

Holding a Husband  
Adele Garrison's New Phase of  
Revelations of a Wife

Wouldn't you think Mrs. Ticer would know by this time that the word 'quick' isn't in her husband's vocabulary?  
Lillian turned from the window, framing a charming picture of rolling meadow and woods, and smiled at me understandingly.  
"Women never learn, do they?" she countered. "But do you know, I noticed last year that despite his deliberate movements, he gets through an astonishing amount of work."  
"When he does work," I finished. Lillian laughed outright.  
"You mean when he changes his work," she said gayly. "I suspect that you and I might call a day's handling of a heavy wheelbarrow while fishing, quite a day's work."  
"But he'll leave any job, no matter how important, if he thinks the fish are running," I protested a bit indignantly. "I had grown quite fond of Mrs. Ticer the summer before, and I knew that the dilatory ways of her spouse tried her sorely."  
"Don't be too hard on him, Madge," Lillian said lightly. "Make some allowance for temperament and the roving foot. If he had had a different environment, Sam Ticer might have been one of our leading near-thinkers, with money enough to drop everything for a fishing trip at any moment."  
"He doesn't need money to do that," I grumbled. "That's the easiest thing he does."  
Lillian laughed and turned to the window again.

"Here's Jerry."  
"I see you have brought your inexorable measuring stick with you," she said gayly, as if the words were only a jest. But the color flamed instantly in my cheeks, for I suspected that beneath the apparently casual words lay disapproval of the too-rigid standard by which I often judge people.  
There was no opportunity, however, either for a retort or question, for a knock at the door heralded the arrival of Sam Ticer and his son, Jerry.  
"We can't cross the doorsill, for Ma'd give us Hall Columbia on account of the mud on our boots," Sam Ticer drawled, with a sidelong glance at his wife when he had opened the door and hidden them enter. "But I'm powerful glad to see you both. Ma tells me you're going to stay a spell with us. That's fine! I'm always glad when outside folks come, then I get something to eat."  
He cast a sly, humorous glance at his wife as he spoke, the look of a mischievous boy trying to get a "rise" out of his teacher. But Mrs. Ticer ignored his sally absolutely.  
"Here's Jerry," she said abruptly, pushing the ungainly boy forward. He had appeared last the summer before, but he was head and shoulders above his father now, a young giant, who some day when he shed his awkwardness, would be undeniably good-looking. His face was covered now with an embarrassed, brick-red flesh, but he met our eyes sturdily.

"A Curious Thought."  
"How d'ye do," he said, blurring the words out hastily, then turned quickly to Marion, who had come into the room with them, and whom, I remembered now, he had adored last summer. There is no slavery so abject as that of an awkward, overgrown country boy to a beautiful, dainty little city girl, and I remembered with a reminiscent smile the odd gifts he had heaped upon Marion, the summer before, culminating in a very much alive, very protesting young owl.  
"Our old cat had four kittens last night, Marion," he said hurriedly. "Want to see them?"  
"Oh! Do I?" Marion rose on her toes excitedly. "Mother—"  
"Come back for her in five minutes, Jerry," Lillian smiled. "She must get into her play clothes first."  
Jerry promptly disappeared, and Lillian soke in a low tone to Marion.  
"You know where your khaki things are—in the bottom of the brown suitcase. They are all together."  
Marion danced away with a little chuckle of delight. She revels in the khaki middy and bloomers and the stout "sneaker" shoes, which she is allowed to wear almost constantly in the country.  
"Ma says you'd like to have this room changed into a parlor," Sam Ticer drawled when Marion had disappeared. "Might have known she'd get round you to want that. She's powerful set on havin' her own way. Ma is. I'd have saved time fixin' it the way she wanted it in the first place. Now, you jest tell me what you want done."  
"Very little," I assured him promptly. "Simply exchange this bed for a couch. We'll want this old mirror and chest of drawers right here, won't we, Lillian?"  
"Surely," my friend replied, "and I have a folding screen in my trunks which I will have sent out. It will conceal the washstand beautifully, and we'll need it if we have an extra guest. And Mrs. Ticer, if you could let us have a larger table in here it would help. I am a working woman, you know."  
She turned to me as the Ticers hurried away to execute her behests, and stretched her arms luxuriously. "I've found my place," she said. "After you find the house you're looking for, I'm going to transfer the room adjoining this into a kitchenette and establish Betty, if she'll come, in the smaller bedroom upstairs. Marion and I will take the larger one and we'll have this for a dining-sitting room. It really would be folly for me to buy out here, after all."  
There was an abstracted look upon her face, and I wondered if her thoughts were with Robert Savarin, and the home he was so anxious to provide for her whenever she should give him permission.  
(Continued Monday.)

"Why"  
Is Some Music Called "Jazz?"  
Like man, another word, "jazz" has slipped into the English—or rather, into the American language like the mule of which Mark Twain wrote, "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity."  
Jazz is not a derived word. It was coined, and, according to Lieut. James Reese-Europe, U. S. A., who conducted one of the jazziest of jazz-bands, it owes its origin to a man named Razz, whose musical organization was famous in New Orleans some 15 years ago. Razz is reputed to have been the first to realize the harmony and appealing quality which reside in saxophones, trombones, snare drums and the like, when played with the snap and dash of syncopation. So he specialized in this type of music, and his fame soon spread throughout the south, imitators springing up in various sections. One of these, which toured Missouri and the middle west, styled itself the "Jazz-band"—slightly altering the name of the original leader, and in the course of a year or so the "s" were changed to "z's." Jazz-bands made their appearance from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and "jazz" slipped into the language and even into the dictionaries.  
(Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

"Do You Know the Bible?"  
(Cover up the answers, read the questions and see if you can answer them. Then look at the answers to see if you are right.)  
Follow these Questions and Answers as arranged by J. WILLSON ROY  
1. Who was Drusilla?  
2. What do we learn of Drusilla's matrimonial relations?  
3. Where do we find reference to Remphan?  
4. Who was Sergius Paulus?  
5. Who were Ananias and Sapphira?  
6. Who was Jephthae?  
Answers.  
1. The beautiful daughter of Herod Agrippa I.  
2. She was the wife of Azizus of Emesa, but when Felix became governor of Judea, he persuaded her to abandon her husband and her religion, and become his wife.  
3. See Acts vii. 43. Remphan was an idol worshipped by the Israelites in the wilderness.  
4. The Roman ruler of Cyprus, and one of Paul's converts.  
5. A married couple who conspired to deceive the apostles, and were struck dead by the Lord.  
6. One of the judges in Israel. See Judges xi; Hebrews xi. 32.  
(Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

"Where It Started"  
Punch.  
This now historic beverage was originally composed of five ingredients, spirits, lemon, sugar and spices. The name is derived from an East Indian word, punj, meaning "five." It was introduced into England from Spain, where it was originally called "ponche."  
(Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

THE GUMPS---



ANDY— WILL YOU WATCH THE BEANS AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T BURN! AND TELL THE ICE MAN WE WANT 50 POUNDS OF ICE WHEN HE COMES— I'M GOING DOWN TOWN— I'LL BE BACK EARLY—

BRING OUT THE BARGAINS—SHE'S ON THE WAY



THERE YOU GO AGAIN— I'M SHIVERING— TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY-EIGHT— MARKED DOWN FROM THREE DOLLARS—

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



OH NO— I HAVEN'T TIME TO SHOP TODAY— I'M JUST GOING DOWN TOWN AND BUY A FEW THINGS I NEED—

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



IT'S A HARD LIFE  
You could not to the hen impute  
A wish to wound or hurt you;  
She's diligent in the pursuit  
Of every homely virtue.  
With honest industry she earns  
Her breakfast, lunch and dinner,  
And for these blessings she returns  
The best that there is in her.  
Yet when the hen at last is floored  
By years of stern endeavor,  
Does she receive the just reward  
Of sterling virtue—never!  
With cold and calculating stare  
The butcher contemplates her,  
And is hurried off to where  
A casserole awaits her!  
But pat the clam upon his shell,  
His grateful glance requires you,  
He never gets a peevish spell  
Or barks, or growls or bites you.  
Within a narrow compass curled  
He has small chance for action,  
But he would not, for all the world  
Express dissatisfaction.  
Untouched by malice, greed or hate  
From recitude unswerving,  
The very noblest gifts of fate  
Are not past his deserving.  
Though dull and deaf has been his part,  
He is not hard or bitter,  
And yet the patient clam at last  
Will finish in a fritter!

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF GRUMPY WEASEL

By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY...

CHAPTER XXI.  
A New Suit.  
Throughout Pleasant Valley the very name of Grumpy Weasel was a bugaboo. Those of his size, and many a good deal bigger than he, learned early to avoid him.  
One of the first things Sandy Chipmunk's mother did was to teach



him to beware of Grumpy. And twice during his first summer Sandy caught a glimpse of Grumpy as he flashed past like a brown streak, with a gleam of white showing underneath.  
It was lucky for Sandy that on both occasions Grumpy was intent on chasing somebody or other. And each time that Sandy told his mother what he had seen, Mrs. Chipmunk said that she hoped it would never happen again.  
"I'm glad that you know what he looks like, anyhow," she added. "Oh, I'll know him if I see him!" Sandy cried.  
"Don't stop for a second look!" his mother warned him.  
"I won't!" he promised. "I won't even stop to say, 'How do you do!'"  
"I should hope not!" Mrs. Chipmunk said severely.  
So Sandy Chipmunk went through his first summer on the watch for a long, slender, brownish shape. But he never saw Grumpy Weasel again. And winter found the Chipmunk family all unharmed, and very comfortable in their cozy house below frost line.  
On mild days Sandy liked to visit the world above and find a rock bare of snow, where he could enjoy the sunshine.  
It was on one of those outings that he caught sight of a stranger headed for the stone wall near-by. At first Sandy missed seeing him, against the snow. But when he reached the wind-swept wall, Sandy couldn't help noticing him. He was a slim gentleman—and except for his black-tipped tail—was dressed all in white.  
After spending the winter underground Sandy Chipmunk was glad to talk with the first person he saw. So he called to the stranger that it was a fine day, wasn't it?  
The other wheeled about so quickly that Sandy couldn't help laughing. "Don't be nervous!" Sandy cried. "I won't hurt you!"  
But the stranger didn't answer. Once he opened his mouth. And Sandy Chipmunk had a queer feeling then that he had met the fellow before. That mouth had plenty of

white, needle-like teeth. It had a cruel look, too.  
Then the stranger jumped straight toward Sandy Chipmunk. And in that instant Sandy knew who he was. No one could leap like that except Grumpy Weasel!  
Sandy turned and ran madly for shelter. Luckily he had the advantage of Grumpy in one way. He had a bare ledge to run on, while Grumpy Weasel had to flounder for some distance through a snow-choked hollow.  
So Sandy escaped. And it was lucky that Grumpy didn't find the door to the Chipmunk family's burrow. If he had he would have gone right in himself.  
Mrs. Chipmunk blamed herself for Sandy's adventure. She had never remembered to tell her son that every fall Grumpy Weasel changed his summer dress for the one in which Sandy had just seen him.

Jefferson Potlocks has lost his watch. He lost it somewhere between here and Hog Ford, and notifies the traveling public to listen for it.  
Sim Flinders, who has been laid up with rheumatism in both feet, is convalescing. To be says a person doesn't know how handy his feet are in walking until he gets so he can't use them.  
Copyright, 1921, George Matthew Adams.

Parents' Problems  
How can a girl of 12 best be helped through a "showing off" phase?  
Pal as little attention to her as possible. The other children will no doubt help her more to overcome the "showing off" than grownups. And, in any case, it will wear off as the girl gets a little older.

Three Men Injured In Collision of Cars; Driver of One May Die

Lewis Gorat, 1302 South Sixth street, is in St. Joseph hospital with a broken leg and possible internal injuries sustained in an automobile accident at 3 yesterday afternoon at Thirteenth and Martha streets, where the automobile driven by Gorat collided with one driven by H. S. Elwood, 818 Douglas street.  
Elwood is said to be a son of James W. Elwood, president of the Northwestern School of Taxidermy and owner of the Elwood apartments, Fiftieth and Dodge streets. Both cars were nearly demolished by the terrific impact, but Elwood apparently escaped without injury.  
Gorat was caught so that the steering wheel was jammed into his abdomen. Passing motorists rushed him to St. Joseph hospital.  
With Gorat were Frank Gwana, 1304 South Sixth street, who escaped with bruises, and Ralph Dimarco, 313 William street, whose head and shoulders were badly bruised when he was hurled from the car.

Two dark Cornish chickens were shipped to Porto Rico by Leland Stafford.

BRANDEIS TODAY Mat. & Evening LAST 2 TIMES  
Mat. Today 25c & 50c  
MUTT AND JEFF AT THE RACES  
TAKE the kiddies to Bud Fisher's Musical Comedy  
Night 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 Higher  
Four Nights Starting Tomorrow The World's Greatest Musical Comedy "THE SWEETHEART SHOP" with Harry K. Morton and the original company. TICKETS—50c to \$2.50—SEATS NOW SELLING

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today  
By MILDRED MARSHALL  
The tourmaline is both the talismanic stone and the natal gem for today. As a talisman, it is said to drive away disaster from those who wear it, particularly if they receive it as a gift from a lover.  
As the natal gem of those born on an anniversary of this date, it is said to attract riches and bring honor to those who wear it. It is particularly lucky for women, as it brings to them the gifts of social leadership and popularity.  
Dark blue is today's lucky color; it bestows on its wearer confidence and self-possession.  
The white rose is the significant flower for today.  
(Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Chickens to Porto Rico  
Hardy, Neb., May 6.—(Special.)—

Men's and Young Men's SUITS \$25  
This tremendous sale, coming just at the height of the new season, offers to the men and young men of this community most ideal opportunity to buy their suits.  
We have made special price concessions to make this sale the most popular bargain festival we have ever attempted. These, added to our already low prices, have meant real cash savings to thousands of satisfied customers during this sale. Our efforts at value-giving continue—fresh, new garments arrive here each day to refill our racks—so that for Saturday we can offer an almost unlimited variety of splendid quality Suits in the latest and most favored styles. Be sure to see them tomorrow.  
Other Good Values at \$18, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40  
All new stylish suits and every one carries the famous "Palace Guarantee"  
Young Men's Suits \$18  
Ultra-fashionable garments, made of the finest all-wool materials in the newest styles so popular this Spring. Clasy pin checks, neat shadow stripes, solid colored flannels and serges, and the many more patterns and colorings so deservingly popular—all are represented in this lot of all-wool Suits. Styles for young men, in all sizes up to 36. The very suit for the student and at a price that is attractively low.  
MEN'S \$6.00 SPRING PANTS  
Made of good quality cassimeres, chevots, worsteds and homespun, in a host of the newest patterns; styles for men and young men in all sizes from 28 to 48. Priced in this sale at the unbelievable low price of— \$3.95  
MEN'S \$7.50 AND \$8.50 PANTS  
Made of all-wool cassimeres, chevots and fancy suitings, and all are superbly tailored; all sizes from 28 to 42; also a lot of all-wool flannels for young men, in green, blue or brown, in sizes from 28 to 40. In this sale at— \$5.00  
We Are Exclusive Agents for SCHLOSS BROS.' CLOTHES, the Best Clothes Made, \$38 to \$45  
Palace CLOTHING COMPANY COR. 14th & DOUGLAS

Don't Miss Opening Night  
Elks Indoor Circus  
STARTS Saturday, May 7  
AUDITORIUM - - - 8 P. M.  
Six Big Circus Acts  
Vaudeville--Cabaret  
Dancing--Side Shows  
Three Automobiles Given Away  
Season Tickets - - - 50 Cents

Empress Rustic Garden  
Under Personal Direction of Wilfrid Ledoux  
DANCING MATINEE Today 2 till 5

MOON STARTS TODAY  
CUDAHY CHILDREN (Michael and Anne) in their one big photoplay appearance  
The "Barbarian" with an all star supporting cast including Jane Novak and Monroe Salisbury.

Strand  
NORMA TALMADGE in "THE PASSION FLOWER"  
Tomorrow—All Week Beautiful, Radiant CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG In a Comedy-Drama "STRAIGHT FROM PARIS" And in Connection, Our 2ND ANNUAL STYLE SHOW Through Courtesy of The Brandeis Stores

SUN  
Last Times ALICE LAKE and LARRY SEMON  
Starts Tomorrow INA CLAIRE in a picturization of her famous Belasco stage success—"Polly With a Past" A Guaranteed Attraction

RIALTO  
Final Day CHARLES RAY in 'The Old Swimm' Hole' and ALLA AXIOM

LAUSE  
LAST TIMES FATTY ARBUCKLE  
TOMORROW A Guaranteed Attraction INA CLAIRE in her famous Belasco stage success—"POLLY WITH A PAST"

BASE BALL TODAY OMAHA VS. WICHITA  
Game Called 3:15 p. m. Box Seats at Barklow Bros.

Gayety Saturday, May 7th Mat. 2:30 Night 8:30 "JUNIOR LEAGUE REVUE"  
Orchestra \$1.50 Box Seats \$3.00 Bal. (1st 2 rows) \$1.00 Orchestra \$2.50 Bal. (1st 2 rows) \$2.00 Gallery \$1.00 Bal. \$1.50

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