

BRINGING UP FATHER

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Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

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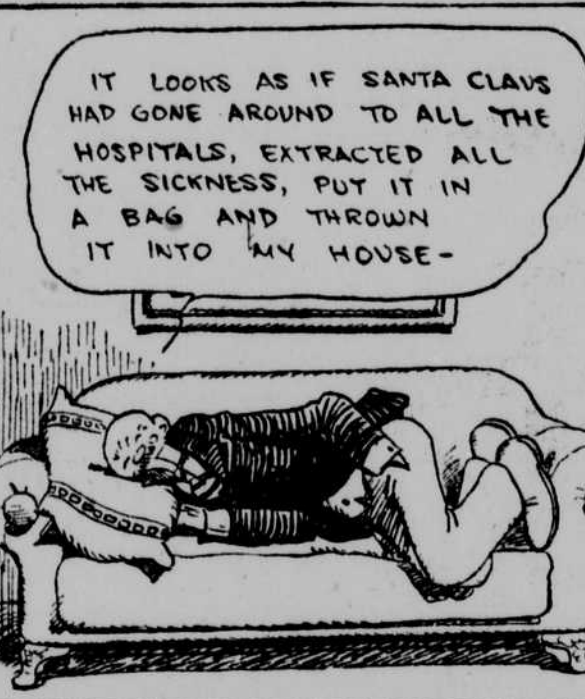
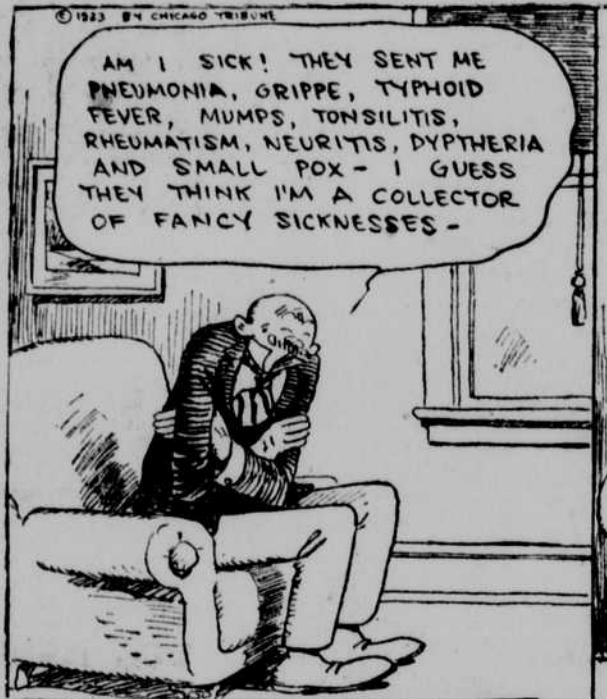
THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

AM I A SICK GUY?

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sidney Smith

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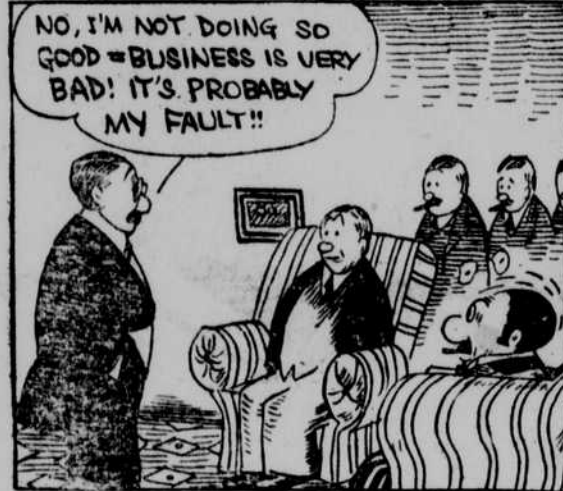


ABIE THE AGENT

HE KNOWS HUMAN NATURE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfield

(Copyright 1922)



My Marriage Problems

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

What Claire Disclosed in the Bliss's Apartment.

Claire rose with alacrity at my suggestion that we look over the Bliss apartment to which Dicky had just brought us.

"I'll be glad to give it the once-over. It's a nifty little dump. I think," she said, and I noted that she had returned to the slangy diction of my first acquaintance with her.

The hours of our association at the Barker house had given me a new and more pleasant impression of her language, which had been eminently correct. But she was patently off-guard now, to give her performance of the previous half-hour its most plausible excuse.

Our inspection did not take very long as the apartment consisted of but three rooms and an alcove off the living-room. The single bedroom was roomy for an apartment, and contained the ubiquitous twin beds and two dressing cases.

The living-room alcove at first sight seemed a part of the larger room, with a comfortable couch, and a roomy chest of drawers, which would have delighted the heart of a collector. But Claire's sharp eyes soon discovered the real use of the alcove.

"Behold the guest room," she said running an inquisitive finger along the framework of the couch. "This turns into a bed at night, and when the candles and that wonderful piece of old pottery are off that chest, it makes a spiffy bureau. But here's one guest who declines to use it. I'll make a fine place for the Dicky-bird to roost—isn't that what Mrs. Underwood calls him? And I know you'll let me share the bedroom with you, won't you? Here is even a door for his room."

"It's the Canary's chirp." She pulled out an immense screen from where it had been folded against the wall, and began to open it with all the eagerness of a curious, spoiled child who must meddle with every new thing. I told myself that was exactly what she was and I suspected that she looked upon Dicky as a novel and fascinating toy, whose mental wheels she liked to see revolve.

she said with a disparaging look at the piece of furniture over which I was breaking the tenth commandment. "But I can't cheap a single cheep over antiques. To my mind this room looks like a morgue."

Maggie is Dismayed. Her glance roved over the rush-bottomed, straight chairs and rockers which appealed so strongly to me, and which I knew must have been the result of long, patient and discriminating search upon the part of the unfortunate owners of them. Then she said amusedly:

"But you're daffy about them, aren't you?" "I fancy that describes my feeling," I returned, trying hard to make my voice good-humoredly indifferent. To express my enthusiasm, almost my veneration, for the lovely old things in the Bliss living room to this girl with her crude viewpoint was a waste of time and effort.

"Well, I'll take a comfortable rocker that I won't be afraid of breaking," she said laughingly, and followed me to the tiny kitchen, which after a swift, comprehensive survey of its contents, filled me with admiration—and dismay.

It was in that condition of immaculate order only to be described as spick and span, and its every appointment spoke of an exquisitely fastidious and fastidious mistress. I found myself visualizing her dismay at the thin veil of dust which during her two weeks' absence had covered the porcelain top of her work table.

But it was not the exquisite cleanliness and order of the kitchen which dismayed me. I flattered myself that I could return it to its mistress in equally good condition. But except for the cups and bowls of heavy yellow ware used in preparing and putting away food, there was not a single piece of what housekeepers call "common, everyday dishes or glasses."

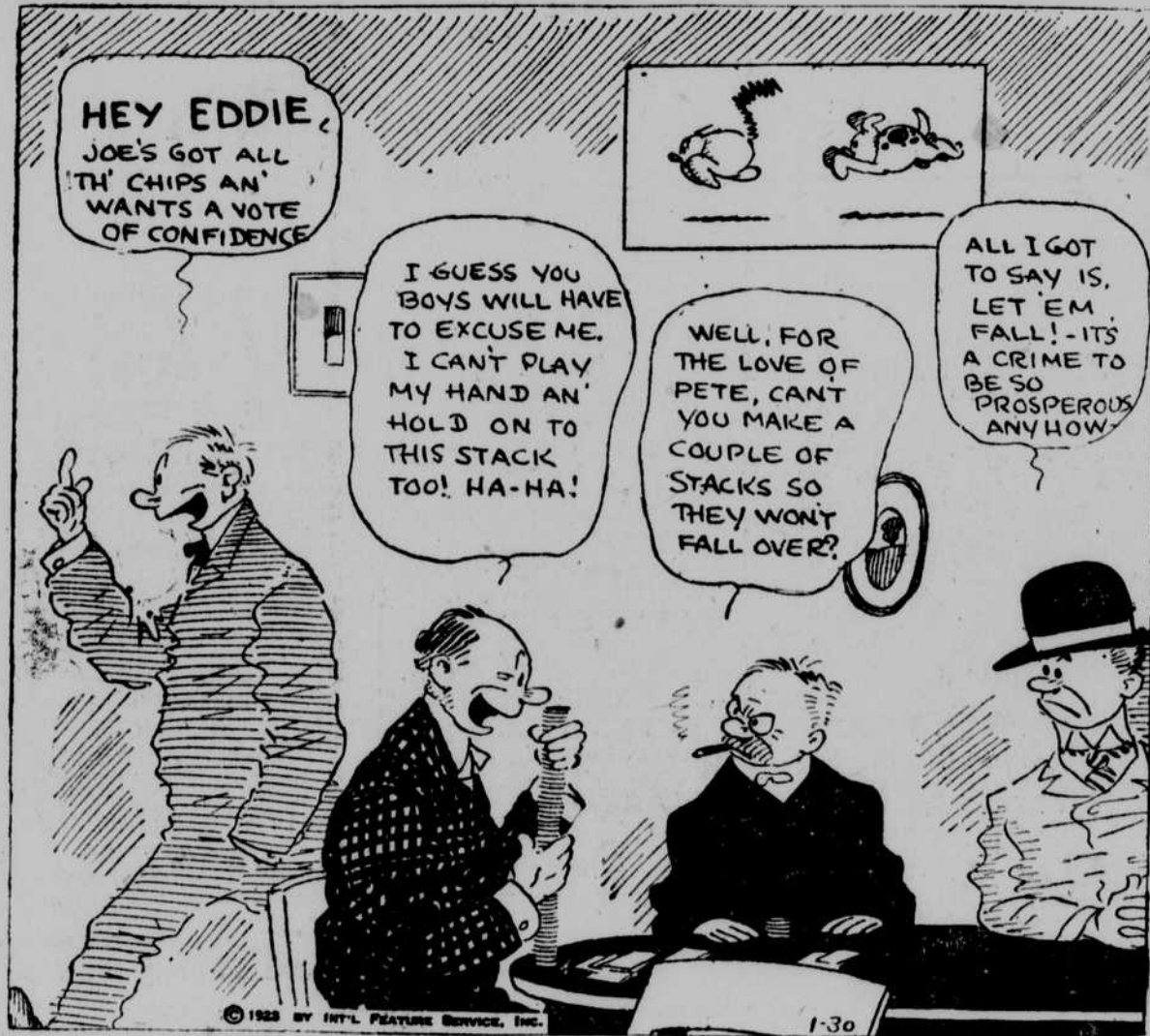
In the big cupboard which did double duty as china closet and pantry, every dish was thin china, every glass etched and equally fragile.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts, by writing to the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C., asking for "Infant Care."

Designers of Clothing Will Meet in Cincinnati Cincinnati, O., Jan. 29.—The convention of the International Association of Clothing Designers will be held here January 25 to 28.

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Kidding the Loser.



Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Dear Miss Fairfax: Our family have been constant readers of The Omaha Bee for a number of years and I think your advice splendid.

I have a problem which I would appreciate help from you on. I went with a certain young man for about three years, then we quit.

At the time at which we discontinued company he was working in the city. Two years ago he came to my town on business. We were together once then, just friendly letters, as we never really "made up." Have also had three visits, since we have been corresponding, but these were friendly, too. Recently he ceased writing and I wrote him just a friendly note asking if he were ill or what. Was I wrong in asking an explanation in the name of friendship? I thank you, UNCERTAIN.

Certainly not. If he fails to answer your letter I wouldn't write again if I were you. Perhaps he has found some one who will give him the love that I think, perhaps, you have refused him since your quarrel. He may lack the courage to tell you of his new found happiness.

Worried: My dear, when a married man tells you he loves you, don't believe him. If he speaks the truth, he is still unworthy of you because he is being false to his wife. I advise you to see no more of this man, no matter how much suffering it causes you. It will be less suffering, I assure you, than you will have if you continue to see him.

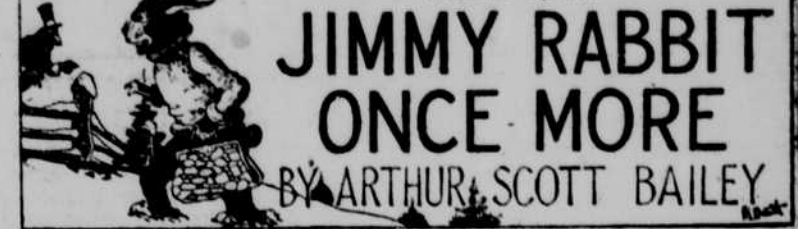
Heartbroken: Since you and your sister have talked over this seeming rudeness of your mothers would it not be well to talk to her about it. Perhaps to you at 15 the fact that you can't go with boys seems the most tragic of situations, but really mother's chaperone would be a thing to desire rather than fear, because, as you say, you want nice boys for friends, and they only choose nice girls, you know. Of course ridicule is hard for the most blasé to overlook, but if you tell her how sensitive you feel, I am sure you can bring your friends to your home without fear of any further fun at your expense.

Jack and Jill: Your sister is most unreasonable if she thinks you and your older sister should give up your boy friends just because she hasn't one. Isn't there something more than that to your problem? I cannot think she could be so unfair to you.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES



JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXXI. All on Account of the Neighbors. Mr. Rabbit had just come home and found his wife in a flutter of excitement. "We shall have to move at once," she told him. "We shall!" exclaimed Mr. Rabbit. "In the middle of winter? I never heard of doing such a thing."



They call themselves the Ermine family, Mrs. Rabbit answered. "On account of the neighbors," said Mrs. Rabbit. And she went on with her packing.

"What's wrong with the neighbors?" inquired Mr. Rabbit. "I thought we liked them. I thought we had found them all very pleasant." "You're thinking of the old neighbors," his wife replied, keeping right on with her packing. "And I'm thinking of the new ones."

"The new ones?" cried her husband. "What new ones? I didn't know there were any."

"They moved in today," Mrs. Rabbit explained. "They're living in that old hollow tree across the way. And they're terrible."

"What's their name?" "They call themselves the Ermine family," Mrs. Rabbit answered. "But they can't fool me. I know well enough that they are Weasels all dressed up in their white winter suits."

"Ah, ha!" said Mr. Rabbit when he learned that. "Ah, ha! We certainly must move just as soon as we can. Why, it wouldn't be safe to let our little Jimmy go out to play in the dooryard, with a family of Weasels living so near us."

"I'm not afraid of them," Jimmy Rabbit piped up stoutly. "You don't know how savage Weasels are, my son," his father remarked. "They're as quick as lightning. And their teeth are as sharp as needles."

"They're only little people," Jimmy declared. "I'm sure they couldn't hurt me." "They're little—yes!" retorted his father. "But they're fierce fighters. I shouldn't want one to catch me, big as I am."

Well, if that was the way his father felt, Jimmy Rabbit thought that Weasels, after all, must be fearsome creatures. He had had a notion that he would slip out of doors to play, when his parents were not looking. But now he changed his mind about that.

"Where is our new home going to be?" he asked. "We haven't decided," his mother told him. "We'll pack up our things and start out with them; and no doubt we'll find a nice, comfortable house somewhere." (Copyright, 1923.)

Parents' Problems Do children who have never hung up their stockings or believed in Santa Claus miss anything they ought to have? Not if the spirit of Christmas is in the family customs with which they are being brought up. The great thing to make sure that all children have, that no children miss, is the Christmas spirit of love. Tell them the story of the first Christmas; make it real to them. For the rest—celebrate the day in any of the good ways.

Magnesium, the metal formerly used in photographic flashlight powders, is now being used as a major constituent of an alloy in high speed motors and racing cars.

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