

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MRS. LADYBUG BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER I The Polka Dot Lady.

Little Mrs. Ladybug was a worker. Nobody could deny that. To be sure, she had to stop now and then, to talk to her neighbors, because Mrs. Ladybug dearly loved a bit of gossip. At the same time there wasn't anyone in Pleasant Valley that helped Farmer Green more than she did. She tried her hardest to keep the trees in the orchard free from insects.



Some of her less worthy neighbors

creature?" Mrs. Ladybug often asked her friends.

It will appear, from this, that Mrs. Ladybug was not always as pleasant as she might have been. Moreover, she was something of a busy-body and too fond of prying into the affairs of others. And if she didn't happen to approve of her neighbors, or their ways, Mrs. Ladybug never hesitated to speak her mind right out.

When she first appeared on Farmer Green's place, wearing her bright red gown with its black spots, everyone supposed that Mrs. Ladybug was dressed in her working clothes. And indeed she was! Nor did she ever do any other.

"We've no time to fritter away," she declared when somebody asked her what she was going to wear to Betsy Butterly's party. "If I go to the party I'll just drop in for a few minutes as I am, in my polka dot."

Her neighbors thought that very strange. They even whispered to one another that they didn't believe Mrs. Ladybug had anything else to wear.

Nor had she. Nor did she want any. And it wasn't long before everyone understood Mrs. Ladybug's ways. She was so earnest that they couldn't help liking her, no matter if her remarks were a bit tart now and then.

That might seem an odd remark—unless one happened to know how Mrs. Ladybug freed the orchard of the tiny pests that attacked it. The truth of the matter was this: Mrs. Ladybug ate the little insects that fed upon the fruit trees. Her constant toil meant that she devoured huge numbers of Farmer Green's enemies.

Goodness knows what Farmer Green would have done had Mrs. Ladybug and all her family lost their taste for that kind of fare. The orchard might have been a sorry sight.

Perhaps it was only to be expected that Mrs. Ladybug should have little patience with folk that seemed lazy. She thought that Freddie Firey wasted too much of his time dancing in the meadow at night. She considered Buster Bumblebee, the queen's son, to be a useless idler, dressed in his black velvet and gold. Having heard that Daddy Longlegs was a harvestman, she urged him to go to work for Farmer Green at harvest time. And as for the beautiful Betsy Butterly, Mrs. Ladybug found all manner of fault with her.

Nothing made Mrs. Ladybug angrier than to see Betsy Butterly flitting from flower to flower in the sunshine, followed by her admirers.

"What can they see in that gaudy creature?" Mrs. Ladybug often asked her friends.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY. Enthusiasm.

When you apply for a position do not attempt to make your prospective employer think that you know practically all there is to know about the line of work you are seeking.

Talk of this kind convinces him that you are not in a mood for learning, and when a man ceases to learn he ceases to progress, which means he goes back in whatever line he has excelled.

Employers are not after a man who is sliding backwards. Employers want men who are sufficiently proficient to make valuable help, but they also want men who feel that they have yet much to learn, and this desire to learn must be strong enough to absorb as well as learn what is actually taught.

If a man realizes that he does not know it all he will absorb knowledge. Also a man who is not a "know it all" will be willing to adopt new ways to suit the ideas of his firm.

Tell your prospective employer the truth, the experience you have had, and show by your attitude that you want to please and get all the information you can as you go along, and that you want to advance.

The man who says this and really means it is making a good impression and stands more chance of getting the job.

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My Marriage Problems

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"

What Bess Dean Calmly Told Madge Was Her Plan.

"Bess Dean!" I sprang to my feet, letting the papers and letters fall unheeded to the ground. "Wherever did you drop from?"

It was the most banal of greetings, but it was the only one I could think of in the confusion of seeing her and the certainty that without telling a deliberate lie, I could not say I was glad to see her.

My attitude toward Bess Dean always has been one of distinctly mixed emotions. I admire her rather superficial brilliancy, enjoy sometimes the clever, flashing chatter which in her general manner of speech, and behind which I think she masks whatever real thoughts she may have, for I never have seen her serious, while I disapprove of the hardness, the cynicism, the petty unscrupulousness which I believe her to possess. I think she has enough conscience and cool blood to keep her from being fiendishly evil as Grace Draper is, or cautiously wicked as is Rita Brown.

"You seem surprised." The best thing about Bess Dean always has been her friendship for Alice Holcombe, now Alice Stockbridge. And the news which Alice had written that Miss Dean had not been asked to come back to the Bayview school because of her championship of Alice and Kenneth Stockbridge, softened my heart toward her, although I instinctively felt that unpleasantness for me was apt to follow her presence in my vicinity.

I had not forgotten the distinct penchant she had shown for Dicky upon several occasions, notably my last meeting with her, when she "biggy go to Cork" tactics I had thwarted her expressed wish to pose for one of Dicky's magazine illustrations. That she had comprehended and resented my maneuver and its success with Dicky I knew from a little stinging reminder that she "would not forget my efforts" to help her. But in her laughing face now there was nothing but friendly good-humor, save for the touch of malice which always appears to lurk in her eyes.

"You seem surprised, ma cherie," she said with a Gallic little shrug. Although I happen to know from Alice Stockbridge that there is no French blood in Bess Dean's ancestry, yet I have observed that she delights to use French words and phrases, not always correctly, and affects sometimes a foreign sprightliness of manner which I think has been a matter of painful acquirement. Her natural cynical malicious rancor is much more attractive.

Less Maneuvers. "You really startled me," I returned. "And yet, I was just reading Alice's letter which said that you were at her wedding, and that I might see you. I see what she means now."

"No you don't, unless Alice's a mind reader," she rejoined tartly, "and I never gave her credit for any particular powers in that direction. I didn't know myself that I was coming up in this section. But she

read me a letter in which you raved over the beauties of the region, and having been brought up on Washington Irving myself, and having an extra two weeks—oh, you private schools, I'm for you—I thought that I'd mander up this way and see what it looked like. You haven't established any monopoly on the region, have you?"

"No, indeed," I rejoined, laughing at the piquant little mouth with which she punctuated her question. "Where are you staying?"

"I'm not staying anywhere," she retorted. "I came up last night, got off at this station because it was your address and went to the only hotel, the Cold Spring House, for the night. Then I came down here at meal time, because I thought I probably would have the opportunity to say 'Surprise, surprise!' and find out something about the farm resorts down here. No hotels for me! A picturesque farmhouse for me! What's the matter with that, paradise you've been touting to Alice? Or would I be too disturbing an element?"

There was more than a tinge of malice in her voice and eyes now. They plainly said that if I did not arrange for her to stay at Mrs. Cosgrove's she would interpret my action as having its worst in apprehension of her being thrown into Dicky's companionship. Of course, being a woman and proud, I did exactly what she had maneuvered for me to do—summoned my sunniest smile and most cordial tones.

"Indeed, I think you'd be just what we need!" I said with an enthusiasm that I flatter myself was plausible. "We've been dull as ditch water all summer. But I do not know whether Mrs. Cosgrove has any possible place to stow you away. Nevertheless, you must come back with me to dinner—only noon dinners up here, you know—and then we'll find out about it."

"That will be delightful," she returned. Then, as we walked toward the postoffice, where I had left Junior and Marion, she remarked as if a bit puzzled: "Funny old Allie should say I might see you. I never opened my head about it."

But I, knowing Alice Stockbridge's keenness of perception, realized that she had read her friend's determination and had done her best to give me a subtle warning and prepare me for the visit.

Jack and Jill

Jill accepted the half of the morning paper that Jack always handed her, while he shut himself up in his shell of the front page as custom dictated.

Suddenly he heard Jill's sharp little exclamation.

"Well?" he asked mildly, frowning down the paper with a little sigh.

"Where's the other part of the paper?" she asked. He handed it over with a grunt of resignation.

"I'll bet you are looking for the society page so you may see what some of your pals wrote at the Reynolds' tea," he murmured. Jill paid no heed but searched on, page by page.

"Humph!" Jack spread the marmalade thick on the last slice of toast, and waited.

But Jill's search went right on, regardless of her impatient lord and master, for it was an unwritten rule in the household that Jack must not take the newspaper to town with him on mornings. And the extravagance of two papers was out of the question. Jill did not know, to be sure, that her Jack smoked two eleven-cent cigars because he had nothing to read, whereas he had a newspaper on the train he would have smoked only one cigar, or—more economical still—might have been content with a couple of cigarettes. Jack smoked cheap ones!

"Well?" he ventured, finally, and with exaggerated patience.

"Oh, you cross-patch," cried Jill. "Can't you wait a minute?"

"Can't you read that when I've had a look at it and know, to be sure, that it isn't worth your while?" he insisted plaintively.

"No—I want—" she started. "Then a sense of acute alarm seized Jack.

"Oh, I know—you want me to get something in a store," he said despondently. "You're not looking for the society page at all."

This came from him accusingly. Jill only smiled absently.

"My darling old grizzlie," she laughed, "I never said I was looking at the ads."

"You don't want me to do a lot of shopping for you, I hope," he said. "Oh, no, just drop in—"

He snorted impotently. "Drop in?" He emphasized it with fine sarcasm. "Yes, my lady, I've dropped into stores in town for you before. I had to go in and get three-quarters of a yard of ribbon once, I remember it. And when the girl who waited on me had gotten through laughing at me, and had pointed me out and whispered about me to a half dozen other girls in the place, I found out that baby ribbon

AMUSEMENTS.

Opera House

LAST TWO TIMES MATINEE TODAY, 2:15

EARLY CURTAIN TONIGHT AT 8

KITTY DONNER and Miss Rose and Brother Ted Bower; JACK HUBBS; LYONS & YOSCO; KRAMER & BOYLE; Miss Norton; Paul Hopkins; "A Gilding Fantasy"; "The Day After Tomorrow"; Paths News; "The Day After Tomorrow"; Paths News; "The Day After Tomorrow"; Paths News.

NEXT WEEK—GUS EDWARDS & CO. in "Song Revue of 1921"

EMPRESS LAST TIME TODAY

NELSON & MADISON in "A Rub and A Ruby"; BAADER LA VELLE TROUPE "A Gilding Fantasy"; BLOUGH & AUSTIN, Comedy Singing, Talking and Dancing; THE BRIGHTONS, "Artistic Rag Pickers"; Play-Play Attraction, "LIVE WIRES", featuring Edna Murphy and Johnny Walker.

"OMAHA'S FUN CENTER" Gayety

AN ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION MAIDS OF AMERICA

With That Biggest Little Comedian BOBBY BARRY

Ladies' Tickets 15c-30c—Every Week Day

Where It Started

There are two versions of the origin of this term as applied to men; one states that it is a corruption of "master," changed to correspond with "mistress"; thus, instead of "master and mistress" of a house, we would have "mister and mistresses." The other version is that the word comes from "mystery," which formerly meant a trade, and was spelled "myster"—that is, a man who knew a trade.

A beaver coat has a border and cuffs of platinum goat. The sleeves and body of the coat are made in one and the bottom border fits close around the hips.

Why—

Do We Speak of Someone as Being "As Poor as Job's Turkey?"

The aptness of the simile "as poor as a church mouse" is apparent at once when we remember that few churches contain anything that a rodent would find edible and that the mouse who found himself in a place of worship would probably starve to death for want of nourishment. But the expression "as poor as Job's turkey" has reference to a biblical account of the trials of this saintly man whose ruin was so complete that, in addition to being deprived of his children and all his possessions, the story is told that even his "turkey" was left without a feather in its tail.

To be strictly accurate, the kind of fowl which was domesticated in the region where Job lived was not, according to our understanding of the species, a "turkey" at all, for this bird is indigenous to America and received its name owing to an error on the part of Europeans, who thought that it came from the Roman empire. But, at the time that

you sent me for came to ten cents a yard, and the girl laughed right in my face when she handed me the change for eight cents out of a ten-dollar bill."

Jill hummed an aria from "Faust."

"Ten dollars is too much for you to have in your pockets," was her comment on this long-winded complaint. Then: "Ah!"

"Oh, you've found a bargain. I know that shrill cry of yours, grumbled Jack.

"Yep," thrilled his Jill. "Men's lisle hose, special, sixty-five a pair. They're at White and Browns, Jack. Now sir, you march in there today and buy six pairs, you understand. You haven't any hose at all to mention, and—"

"What size do I wear, honey?" he asked weakly.

The perfidy wife told him and he kissed her timidly and tenderly when he started for the station.

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Field Clerk at Air Mail Station Weds

A quiet wedding ceremony joined Frank Peniston, field clerk at the federal air mail station in Omaha, and Miss Rose C. Lehr of Columbus, Neb., in marriage yesterday at Kountze Memorial church, Twenty-sixth and Farnam streets. W. I. Votaw, superintendent of the hangar, attended. The couple left yesterday for a honeymoon in the western part of the state.

PHOTOPLAYS.

SUN

EIGHT DAYS STARTING TODAY RUPERT HUGHES

Dangerous Curve Ahead!

PHOTOPLAYS.

BRANDEIS THEATRE

TODAY Mat. 2:15 LAST 2 TIMES

The World's Greatest Picture

The 4 HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Tickets 50c-75c-\$1.00-\$1.50 and \$2.00

TOMORROW NIGHT AND WEEK

Omaha's Favorite Actor-Singer

FISKE O'HARA

In a New Romantic Story "The Happy Cavalier"

O'Hara's New Songs Have an Indescribable Charm

Nights: \$2 to 50c; Saturday Matinee \$1.00 to 50c.

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CLEAN-UP AT THE Sprague Mill 18th and Cuming Streets. Bargains in Tires and Tubes in All Sizes Ford Size Tires \$5.00 and Up

Brandeis Stores New Restaurants Extraordinary Program Saturday, October First 12:30 P. M. to 2 P. M. Ralph Williams and His Orchestra Addison Fowler and Florence Tamara Dora Maughn Every Minute There Is 'Something Doing' at These Beautiful Restaurants— Be There Saturday! Take 17th Street Elevators. Located on the New 10th Floor.

Rainbow Melody Makers "The Dance's the Thing" "The Palm Room's the Place" Tonight and Every Night After the Theater To the Irresistible Strains of the Rainbow Melody Makers A Bite of a Banquet, if You Desire, in the Main Restaurant HOTEL FONTENELLE