

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
JIMMY RABBIT
ONCE MORE
BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XX
Fatty Coon's Strange Notion.

Jimmy Rabbit had persuaded Fatty Coon that he ought to take some exercises to make himself thinner. "The fatter the slower," Jimmy Rabbit had said. And he had pointed out how it was actually dangerous to be as fat as Fatty was because one never knew when old dog Spot was going to chase him.

"Come!" cried Jimmy Rabbit. "Let me teach you my first exercise!" "What's that like?" Fatty inquired. "It's the one that almost lets you see the back of your own neck," Jimmy explained.

Fatty Coon shook his head. "I don't care to learn that exercise," he said. "Why not?"

"I'm afraid I'd be frightened," he objected. "If I did see the back of my own neck, I wouldn't know it."



"Why don't you say, 'Five! Six! Seven! Eight!' Fatty Coon asked."

was mine. I might think it belonged to somebody else. How would I know I was myself? No! I wouldn't try that exercise—not for anything."

"Then I'll teach you No. 2," Jimmy told him.

"Which one is that?"

"That's the one you do when you're hungry. It takes away your appetite."

"Not that one!" Fatty Coon bawled. "I wouldn't have any use for that exercise. Don't you know one of that kind that would interest me?"

"My goodness! You don't want to get still fatter, do you?" Jimmy Rabbit asked him. "Haven't I been trying to show you how it's not safe to be too fat?"

"That's so, I forgot," Fatty said sheepishly. "But I don't believe any of your exercises would suit my style. I shall have to do some different ones. I shall have to invent exercises of my own."

"Very well!" Jimmy Rabbit agreed. "That may be the best way. Do exercises of your own. Do exercises, by all means!"

"I will," said Fatty Coon. "And I'll begin this very evening. I'll go down to the henhouse—"

"Yes," Jimmy interrupted. "And what will you do there—limb up on the roof? That would be a fine exercise for you. Are you going to do that?"

"I will—if that's the only way I can get inside the henhouse," Fatty told him. "If I can grab about ten fat pullets for my supper it will be just the sort of exercise I need. It will put a little more fat on me; and that's what my style calls for."

Jimmy Rabbit shook his head in despair. He saw there was no use in arguing with Fatty Coon.

"Pardon me if I don't stop to talk with you any longer just now," Jimmy said politely. "I haven't finished my exercises." And then he began to wave his paws, whirling them about his head while he counted, "One! Two! Three! Four! One! Two! Three! Four!"

"Why don't you say, 'Five! Six! Seven! Eight!'" Fatty Coon asked him. "Myself," he said snarling, "that I say as high as ten, down at the henhouse." (Copyright, 1923.)

For the first time in history, more than 1,000 people were recently carried over the English channel by airplane in one week. These passengers were carried in 209 machines.

My Marriage Problems
Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

The Double Assurance Don Ramon gave Madge That They Were Safe From Dr. Pettit's Interference.

For a bewildered minute or two I could not imagine what Harry Underwood meant me to understand by his request for a piece of paper and a string to wrap up the pieces of wire which he had managed that no one besides myself should see. But mechanically I produced the articles for which he asked—it is my invariable practice to carry with me the wrapping for an extra parcel—and watched him with puzzled eyes as he turned his back on us, speedily made a small, compact parcel, and came back to the side of Brother Bill, who had resumed his seat at the wheel of the car.

"I have so great a fear that I will forget this," he said snarling, "that I wish to confide it to you now. When the gentleman who arrived in so

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Problems That Perplex
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Girl's Problems.

Dear Miss Fairfax: What would you do in a case like this? I am 19. While down on the farm last year met a boy of 20. He went to me after I came home. Just friendly letters passed back and forth. Then one day came a letter from him asking me to marry him. What should I do—stop writing to him or write and tell him I want to consider him as one of my friends only and make him understand there's no love between him and I?

Second. While ice skating this year I met an awful nice boy of 22. I skated with him all evening and he asked to take me home, so I let him, promising to see him out at the park the next night. Well, I kept my promise. I was at the park before he was and met a boy friend of mine, and we were skating together when he comes along, so I had to go and skate with him. When he asked to take me home the second time I told him my other friend asked me first. He seemed sort of peeved about it. Didn't I do right in going with the one that asked me first? They say both nice boys and I like them both.

Third, every morning I awake with a terrible headache. What causes them? MARY ANN.

My dear Mary Ann, if a man asks you to marry him and you don't wish to do so, of course you must tell him no. That's simple, isn't it?

Second, you should have kept the engagement with the young man with whom you first made it.

Third, you should consult a doctor about your headaches. Eyes are frequently the cause, sometimes constipation, due to lack of exercise or improper food, but there are many other causes.

Underhanded Methods.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you kindly give some of your advice. I have a boy friend who goes with my girl friend and has been going with her for the last eight months. She went home for Christmas, about 125 miles from here. While she has been gone this boy friend of hers comes to me for advice. (He is 22 years, she is 20 years).

He wants to know how he can make this girl friend of his and mine to gradually think less of him, but not by any means hurt her feelings. She does not know about this and I will not tell her till I receive your advice.

She likes him real well; he does, too, but he is afraid if he keeps on going with her that she will expect a proposal. Thanking you very much. PETE (DELLA).

Is this boy so weak and dishonest that he would deliberately try to make this girl like him less, just because he fears she will expect a proposal? Fine, worthy people don't do things that way. If he doesn't want to get too serious with her, he should stop going with her, but he should not act in a deceitful, underhanded manner about it. If I were you I wouldn't connive with this boy against a good girl friend.

Georgabelle: When a man meets a woman in the street with whom he is acquainted and is desirous of speaking with her, he lifts his hat and, coming to her side, waits beside her. If he meets a woman friend walking alone, or accompanied by a woman to whom he is at once introduced or whom he already knows, he is privileged to ask permission to accompany the lady to her destination. Should she enter, or stop at a church, he holds the door open for her and lifts his hat as she passes in, but he may not follow, except at her invitation or when that is his destination also. When a man or woman meet in the street, the woman may prefer to stand and listen to what her acquaintance has to say, and may even prolong the conversation; a man, however, even when meeting his mother or sister, should not assume this privilege, but leave the woman to take the initiative. A man has no right to join a woman on the street if she is accompanied by a gentleman whom he does not know. Friends who meet in the street and halt for conversation should draw well to one side of the walk.

Blue Eyes: Perhaps you were too hasty in breaking your engagement. If you truly care for the man, you should make an effort to strengthen his character and not throw him off with a simple mistake. Why not talk things over with him and see if you can't reconcile yourselves on some good, strong, permanent basis.

Mary Jean: Write me again sometime, even though you do write back many assure me that you will be so heavy I did not get to yours in time to make the suggestion you wished.

That Brother Bill was puzzled by this rambling request was plainly to be seen. But the only answer he made was a laconic "sure thing," as he put the parcel in his pocket. But my heart had climbed rapidly into its place again, and was pumping with relief and joy. I did not even need Harry Underwood's significant remark as he stood, hat in hand, by the tonneau door as Brother Bill turned his switch preparatory to starting on the time-killing drive which Mr. Underwood had arranged for Claire and me.

"I know that it is the custom of ladies to worry greatly," he said, "but I can assure you that you will return in plenty of time for the train and that everything will be all right."

He stressed the last words ever so slightly, and I forgave him many things as the full realization of what he had done came to me.

For I am motorist enough to know that the pieces of wire belonged to the ignition of a motor car, and I was not too dull to realize that when Mr. Underwood had run the car around the house out of the possible sight of Claire Foster, he—to whom every part of a motor was like a child's alphabet blocks—had taken the wires from the car in such a manner that Dr. Pettit even with the help of a garage mechanic, would not be able to start his engine until he had the missing parts.

"What a Queer Old Duck." That Brother Bill had the only car

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THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

A MESSAGE FROM SKINK

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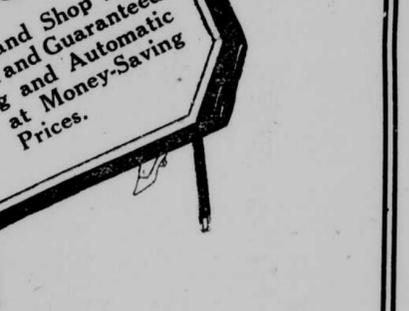


ABIE THE AGENT

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REASON ENOUGH.

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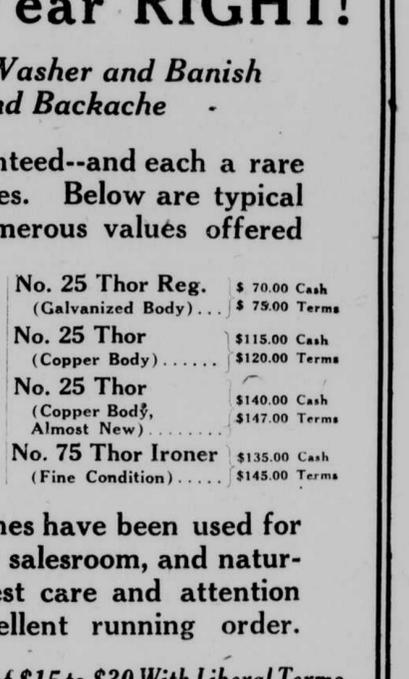
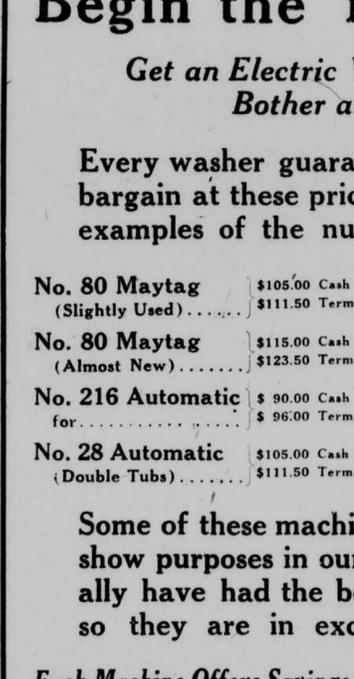


EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Big Stack of "Whites."

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available for hire in the little hamlet. Bill's motor car was carrying Claire and me away from the station. We rode several minutes in silence, I reveling in the freedom from worry time, I guessed that when we returned he would make some excuse to detain the driver so that he should not start back to the Barker house until he actually had boarded the train. And in the meantime Dr. Pettit would be unable to do anything but rage.

If I had expressed myself unreservedly as our modern psychoanalysts advise, I should have shouted with laughter and joy, and would have effusively thanked Mr. Underwood. Instead I murmured a conventional, "Thank you, you are very kind," and the next minute Brother

to Caldwell and he'll go straight there, that is, if those queer things from his car which the old gentleman picked up, do not delay him even longer. The old chap seemed to think they were necessary.

"What a queer old duck he is," she commented, and I saw that she had brightened perceptibly with the assurance I had given her.