

**SLEEPY-TIME TALES**  
**THE TALE OF**  
**OLD DOG**  
**SPOT**

CHAPTER XVI.

**Mrs. Woodchuck Runs.**  
 Mrs. Woodchuck was on her way home, waddling across the pasture. She had been making a call on her old friend Aunt Polly Woodchuck, the herb doctor, who lived under the hill. They had talked over all the news in the neighborhood. And



"That dame must have a family," Spot thought.

Mrs. Woodchuck had her mind on some gossip that Aunt Polly had told her. Otherwise she might have noticed sooner that old dog Spot had spied her.  
 If he hadn't spoken he would certainly have caught her that time. For Mrs. Woodchuck was fat and couldn't run as fast as she used to. But when Spot's keen nose caught a scent that told him there was one of the Woodchuck family not far away he just had to give one long-drawn howl.

When Mrs. Woodchuck heard that dreadful sound she hurried for home. She dropped her kitting and the apple that Aunt Polly had given her. And she only managed to pop down the hole that was her front door with Spot scarcely a length behind her.

"Just missed her!" the old dog yelped. "How unlucky!"  
 "Just escaped!" Mrs. Woodchuck gasped. "How fortunate!"

She knew that she was safe. So she took her cow time in crawling through the long hall that led to her one-room dwelling.  
 "Dear me!" she exclaimed as she entered her underground home and saw that it was empty. "Mr. Woodchuck and Billy are away. I must hurry and warn them that old dog Spot is prowling about the pasture."

Meanwhile Spot lingered at Mrs. Woodchuck's front door. He scratched in the dirt that was thrown up before it. He sniffed at the tracks that the Woodchuck family had made all about.

"I know now where that fat Mrs. Woodchuck lives," he growled. "I'll keep an eye on this hole. Some day I may be able to get between her and her home. And then—'He did not finish what he was saying, but licked his lips as if he had just enjoyed a hearty meal."

"For a long time Spot waited there. He couldn't hardly have expected Mrs. Woodchuck to come out and invite him to enter her house. The most that she was likely to do would be to creep out quietly to the upper end of her front hall and peer out to see what she could through the small round opening.

"That dame must have a family," Spot thought. "I'd like to meet them—whether there's one youngster or seven. The more the merrier for me."

If Spot had happened to look around just then he would have had his wish granted. Or if the wind had been blowing the other way he could have told, without looking around, that Mrs. Woodchuck's son Billy was gazing at him, with poppeyes, from behind a near-by hummock. He had mended her homeward, pushing her and there to nip off a clover head or tear at a plantain leaf, little dreaming that old Spot was right in his dooryard.

When he caught sight of the unwelcome caller, Billy, sat up and took one good, long look at him. Then Mrs. Woodchuck's son turned and ran down the hillside as fast as his short legs would carry him. He didn't stop until he had reached the fence between the pasture and the meadow. Dashing in among the brakes that grew deep along the fence he covered under the cover that they gave him.

All at once he felt quite ashamed of himself.  
 "I almost forgot the rule!" he chattered. "The rule says, 'When there's a Dog about, warn everybody!'"

**Common Sense**

**B. J. J. MUNDY.**  
 It's Tomorrow That Counts.

Why talk so much about your past misfortune?

You take the good things of life as a matter of course, and if perchance you have a basket, you talk about it unceasingly.

Everyone has painful experiences, bitter disappointments, but it is necessary to sit down and pity yourself and bore others with your sorrows and baleful tales?

Think about the things which brought you joy.

Be so happy that you will be in condition to see fortunate circumstances when they do appear.

When your mind and face are warped out of shape groaning over spit milk and nursing foreboding thoughts, you are losing time in getting to see the pleasant things which are for you to find.

Life is not a "baby-game," where everything good is handed to you.

Don't you feel better for using your own eyes and ears, and your own efforts, to discover the good things which are hidden?

The future is not necessarily dark and gloomy.

Even if it is to be, you cannot be prepared for trouble by falling

**More Truth Than Poetry**

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE



**WHY WE DISCIPLINED PANAMA**

Before the late mixup, when nobody thought that war was as rough as reported, Though bantam weight nations quite frequently fought, They seldom were hindered or thwarted.

Big countries looked on with good humored applause, Great statesmen observed 'em, delighted, They found in the picayune fracas no cause For growing alarmed or excited.

The people were jaded and weary of peace, And a hot little scrap in the tropics Was hailed by the world as a welcome release From sport and society topics. Reporters and artists were hastily sped To feature each sortie or action, And all of the details the populace read With grins of profound satisfaction.

But now, when republics, no matter how small, Indulge in belligerent banter, We stand 'em both up, with their backs to the wall And jell them to stop it, instanter. We seize all the hardware we find in their jeans, And if they continue to riot, We send down a half dozen husky marines To lock 'em all up till they're quiet.

For we, for the present, have had enough war, We are sated with fury and passion, The sacking of cities and shedding of gore Has gone, for the nonce, out of fashion. And that's why we leap, in our anger and might, On the neck of the little brown brother, We haven't recovered, as yet, from one fight, And we don't want him starting another.



**PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY**

Why not set the army of unemployed at the job of cutting down prices? HE'S ALWAYS IN THE MARKET Maybe, if we disarm, Henry Ford will offer us a couple of hundred dollars for our battleships and arms and ammunition.

**BAD SIGN**

Times are really getting serious. One of the race tracks had to lay off a couple of bookmakers the other day.

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down on your face, ready to be trampled over. It is always a temptation to kick the thing under foot. Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc.

A new safety razor can be taken apart and carried in a belt buckle.

**Spectacular Features**

The Marcus Show of 1921, playing at the BRANDEIS THEATER this week is chock full of spectacular features. There are over a score of different scenes in the big extravaganza and twice as many changes of costumes which is being presented in Omaha at \$1.50 for the best seats at night and \$1.00 top for the matinee today and Saturday.

**By Popular Request**

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The world's greatest picture—will play a return engagement at the BRANDEIS THEATRE for one week, commencing Sunday, Sept. 25 with matinees daily

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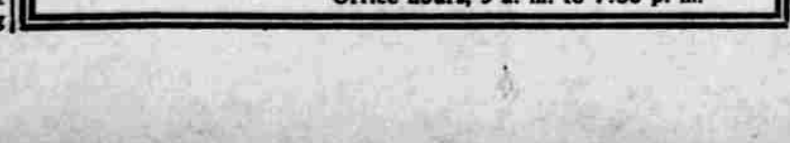
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If we cannot help you we will not accept your case. My office in Council Bluffs is located in the Wickham Block, Phone 1075, with Dr. Ruberg and Ruberg in charge.

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**WHY—**

Is a Petition Called a "Round Robin"?

Many plausible theories have been advanced for the origin of the term "round robin," but the most generally accepted is that this device of signing a protest, petition or remonstrance in a circle, thus concealing the order of signing, originated in France where the official and military circles have long been noted for their punctilious exaction of the courtesies due from the inferior to his superior.

Because of this, any official protest from a subordinate was regarded as little less than mutiny and this, in turn, led to the "round robin"—in French, "ronde ruban" or "round lotton"—by which the offense of the individual was skillfully concealed in the general protest.

The most celebrated round robin in the English language originated at a dinner at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the famous portrait painter, in London. Among those present were Edmund Burke, Edward Gibbon and others celebrated in the world of letters, all of whom were friends or acquaintances of Oliver Goldsmith. The epiphany written for the beloved poet by Dr. Samuel Johnson became the topic of conversation and various changes were suggested, which, it was agreed, should be submitted for the doctor's consideration. But the question arose as to who would have the courage to propose them to him, and it was agreed that there could be no way as good as that of the "round robin." The document was drawn up and signed, in a circle, by all present, requesting him to attend the epiphany to Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey and suggesting that it be written in English instead of Latin. Despite his fiery and distinctly obstinate disposition, Dr. Johnson accepted the round robin in the spirit in which it was intended.

**Dog Hill Paragraphs**

By George Bingham

Frisby Hancock took his fiddle this morning and went out behind the stable and practiced on the piece



he is going to play at the next dance, the name of which is "The Tune the Old Cow Died On."

Yam Sims purchased a rigar at the grocery store at Bounding Billows Monday afternoon. He was aiming to save part of it until he got around a crowd, but it was so good he had smoked it nearly all the way up one side before he knew it.

Washington Hocks says one thing should be borne in mind, and that is, in life you lose more times than you win, but even then you come out ahead as you didn't have anything and wasn't anybody to start with.

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**Parents' Problems**

Should a child, afraid of water, be compelled to learn to swim? Fear of water is an instinctive physical thing, not to be overcome by compulsion. How about grown-up repulsions and aversions, as sickness at the sight of blood, fear of fire, and dread of thunderstorms? I should get at it another way, and slowly: helping the child to grow acquainted by degrees with the element, at the seashore, or at some lake or river, and making evident the pleasures and advantages of learning to swim. In other connections the child should be practiced in bodily exercises, and in self-control. Finally, at some summer camp, the example of others, confidence in the counselors and the rule of no canoeing without the ability to swim, will complete the cure.

**Where It Started**

"Bitter End." This phrase originated at the time of the Civil war, when a party was formed to fight the war to the "Bitter End." The probable derivation of the phrase is found in the Bible, Proverbs v. 4: "But her end is bitter as wormwood."

**To Free Your Arms of Hair or Fuzz**

(Boudoir Secrets) No toilet table is complete without a small package of delatone, for with it hair or fuzz can be quickly banished from the skin. To remove hairs you merely mix into a paste enough of the powder and water to cover the objectionable hairs. This should be left on the skin about 2 minutes, then rubbed off and the skin washed, when it will be found free from hair or blemish. Be sure you get genuine delatone.

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