've something to ask you."

"Nothing," I returned a bit curtly. "I was so tired that I lay down for a bit before undressing, and I must have dropped off to sleep."

"He looked at me searchingly for a minute, then:

"Have it your own way. Far be it from me to pry into your inmost heart. But I've got something to ask you, and I don't want you to get your death of cold while you're listening. Hurry up, and I'll finish undressing and get into bed. I'll be back in 10 minutes."

He turned on his heel without another glance at me. I knew that despite his apparent indifference he had realized the nervous strain I had undergone, and meant to give me time to pull myself together.

I finished undressing, took down, combed and plaited my hair—always a soothing process to me—bathed my tear-stained face, and, wrapping a gayly colored kimono around me, crept back into bed. Dicky appeared promptly at the end of the 10 minutes he had named, bearing in his hands, to my great surprise a steaming cup of coffee.

"Lucky Katie got in supplies to-day before she took her triumphant, and put them all away in the places where they are generally kept. I didn't have any trouble finding them. This is camp coffee, made with cold water, but I think it's pretty good, for I drank a cup before I brought it up. I put in two lumps of sugar. That's what you always take, isn't it?"

A Quandy.

I repressed the whimsical smile which came to my lips at this question. One lump of sugar is my invariable portion, yet Dicky always says "two" when serving me. I detest more than one lump, but something in the irrepressible boyishness of his look as he held it out to me made me determined to swallow it appreciatively if it were sickish sweet.

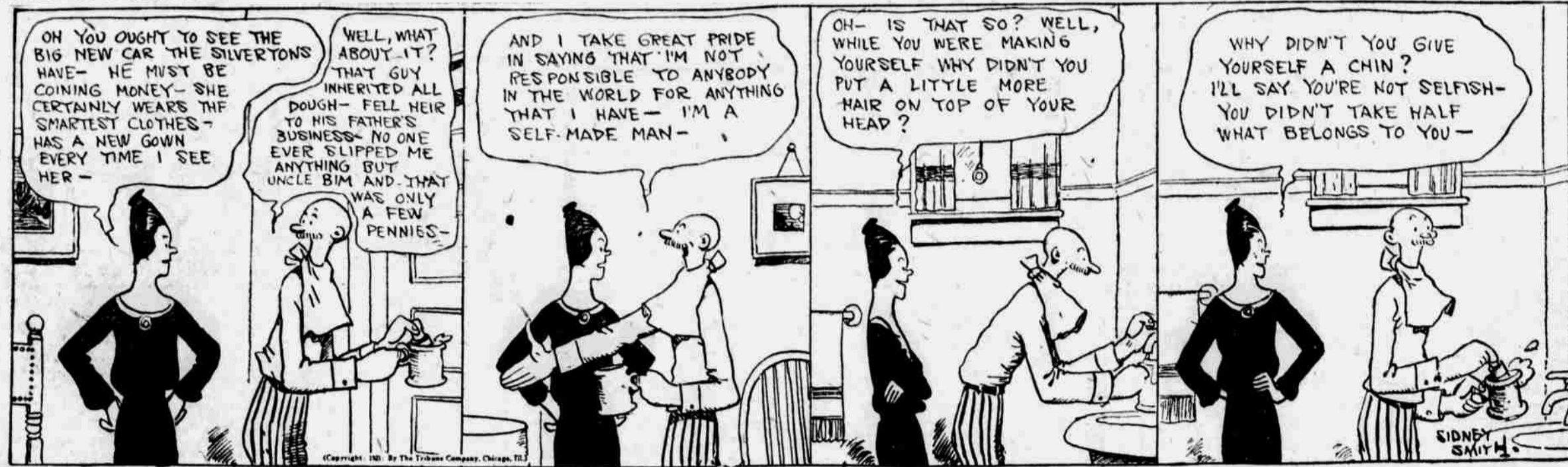
"Thank you so much, dear," I said. I sat in bed and held out my hand for the cup.

Dicky handed it to me, then deftly tucked the pillows back of me and stood waiting until I had finished the surprisingly good coffee which he had prepared.

"There's nothing like a good cup of coffee," he quoted his mother with a twinkle in his eye as he took the cup from me and set it down upon my table. Then he sat on the side of the bed, looked at me steadily for a second, and said quietly:

"I don't want you to violate any confidence, but—can you tell me whether you and Lil agree with Edith as to her theory of boys breaking in here the other night?"

THE GUMPS---



SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF TOMMY FOX BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER IV. Mother Grouse's Children. The very next day after his first lesson in hunting, when his mother had brought home the live woodchuck, Tommy Fox went off into the woods alone. He had made up his mind that he would surprise his mother by bringing home some nice



started to fly. But instead of tearing off out of danger, she lighted on the ground quite near Tommy.

"How stupid of her!" he thought. "I'll just catch the old lady first, and then get the youngsters afterward. They can't fly away."

So Tommy made a leap for old Mother Grouse. He just missed her. She rose in the nick of time and slipped away from him. But she didn't fly far. So Tommy followed. And he stole up very slyly; and once more, when he was quite near the old lady, he sprang at her.

It was really very annoying. For again old Mother Grouse just escaped. Again she flew a little further away, lighted on the ground, and seemed to forget that Tommy Fox was so near.

That same thing happened as many as a dozen times. And the 12th time that Mrs. Grouse rose before one of Tommy's rushes she didn't come down again. She lighted in a tree. And since it appeared to Tommy that she had no intention of leaving her safe perch, he gave up in disgust. He was very angry because he hadn't caught old Mother Grouse. But there was her family! He would get them—the whole 11 of them! And he turned back toward the place where he had first come upon them.

Now, sly old Mother Grouse had played a trick on Tommy Fox. If he had just left her alone he could have caught every one of her children. But she had tempted him to follow her. And every time she rose from the ground and flew a short distance, she led Tommy further away from her little ones.

Tommy had had some trouble in finding the exact spot where he had stumbled upon Mrs. Grouse and her children. But he found it again, at last. And little good it did him; for not a trace of those 11 young grouse could he discover. They had all disappeared—every single one of them! They knew what to do when their mother led Tommy Fox away.

Each of them found a safe hiding place. Some of them burrowed beneath the fallen leaves; some of them hid behind old stumps; some of them crept into a hollow log. And try as he would, Tommy Fox was unable to find so much as one downy feather.

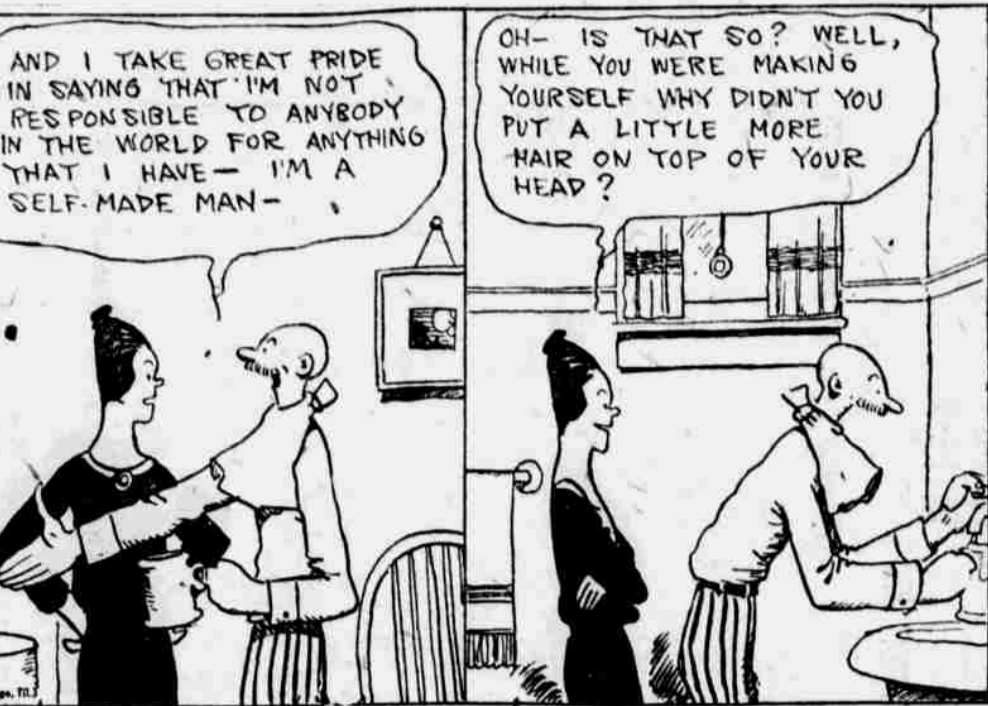
He was so disappointed—and so ashamed—that he went home and stayed there. But he had learned something. Yes! Tommy Fox knew that if he ever met old Mother Grouse and her family again he would catch her children first. Afterward he would try to capture the sly old lady herself. But he wouldn't believe, just then, that he would ever be able to catch her.

You see, Tommy realized that he wasn't quite so clever as he had thought.

The Omaha-Chicago Limited Leaves Chicago Early Effective Sunday, March 27. The Omaha-Chicago Limited via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will leave Chicago at 6:10 p. m. daily, arriving Omaha at 8:10 a. m. For reservation and full particulars call on W. E. Book, Gen. Agt., Pass Dept., Phone Douglas 4481, Omaha, Neb.—Adx.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

ANDY AND THE SCULPTOR



WHY

Is "Maundy Thursday" So Called?

"Maundy," or as it is sometimes called, "Shere Thursday," is known on the ecclesiastical calendar as "Holy Thursday," the day before Good Friday, the day on which is commemorated the Last Supper with the Apostles. The word "Maundy" comes through the old French made from the Latin mandatum, meaning a command, the reference being to the words of Christ at the Last Supper: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."

In early Christian times the chief religious rite performed on this day was the washing of the feet of poor persons or inferiors by the priest, the prelate or some noble of the community, as an act of humiliation and penance, a custom which still survives in certain sections where the Roman or Greek Catholic church is the official religion. Up until the 16th century every charity boy at the Durham cathedral in England had his face washed by a monk, and every monk then kissed the feet of a boy, and give him 30 pence, seven red herring, three loaves of bread, a water cake and something to drink.

While the ceremony of washing the feet of the poor has been gradually abandoned, it is still the custom in many places to make Maundy Thursday a day of alms-giving, a practice which has led to the erroneous statement that "Maundy" is derived from the French word for basket, supposedly on account of the fact that the alms were doled out of large baskets carried on the arm.

Columbus Allsop says it may be all right to plant potatoes in the light of the moon, but that money should always be buried in the dark of the moon.

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The get-together medium > Bee Want Ads.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham

Raz Barlow reports that he came near having an accident last Sunday afternoon. He was at the home of Atlas Peck with a lot of others, and



when Atlas got to telling about how slick the ice was during the big freeze of '84, Raz almost slipped off of the round top trunk.

Slim Flinders, who spends most of his time on Gander creek every summer, fishing, went down yesterday and sat down at several places along the stream to see if it was too damp yet to fish.

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AMUSEMENTS

THE SNOB—"A person who vulgarly affects gentility—who regards wealth or position rather than character."—DICTIONARY.

Today Friday Saturday



Wanda Hawley

DR. ANSON OF OMAHA W. E. LAWRENCE SYLVIA ASHTON JULIA FAY FAT, FUNNY WALTER HIERS In the Saturday Eve. Post story.

"The Snob"

HE was a college senior, a foot ball hero, president of his class—but he waited on Table. He fell in love with the heiress—who had been brought up according to the social register.

Mother was apoplectic with rage, but father determined to use this occasion to declare man-rule and issued an ultimatum to the hesitating prospective son-in-law.

You'll howl with delight at its swift comedy action and the clean fun of its sparkling lines and situations.

GOLF A special, reasonable subject for all lovers of this sport. Demonstrated by a master, it analyzes each difficult stroke by slow motion.

Christie Comedy Pathe News SILVERMAN'S STRAND ORCHESTRA

SUNDAY—ETHEL CLAYTON in "The Price of Possession"

March 31st 10 Days

Pola Negri Cast of 5000 The famous continental star in PASSION

Two Years to Produce Love, Laughter, Tears MIGHTY, AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Perhaps You're Mistaken People used to call tomatoes "love apples" and consider them poisonous. It took a long time to correct that false impression.

People said automobiles were never would be practical. The scoffers rode once and were converted.

Burlesk as it is presented at the Gayety may not be what you think it is.

Time, customs, manners, seasons, minds change. So has burlesk changed. So has the public attitude toward it changed. There are no longer objectionable things in burlesk. There is a broader habit of thought in our mind.

Yes, indeed! Your wife or sister or sweetheart will be welcomed, entertained and NOT offended. In a word, give burlesk at least two chances to prove its conversion. No heavy plot to digest. No sex problem to harry you. Just light, tuneful music, pretty women, lustrous nonense.

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Burlesk gains dignity daily.

Omaha Circuit SINGERS' MIDGETS Signor Frisco; Beatrice Morgan & Co. Bobby Randall; Conroy & Howard; Gordon's Circus; Peggy Bremen & Co.; Topics of the Day; Kinograms. Matinees—15c to 50c; even 75c and \$1.00 Sat. and Sun. Nights—15c to \$1.25.

A Bee Want Ad Will Work Wonders

PHOTOPLAYS

SUN Now Playing "OFFICER" The Cohan and Harris stage success

Added Feature CHARLIE CHAPLIN Only one person in the cast and that's CHARLIE.

Coming: "LYING LIPS"

MOON

Now Playing A Story that rings as true as a silver dollar.



Will Rogers in "HONEST HUTCH"

Adapted from the Saturday Evening Post story Old Hutch Lives up to it.

LAST TIMES "SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT" Friday, One Day Only

VIOLA DANA In "BLACKMAIL" SATURDAY One Day Only

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS In 'The Mark of Zorro'

BRANDEIS TODAY ALL THE FAMOUS CLASSIC

"BLACK BEAUTY" in pictures—Better than the book. Nights 25c, 50c, 75c. Mats. 25c, 50c. Special Children's Performances Daily at 4:00 p. m. (Except Sat.) Admission 17c, including tax.

Hippodrome 25th and Cuming BERT LYELL in "The Price of Redemption" Pathe News

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeteria We Appreciate Your Patronage.

MOON & Days Starting -SATURDAY-

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



In His Greatest Picture

"THE MARK OF ZORRO"

"Doug" never has or perhaps never will again produce such a picture as this. (Note: Special at the Muse—Saturday Only.)

RIALTO Off for the Egg Plant! Starting Thursday and will arrive at terminal Saturday.



Did you ever chase a chicken or have one chase you? Then Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"

The crowing romance of a rich young rooster who started out to scratch for himself. All in a basket of strictly fresh laughs, served with the sunny side up. Also playing "THE SON OF TARZAN"

A MERMAID COMEDY "BANG" Rialto Symphony Players, Harry Brader, Director Offering ZAMPA Julius K. Johnson, Organist playing "Springtime," Illustrated