

THE GUMPS-- THE TALE OF BOBBY BOBOLINK

CHAPTER VIII. The House in the Meadow. Bobby Bobolink and his wife had talked a good deal about the home they were going to have.

And unlike some people, who are forever planning things but never begin the actual doing of them, they soon set to work to build their nest.

First, of course, they had to find a pleasant place for it. So they looked the ground over carefully.

Bobby Bobolink favored the exact center of the big meadow as a building site, for he said that if Johnny Green ever came into the meadow he was more likely to take a short cut across the corner than he was to walk straight through the middle.

"You may not know," he said to his wife, "that Farmer Green doesn't care to have the grass on the farm trampled down."

But Mrs. Bobolink replied that there were other things to think of. She said that she liked to live in a rather moist place—that such a spot

was comfortable in hot weather. And furthermore she wanted to be near water. "If you need a drink on a warm day it's not always convenient to go far out of your aw for it," she pointed out.

Well, Bobby Bobolink saw at once that Mrs. Bobolink had made up her mind, and there was no use trying to change it. Besides, he wanted to please her.

"Then, my dear, where would you like to have our house built?" he asked. "I should prefer to settle in the lower end of the meadow, near Cedar Swamp," she replied. "The ground thereabouts is just damp enough to suit me. And there's plenty of water to drink in the swamp. . . . Besides," she added, "it's somewhat marshy in that part of the meadow."

"And you won't find Johnny Green trespassing down there. He might get his feet wet!" Bobby Bobolink turned his head away so that his wife wouldn't notice the smile that flitted across his face. He saw that Mrs. Bobolink didn't know Johnny Green very well.

In summer Johnny almost always went barefooted. And he never minded getting his feet wet any more than Paddy Muskrat did. But if his wife wanted their nest near the swamp, Bobby Bobolink was willing to oblige her.

"Very well!" he said. "Let's go down there now and look for the best place to build."

So off they flew. And after a careful search they discovered a snug little hollow in the ground that entirely suited them both.

Since the spot was somewhat moist, early in the season as it was the grass grew thick and high all around, making a fine screen to prevent prying eyes from seeing what was to be hidden there.

Having decided on their building site, Bobby Bobolink and his wife began to gather weed stems, leaves and coarse grasses, all left over from the year before and dried out by the spring sunshine. Those served for the outside of the nest. As for the inside, they lined that with soft, fine grasses, because they expected to keep something precious in that nest before a great while.

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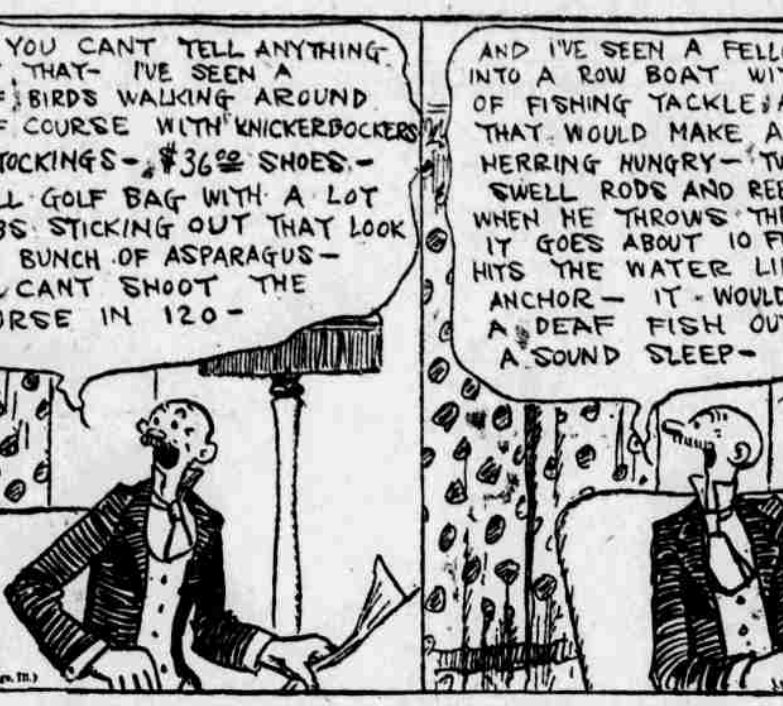
Romance in Origin Of Superstitions. Itching nose means visitors. The idea that an itching nose means that "company is coming" or "a stranger is coming" is now merely a common and widespread superstition.

Where It Started. The Republican Party. The republican party was organized in Franklin Pierce's administration 1853-1857. Its original platform rested on the abolition of slavery in the territories, the prohibition of polygamy, and the admission of Kansas as a free state.

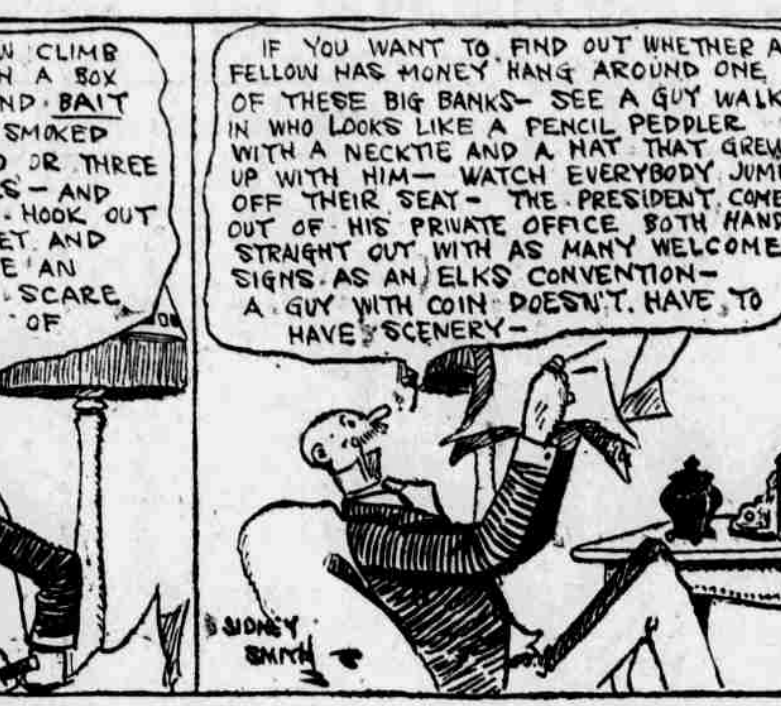
THE GUMPS-- ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS



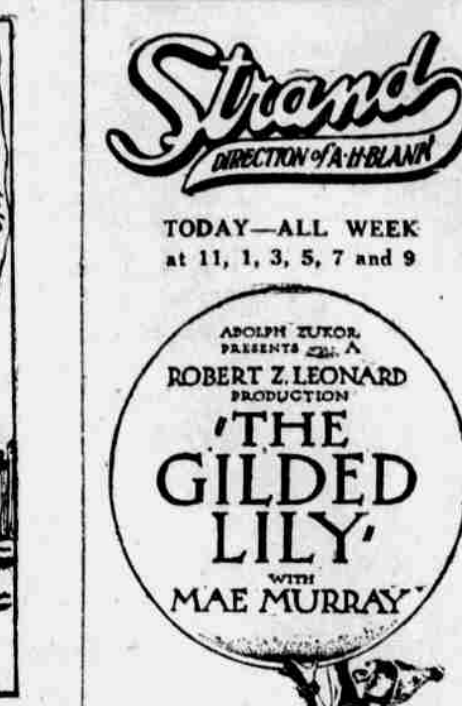
THAT FELLOW FRED EVIL MUST HAVE MONEY-- HE CERTAINLY WEARS WONDERFUL CLOTHES-- AND A FLOCK OF JEWELRY-- HE MUST BE A MILLIONAIRE--



AW-- YOU CANT TELL ANYTHING ABOUT THAT-- IVE SEEN A LOT OF BIRDS WALKING AROUND A GOLF COURSE WITH KNICKERBOCKERS-- \$9.95 STOCKINGS-- \$3.62 SHOES-- A SWELL GOLF BAG WITH A LOT OF CLUBS-- STICKING OUT THAT LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF ASPARAGUS-- THAT CANT SHOOT THE COURSE IN 120--



AND IVE SEEN A FELLOW CLIMB INTO A ROW BOAT WITH A BOX OF FISHING TACKLE AND BAIT THAT WOULD MAKE A SMOKED HERRING HUNGRY-- TWO OR THREE SWELL RODS AND REELS-- AND WHEN HE THROWS THE HOOK OUT IT GOES ABOUT 10 FEET AND HITS THE WATER LIKE AN ANCHOR-- IT WOULD SCARE A DEAF FISH OUT OF A SOUND SLEEP--



IF YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHETHER A FELLOW HAS MONEY HANG AROUND ONE OF THESE BIG BANKS-- SEE A GUY WALK IN WHO LOOKS LIKE A PENCIL PEDDLER WITH A NECKTIE AND A HAT THAT GREW UP WITH HIM-- WATCH EVERYBODY JUMP OFF THEIR SEAT-- THE PRESIDENT COMES OUT OF HIS PRIVATE OFFICE BOTH HANDS STRAIGHT OUT WITH AS MANY WELCOME SIGNS AS AN ELKS CONVENTION-- A GUY WITH COIN-- DOESN'T HAVE TO HAVE SCENERY--

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE SEA AND LAND

When Molly's on the raging main Five hundred miles from shore, I do not need to pine in vain To hear her voice once more, I know that swiftly through the air Across the stormiest sea The wireless telephonic will bear That silvery voice to me.

When Molly's just across the street. And I am all alone, My central vainly I entreat To get her on the phone, I fuss and fret and stew and row, Well knowing all along, She'll answer, "Line is busy now." Or else she'll get it wrong.

Of course it's comforting to know When Molly's outward bound, No matter how the gales may blow, Or how the waves leap round, No matter if the skies are gray And turbulent the weather, That science has found out a way To let us talk together.

It's comforting, I say--but yet When Molly's safe on land, In vain I fuss and fume and fret The 'phone book in my hand, With telephonic wonders more Astonished I should be, If I could talk to her on shore As well as on the sea!

MISTAKE SOMEWHERE. We begin to suspect that the War department mislaid the slacker list and printed the roll of honor as a substitute. NO WONDER. Once Mr. Beauvais was an Indian guide. Now he is a guyed Indian. SPOILED IT. Nobody was worried about Big Bill Hayward's departure till he sent word that he was coming back.

WHY

Does a Crowded Room Induce Headaches?

Everyone who has suffered for an hour or more in a room which is packed with people--a small theater or a court room, for example--knows by experience the throbbing, congested feeling of the head which follows confinement of this kind, and is apt to blame it on the fact that a large number of other people are present, while the real reason lies in a totally different direction. One can easily acquire a headache by remaining in a small room, alone, providing the doors and windows are closed and there are no cracks large enough for the admission of a fair amount of fresh air. In other words, it is the lack of sufficient oxygen which causes the headache in this case, rather than the presence of a large number of people--though the larger the assemblage, the quicker the available oxygen is consumed.

In addition, the heat and moisture given off by the bodies of those present interfere with the proper function of the pores of the skin, and the body makes an effort to throw off its water by increasing the flow of blood. In a short time the brain begins to throb, and this sensation soon changes to a steady prolonged headache, which may result in a fainting spell if fresh air is not supplied.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY. Expressing Your Opinion.

There are some persons so secretive in nature that even when it would be to their advantage to speak the truth they cannot seem to compel themselves to be frank when asked questions which affect themselves vitally.

These persons are not deceitful, but so reserved and afraid of asserting themselves that they cannot speak their own minds till goaded to it by circumstances which have become unbearable.

You may be one of those super-sensitive individuals. If so you have realized a great many times how much better off you would be if you could get others to understand your attitude on certain subjects.

Perhaps others have tried in vain to get you to show by some sign just what you want and what you think. You long with all your heart to have some one understand you. But you fail to divulge anything which would indicate your preference or your opinion.

You are mighty foolish. You have a good mind and logical thought, so use your mind to show you the folly of keeping everything to yourself when you might get what you want by a calm mention or explanation of your desires.

PEONY PARK

Omaha's Newest and Best Dancing Pavilion and Play Ground Opens SATURDAY EVE., MAY 28TH Music by ROHAN'S ORCHESTRA. Located on West Dodge Road, Opposite Peony Farm

Marine Corps Recruiting Station Opened in Omaha

A temporary recruiting station has been opened in the Arcade hotel, Thirteenth and Douglas streets, by the United States marine corps. This station will close Saturday, May 28. Sergeant James F. Taite, who has served nearly 30 years in the corps, and is a veteran of the Spanish-American and world wars, will be in charge.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Announcement Lillian Woke Madge to Make. My fatigue and disappointment were so great that even Mrs. Ticer's announcement that she knew of a place I might get aroused no enthusiasm in me.

All I wanted was rest and food, the first chiefly, and with a nod of gratitude to my hostess I climbed down stiffly and went into the old wing of the house which the Ticers had fixed up for our occupancy. Lillian kept pace with me as I climbed the steps, and I heard her whisper something to Marion as the child clung to her hand. The little girl danced away--my tired brain registered a note of amazement at the endurance of childhood, for she had been as long in the car as I--and then I had sunk into a comfortable rocker in the room upstairs which was temporarily mine, and Lillian, looking bright and rested after her day in bed, sat down on a hassock at my feet and began to undo my shoes.

"It is my turn now," she said firmly, as I protested and tried to draw away my foot. "I obeyed you this morning, and feel like a goddess. Now I'm doctor, and you're to take my prescription without a quibble. It's very simple. One quick, cool sponge, one nightgown, one glass of warm milk, one nap. Then you can wake up, put on your bathrobe and slippers, eat your supper--Mrs. Ticer will keep it hot for you if it's ready before you awaken--and then we'll talk our heads off. I think she really has a good idea, so you can go to sleep without worrying."

Utter Exhaustion. "I don't care if nobody ever has a home," I returned sleepily, and Lillian laughed heartily, as having drawn off my shoes she swung me to my feet. "I'll bring the milk up when you're in bed," she said, and I heard her swift, sure footsteps descending the stairs, and wondered again at her resilience. I dobed, every muscle protesting, balled quickly and slipped between Mrs. Ticer's sheets, redolent of the lavender which is the pride of her herb garden. If Lillian had not appeared with the warm milk before I was fairly in bed I should have been too sunken in slumber to drink it. As it was I felt my eyelids closing over the glass, heard as if from another room Lillian's low laugh as she drew the coverlet over me.

"If you have any difficulty getting to sleep," she said mockingly, "I'll come up and sing to you." I grinned sleepily in answer, and knew nothing more until the high, sweet notes of a lark outside my window woke me. I sat up in bed, wondering confusedly how it was that a bird was singing in the evening. It took me several bewildered seconds to realize that I had slept soundly and undisturbed all the night. I realized something else also, that I was ravenously hungry. I looked at my watch to see how long it would be before breakfast time. Disappointed, I found that it was barely daylight, and began to reckon how long it would be before Mrs. Ticer would arise. I knew that she would get me something as soon as she was awake.

Something white fastened to one of the posts at the foot of the bed attracted my attention. I sprang out of bed, seized it, and carried it to the window, smiling as I saw what it was--a crudely painted sign. I guessed that Lillian had permitted Marion to indulge her melodramatic instincts in the fashioning of it.

Two Surprises. "Look in THE CORNER ON THE TABLE," the straggling scrawl ran. I slipped on my bathrobe and mules, followed the direction of the slip, and found on a covered tray in the corner of the room near an open window some delicious sandwiches wrapped in a dampened cloth to keep them fresh, a sliced and sugared orange, and a small thermos bottle, which, when I opened it, gave forth the aroma most appealing to my nostrils in the morning, that of hot coffee. Another note, in Lillian's handwriting, was tucked beneath the sandwiches. "Don't be greedy and spoil your regular breakfast," it read. "I smiled incredulously as I hastened to discuss the appetizing lunch. With the hunger that was impelling me I felt equal to a dozen breakfasts. But I finally satisfied even my ravenous appetite, and, still drowsy--for there is no fatigue quite so sleep-impelling as that following the driving of a car all day, especially in bracing air like that of the east end of the island--I tumbled into bed again, slept until Lillian came into the room and put her hand upon my shoulder. I opened my eyes, startled, and saw her smiling mirthfully at me.

"The Seven Sleepers would crawl under the bed in shame if they could see you," she declared. "I would not disturb you only that I know--" "I ought to be ashamed of myself," I said, springing out of bed. "And I have so much to do, too." "Yes, you have, I fancy, but in a different way than you have imagined," she replied enigmatically. "So hurry down and eat your breakfast, and then Mrs. Ticer will tell you all about it. But I think I can safely announce that your troubles are over. You can have a house if you care to buy a run-down place cheaply and fix it up."

Parents' Problems. "Will it be detrimental to a child who loves animals to grow up without a pet?" A child who loves animals should certainly have a pet; the care of such a pet develops a sense of responsibility and the habit of regularity in the performance of small duties--and is, perhaps, a child's greatest pleasure. Not only a child who loves animals, but also one who appears not to like them, or is indifferent to them, should have a pet, for the sake of the training it provides and the pleasure it gives.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham

While the entire neighborhood was at church last Sunday the Old Miser of Musket Ridge decided it



was a safe time to get his money out and count it.

Jefferson Potlocks went to the store Tuesday and asked how much he owed. He said he did not want to pay it right then, but that he just wanted something to bother about so that he could get his mind off of his other troubles.

Salem Barlow inquired, at the General Delivery window this morning if there was any mail for him. He knew there wasn't any, but thought maybe there might be.

AMUSEMENTS

Opera House. Mat. Daily, 2:15; Every Night, 8:15 ALICE LYDDE; BOBBY O'NEILL; HOLMES & LA VERE; CLARK & VERDI; Thomas F. Jackson; Everett's Novelty Circus; Otto & Sheridan; Marguerite & Alvarez; Topics of the Day; Pathé News; Matinee, 15c to 50c; some 75c and \$1.00. Sat. and Sun. Nights, 15c to \$1.25.

EMPRESS. TWO SHOWS IN ONE. THREE LEES, Watch the Pipe; MODRE & SHY, Presenting a Study in Contrast; WALCH & RAND, Singers de Luxe; SNELL & VERNON, Presenting "An Artistic Diversion." Photo-play Attraction--VIVIAN MARTIN in "The Song of the Soul."

BRANDES. NOT TODAY--But the Rest of the week. Matinee--PARLOR and BATH. Mark Swan's Success, presented by the PRINCESS PLAYERS. Mat. 25c, 50c--Eve. 50c, 75c, \$1.00

MOON

Now Playing The International Screen Star The World's Greatest Dancer

DORALDINA

And Her \$100,000 Dancing Legs

IN PERSON

Today--3:20, 7:40, 9:30 In conjunction with her sensational photoplay--

"Passion Fruit"

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. At what place did Peter raise Dorcas from the dead? 2. By what other name was Dorcas known? 3. What miracle did Peter perform at Lydda? 4. What was the name of the healed man? 5. What question did Philip ask the Ethiopian on the way to Gaza? 6. What was the Ethiopian's reply?

- Answers. 1. At Joppa. See Acts ix:40. 2. Tabitha. 3. Healed a man who had been bedridden for eight years by palsy. 4. Aeneas. See Acts ix:33. 5. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" Acts viii:30. 6. "How can I, except some man should guide me?" (Copyright, 1921, by Wheeler Syndicate.)

Two Englishmen have invented an electro-magnetic clutch to automatically regulate the electrical output of a generator or the driving power of a motor.

SUN

Now Playing BERT AYTELL

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS"

BUSTER KEATON

In his latest comedy--The Haunted House

PHOTOPLAYS

Strand

TODAY--ALL WEEK at 11, 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9

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MAE MURRAY



One of the Year's Outstanding Photoplays

She was New York's gayest, most daring dancer. And two men loved her.

But one loved the tinsel and the glamour--the other loved the real girl.

Their conflict makes a drama of unequalled power and beauty. Scenically one of the most gorgeous pictures ever made, and Miss Murray's biggest triumph.

RIALTO

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

"MAMMA'S AFFAIR"

Also A Lehrman Comedy, "Punch of the Irish"

HARRY KESSELL--Tenor. Symphony Orchestra.

American Legion Carnival Center

J. George Loose Show, under auspices of American Legion, Douglas City Post No. 1.

Commencing Monday, May 30, 7:30 P. M., to June 4 ONE SOLID WEEK OF FUN

300 People 25 Cars MILITARY BRASS BAND Decency and Quality First Show Grounds, 16th and Jones Sts.

The American Legion

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"THE JUCKLINS"

TOMORROW "Paying the Piper"

EMPRESS RUSTIC GARDEN

Omaha's Finest Dancing Palace Cooled by Trayboun Fans Always Comfortable Under the Personal Supervision of W. Ledoux

Hamilton Apartment HOTEL

FIREPROOF Farnam at 24th--(Business Center) Per Day, \$1.50 Up Per Week, \$10.50 Up Newly Furnished and Equipped A Satisfactory Place to Live

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\$100.00 REWARD FOR THE ARREST AND CONVICTION of party or parties who early Sunday morning destroyed the pictures of DORALDINA which were nailed to the fence surrounding the property owned by the World Realty Co. at the Northwest Corner of 15th and Douglas Streets. Reward Will Be Paid by The Moon Theater

MOON Now Playing The International Screen Star The World's Greatest Dancer DORALDINA And Her \$100,000 Dancing Legs IN PERSON Today--3:20, 7:40, 9:30 In conjunction with her sensational photoplay-- "Passion Fruit" Coming Next Week--THE SUN The County Fair

A Bee Want Ad Will Work Wonders