



SLEEPY-TIME TALES  
THE TALE OF REDDY WOODPECKER

CHAPTER XI.  
A Very Short Fight.

Jolly Robin told his wife how he swopped down ever Reddy Woodpecker's head. And he assured her that he had no doubt that Mr. Woodpecker would not be seen among the raspberry bushes again. Jolly had felt quite pleased with himself. His threatened attack on Reddy had seemed to him to be very easy. So he was disappointed when his wife did not praise him. And he was quite downcast when she told him that he hadn't been fierce enough.

"You ought to have struck that rascal with your bill," Mrs. Robin complained. "If he's the sort of person I think he is, he'll pay no heed to your warning."  
At usual, Mr. Robin proved to be right. That very day she herself be-



But it was Jolly who received the surprise. He saw Reddy Woodpecker eating more raspberries. He had stolen ever ripe berry. Though Mrs. Robin had hoped to find four (one for each of her nestlings), she didn't pick even one. They were all too hard and sour. She went home in very low spirits. "It's a pity," she said to Jolly. "Everybody knows now-a-days that children need fruit. The day is past when you can bring them up on nothing but anglemorons. You'll have to go back there to the raspberry patch and fight Reddy Woodpecker. You can't escape a fight any longer." Well, what could he do? What could Jolly Robin do but obey his wife? He asked himself that question. And he could find only one answer. It was "Nothing!" There was nothing he could think of that would satisfy Mrs. Robin except a real battle. So he went forth.

Yes! Jolly Robin went forth very bravely to find Reddy Woodpecker. He meant to surprise him. But it was Jolly who received the surprise. Reddy Woodpecker attacked first! The moment he spied Jolly Robin, Reddy hurled himself at him. He skimmed so near to Jolly's head that that astonished little fellow ducked and hurried away. Yes! Jolly Robin retreated. It wasn't that Reddy Woodpecker was bigger than he was. To tell the truth, Reddy Robin loved peace.

Jolly hid in the midst of a thick hedge that grew beyond the fence. "Well," he muttered, "that fight was soon over. There's no use of telling Mrs. Robin about it. She would only worry." He sat there a long time. He didn't want to go home. He didn't know what to do. So he thought and thought; until at last a happy idea popped into his head. "I'll get help!" he exclaimed. "I'll get my friends from the other side of the meadow to come and help me fight Reddy Woodpecker."

Mrs. Robin was worrying terribly when Jolly reached home.

"You've been gone a long time," she complained. "Did you chase that Woodpecker person out of the valley?"

"No!" said Jolly. "But I expect to tomorrow. I've made all the arrangements."

"I thought I told you to fight him today," said his wife somewhat tartly.

"Yes! Yes!" he replied hastily. "We had a set-to—Mr. Woodpecker and I. But the real fight will take place tomorrow."

"I'm glad to hear you talk that way at last," she told him. "It's high time something was done."

Your "Want" Ad in The Omaha Bee will be read by thousands of people who are interested in just what you have to sell. The cost is low, too.

ADVERTISEMENTS  
**CRAMPS, PAINS AND BACKACHE**

St. Louis Woman Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered with cramps and pains every month and had to go to bed as if I could not work. My mother and my whole family always took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for such troubles and they induced me to try it and it has helped me very much. I don't have cramps any more, and I can do my housework all through the month. I recommend your Vegetable Compound to my friends for female troubles."—Mrs. DANA SCHOLZ, 1412 Salisbury St., St. Louis, Mo.

Just think for a moment, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been in use for nearly fifty years. It is prepared from medicinal plants, by the utmost pharmaceutical skill, and the superior method. The ingredients thus combined in the Compound correct the conditions which cause such annoying symptoms as had been troubling Mrs. Scholz. The Vegetable Compound exercises a restorative character, correcting the trouble in a gentle but efficient manner.

Field Clerk Assigned

Washington, June 21.—(Special Telegram)—Field Clerk George K. Glover, quartermaster corps, now a patient at the Walter Reed general hospital here, is to proceed to Omaha, Neb., upon returning to duty.

Look over the "Want" Ad section of The Omaha Bee today and see what a variety of things people are anxious to sell or buy.

**How to Keep Well**

By Dr. W. A. EVANS  
Questions concerning hygiene, sanitation and prevention of disease, submitted to Dr. Evans by readers of The Bee will be answered personally subject to proper limitations, where a stamped, addressed envelope is required. Dr. Evans will not make diagnoses or prescribe for individual diseases. Address letters in care of The Bee.

**DISEASES' PLAYGROUND.**  
"We ought to do like the Chinese—pay our doctors to keep us well, and punish them by fine, imprisonment, or death, when we fall sick or die."  
We have all heard that old saw and most of us have believed it. We swallowed it along with most of the statements found in "Letters of a Chinese Diplomat"—hook, line and sinker.  
Then came the wonder: "If this is the right way, and the Chinese work it that way, why the high sickness rate of the Chinese in China? Either the rule is not right, or it is not worked."  
These are the facts:  
When a Chinaman gets sick he sends for a doctor if one is available. If he recovers, he pays him scrupulously. If he develops a chronic disorder, or if he dies, the doctor is not to have to look to the future world for his pay. The assumption is that if there is no cure the treatment was not good and there is no obligation to pay for it. Beyond that, there is no basis for the old saw about the Chinese curative.

Chinese curative medicine is about the last word in stupid superstition. They know very little about curing the sick, or even caring for the sick. Therefore, good folks, take this advice from me, the next time you have an ache or a pain and feel tempted to try the Chinese doctor whose advertisement you read in the paper, don't do it.  
"Tip better to bear the ills you have than to drink a brew of snake tails."  
When it comes to Chinese preventive medicine, there ain't no such animal, or "there were." In consequence, there is some foundation for the statement that China brews contagions and feeds them to the world.  
They feed us some leprosy? Ask the Pacific slope. They raised an awful cloud of plague, which reached a few years ago, and plague has been nibbling at American shores for more than 20 years. There are those who claim that the next world war of influenza is fermenting in western China, as here in 1890 and 1918. It is not met that men should live alone, and the Chinese wall has never worked.

But China is awakening. For the last several years I have received reports of health campaigns in China. They have had health exhibitions, health plays, health lectures, health parades, health bulletins, and posters. The Chicago health department never showed more knowledge of salesmanship than these Chinese health men are showing.  
Stoddard says the Chinese merchant is the most skillful merchant in the world. When it comes to selling health, they are living up to their reputation.  
Dr. W. P. Peter of Shanghai, who has been organizing these shows and parades, sent me their health program, entitled "Health Pays Dividends."  
They have devised apparatus for demonstrating Chinese health shows: Twelve books on health, written or translated bulletins and charts prepared and circulated; a circulating health library; health campaigns in twelve cities and baby welfare exhibits; blindness exhibits; general medical exhibits; more than a thousand lantern slides on health in circulation; nineteen moving picture reels; weekly articles on health in fifty-one newspapers in sixteen provinces. In addition, they teach hygiene in the schools, have school nurses, oculists, and dentists.

These activities are more than begun. They are well under way.  
Nicotine's Morning After.  
L. B. S. writes: "I belong to a Kiwanis club here, some of the slogans which are '100 per cent efficiency'—the golden rule in business, etc. 'Every week on Friday evening we meet to eat, sing college songs, discuss community betterment projects and smoke.'  
"In ten minutes after the configuration starts the atmosphere looks like a London fog. Quite frequently one of the nonsmokers and sometimes one of the smokers has to go out and get a breath of fresh air before the hour is over.  
"Some of the men who never smoked before smoke cigarettes because it seems the proper thing to do. I am one of the smokers, but this nicotine fog gets my goat. Other smokers complain of a 'big head' the next morning.  
"Is there any way to present this matter to a bunch of intelligent businessmen so they will see the folly of compelling the club to breathe an atmosphere saturated with nicotine? It demonstrates the stamina of those hardy individuals who smoke two cigars after the meal and breathe the poison with no apparent ill effect, but beyond that it would seem that its benefits are negligible."

REPLY.  
Page Mr. President.  
And at 17, too.  
L. E. S. writes: "What course do you advise to overcome constipation? I am a boy of 17. I have been troubled almost all my life. I take two cascara pills every night and only have two movements a week. I have also used soap and water enemas. Are they harmful?"  
If you must take a cathartic, cascara is about the best.  
I advise you strongly to correct your habit by eating abundantly of bran, vegetables, and fruit and drinking large quantities of water.

**My Marriage Problems**

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "REVELATIONS OF A WIFE"  
(Copyright 1922)

Why Judge Had Conflicting Thoughts About Allen Drake.  
I literally held my breath at the end of my little speech to see if my ruse would succeed with Katie. But I did not have to hold it long. With a howl—it could be called nothing else—from my tempestuous little maid, she dropped her hands from her face, made a dash for me, and clung to me convulsively.  
"Oh, I no meant dot!" she wailed. "You always so good to me, always stand up for me, and den you tink I let you work, feax ting for dot poor feax, Meester Drake. Eet shoot dot old devil inside me, coom oop sometimes in my throat and make me say sooch ting. I know vot I tink of Meester Drake shooting same, dough. He shoost something cat brought in, but eet your fade vant beam like king mit all meals oopstairs. I feax, and I feax right, you know dot."  
"I am sure of that, Katie," I said warily, struggling between a desire to laugh at her poor ignorant dialect and new world slang, and the impulse to reprove her for her disrespectful reference to our guest. But I wisely did neither. I had accomplished my object, and it behooved me to retire gracefully.  
"I don't think it will be very long, anyway," I said as I moved toward the door.  
"I no care how long," Katie replied magnificently—her concessions are always thorough. "But, I tell you, I got to pray me hard, not to put red paper in hees coffee."  
One Problem Solved.  
She giggled joyfully at the fancy—laughter and tears are so near together with Katie, that I never quite know where the dividing line is—and I went from the kitchen with the assurance that the domestic problem connected with Allen Drake was solved. In this moment of triumph I could dismiss our fascinating but troublesome guest from my mind until such time as he should emerge from his room with the codes mastered.

But, perversely enough, I found the code instead of mentally dismissing him, my thoughts were flying to my upper room as if drawn to a magnet. My imagination was stirred by the picture my father's requirements had drawn, the picture of the brilliant secret service agent, working feverishly at the baffling code of the silent hours of the night, taking sleep or food only when exhausted, battling on doggedly, no matter what the obstacles in his path.  
Because of his arrogance, his patronizing loftiness, his tormenting of Katie, I mentally had echoed the wish for his humiliation which my little maid had phrased crudely, and which I knew Lillian had shared because of Mr. Drake's conceit. But I found myself weakening in my censorious attitude toward the indulgent instead in the secret hope that he would be able after all to emerge triumphant from his ordeal.  
"I Don't Think—"  
And then, as the hours wore on, and there was no sign from the upper room in which Mr. Drake was housed, there came to me the remembrance of the times when Allen Drake had come to my aid. Never had need of mine failed to bring him. I realized with a little thrill of my pulses that beneath the mask of Allen Drake's indolent, polished manner, lay an indefinable something which had once or twice gleamed at me, but at which I never had dared a probing glance.  
He did not deserve my wish for his failure. I told myself shamefacedly, and as there is no standing still for me in any emotion, I found myself progressing from that attitude to an intense desire for his triumph.

The second day of his stay had

Prayer Each Day  
My peace I give unto you—John 14:27.  
O Thou who art the giver of every good and perfect thing, in Whose unflinching love we live and move and have our being, and without Whom we beseech Thee, to discern even more clearly Thine abounding goodness to us, and as Thou hast made us rich in blessings, make us also rich in gratitude. We praise Thee, our Father, for those revelations of Thy love with which we are most familiar, and which we are all too prone to forget; for rising and setting suns, and the stars in the clouds and winds and passing seasons; for the outer light in which we walk serenely and dwell securely; and the light within, the true light which witnesseth to our oneness with Thee.  
Wilt Thou help us reverently to interpret all our blessings in terms of Thy love? We thank Thee for our friends and all that friendship has meant to us, and that we may think of ourselves as friends of Jesus Christ. Wilt Thou help us also to understand what high obligations such friendship lays upon us. We praise Thee for Thy gift of peace—that peace which the world cannot give nor take away, the peace of those who have found their sanctuary in the love and goodness of God. Evermore give us this peace, in His name, who came to bring us peace. Amen.  
G. GLENN ATKINS, D. D., LL. B., Providence.

It is so easy to eliminate **BLACKHEADS and PIMPLES**

These blemishes detract greatly from the complexion. Do not bruise your skin by painful squeezing. Do not use Creams and Powders to cover them up.

Boncella Beautifier (classic pack) draws these impurities from the skin, cleanses the pores thoroughly, thereby eliminating their causes, and

**KEEPS YOUR SKIN CLEAR.** Five minutes after applied, you will feel its manipulation, assuring you that the good work is starting. You can see results after the first treatment; a series of treatments will completely eliminate blackheads, no matter how numerous. Your satisfaction is guaranteed on a money back offer by the manufacturer.

**Boncella BEAUTIFIER**

Not a massage—but that famous classic Facial Pack used for many years in Beauty and Barber shops—and endorsed by leading Beauty Specialists. Does these definite things for the face: Clears the complexion and gives it color; closes enlarged pores; removed blackheads and pimples; builds up drooping facial tissues, lifts up the face; makes the skin soft and velvety.

The Boncella "Package o' Beauty" consists of tubes of Beautifier, Boncella Cold and Vanishing Cream and a touch of that exquisite Boncella Face Powder. (The Boncella Method), enough for three complete treatments. Ask your dealer for the Boncella "Package o' Beauty" or if he cannot supply you, mail the coupon to us with fifty cents for this set. You'll be delighted with it.

Men take Boncellas in barber shops for their retouching, rejuvenating effects, as well as their permanent benefits.

Women can obtain Boncella treatments at Beauty Parlors.

Send for a set of Boncella Laboratory Kit today. Enclosed 25 cents. Kindly mail me the famous Boncella "Package o' Beauty!"

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

SPECIAL DEMONSTRATION AT **BEATON DRUG CO.**  
and on sale at all drug and department stores.

Vacation Bible School to Open Monday Morning  
Daily vacation Bible school will open next Monday morning at 8 in the Third Presbyterian church, Twentieth and Leavenworth streets. Mrs. Kate Copland is principal, assisted by Rev. W. H. Jordan, Mrs.

Floyd Rosenfelt and Miss Beatie Ford, with Mrs. Charles Bower in charge of craft work.  
Mrs. C. E. Walrath leaves July 1 for Lake Okoboji for the summer months. She will take her children, William and Jane, with her. Mr. Walrath will motor up for week ends.

YOUR LUNCHEON WILL BE A REAL PLEASURE  
these hot days if you eat here. It's nice and cool and every item of food that you may have in mind you'll find laid before you ready and waiting your selection, all prepared in a clean, wholesome way. And bear in mind that we serve a complete luncheon daily for 35c. HOTEL CASTLE CAFE & CAFETERIA

You know how delicious Corn Flakes can be When you eat Kellogg's

"See, I bet we could eat another whole box of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—there's so much and so good. My mother says Kellogg's are never tough or leathery."

Altogether different in flavor! Altogether different in crispness—that's what makes Kellogg's Corn Flakes all-the-time delicious, appetizing, inviting! You never tasted such a really wonderful cereal! Kellogg's delight the little people—and the big ones, too! Kellogg's are just as fascinating for lunch or supper or between-time nibbles as they are for breakfast!

Just to see those sunny-brown Corn Flakes in a big bowl and some morning's milk close by is a sight to put a keen edge on hunger! But—when you eat a few spoonfuls—and you get that crispy deliciousness and that fascinating flavor! Kellogg's are never leathery, never tough, never hard to eat!

Ask for KELLOGG'S Corn Flakes! If you just ask for "corn flakes" you're likely to get an imitation! Demand the original Corn Flakes. Kellogg's are sold only in the RED and GREEN package that bears the well-known signature of W. K. Kellogg, originator of Corn Flakes. NONE ARE GENUINE WITHOUT IT!

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

Also makers of KELLOGG'S KRUMBLER and KELLOGG'S BRAN, cooked and krumbled

Give Resinol a fair test  
Try it with Resinol Soap for that stubborn skin eruption. It promptly stops itching and always irritation, bringing sure and lasting relief

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

Real Lemonade made of Real Lemon Juice and Not a Lemon to Squeeze

IT ISN'T much fun to have to leave a merry party and go out in the kitchen and squeeze lemons to make lemonade. That's work. Or rather, it was work until we succeeded in making lemon juice in convenient form for you. Now you have only to keep Merrell-Soule Powdered Lemon Juice handy in your kitchen and you can make as much lemonade as you want in a jiffy without any trouble at all.

And it's real lemonade for it's made of real lemon juice—not a lemon extract or a chemical formula. We take the water out of the lemon juice and give you just the solids slightly sweetened. When you put the water back you have a lemon juice that you can use just exactly as you do now.

Merrell-Soule Powdered Lemon Juice comes in 4-oz. and 10-oz. cans. The small package contains the solid parts of all the juice of a dozen lemons which are equal to 14 or more lemons as most folks use them.

**Merrell-Soule POWDERED Lemon Juice**

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY SYRACUSE, N. Y.

**Bowen's THE VALUE GIVING STORE**

\$1.95 Each  
Learning of our wonderful success in cleaning up a big lot of dining chairs not long ago at VALU E-GIVING prices, a prominent manufacturer came to us with a proposition to take all the chairs he had on hand of one pattern. He was willing to lose money on them, and we decided to use them as an advertisement, and that's why you are getting a splendid bargain. There isn't a chair in the lot but that's worth \$6.80 and from that up to \$10.00. We hate to say it, but during war times these same chairs sold around \$19.00 and \$16.00 each.

\$1.95 \$1.95  
200 Jacobean Oak Slip-Seat Dining Chairs go at—  
\$1.95 Each  
You can buy one, two or as many as you want up to a half dozen, providing you get in before they are all sold.

FREE!  
Thursday, June 29, at 8 p. m. Bowen's will give away Free an eight-piece Italian Walnut Dining Room Set and 35 other useful household articles. No purchase required. Ask About It

Top Ice Refrigerators \$11.00  
Side Icing Refrigerators \$24.50  
Brown Fiber Rockers \$4.65  
All Fiber Furniture Reduced.

4-pass. Lawn Swing, \$8.65  
4-pass. Child's Swing, \$5.95  
Two-pass. Hardwood Porch Swing complete with 7-foot chains and ceiling \$3.45 hooks

**A.R. Bowen & Co.**  
Howard St., bet. 15th and 16th