

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

CHAPTER XXIII.
A Very Short Visit.
Jimmy Rabbit's father thought it would be pleasant to go a visiting. "Let's take Jimmy with us," he suggested to Mrs. Rabbit, "and go somewhere and make a regular old-fashioned visit—just for a day or two, but for a month or two."
Mrs. Rabbit rather liked the idea. "Where can we go?" she asked her husband.
"How about Cousin Henry's?" "They haven't invited us," said Mrs. Rabbit a bit doubtfully.
"They'd be glad to see us," Mr. Rabbit declared. "Besides, it's our turn to visit them. Didn't they spend a month with us last summer?"
"They did," said Mr. Rabbit. "They certainly did. I thought they would never go."
"We'll return the compliment," Mr. Rabbit declared. "It wouldn't be polite if we didn't. They might feel hurt if we stayed away any longer. I'll write Cousin Henry a letter today. I'll tell him that we'll be there a week from tomorrow."
Mr. Rabbit wrote his letter. But as the days passed, no answer came. And Mrs. Rabbit thought that was queer.
"I'm sure it's all right," Mr. Rabbit told her. "Cousin Henry's family is too busy getting ready for us to stop to write a letter."
"Maybe they never got the letter," Mrs. Rabbit replied.
"Oh! I know they did," said Mr. Rabbit. "I'm too good a business man to have one of my letters go astray. I looked out for that."
"I hope," said his wife, "you sent it by some careful person."
"I did," he assured her. "I certainly did. I took it myself and left it on their doorstep."
So Mrs. Rabbit stopped worrying. And on the day Mr. Rabbit had set, they arrived with a great deal of baggage at Cousin Henry's house.
Blink looks greeted them when they walked in. But Cousin Henry and his wife soon found their tongues. "So sweet of you to call," murmured...



"I shall never feel quite the same toward him again," murmured Cousin Henry's wife. "I suppose you happened to be in the neighborhood and thought you'd drop in and make a short call."
"Why, we've come to spend at least a month with you," cried Jimmy Rabbit's father. And turning to Cousin Henry, he asked him if he hadn't received his letter.
"I haven't had a letter from anybody for more than two years," said Uncle Henry.
"It's a pity we didn't know you were coming," his wife told Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit. "But you'll have to postpone your visit until next year. I'm expecting 27 of my relations any moment. This is the year I entertain my folks. Next year Henry will entertain his."
Well, there was nothing the Rabbit family could do except to trudge home again.
"I felt in my bones this visit would not turn out well," Mrs. Rabbit told her husband as they toiled through the snow.
"But I wrote Cousin Henry to let me know, if he didn't get my letter," said Mr. Rabbit. "He ought to have done it. I shall never feel quite the same toward him again."
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BRINGING UP FATHER---

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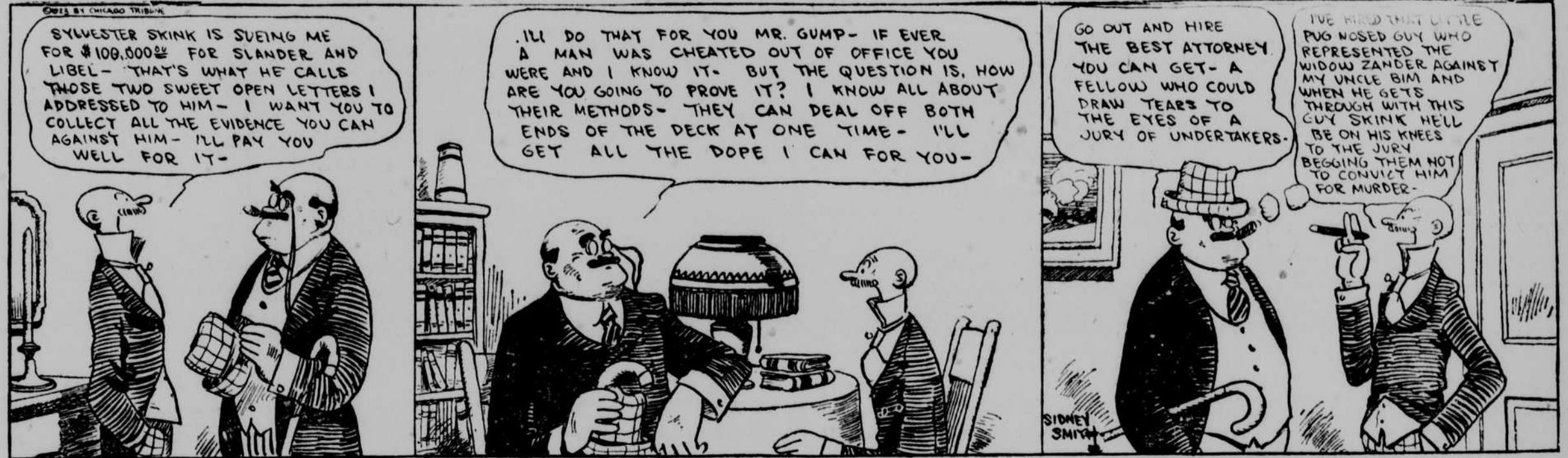
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THE GUMPS--- SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

THE DOGS OF WAR

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

The Plan Dicky Insisted Madge and He Should Adopt.
"What do you know about that?" Dicky impassionedly addressed the horizon beyond the Nantucket railroad station as he held aloft the key which he had just fished out of his pocket. That the action had some connection with his demand upon me for a suggestion as to where we should house ourselves when we reached New York city was obvious. But I wisely held my tongue. I knew that he neither needed nor expected any answer to his question.
"How I've been racking my poor old brain to find out where we were going to blow in out of the rain, when all the time I have in my pocket the key to as cozy a little apartment as anybody would want to see in a year's search. The question's solved, old dear. We'll hang up our hats tonight under a real roof, and you and Claire can try light housekeeping, if you don't want to go out to dinner."
He paused with a triumphant look at me. It was now my cue to answer him, and I put the natural query:
"Have you rented it?"
He laughed outright.
"Madge Hesitates."
"No such luck! You must think nice little apartments are to be had for the asking down in little old N'York. It belongs to Bob Bliss, an editor on the Circle, and one of the best old scouts I ever knew. And his wife is just about the prettiest, sweetest little piece of gingham in the city. They've gone to Virginia for a month's vacation, and old Bob gave me the key and asked me to make myself at home there any time I wanted to come. So we'll have only been gone two weeks, so we'll have all the time we want there."
"But Dicky!" I exclaimed, aghast at this cool suggestion of taking possession of another woman's home in her absence, a woman, moreover, whom I never had seen. "He meant that you go there, not bring in a family!"
"Look here," he demanded truculently, "who talked to Bob Bliss, you or I? As it happened, he specifically urged me to bring you into the city and use the apartment. They'd rather have somebody in it while they're gone, friends, that is—they didn't want to rent it, although they could have had a tidy sum for it."
"I'll Take Care of Claire."
"But if we go in there for any length of time we'll be renting it without paying anything." I protested, my ethical sense rebelling at accepting the favor Dicky seemed to treat so nonchalantly.
"You don't understand," my husband exclaimed, in accents at once patient and patronizing. "Old Bob Bliss and I were in the same training camp together. We've been friends for years. We could have each other's shirts and socks at any minute. I couldn't insult him worse than to offer him money for his apartment."
I made the mental comment that Mrs. Bliss and I did not have the same intimacy, but I made no further protest. For Dicky had set his mind upon occupying the apartment and there was nothing to do but make the best of it. But how I dreaded keeping house with the household gods dear to the heart of a woman who was a total stranger to me!
"You'll ask Claire to come along, of course? Make her come if she objects," Dicky asked.

Now, I had promised myself not to lose sight of Claire Foster until I had seen her with recovered poise, safe in the shelter of her own apartment, with her own friends. But with feminine inconsistency, it annoyed me to have Dicky ask such action as if it were the only possible thing for me to do. I must not let him guess my feeling, however, so with a little mouse I echoed his words of a few minutes before and purposely imitated his haughty intonation.
"I'll take care of Claire," I said. "She'll be glad to come anywhere if she's sure of eluding Dr. Pettit. She appears to dread meeting him."
"If she didn't she'd be a moron," Dicky reflected. "How on earth could a pipkin of a girl ever get herself tangled up with a Gloom Gus like Pettit I can't see. There must be something romantically attractive about him, though, because I can remember when you didn't exactly kick and scream for help whenever he trained those melancholy orbs on you and registered dying-calf adoration. And whatever else may be said about you, you're not a moron. You're quite a bit above your jugular vein. I tell you there must be some subtle charm about Herbie."
A combination flashlight and revolver has been designed, so mounted on a common axis that where the flashlight hits the gun will also hit.

Uncle Sam Says:

Master Builders of Today.
It is the plan and purpose of the United States Bureau of Education in presenting this course of reading, to present together with biographies of some of the leaders of our time, stories of the foundational services of those who fill the ranks of constructive labor, and some books that are clear and stimulating studies of present day problems and tendencies. The reading suggested covers the life and work of such persons as Roosevelt, Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, etc. Most of the books mentioned may be loaned at public libraries.
Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this list of reading by writing to the Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., asking for "Reading Course No. 19."

Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX
"Isn't there some way that lonely men who want nothing so much in the world as feminine companionship can meet the girls they would like to know?" writes N. T. H. And in the same mail a girl cries out:
"How am I to meet the sort of men I long to know? They never seem to come my way. Or, if they do, they pass me by."
Back of both questions is a sad fact about human nature—a fact there doesn't seem much way of changing. It is the fact that we are all the victims of snap judgment—the lure of our eyes blinds us to the worth-while things which might be ours if we could see far enough to recognize them.
A man is introduced to two girls. One is brilliant and gay. She makes laughing sallies. She is attractively dressed. She has the earmarks of a worldly and amusing young person. The man begins to shower attention on her. But she is such an obvious young creature that there are half a dozen men paying court to her, and she gives nothing to any of them in giving a smile and a laugh to each and all.
The sought-after coquette is drunk with her popularity, dazzled with her success. She hasn't time to get off by herself and think. She hasn't a chance to cultivate her soul. And so she becomes ever more worldly and insincere.
Finally her suitors recognize the truth about her and become cynics about all women. They shut their eyes to the truth. They continue to pass by the little gray mouse of a girl, never dreaming how much she would have to offer to the man who took the trouble to draw out her shy soul and timid mind.
Women do the same thing. They are dazzled by the popular hero. They are victimized by good looks or a charming manner. And they, too,

ABIE THE AGENT---

THIS IS GENERALSHIP.

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EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Worrying the Heavy Loser.



HIS BIRTHDAY STARTS



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Born Jan. 17, 1706

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Over 7% on your money
Nebraska Power Co. is a local Company. It supplies that great necessity of every-day life—ELECTRICITY. The Company is growing rapidly. Its power plant and other properties are worth millions of dollars. Many prominent Omaha business men are directors of the Company and the many different businesses depending upon the Company for service is in itself insurance of maintenance of the Company's revenues at all times.
This stock is a SAFE security Invest your savings in it

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