

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXX.
Why Uncle Isaac Went Away.
Belinda Bunny's Uncle Isaac was a guest of the Bunny home. He claimed to have been so injured when Belinda's father let him fall upon the floor that it would be weeks and weeks before he could leave his bed, and months and months before he would be able to travel.
Mr. Bunny knew Uncle Isaac's tricks. If Mr. Bunny could have had his way he would have dragged Uncle Isaac to the door and locked him out. But Mrs. Bunny would never have let him do that. She nursed Uncle Isaac faithfully and fed him so well that you could almost see him growing fatter and fatter every day.

A real feast. They hadn't eaten any cabbage since fall. And Uncle Isaac, who enjoyed all his meals in bed, announced that cabbage made him think of carrots, somehow.
"Can't we have carrots tomorrow night?" he asked his sister, Mrs. Bunny. "I'm sure they'd help my lameness."
"I hear," Mr. Bunny said hastily, before his wife could answer, "I hear that everybody has plenty of carrots over the hill. There was a big crop there last fall. Why don't you travel over to Cousin John's place tomorrow, Uncle Isaac? They say Cousin John's family eats carrots every day." In some such fashion Mr. Bunny was always hinting to his brother-in-law to bring his visit to an end.



"Uncle Isaac's not able to walk," Mrs. Bunny told her husband coldly, she always spoke of her brother as "Uncle Isaac." "Well, have carrots here tomorrow night, if there's any to be found anywhere," she told her brother.
The next morning Mrs. Bunny sent her daughter, Belinda, on another errand to Mrs. Rabbit's house. This time Belinda asked the loan of a dozen carrots.
Somehow, this morning, Mrs. Rabbit did not seem so ready to lend more food.
"Have you company at your house?" she asked Belinda.
"Uncle Isaac's with us," Belinda Bunny explained.
"I had begun to think as much," said Mrs. Rabbit grimly. "May I ask when your mother expects to repay all this food she's borrowing from me?"
"Next spring!" Belinda told her.
"Next spring?" exclaimed Jimmy Rabbit's mother. "There'll be plenty of food for the taking then. Now is the time when food is scarce. I can't feed Uncle Isaac all winter. I must take care of my own family. Let your Uncle Isaac bestir himself and find some food himself."
Well, when Uncle Isaac found that he wasn't going to have carrots for dinner he was so angry that he sprang out of bed, hopped into his clothes and went off without even saying goodbye.
Mrs. Bunny was terrible upset. "I'm afraid my brother will never visit us again," she sobbed.
As for Mr. Bunny, he bore up nobly. He was even gay. And that evening he brought home half a peck of carrots from Farmer Green's vegetable cellar.
Mrs. Bunny was all for sending out and trying to find Uncle Isaac. But Mr. Bunny said he knew, for a fact, that Uncle Isaac was miles away.
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BRINGING UP FATHER

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SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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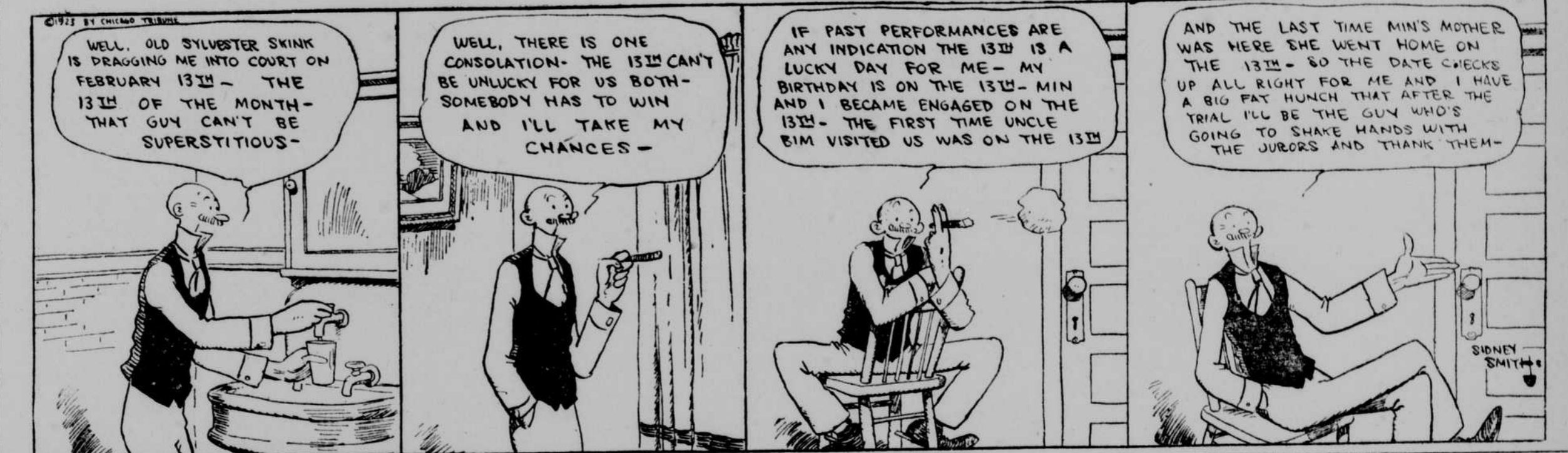


THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

THE 13TH—DER TAG

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ABIE THE AGENT

AT LEAST HE'S TRUTHFUL

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My Marriage Problems

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

What Puzzled Madge About Claire Foster's Strange Attitude.
I saw Dicky's eyes narrow ever so slightly as Claire Foster tauntingly asked him why he was delaying going after our dinner order while I made out the grocery list for the next day. And I knew that despite the strong attraction she apparently had for him, her crude exhibition of spoiled beauty tyranny was annoying him exceedingly. But his voice was as insouciant as always when he answered:
"Because, angel-faced child, there are four flights of stairs leading to this apartment, and my lower limbs are weary. After I have ordered the dinner I shall have plenty of time to attend to the grocery order, and thus save the extra journey."
She rose from the low chair into which she had flung her lithe length, walked up to him and, putting her hands upon his shoulders, swung him around facing the door. Then she snatched up his hat which he had deposited upon the top of the phonograph case and clapped it on his head.
"Forward, march!" she commanded. "It will take Madge a half hour to make out that list—these perfect housekeepers have to have every iron right, you know, and if you think I'm going to have my dinner delayed an extra half hour, you have about nine and a half more deep thimbles coming. My little Mary is waiting for hers, and she's going to get 'em. Where's your chivalry, man, thinking of your legs when a lady is hungry?"
Madge is "flabbergasted."
"I'm likely to forget you're a lady with much more of this sort of cave-woman stuff," he banters lightly, but, without further words, she went out of the door. I wondered if there was not a suspicion of truth in his words.
As for myself, "flabbergasted"—one

of my mother-in-law's favorite expressions—was the only word to express my reaction to Claire Foster's odd behavior. When I had first seen her, many months ago, in Dr. Pettit's company, she had attracted me by her fresh young beauty, her inquisitive and certain breezy, warm-heartedness, spelling her western origin. But I had also been rebelled by a tinge of hardness and boldness in her manner, which I had laid, however, to the prevailing style in modern youthful femininity.
The discovery of her photograph with its bizarre inscription in Dicky's room, followed by the newspaper report of the escapade from which I just had rescued her, had given me a feeling for her which was as near hatred as an emotion could be. But her evident suffering, her apparently sincere remorse, her pathetic wish to do anything I wished when I reached the Barker house had banished that feeling altogether, and there had crept into my heart a strong sympathy for her, and the liking which one generally feels for the grateful recipient of one's kindness.
A Courteous Reply.
It had been but a few hours since on the train bearing us to the city she had surrounded with every appearance of emotional sincerity:
"Perhaps, some time, I can prove my gratitude." And now, within a few minutes, she had been guilty of gross discourtesy toward me, and of an exhibition of petty feminine tyranny toward Dicky such as only a woman very sure of the fealty of a man would give.
What was behind this sudden change of demeanor? With a sudden flash of cynicism I remembered that until we found a refuge in the Bliss apartment there never had been a minute when we were free from observation by outsiders. Was that the reason for her good behavior?
Had she been playing a part in order to insure my continued protection of her, and now being assured, I told myself bitterly, that I was "easy," had she thrown off the mask?
Or—I later to think her guilty of such deliberate meanness as my first thought—was she simply reverting without conscious thought to her natural self, out of which she had been frightened by the unpleasant experience which had befallen her at the Barker house?
My own course was plain, however. While she was our guest I could make no change in my treatment of her. To ignore such behavior as hers of the last few minutes would be hard, but I must do it.
I can hardly avoid her eyes, however, as with elaborate carelessness I said sweetly:
"Come on, Claire, Dicky won't be back for half an hour. Let's look over the apartment, and plan where we're going to put things."

Parents' Problems
PARENTS' PROBLEMS.
Should children invite their friends who do not attend Sunday school to accompany them?
If the children do this, who would forbid them? Teach them, when inviting other children to go anywhere, to do anything, to say: "Ask your mother if you may go with me (or do this)." Then all will be as it should be.
Do Want Ads bring results.

Problems That Perplex

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Complexion Puzzle.
Dear Miss Fairfax: Two questions are all I ask of you: What am I—a blonde or a brunette? My hair is dark brown, has quite a bit of gold in it, eyebrows and lashes jet black; eyes sometimes grayish blue, other times hazel, and complexion, skin rather olive, good color, though. And what colors should I wear? I am slender and a medium height. Thanking you in advance, MILDRED R.
Your blue eyes and golden brown hair would make you classify as a blonde. Many people are neither absolutely blonde or brunette. With your olive skin I should think you would wear rose shades well, also orange and some shades of reds. You should wear the rich shades well, sapphire blue, for example. Avoid pastel shades.

Don't Be Dramatic.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I need some advice, so am coming to you for it. I am a girl of 18. A year ago I met a young man of 23. Miss Fairfax, this man asked me four times for dates, but, because of my parents' objections, I refused, and now it seems I am the sufferer. I have gone through several times with other men, but none have I found who interests me as the first. I have been told he cared greatly for me and I care for him. He used to be a boy who drank, spent lots of money and was very lively, and for that reason my folks objected. He has changed greatly from these habits, yet that still sticks before my parents' eyes. He is very quiet in the company of others. When he found it was impossible for me to go with him he took another girl. I do not know for sure, but his actions are queer toward me; he acts as though it hurts him to look at me, and it more than hurts to see him with another, but I say nothing. No one but myself knows how I care for him. I have kept it to myself, and so I suffer it in silence. When I see him he always speaks and I do likewise, and then a thrill goes through me, or my heart feels as if it turns over.
A girl friend of mine told me a boy friend told her he really cared that I couldn't go with him. Could a girl ever care for a man whom she did not love for a year? Can this just be a passing fancy for him? He is always in my thoughts; it seems impossible to forget. My God, what shall I do? I would like to hear others' advice on this also. A. M. C.
Foolish parents who forbid a girl to go with a certain boy. It usually reacts as in your case. The girl cares all the more for the boy and starts idealizing him and feeling that he has been unjustly treated. Have a talk with your parents and win their consent to your friendship with this young man. If he is really unworthy of you, as they think he is, you will discover it for yourself (if you have good sense) and will be just as anxious to quit going with him as they are to have you. Don't get dramatic about the situation, however. Use common sense, and place great confidence in your parents, who love you and wish your welfare only.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Silence and Fun.



I HEAR THIS REGULARLY ONCE A WEEK!

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU INSIST UPON GOING OVER TO EDDIE'S AND LEAVING ME HERE ALL BY MYSELF, GO AHEAD! - BUT I WANT TO TELL YOU ONE THING, JOHN HENRY JONES, YOU'LL DO IT ONCE TOO OFTEN SOME SWEET DAY!

I SWEAR THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME JOSEPHINE! AFTER TONIGHT I'M OFF TH' GAME FOR LIFE!

would consider it all right at an after-theater luncheon because it is only common sense to have the hands free for your food. It is sometimes difficult to remove long gloves entirely and tucking them in is a compromise. It is not considered perfect form, but is very generally done.
So far as possible, women are given the box seats nearest the stage. The answer to your question then would be that one couple would take the front seats, with the girl nearest the stage, and the other couple would sit behind in the same order.
The man should do the ordering. If the girl has some preference in the matter of dishes, it is all right for her to state it. The thing to strive for is ease, and if the man seems to be having difficulty, a clever girl will help him out. At a place where there is a cover charge, you need not feel under obligations to order more than you really wish. A chicken sandwich with a cup of coffee would be all right. A salad with rolls would be a good choice, too. If you are doing much dancing, why not remove your gloves entirely?
A carefully dressed gentleman will usually appear in his Tuxedo in the evening. They are not usually seen at public dance halls, but are not incorrect. It is good form to invite your escort in when you get home. If it is very late, he should not accept. If it is late and you really do not want him to come in why not suggest graciously that he call soon, saying, "You probably won't care to stop tonight, it is so late."
Any bedroom in the house should be considered all right for the men's wraps.
My dear, you seem very anxious to do the right thing, and that is a

commendable attitude. I can give you a rule which will always save you, except from the most technical of errors. Have consideration for others and respect for yourself and you will seldom do anything awkward, unkind or impolite.
F. F. W.: If you are engaged to the man and love him, why do you distress him and yourself by going with other fellows? I can't sympathize with your tears very much because you could stop them easily enough by being true to the man who cares for you.
Dear Miss Fairfax: My trouble is as many others are: A young man. I became infatuated with a young man and consented to marry him. The newness to me is now worn off and I must let him know that my affection for him exists no longer. I haven't the heart to write him and I don't wish to see him. I know it will break his heart and I hate to hurt anyone.
Do him the favor and yourself the credit of being honest.
Bewildered: If you don't like the young man's affection the only sure way of being relieved of it is by not going with him. You enjoy the things the young man does for you, but not the young man himself. You are evidently selfish. You know the old saying, "You can't eat your cake and have it, too."
Happy: Seventeen is young for a girl to be going with boys, but, judging from your letter, I think you are sensible enough to enjoy such friendships. A girl who is earning her own living, too, naturally wins certain independence.
B and B: Sorry your letter arrived with many others and had to await its turn. Write me again some time.

Uncle Sam Says

Cleaning Clothes.

Did you ever stain your clothes and not know what to use to remove it? Have you any garments which need renovating and dry cleaning on which you do not feel justified in expending the usual cleaners' charge? If so, get a copy of these instructions which our Washington Information Bureau has compiled from federal sources giving instructions for dry cleaning and removing stains from clothing.
Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of these instructions by sending an addressed envelope and four loose 1-cent stamps to The Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4085 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C. asking for "Cleaning Clothes." This service is free.

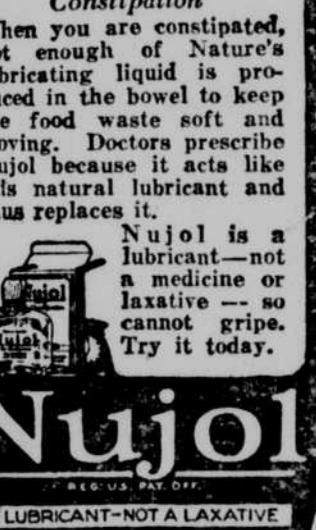
Airplanes in France carried 19,974 passengers and 1,042,350 pounds of freight in 1922.

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Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. Try it today.



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-no more sluggishness
Dr. KING'S PILLS -for constipation

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4 of 5
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Do Want Ads bring results.

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Sloan's Liniment
—kills pain!
For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds

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