

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF REDDY WOODPECKER BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER V Too Much Cousin.

Reddy Woodpecker wished that he had been so content to his cousin Mr. Flicker. It was all well enough for Mr. Flicker to drum upon Reddy's bit of tin on the roof of the



He flew right over Mr. Flicker's head.

Reddy Woodpecker was drumming long as he drummed late in the morning. But when he drummed early, as he sometimes did, it usually happened that Reddy had to wait before he could begin his own morning

And Reddy Woodpecker didn't like that at all. In fact, it seemed to him that Mr. Flicker had quite forgotten his manners. For, if he happened to reach the barn first, he never stopped drumming until he had all but drummed his head off. At least, that was the way it seemed to

At such times Reddy did everything he could think of—short of actually fighting—to make Mr. Flicker stop. He made a sound like a tree toad, krr-r-r, krr-r-r. He tapped on the shingles with his beak. He flew right over Mr. Flicker's head.

But it seemed as if Mr. Flicker simply couldn't take a hint. "I don't like to order him to hop away," thought Reddy. He's my cousin. Besides, he's bigger than I am; and he does look terribly fierce with that black mustache.

Though he may have looked fierce, Mr. Flicker always acted in the most pleasant manner possible. And when he finished his drumming, he never failed to ask Reddy Woodpecker how he liked it.

It was a hard question for Reddy to answer, because he didn't care in the least for Mr. Flicker's tattoos. He thought his own were far better. Sometimes Reddy pretended not to hear his cousin's question, but started drumming at once. Sometimes he said, "I believe that's an improvement over yesterday's tattoo." And at last he exclaimed one morning, "You ought to join the Woodchuck brothers!"

Mr. Flicker was a great person to ask "Why?" He asked it now. "Because," Reddy told him, "the Woodchuck brothers are famous whistlers. And they need somebody to drum for them while they whistle. I've often heard them chirping away

Recent Bride



Mrs. De Witt Weber

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of B. F. Thomas, 3225 Poppleton avenue, at 3:30 Sunday afternoon, when Miss Elmina Burke and De Witt C. Weber of Lincoln were united in marriage by Rev. J. J. Barton of the Immanuel Baptist church of Omaha.

Mrs. Weber is the daughter of Mrs. Jennie Burke of Lincoln and has just graduated from the state university.

The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chene and carried a shower of sweetpeas and Ophelia roses.

Mrs. Lucille Thomas Chindor was matron of honor and Mr. George Olson of Stromsburg, cousin of the groom, was groomsman.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber will live in Lincoln.

by themselves over in the pasture. And, as you must know, there's no music that sounds better than drumming, with a little shrill whistling to go with it—unless it's a little whistling, with plenty of loud drumming.

Mr. Flicker's favorite word "Why?" sprang to his bill again. "Why," he inquired, "do you not drum for the Woodchuck brothers yourself?"

Reddy Woodpecker shook his head. "I want to practice more, before I join a troupe," he said.

"There," Mr. Flicker exclaimed. "I like to hear people talk that way. That shows that you don't think you're the best drummer in Pleasant Valley."

"I don't, eh?" said Reddy. "No, you don't!" said Mr. Flicker. And it was plain that he didn't think so, either. But before Reddy could make up his mind to quarrel with his cousin, Mr. Flicker asked him another question—not "Why?" but "Where?"

"Where—" said Mr. Flicker earnestly—where can one find these Woodchuck brothers?"

"One can find them in the pasture, unless they're in the clover patch. Just now they are probably in the pasture, for it's a bit early in the season for clover."

"The pasture?" repeated Mr. Flicker. "Ah! There must be ant hills in the pasture."

"Hundreds of them!" said Reddy. "Then I'll go to see the Woodchuck brothers at once," Mr. Flicker decided. So he flew off.

My Marriage Problems

Adela Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife" (Copyright 1922)

Why Madge and Allen Drake Had a Silent Disagreement.

Reaction inevitably follows the tensest of situations, and I think relaxation which the discovery of Katie's audacity gave us.

At any rate, Lillian's exclamation was like a key unlocking our risibles. Allen Drake led off with a hearty guffaw so oddly contrasted with his usual cynical poise that I stared at him in silent amazement, and Lillian, my father and I joined him in a chorus of laughter.

For a tense second, Katie stood motionless, patently undecided between offended dignity and mirth. Then her face relaxed, and she giggled gleefully, all her right forgotten, as is Katie's volatile way.

"Where are those scissors which are so needed to complete this film?" Allen Drake asked when we had finally settled back into composure.

"Katie, I am so lost in contemplation of your genius that I know I never shall find myself again, until I see the end of this reel, so prithee let me hunt the scissors."

His eyes rested on the girl with exactly the same expression. I told myself hotly, that they would have held her suddenly confronted with an unusually clever performing seal. To me Katie is a vivid, lovable, human personality, to Allen Drake, I saw clearly that at this moment she was an impersonal problem, a little less than human, whose antics appealed both to his sense of humor and to his love of tormenting.

I changed my position so that I effectively shielded Katie from Mr. Drake's observation as I murmured softly.

"Katie, for my sake, don't notice anything he says." Into her big eyes came the look of fidelity one always associates with a faithful dog. With only a comprehending, little nod she took the scissors and returned to my mother-in-law's box, while I constrained myself to suppress the indignant frown which I knew my face held for Allen Drake.

With quick deft fingers Katie ripped a piece of the velvet covering the hat, and drew from beneath it a folded paper, which she held out to me, saying simply: "Dot's it."

I held it out to my father, who took it and scanned it for a second. Then he looked at Katie with kindly relaxed face.

A Peremptory Tattoo. "Yes, this is the paper taken from the book. Thank you, Katie, you may go now. Mrs. Graham will talk to you later."

Katie looked at the hat whose covering she had just ripped. "You do not do it dot?" she asked worriedly.

"I'll attend to that, Katie," I returned. "It won't take but a minute. Go to bed now and try to get some sleep."

She snatched my hand and kissed it. "I think I never sleep again," she said mournfully, then she went slowly out of the room.

"That's a good lie," Allen Drake said approvingly, "but I can't echo it."

Lincoln Ball Player Applies for Parole

Tommie Sullivan, Lincoln baseball player, arrested a few days ago after he had jumped his bond in connection with an assault case, wants to get a parole.

Three years ago Sullivan, Stanley Fox, Frank O'Hara and Amos Gorman were arrested for the alleged assault of two girls.

"Under no condition will I stand for a parole for Sullivan," said Shotwell. "He double-crossed the state and he will receive no mercy from me. Sullivan, at any rate, could not get a parole until he pleaded guilty to the charge."

Sullivan's \$500 bond was declared forfeited. Shotwell stated that he would suggest to District Judge Leslie that he put Sullivan's bond at \$10,000.

Shotwell Delivers Address to St. Mary Graduates

County Attorney Abel V. Shotwell delivered the commencement address to 20 Mount St. Mary seminary graduates at Creighton university auditorium. His subject was "Respect for the Law." The Auditorium was crowded with relatives and friends of the graduates.

The committee of 5,000 will hold its annual meeting in the Lyric building, Nineteenth and Farnam streets, tonight at 8.

The business will be the election of officers and the formulation of plans for seeing that the public officials enforce the law. All members of the committee and others who are interested in law enforcement are invited to attend," the call reads.

Suspect in Des Moines Murder Arrested Here

Harrison Brown, 33, negro, was arrested at Fourteenth and Douglas streets Wednesday morning by Detectives Harry Buford and William Gurnett on description of a man wanted in Des Moines. He is held for investigation.

The officers allege he is wanted on a murder charge in connection with the finding of George (Indian Chief) Johnson, former Western league baseball player, shot to death in southeast Des Moines early Monday morning.

Des Moines police allege they have information Johnson was slain after a quarrel with negroes.

Brown protests that he is not the man sought and that the man the Des Moines police really are looking for is named George Brown.

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

Afraid of Marriage. My Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been trying to solve my problems, but cannot, so I am asking you and some of the readers for advice. I have gone with a man for a long time and because of unfriendly feelings between my parents and him I have tried to quit him many times, but it seems that we always go back again, and I don't get along without each other. I have thought many times I would give him up and then when he is with me I feel as if I can't stop.

We are now engaged, but sometimes I become so dissatisfied that I wonder if I did the right thing in saying "yes." My parents are wealthy and if I marry I will be giving up my good times and the things to which I have been accustomed. Miss Fairfax, would this negative advice from my parents and my own fear of entering married life make me unhappy, or am I in love as I should be? I would like to married life appalls every girl as it does me? Some of you that have had experience, please tell me, as I am so worried I am nearly sick.

A FRIEND IN NEED. You do not tell me why your parents object to the young man. How do their objections affect you? Do you know of him from your personal experience? You ought not to marry him unless you trust him. Every girl who contemplates marriage in the right spirit feels that it is a serious step, and a good many are "appalled," as you say, at the prospect of shouldering all her responsibilities that go with married life.

You have to expect to give up some of the things you have always thought were fun, but as a rule the joys that come from a home and the companionship of a congenial husband are worth the little more than compensate for the good times you have to do without.

If you don't honestly feel that the exchange is worth while, don't believe you are really in love. Ask yourself whether you are fundamentally congenial, whether you could care about the man year in and year out, or whether the attraction he has for you is one which is likely not to last. Since you have known him a long time, it does not sound like a passing fancy, but only you can decide whether you love him or not.

Rose: You ask me what books you should read to improve your mind, and you say you are in the eighth grade. I will give you a reading list, or, if you go to the public library and ask for the reference librarian, she will be glad to help you choose some books. Some good books which are easy to read and which rank as classics are "Blackboard Lovers" by Doone; "Fride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen; "Treasure Island," by Stevenson; "Oliver Twist" and "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens; "Men or Iron," by Howard Pyle; "The Story of Ab," by Waterloo, is a story, but contains much that is interesting and accurate about our ancestors of the stone age. If you wish some typical American books, read "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson; "The Virginian," by Owen Wister; "Bob Son of Battle," by Oliphant, which is a dog story, and Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." The best way to learn to enjoy deep books is to start on those which are not too heavy

and which have an interesting story to hold your attention. All of these I mention I think you will thoroughly enjoy. And the best way to learn to love books is to keep reading.

A Reader: If your wedding breakfast is a formal affair, only the wedding party is seated at the bride's table and the rest of the guests at small tables. If it is a small wedding, and you are all to be at one big table, the groom should sit on your right. The bridesmaid should sit at his right and the best man next to her. The attendants always stand during the ceremony, whether it is at church, at home or at the court house.

"Lillian, Peggy shows her hidden KELLOGG'S because you eat great big bowls and they taste so good, and they're all grumpy and dandy!"



You never tasted Corn Flakes so joyously flavored, so crispy-crunchy as Kellogg's

That's why big and little folks who know the difference insist upon KELLOGG'S! The thing to do is to make comparison—Kellogg's against any other kind of corn flakes you ever ate! If it's quality, or all-the-time crispness or delicious or appetizing flavor you want—well, just wait till you eat Kellogg's! And, what a delight to know they're never leathery!

You'll get so cheerful about Kellogg's that the day's best hours will be when it's time to sit down with the family in front of generous bowls all filled most to bursting with those big, sunny-brown Corn Flakes! Never was a better time than tomorrow morning to prove that KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes are about the "gladdest of all good things to eat."

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The Juice of a Dozen Lemons and—not a Lemon to Squeeze! NOT an extract—not a cheap mixture of chemicals—but the real juice of real lemons, powdered and put up in little air-tight blue and yellow cans. That's Merrell-Soule Powdered Lemon Juice. All that has been done is to remove the water from the juice, and when you restore the water to the powder, you can have a lemon juice as good and as fresh as on the day we squeezed the lemons for you. Use it for lemonade—use it for pies—in fact, any way that you use lemons today. And because it is really, honestly, lemon juice with just a little sugar added, you will get the same results you have always had—without the work. Your grocer can supply you with lemon juice in two sizes, 4-oz. and 10-oz. cans, and every ounce is equal to the juice of three big lemons. Merrell-Soule POWDERED Lemon Juice. MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Hairs Will Vanish After This Treatment. (Toilet Helps) You can keep your arms, neck or face free from hair or fuzz by the occasional use of plain delatone and in using it you need have no fear of marring or injuring the skin. A thick paste is made by mixing some of the powdered delatone with water. Then spread on the hairs and after 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and all traces of hair have vanished. Be careful, however, to get real delatone and mix fresh. Blue Enamel Coffee Pots. A strong, serviceable piece of blue white-lined enamelware. Coffee Pot—65c. Brass Wash Boards. A dandy wash board, smooth, well made—55c. Step Ladder. Stools for... \$1.59. Clothes Hampers, large size... \$1.25. Copper Bottom Wash Boilers... \$2.59. Aluminum Double Cookers... 95c. Spice Sets, 6 air-tight cans and rack... 89c. Oil Mop and Bottle of Oil for... 65c. Rooms with 4 rows stitching... 29c. Fiber Furniture at Value-Giving Prices. 2-passenger Hardwood Porch Swing, complete with chains and hooks... \$3.45. H.R. Bowen & Co. Howard St. Between 16th and 17th

Bowen's THE VALUE GIVING STORE. If you have wondered how it is that Bowen's sell at such value-giving prices, it will enlighten you to learn that everyone connected with this institution is busy at all times working for your interests in keeping down prices to the value-giving point. \$1.00 A WEEK PAYS FOR IT. Cabinet Gas Range. This all white enamel Kitchen Cabinet, with porcelain sliding top and removable flour bin—\$39.50. Cabinet Gas Range, with white enamel panel oven door, with broiler and four burners, \$36.00. Free! Free! Free! A fine Italian Walnut eight-piece Dining Room Set and 35 other useful articles to be given away FREE. Thursday, June 29th at 3 P. M. Ask Any of Bowen's Employees About It. No Purchase Required. Aluminum Tea Kettles \$1.45. Galvanized Water Pails. A n opportunity you should not pass up at only .19c. Blue Enamel Coffee Pots. A strong, serviceable piece of blue white-lined enamelware. Coffee Pot—65c. Brass Wash Boards. A dandy wash board, smooth, well made—55c. Step Ladder. Stools for... \$1.59. Clothes Hampers, large size... \$1.25. Copper Bottom Wash Boilers... \$2.59. Aluminum Double Cookers... 95c. Spice Sets, 6 air-tight cans and rack... 89c. Oil Mop and Bottle of Oil for... 65c. Rooms with 4 rows stitching... 29c. Fiber Furniture at Value-Giving Prices. 2-passenger Hardwood Porch Swing, complete with chains and hooks... \$3.45. H.R. Bowen & Co. Howard St. Between 16th and 17th