

**SLEEPY-TIME TALES**  
**THE TALE OF GRUMPY WEASEL**  
By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXIV  
Fur and Feathers.

To find Grumpy Weasel, Tommy Fox went straight back to the place where he had left him. It was easy, then, to follow his queer tracks. Grumpy's legs were so short that they did not fit his lean body clear of the deep snow, except when he jumped very high; so his trail looked somewhat like that of a snake with legs.

As soon as Tommy overtook him he asked Grumpy if he had seen the stranger yet, who was dressed all in white and black, like him.

"No, I haven't. But I'm on the lookout for him all the time," said Grumpy.

"Where are you looking?" Tommy inquired.

"Oh! Everywhere!" Grumpy replied. "Behind the trees and in the bushes and back of the stone wall!"

"Have you seen any new tracks?" Tommy persisted.

"Not one!" Grumpy admitted. And then he thought he caught the flicker of a smile on Tommy Fox's narrow face.

"If there is such a person—if you've been deceiving me," he began angrily.

"I promise you that there is such a stranger in the neighborhood!" Tommy cried. "And if you don't meet him today I'll be as disappointed as you."

"It seems to me," Grumpy Weasel snapped, "you're altogether too anxious over this business. Everybody knows you're tricky. And I begin to think you're trying to get me into trouble!"

It was wonderful the way Tommy Fox could keep his temper. No matter what people said to him he could still smile if it would help him to have his way.

And now he kept up a never-ending chatter, without saying anything in particular.

The snow was deep enough, to have covered such hiding places as Grumpy Weasel liked. The stone wall, indeed, offered about the only crannies; and that was some distance away.

Tommy Fox had noticed that. And that was why he was trying to keep Grumpy Weasel where he was. For Tommy expected Mr. Snowy Owl at any moment.

"You are talking foolishness," Grumpy told Tommy Fox at last. "I don't care to waste my time listening to you." And he turned away.

"One moment, please!" Tommy begged, for the sly rascal had just caught a glimpse of Mr. Snowy Owl hovering above the trees.

"What do you want now?" Grumpy Weasel scolded, as he paused close by the old henloot where Solomon Owl sometimes sat and abused him.

"I want to see the fur fly," Tommy Fox answered wickedly.

For a moment Grumpy Weasel couldn't think what he meant. But suddenly he saw a large whitish shape dropping upon him out of the sky.

He knew then, in a flash, that Tommy Fox had deceived him. A moment more and it was all over. At least it seemed so to Tommy Fox. Whatever had happened had taken place so quickly that he couldn't see it clearly.

But there was Mr. Snowy Owl, sitting on a limb of the hemlock, where he had perched after staying half a second's time on the ground.

And Grumpy Weasel was no longer to be seen, anywhere.

"Did—did you swallow him?" Tommy Fox stammered.

Mr. Snowy Owl looked puzzled. "I don't know," he replied. "Perhaps I did! If I didn't I don't know where he is."

Tommy Fox couldn't help looking disappointed. "I'm sorry about one thing," he said. "It was all done so quickly I didn't see the fur fly!"

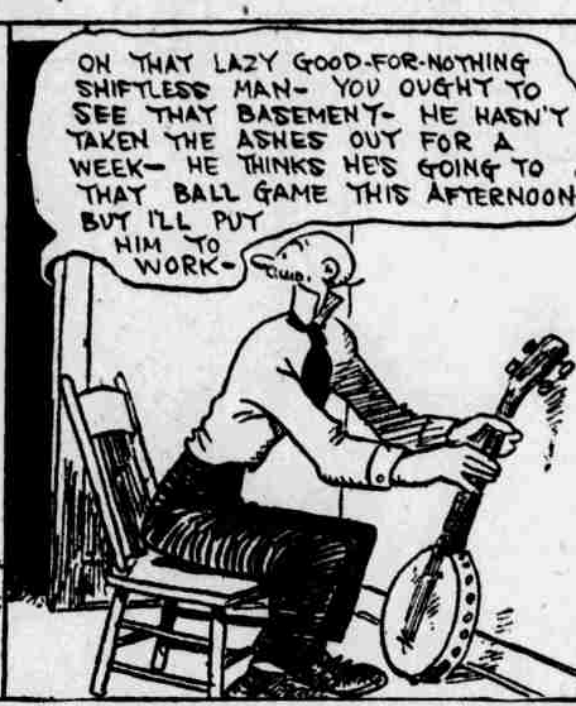
Then there was a faint sound above them. And looking up, Tommy and Mr. Owl saw Grumpy Weasel's head sticking out of a small hole high up in the tree-trunk. As they watched him Grumpy Weasel seemed to be saying something to them. They couldn't hear what it was. But no doubt it was nothing pleasant.

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**THE GUMPS---**



BE IT E-YER- SO HUMBLE- THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME-



ON THAT LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING SHIFTLSS MAN- YOU OUGHT TO SEE THAT BASEMENT- HE HASN'T TAKEN THE ASHES OUT FOR A WEEK- HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO THAT BALL GAME THIS AFTERNOON- BUT I'LL PUT HIM TO WORK-



ANDY!

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**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



**AS GOOD AS THE SOIL.**

A Yale professor contends that Yale is falling off in athletics because the impoverished soil of Connecticut raises inferior vegetables.

Silas Jones of Middlebury Didn't fertilize his soil; Silas wasn't ever very Keen for any form of toil. All the spuds he dug last autumn Turned up kind o' gaunt and pale But a wholesale grocer bought 'em For the football squad at Yale. Weren't like real potatoes should be, Didn't look or taste the same; Weak and watery as could be; That's why Princeton won the game!

Henry Smith, just out of Groton, Thought old ways were good enough; Henry didn't seem to cotton To the scientific stuff. Sickly looking were his squashes, Like a child that's nourished wrong, But the young New Haven froshes Bought and ate 'em, right along. This mistake in dietetics They adhered to as a rule Till their rank in frosh athletics Was a theme of ridicule.

Jasper Hoskins of East Haddam Wasn't smart by any means; Knew about as much as Adam Of the way to raise string beans. Crops were never alternated, Thin and droopy were the vines, And the beans weren't saturated With the needful vitamins. Notwithstanding, Jasper sold 'em In New Haven, for the crew; That's why Yale could never hold 'em When the rooters told 'em to!

**A SUPERMAN**

Ring Lardner asserts that President Harding always counts his strokes on the golf course, which is a bigger boost than even his campaign managers ever gave him.

**PROFOUND MYSTERY**

We don't see many clothing manufacturers' ads in the Dearborn Independent.

**THAT'LL DO IT FAST ENOUGH**

Apparently the only way to reduce navies is to have another war.

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**WHY**

**Does a Doctor Feel One's Pulse.**

One of the very wise provisions of nature was that, in constructing the extremely delicate machine which we term the human body, she placed at an easily accessible spot a gauge similar to that which may be found on boilers or furnaces or other man-made mechanisms. This gauge, which we call the "pulse," is the beating of an artery which lies just above a bit of bone at the wrist and is therefore very easily read, particularly by one whose fingers are well trained. By the simple action of placing his fingers on one's pulse, a physician can not only tell how often the heart is beating per minute, but whether it is working regularly or irregularly, whether it is over-stimulated and nervous, or weak and laboring. The pulse also indicates to the trained observer of the doctor the state of the arteries throughout the body, how forcibly the heart is beating and how much pressure there is inside the blood vessels of the body between the heart beats. The latter points of course, have to be brought out in greater detail by means of prolonged examination, but the pulse is indicative of so many things, that it may be called the dial of the body as a whole, showing whether the master mechanism—the heart—is functioning in the proper way, and suggesting immediate remedies for faults which may have become manifest in the circulatory system.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**Elks Indoor CIRCUS**  
Auditorium  
Every Night This Week at 8 P. M.  
Admission 50 Cents

**BEATTY'S**  
Co-Operative Cafeterias  
We Appreciate Your Patronage.

**Romance in Origin Of Superstitions**  
By H. IRVING KING.

**Turtles.**

There are several superstitions prevalent in the United States regarding turtles, the most common of which are that a turtle bites you it will not let you go until it thunders; and that if you cut off a turtle's head the body will live for nine days afterwards. These superstitions are remnants of the cult of Cybele—or Rhea as she is sometimes known — the

PHOTOPLAYS.



PHOTOPLAYS.

**Silverman's Strand Orchestra**  
Playing at 2:50, 8:00, 9:45  
"Mlle. Modiste"  
NEWS - COMEDY  
Sunday--"Deception"

"Mother of the Gods," which, originating apparently in Phrygia, spread over Europe in the days when the gods and goddesses whiled away the hours on high Olympus. The turtle — or tortoise — was sacred to Cybele; and Jupiter, the thunderer, was Cybele's son and chief of the immortals. So when Cybele's turtle bites you he will not voluntarily relinquish his hold unless he hears the thunders of Cybele's mighty son. The belief that the turtle's body lives just nine days after the head is cut off is another remnant of the cult of Cybele. "Lars Porsena of Clusium by the nine gods he swore" — the same being the Nine Gods of the

PHOTOPLAYS.

**Strand**  
Second Annual Style Show  
THE latest creations displayed by living models in conjunction with a beautiful musical and scenic attraction.  
Through the Courtesy of J. L. Brandeis & Sons In Connection With the Photoplay—  
**Clara Kimball Young**  
In **Straight From Paris**  
NEWS - COMEDY  
Sunday--"Deception"

**THE BANKERS RESERVE LIFE COMPANY**  
Home Office, Omaha, Nebraska  
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We Write Legal Reserve Policies Only—  
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Phone Douglas 0776  
We Have a Few Excellent Openings for Good Men

**BRANDEIS TONIGHT**  
Edgar J. MacGregor presents The Original Knickerbocker Theater Co. IN **The Speed Limit Musical Comedy**  
"The Sweetheart Shop"  
With Harry K. Morton and chorus of orchid beauties.  
"If you are interested in knowing who is probably going to amuse the multitude in days to come, go over to the Brandeis and watch Harry K. Morton.—Col. McCullough in Omaha Bee.  
Tickets—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.  
Three Days, Starting Tomorrow  
Charles Frohman presents **RUTH CHATTERTON** IN **The J. M. Barrie Play "MARY ROSE"**  
Surrounded by positively the same superb cast seen during the season's run at the New York Empire Theater.  
Nights—50c to \$2.50. Mat.—50c to \$2.00.  
**BRANDEIS** OPENING SUN. EVE, MAY 15.  
Organized 12 Years—Direct From 40 Weeks in Des Moines  
**PRINCESS PLAYERS**  
"America's Foremost Stage Company" IN **"POLLY WITH A PAST."**  
SEATS NOW  
Make Your Season Mat. Wed. Sat. Reservations 25c, 50c, Eve. 50c, \$1

**Phonograph**  
Valeska Suratt  
RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS; BAILEY & COWAN; CHARLES IRWIN; Gray and Old Moss; Keating & McClay as Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer; The Naggyras; York's Educated Coonies Pupils; Topics of the Day; The Path News  
Matinees, 15c to 50c; some 75c and \$1.00 Sat. and Sun. Nights, 15c to \$1.25.

**EMPRESS** LAST TIMES TODAY  
CAL DEAN & SORORITY GIRLS, Miniature Musical Comedy; WELLS & DEVEREAUX, Singing and Talking; FRANK & KITTY HAGEN, "Smiles and Whirls"; NAIO & RIZZO, The Violinists and the Accordionists; Photoplay Attraction—"JUST OUT OF COLLEGE," Featuring JACK PICKFORD.

**Parents' Problems**

How can a bright, clever girl of 14 be taught not to monopolize the attention of callers, but to give her sister of 13 a shy, retiring girl, a chance?  
The mother should talk plainly with the 14-year-old girl. Tell her that it is both selfish and discourteous to monopolize attention. Make plain to her that the perfect hostess is the one who brings out the charm in others, keeping herself in the background. Tell her to play hostess to her older sister.

**Road Engineers to Meet.**  
McCook, Neb., May 10.—(Special.)—A conference of highway engineers and of county commissioners of the 13 counties in the McCook highway district of Nebraska, D. L. D., will be held in McCook next Friday.

**SUN**  
NOW PLAYING

**RIALTO**  
NOW BOB HAMPTON of PLACER  
Special prologue with troupe of genuine Blackfoot Indians from Glacier National Park furnished by U. S. Government.

**HAMILTON**  
Apartment Hotel  
Fireproof  
FARNAM AT 24th  
Newly Furnished and Equipped  
Per Day - \$ 1.50 Up  
Per Week - \$10.50 Up  
A Satisfactory Place to Live

**AMUSE**  
TODAY AND TOMORROW  
FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORPORATION presents **The Inside of the Cup**  
From the Celebrated Novel by Winston Churchill

**MOON**  
NOW HENRI BERNSTEIN'S World-Wide Stage Success **"The Thief"**  
With an All-Star Cast, Including Pearl White