

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

CHAPTER XXVIII. Once More the Bunny Family Have a Guest.

The Bunny family had just sat down to dinner. Mr. Bunny was feeling specially good-natured. He had guessed right about the weather. It was very cold that day, just as he had expected. And it made him feel agreeable. Besides, Mrs. Bunny had prepared his favorite dish for a surprise. She had found a turnip down at Farmer Green's place. To be sure, it had been frozen. That, no doubt, was the reason why some one had tossed it aside. It was slightly bitter. But Mr. Bunny said that by eating fast one would hardly notice there was anything wrong with the turnip. Well, the Bunny family had just fairly settled down to eat their dinner. Mr. Bunny had served his wife, their daughter Belinda, and their son Benny. And he had taken not more than two mouthfuls himself when there came a knock on the door. "Who can that be?" Mrs. Bunny exclaimed. "It's a strange time for a call."

"It sounded like Uncle Isaac's knock," Mr. Bunny remarked. "But it can't be he. He wouldn't be coming back here so soon, after spending six months with us. It's hardly six weeks since he left."

Again came the knocking, louder than before.

"It certainly sounds like Uncle Isaac," he said. "Hurry, we better bolt the door."

"What?" cried Mrs. Bunny. "Bolt the door against my own brother on a bitter cold night like this?" She sprang to her feet. She had hardly sprung back her chair when the door opened. And in walked Uncle Isaac with a broad grin on his face.

"I was passing this way," he announced, "and I couldn't go by without stopping to see how you were."

"That's very kind of you," Mrs. Bunny told her brother. "Isn't it kind of him?" she asked her husband.

"Oh, very!" Mr. Bunny agreed as he rose from the table. "Come right into the parlor," he urged Uncle Isaac. "We don't care about finishing our dinner now. Come into the parlor. We can talk better in there."

"No!" said Uncle Isaac, hanging back. "I'll sit right down at the table with you. For I don't want to interrupt your meal. I can't stay more than a few minutes. He seized a chair, drew it up to the table, and dropped into it. "I've had my dinner," he remarked. "Hal! I see you're dining on turnip. Well—I'll take a taste of it, if you insist."

Now, nobody had said a word to Uncle Isaac about his sharing the meal with the family. But his sister, Mrs. Bunny, exclaimed how delightful it would be if Uncle Isaac could stay until they had finished their dinner. And she hurried to get another plate, which she handed to her husband.

"Give Uncle Isaac a good, big serving of turnip," she bade Mr. Bunny. "It's his favorite dish."

Mrs. Bunny groaned inwardly. He hated to waste any food—and especially turnip—upon anybody as lazy as his wife's brother. But there was nothing to do except obey Mrs. Bunny.

Mr. Bunny was silent throughout the rest of the meal. His high spirits had fled. But Uncle Isaac talked and talked. And when dinner was over he said he felt sleepy and he believed that instead of going on that night, in the cold, he would stay there where it was snug and warm.

So he stayed.

"Oh, dear!" thought Mr. Bunny. "He'll be here another six months!" He knew Uncle Isaac only too well.

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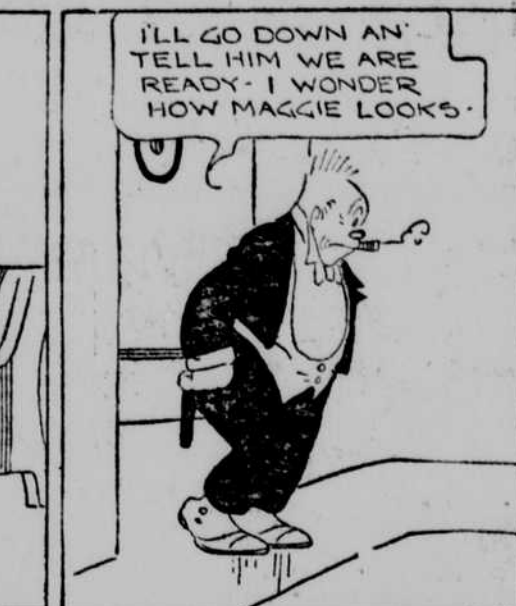
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BRINGING UP FATHER---



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

MRS. GUMP'S HUSBAND



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

THE GUMPS---



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

ABIE THE AGENT---



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

My Marriage Problems

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

The Reason Dicky Told Madge He Was Married.

I don't like the looks of that fellow.

Dicky, with his hands thrust in his pockets, stared after the ingratiating chauffeur as he rapidly made his way down the stairs.

"Did you see him give us all the cue-eyes?" he went on. "Looked as if he suspected something was wrong. What's phony about our looks, do you think?"

Claire Foster's face crimsoned quickly and her lips parted as if to speak. I knew she meant to reveal the indiscreet comment she had just made to the effect that we were not anxious to have our names on the letter box downstairs in the hall, and I hesitated to forestall her. Dicky had not heard it, and it would do no good for him to learn it now.

"Nothing at all," I returned blithely. He was simply so pleased at his tip that he gave us all the 'once-over,' as you say, so that he would be sure to spot us another time. Dicky's especial weakness is tipping taxi drivers. I went on glibly, turning to Claire. "If one of the gentry has ever seen him before," he makes his taxi turn somersaults whenever he spies my husband."

Claire laughed nervously, but Dicky still looked serious.

"Haven't I heard—"

"That's all right for nonsense," he said, "but the fact remains, I don't like that fellow's looks or his actions."

"Do you think he's seen us before?" I asked with a vivid recollection of Harry Underwood's warning.

"No-o," he said slowly, "but he's got us jotted down in his mental card index now, all right. Something or other, I'd like to know what, gave him an idea that we didn't exactly court observation, and he has that little fact filed away. If he ever hears anybody inquiring for us—"

He broke off abruptly and busied himself with getting the bags out of the narrow hallway.

I shook my head at Claire Foster in a warning that she should not betray her responsibility for the chauffeur's suspicion, and she turned abruptly, walked to the window and stood looking out of it so that her flushed face was hidden from us.

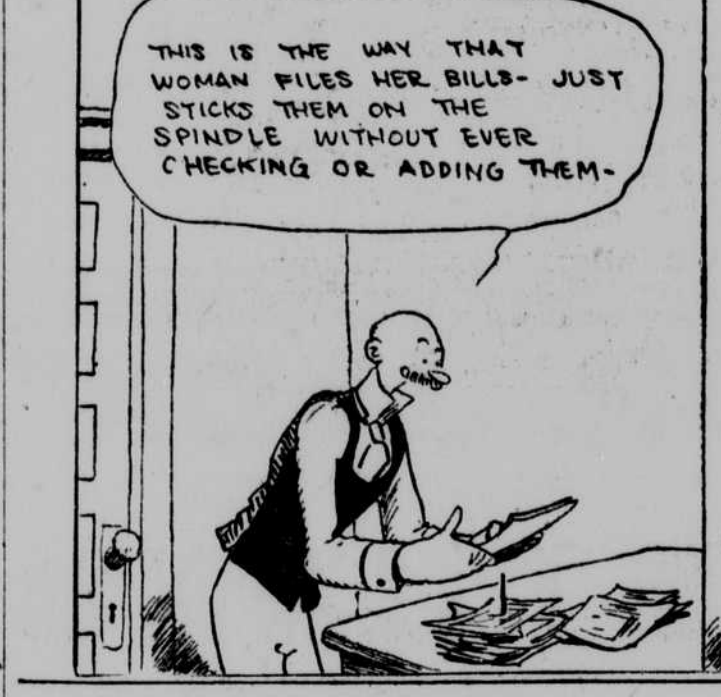
Dicky came into the living room and strode up and down its brief length with every line of him spelling perturbation. I wondered if he, too, were thinking of the words Harry Underwood had uttered. For fear his attention might be attracted to Claire, I said the first thing which came into my head.

"Haven't I heard you say that a taxi driver's livery was 'See nothing, hear nothing, speak nothing.'"

Claire surprised Dicky.

"It should be," he replied, and the old flight-hawk horse-cab drivers lived up to it. Many of the taxi men do also. But some of them are either actual or potential blackmailers, and it's said a 'wise' few are affiliated with the criminal gangs which infest the city. Well, I'm glad he hasn't

ABIE HAS A THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

ABIE THE AGENT---



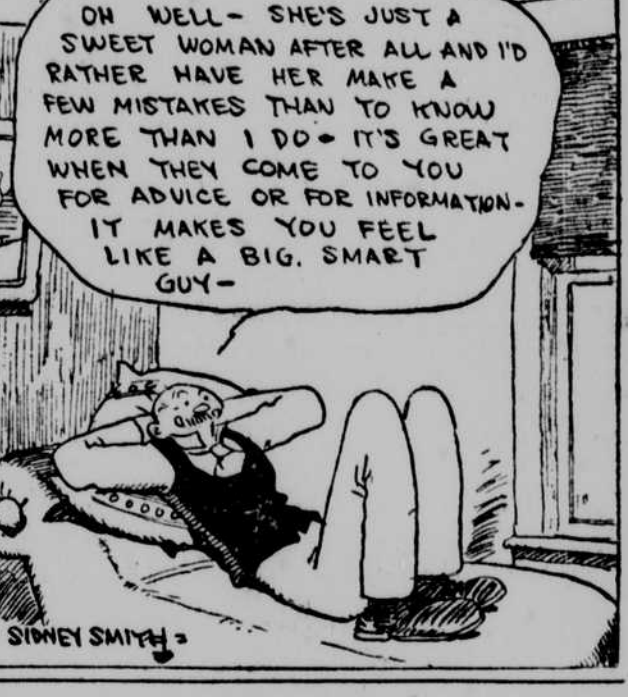
SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

EDDIE'S FRIENDS



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

PROBLEMS THAT PERPLEX



SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Druggist Says Move Order Forces Sale of All Stock

J. H. Green, for 27 years a druggist in Omaha, is being forced to vacate his location on Sixteenth and Howard streets, on short notice, due to the erection of a new building on this site.

He says he has no other location in sight, and is therefore offering on sale all his stock of drug merchandise, which must be sold within the next few weeks.

Rohrer Keeps Army Booze.

U. Stauffer Rohrer, federal prohibition enforcement officer for Nebraska, said Miss Fairfax has received no word from the department in Washington deciding whether or not he was right in seizing a case of whiskey consigned from the army supply station in St. Louis to the army hospital department here. His agents took the liquor from an express office about 10 days ago.

Uncle Sam Says:

Book Lice.

Book lice, the tiny white or grayish insects which scurry across the pages when a library book is opened, frequently appear in great numbers in damp or heavily shaded rooms. They are not injurious to persons, but their presence is very annoying.

The government booklet on these insects tells of their habits, describes conditions favorable to their increase and discusses control measures.

Free copies of this booklet may be obtained by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1104."

Parents' Problems

Should a boy be allowed to play marbles for keeps?

Boys who play marbles are usually interested in it as a game, and a part of the game is keeping the marbles which the winner has earned. They are not of an age to understand gambling, and unless enlightened by the parents, will go on playing the game for the game's sake.

ASKING THE GIRL'S FATHER.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl, 19, and am going about with a young man six years my senior for the past six months, during which time he has spoken of marriage to me.

The question now arises between us as to whose place it is to bring up the subject; my parents to him or he to them.

A READER.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going about with a girl 10 years my junior. When I am away from her I feel that I cannot live without her and when I am near her my feelings are that she does not mean so much to me.

Will you please explain this and let me know whether you think I really am in love with the girl. J. F.

It seems to be a case of absence making the heart grow fonder in your case. No, don't think that you are really in love with the girl.

WHICH MAN SHALL SHE CHOOSE?

Dear Miss Fairfax: For the last three years I have been in love with a man 21 years my senior. During that time he has been most attentive and has made love to me, but he has not asked me to marry him.

Another man, eight years older than myself, whom I have known six months, has asked me to marry him. I thought I could care for him, but

PROBLEMS THAT PERPLEX

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

I cannot. I told the older man and he was angry. He said if I really cared for him I could not think of marrying anyone else. I am an orphan and am most unhappy living with relatives. The man who wants to marry me is insistent for a definite answer. What shall I do? A. P.

This is an unusual situation and one requiring tact and courage. The older man seems to be so selfish and self-centered that no matter how deeply you feel you love him, you can find no happiness with him. Psychologically, you are likely to have a hard time putting him out of your mind unless something happens to snap the spell of his fascination for you. So you have nothing to lose and much to gain by going to him with the utmost frankness and having what is called a "show down."

If the man states with calm brutality that he does not want to marry and assume the obligations of a home, perhaps you will see what a "dog in the manger" attitude he has in striving to hold you when he is not willing to do anything to deserve you.

SHY IN THE POT.

EVERYBODY IS FOR 'GUILTY' BUT YOU!

I KNOW HE'S GUILTY AND DESERVES SIX MONTHS IN PRISON; BUT I'M AFRAID TO AGREE AGAINST HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? IT'LL BE TWELVE OF US SAYING 'GUILTY'!

I KNOW IT—BUT THE TWELVE OF US WON'T ALWAYS BE WALKING AROUND TOGETHER!!!

SHY IN THE POT.

LISTEN, JOE—MEBBE IF YOU PUT A LITTLE PEARLY WHITE CHIP IN THE CENTER OF THE TABLE IT MIGHT MAKE THE GAME INTERESTING.

PUT NOTHIN'! I WAS THE FIRST GUY IN THIS KITT! WHY DON'T YOU PUT ONE IN YOURSELF FOR A CHANGE!

ANY MAN WHO CAN FIB LIKE THAT SHOWS A LOT OF VERY HIGH TYPE TALENT!

HA, HA! JOE'S SO ABSENT MINDED HE FORGETS TO PAY THE RENT SOMETIMES!

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"I'll find you WORKERS" says the Omaha Bee "Want" Ad

- who get to work on time and keep at it faithfully during the day
- who do all that is expected of them, and more too
- who are determined to get to the top by giving you the very best that is in them in return for merited advancement
- who will become an asset to your business and make your institution stronger eventually because of their association with you
- that's the kind of employees, people in every trade and profession who read the "Help Wanted" columns in the "Want" Ad section of The Omaha Bee to keep them informed of the jobs that are available—in Omaha and surrounding territory.

Your advertisement in the "Help Wanted" columns of The Omaha Bee will put you in touch with a most desirable class of workers in this community. And, keep this in mind, the "Want" Ad columns of The Omaha Morning Bee—The Evening Bee offer you better results at lesser cost.

The next time you have a vacancy in your store, office or factory, call At-lantic 1000 and dictate your "Help Wanted" advertisement to one of our courteous, efficient "Want" Ad takers.

The Omaha Morning Bee—THE EVENING BEE

Hills acts at once checks Colds in 24 Hours

In the first sign of a cold take Hills Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats. It's the most dependable cold medicine you can get.

Ask for Hills Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats.

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Alcock's PLASTER

The World's Greatest External Remedy.

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It is a standard remedy, sold by druggists in every part of the civilized world.

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COLDS LA-GRIFFE INFLUENZA

QUICKLY CHECKED WITH ZERST'S GRIP CAPSULES 25¢ ALL DRUGGISTS