

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

Mr. Rabbit Makes a Suggestion.

It was New Year's day, and Mr. Rabbit said that everybody in the house ought to make what he called "a New Year's resolution."

"What's that, pa?" Jimmy Rabbit asked his father. "How can I make one of those things when I don't know what they are? Are they good to eat?"

"I should say not—unless one wants to eat his words," replied Mr. Rabbit with a laugh. "To make a resolution, one promises himself that he will do something during the coming year that he ought to do."

"Or that he won't do something that he ought not to do," added Mrs. Rabbit a bit tartly. "For instance," she went on, "one might promise himself that he wouldn't be late for his meals, as he was last year."

At this remark of his wife's, Mr. Rabbit looked very uncomfortable. "What are you going to promise yourself, pa?" Jimmy inquired.

"I can't say," Mr. Rabbit answered. "I'll have to think about the matter. I want to do what's best."

"What are you going to promise yourself?" Jimmy then asked his mother.

"I believe—," said Mrs. Rabbit—"I believe that I'll not serve any meals during the coming year to folks that aren't on time for them."

Again Mr. Rabbit looked most uneasy. Jimmy could see for himself that making a New Year's resolution was no simple matter. Even his father, who must have made many of them, needed to think well before deciding what he would do. His mother, however, seemed to have no trouble making up her mind.

"I suppose," thought Jimmy, "I could promise myself not to be late for meals. But that would be a hard promise to keep. I might be playing a game at mealtime. And it wouldn't be very pleasant to stop right in the middle of a game."

He was unusually thoughtful that day. He was so quiet that Mrs. Rabbit remarked to her husband that she hoped Jimmy wasn't going to start the new year by being ill. She noticed that there was nothing wrong with his appetite. And both he and his father were very prompt for their meals.

Mr. Rabbit said no more about New Year's resolutions.

"Have you promised yourself anything yet, pa?" Jimmy asked him at last.

Mr. Rabbit started; and he dropped his spoon upon the floor with a clatter.

"I've been thinking the matter over," he replied with a sly glance at his wife. "I've about decided it will be best for our family if none of us makes any promises this year. I believe we'll get along just as well without them."

"I was just going to decide that I wouldn't eat any more green peas until next June," Jimmy told his parents.

"Well, there can be no harm in promising yourself that," said his father. "You won't have any trouble keeping that promise. There won't be a fresh green pea eaten in Pleasant Valley for more than five weeks. On the whole," he added, "that would be a fine resolution for all of us to make."

Mr. Rabbit smiled slightly.

"I'll agree to that," she said. "And it won't interfere with our meals here in this house. They'll be served promptly to those that are on time for them."

"Certainly! Certainly!" Mr. Rabbit exclaimed hastily. And then he began to talk about the weather, and how cold it would probably be the next day.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Uncle Sam Says:

Sex Education.

"The Parent's Part" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the United States Public Health Service. It deals with the question of sex education, points out the parent's responsibility in giving their children sex information, tells how to teach the child, and contains a list of books on sex suitable for both sexes.

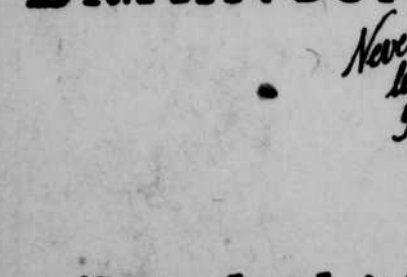
Educators believe that the spread of venereal diseases has been due largely to ignorance and false ideas. Formerly, the subject of sex was associated with secret and vicious practices; to discuss it was indecent. Now, men and women are coming to understand that the sex function is intimately connected with the physical and moral development of the individual and with the welfare of the entire race.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet as long as the supply lasts by writing to the United States Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., asking for "V. D. Pamphlet No. 32." The booklet will be sent sealed.

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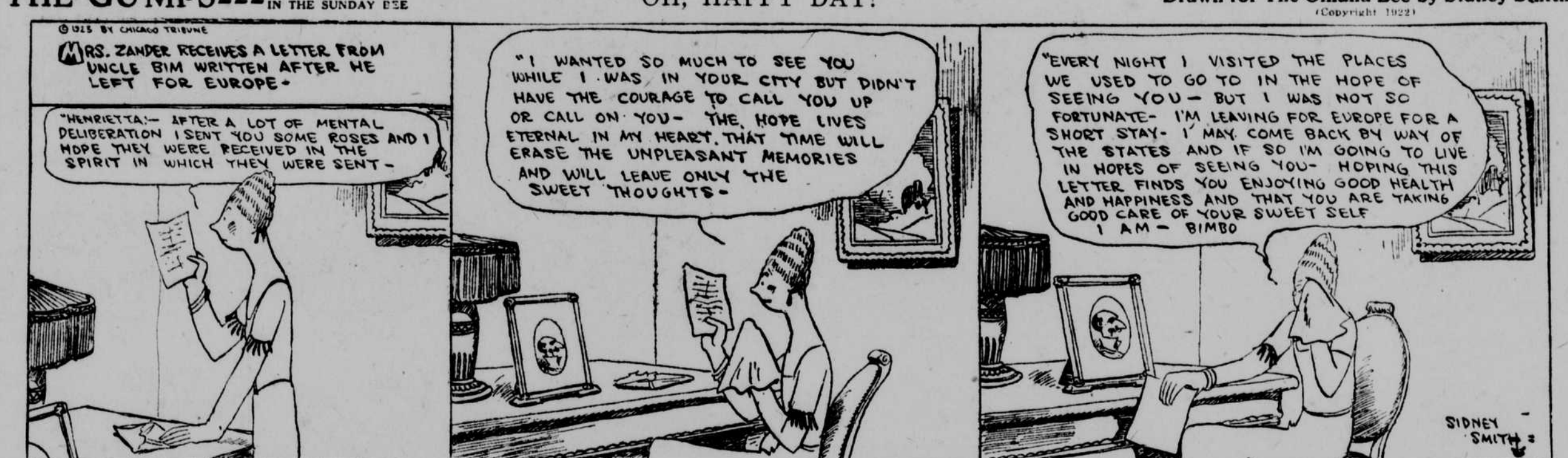


THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

OH, HAPPY DAY!

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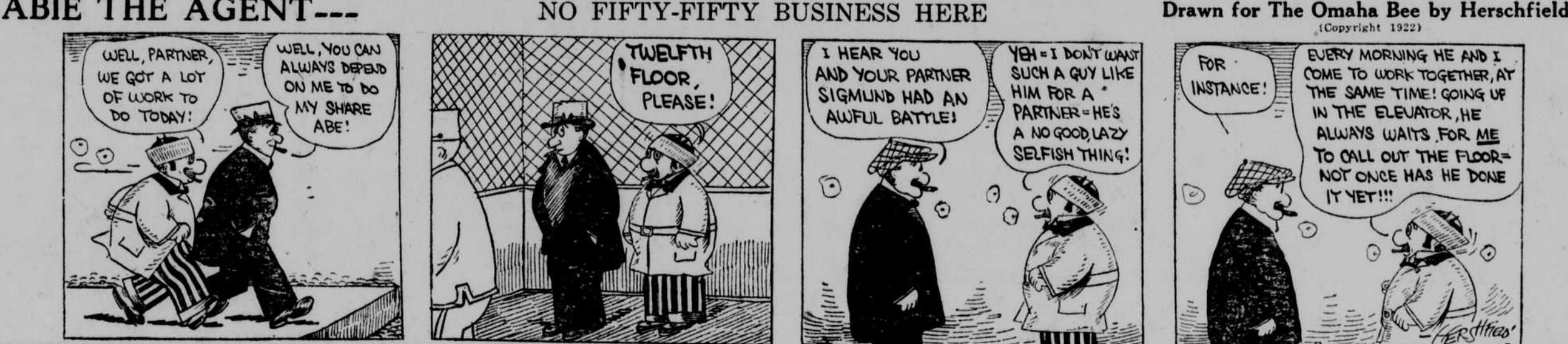


ABIE THE AGENT

NO FIFTY-FIFTY BUSINESS HERE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfield (Copyright 1922)

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfield (Copyright 1922)



My Marriage Problems

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

Final Instructions.

Problems That Perplex By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

What Claire Thoughtlessly and Unintentionally Disclosed.  
Our taxi turned from Fifth avenue into the rabbit warren of streets which is in Greenwich Village. And after a series of turns and twistings through narrow streets and around corners which left me without the slightest vestige of direction, it abruptly stopped before a small apartment house. It was of the type which, a number of years ago, replaced many of the old houses of the village, and are now in turn being shoved out of the way by the new and fantastic architecture which holds sway there.

"Here we are," Dicky spoke for the first time since his sulky outburst at me. "Just tote those bags up to the fourth floor, will you please?" The chauffeur gathered up the bags and when Dicky had helped us out, we walked into the tiny, scrupulously clean tiled vestibule and waited while Dicky unlocked the vestibule door. In feminine fashion both Claire and I took in the names over the letter boxes as Dicky struggled with the unfamiliar key.

Two bore a single name, evidently that of the conventional head of the household. Of the others, most were inscribed with three or four names apiece, indicating that a group of women or a group of men shared an apartment. The one in which I was most interested showed the names of Robert Bliss, Elizabeth Bliss and there was one other which bore the legend George Brill. Margaret Gates and at which Claire Foster turned an excited face to me.

"What do you know about that?" she whispered. "We have distinguished neighbors."  
I recognized the names as those of two of the most radical members of our new literati. Married, as they themselves explained, only out of deference to the ridiculous prejudices of old and ailing parents, as otherwise they would have flung the outworn and useless old rite to the winds, the possessors of a small daughter whom they were rearing according to the ultra-modern ideas, they had occupied much space—far too much, I thought

privately—in the magazines and newspapers. But they were undoubtedly good copy. I had supposed Claire Foster to be far too worldly wise to be at all impressed by their names, as but she evidently was still an enthusiastic and credulous child beneath her armor.  
A caustic retort as to the desirability of her adjective trembled on my lips, but I suppressed it.  
"Yes," I answered, as we waited for Dicky and the chauffeur with the luggage to lead the way up the unfamiliar staircase. "they would probably die of the disgrace should ever the wife be addressed by her husband's name instead of her own."  
"Don't you believe in a wife having a separate identity?" she asked wide-eyed.  
"Of course," I returned.  
"Then what's wrong with the name plate?"  
We rounded the first landing as she put the query. I waited until we had reached the second before replying. I did not care to reveal to her my own private opinion that the people we had been discussing were shrewd press agents of themselves, who managed to keep pretty constantly in the limelight with their freakish views and actions, and I needed a few seconds to keep that conviction out of my answer.  
"Not a thing," I said lightly. "It's all a matter of personal taste, don't you think? For my own part, I prefer the name card over the apartment to which we are going. Robert Bliss, Elizabeth Bliss. That gives the

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



Problems That Perplex

Let Friends Alone.  
Dear Miss Fairfax: Have come to you for advice. I have a very dear girl friend and am interested very much in her. She has been going with a fellow since last spring. He was working when he started to go with her, but shortly afterwards he quit his job and has not worked since, although they are thinking of getting married. Do you think he really intends to marry her? Or, do you think he is just using her as a pasture place? He never takes her any place, but whenever there is a prize fight or wrestling match he always goes—and she stays home. What is your idea of a man like that? Please publish this, as I am worried about her. Will you publish this as soon as possible in your advice column. Thanking you, I remain, X, Y, Z. It would be easy enough for me to

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