

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

CHAPTER XXXVI. Keeping a Dog.

There was only one thing about her home that Mrs. Rabbit didn't like. Ever since she and Mr. Rabbit and their son, Jimmy, had moved into the old hollow tree they had had Uncle Isaac Bunny for a guest. He had slipped into the house just ahead of them. And he had now been there a whole week.

Mr. Rabbit had dripped hint after hint about his going. But Uncle Isaac Bunny didn't seem to know how to take a hint. Whenever Mr. Rabbit mentioned that it was a fine day for traveling, or that Uncle Isaac's

He started up in alarm, crying, "What's that awful noise?" many relations up and down Pleasant Valley seem to be pining to see him, or something like that, Uncle Isaac always said he was tired of a story, which he proceeded to tell. It was sure to be a long story. And by the time he reached the end of it the oldascal always dropped into a doze.

Even Jimmy Rabbit, as well as his father and mother, wished that Uncle Isaac would leave. Uncle Isaac had eaten a red apple that he looked to him. And after that Jimmy Rabbit didn't dare leave a titbit of any sort where Uncle Isaac could find it.

It was hard to hide things from him. When he wasn't sleeping, or eating, or telling long stories, he was sure to be nosing about in every corner and cranny to see what he could find. He had what he called "faint spells," which couldn't be cured except by food.

"It's not as if we were relatives of Uncle Isaac's," Mrs. Rabbit complained to her husband. "I don't see why he doesn't go and stay with his own people."

"They won't have him any more," said Mr. Rabbit. "There's his sister, Mrs. William Henry Bunny. Mrs. Rabbit reminded him. 'She's always glad to take him into her home.'"

"Her husband objects," Mr. Rabbit explained. "He threatened to keep a dog if Uncle Isaac ever visits them again."

"My goodness!" cried Mrs. Rabbit. "That would be terrible." The mere thought of anybody's keeping a dog upset her so that she dropped a pan upon the floor.

The clatter awoke Uncle Isaac Bunny, who had been dozing in the most comfortable chair in the house. He started up in alarm, crying, "What's that awful noise?"

"Mr. Rabbit was speaking about keeping a dog," Mrs. Rabbit started

BRINGING UP FATHER---

Registered U. S. Patent Office SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

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Hoover Favors Steps to Aid Rubber Industry

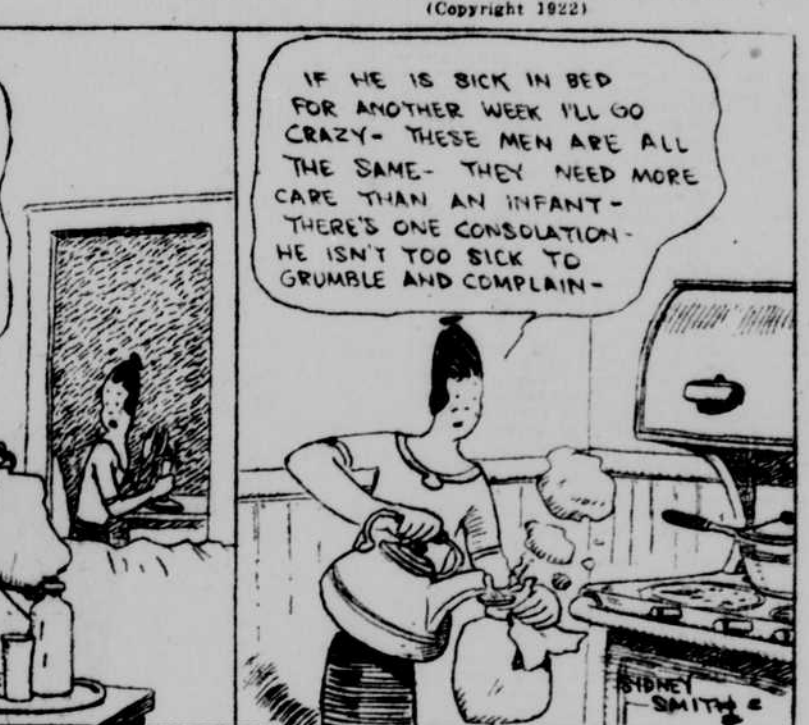
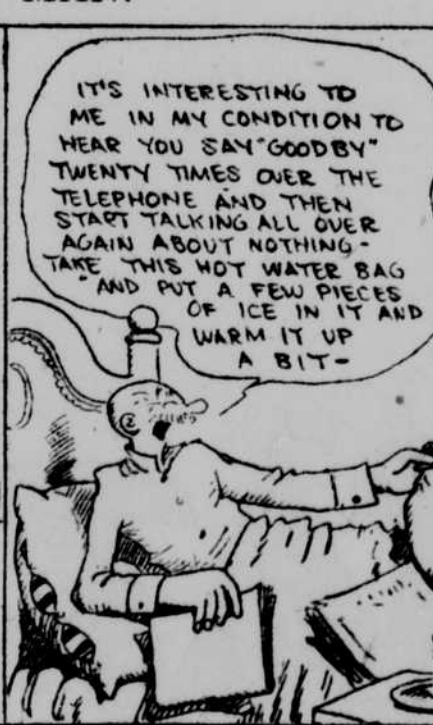
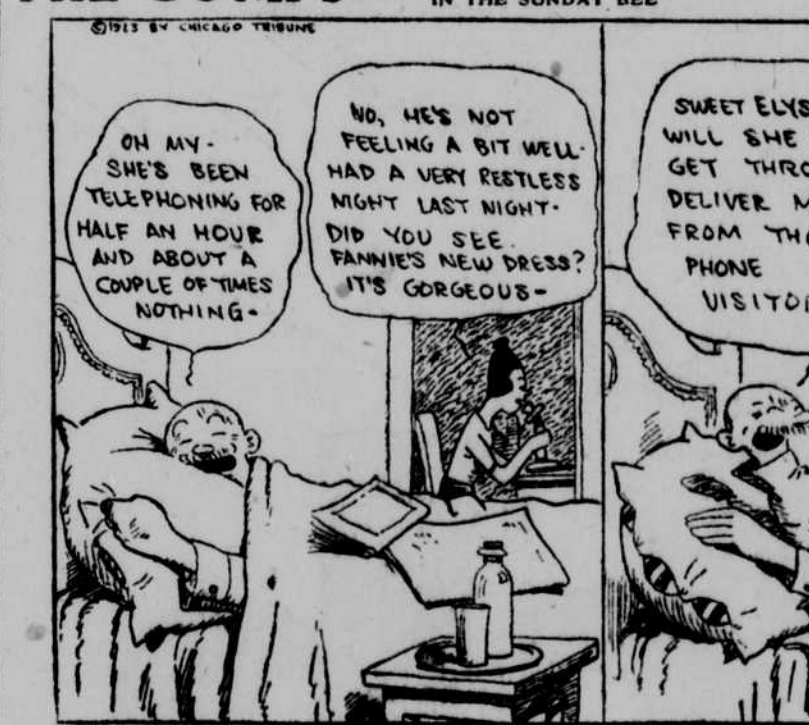
Washington, Feb. 4. — A proposal that the American government investigate the rubber production possibilities of the Philippines and South America was endorsed publicly by Secretary Hoover tonight, after he had conferred with representatives of British rubber producing interests and American consumers. Secretary Hoover's endorsement of the proposal was contained in a letter to Senator McCormick, republican, Illinois, in spite of assurances from the British representatives that the only objective of recent British legislation restricting rubber production in the colonies was to establish a price under which reasonable returns could be secured and the necessary expansion of rubber plantations obtained to keep pace with world demand.



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

O, THAT MAN!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Sidney Smith (Copyright 1922)



to explain. But she never finished. Before she could say another word, Uncle Isaac grabbed his hat and coat and stuck. Then he whisked out of the door without even saying good afternoon. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold since he entered the house a week before.

Mr. Rabbit sprang to the door and shut the bolt. "We'll be on the safe side," he remarked. "He may get over his fright."

And sure enough! It wasn't more than two minutes before somebody rattled the latch. And Uncle Isaac's voice cried, "I believe I'll stay to dinner, after all."

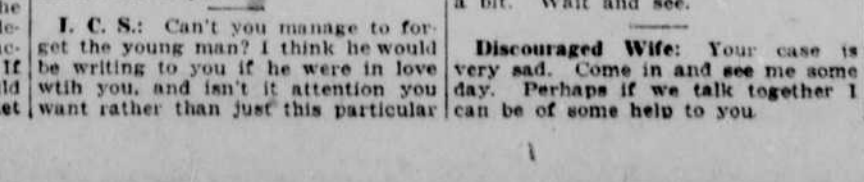
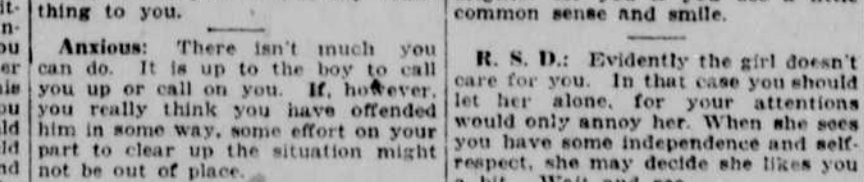
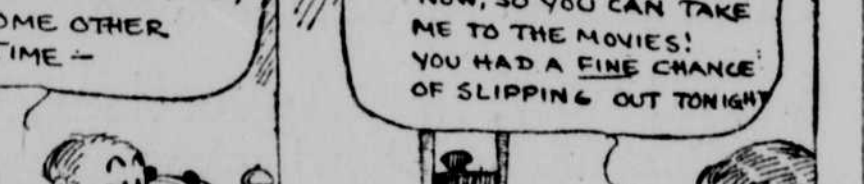
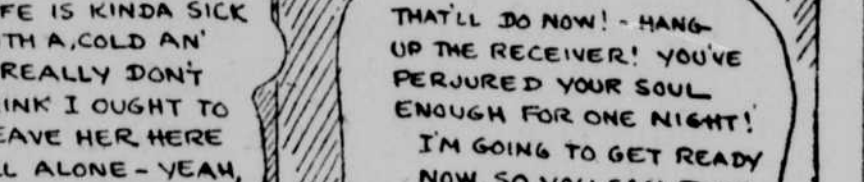
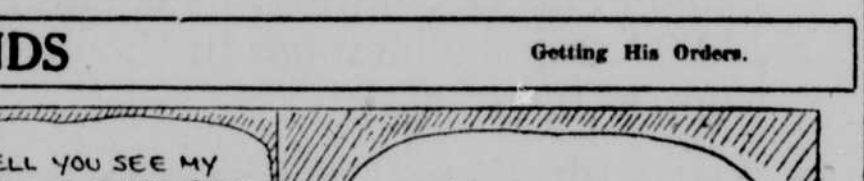
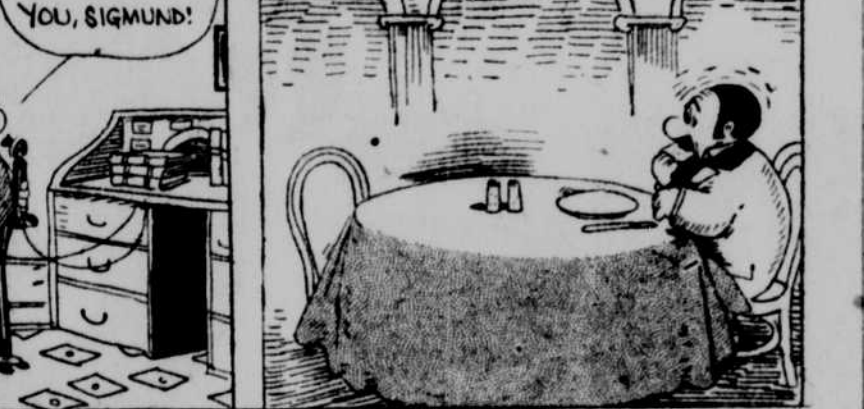
Mr. Rabbit touched a paw to his lips, which was a sign for everybody in the house to keep quiet. He and his wife and their son, Jimmy, looked at one another somewhat uneasily as the door trembled and shook. Uncle Isaac was trying his best to get in. He went away at last. The Rabbit family could hear him muttering to himself as he left.

"There'll be one good meal in the house—after they get the dog," said Uncle Isaac Bunny. "But it won't be the Rabbit family that will enjoy it."

"And he kept telling me what a good cook I was!" cried Mrs. Rabbit angrily. "So you are!" Mr. Rabbit assured her as he patted her on the back. "There! There!"

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YOU GO AHEAD TO THE RESTAURANT, ABE AND EAT—I'LL BE THERE LATER!



Uncle Sam Says Thirty Books of Great Fiction. Under this title, the United States Bureau of Education has prepared a list of the 30 books of fiction which have stood the test of years. The best and most complete expression of the ideals and tendencies of any people at any time is found in their literature. For modern times, this expression is to be found most often in the great works of fiction. To gain an acquaintance of the inner life of the American people, it is necessary to read some of these great works.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this list by addressing the United States Bureau of Education, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C., asking for "Reading Course No. 6."

Be Want Ads bring results.

My Marriage Problems

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

Why Did Dicky Heed Claire Foster and Not Maggie? I felt my old distaste for Claire Foster sweeping over me at her jesting references to Tom Chester's liking for me, and her own admiration for him.

The allusions were in the worst possible taste. I said to myself, and I could not help adding them to the list of offenses against the canons of good breeding which the girl had committed ever since arriving at the Bliss apartment. Had my recent estimate of her as a crude, metallic, rather unscrupulous modern piece of femininity been the correct one? Had her apparent remorse for her escapade and her desire to atone, been merely cunning subterfuges to appease the wrath which she knew many women would have directed against her?

With a weary little sigh I dismissed the problem of Claire Foster's queer actions from my mind. I had too many other things to puzzle over. Her mention of Tom Chester had reminded me that within a few days I must return home, and knew only too well what would be Dicky's reaction when he found that the sick young soldier was being cared for at our home. Dr. Pettit's probable actions, also, were a source of worry. I must get in touch with Lillian at the first possible moment.

A Silent Breakfast. As I finished the preparation of breakfast, and wheeled the wagon containing the dishes into the living-room I perfected my plan for the day.

As soon as possible after breakfast I would go out on a shopping tour to match the etched glass Claire Foster had broken. It appeared never to have occurred to her that she should have shouldered this task. Instead, she had asked indifferently how much I thought the thing cost, and proposed leaving the money for it in an envelope when we left.

But first of all I would get into communication with Lillian. With a little feeling of panic I realized that I had been without news of my baby boy for 24 hours, since Lillian's wife warning me of Dr. Pettit's journey with its reassuring addenda that all were well.

Breakfast was a comparatively silent affair. Dicky is always glum until he has had his maternal coffee. I found Claire Foster, stoufy, almost repellent, in her soiled negligee and her kid curlers, confined her remarks to coquetish little sallies, to which Dicky replied gallantly, indeed, but with a palpable effort.

"He Won't Go to the Studio." "What are you girls going to do with yourselves today?" Dicky asked

when we had finished. "You'll have to entertain yourselves, for I've got to beat it to see to some things I've been neglecting."

I couldn't help a quick, furtive glance from his face to Claire Foster's to see if upon either there was the consciousness of the recent dalliance which had caused Dicky to neglect his work, but both faces were nonchalantly clear, and I voiced the alarmed thought which had come to me at Dicky's announcement.

"Surely you're not going to your studio?" Dicky shot a savage glance at me. He knew, of course, that I had a vision of Dr. Pettit hunting him, and I realized that he resented my hinting before Claire Foster that he would avoid the enraged physician.

"Surely I am," he rejoined truculently. "Now, don't start one of your!" Claire Foster interrupted him by reaching over and putting a capable thumb and forefinger upon his left ear and clamping down pitilessly.

"Look here, angel-cheek!" she said. "This going to your studio happens to be my affair. Come hither, please. I would have a speech with thee."

He could not have released himself without hurting his ear or her, so he made a sorry best of rising with feigned gayety, and accompanying her into the hall. I could glean no word of the low colloquy which followed, but when it was ended, Dicky disappeared into his own room, coming out a few minutes later dressed for the street.

"I won't be back until dinner time," he said. "We'll all go out somewhere. So long."

He went out of the door, and Claire Foster put her hands to her lips, in-had broken. It appeared never to have occurred to her that she should have shouldered this task. Instead, she had asked indifferently how much I thought the thing cost, and proposed leaving the money for it in an envelope when we left.

"Thank you," I said mechanically, but the perfunctory words were like a gate keeping back the torrent of passionate jealous invective which I yearned to hurl at her.

had lied about it, neither should you press him to the point where he need make excuses. Let him do the inventing. It is barely possible he did intend to remain home the evening you mention. Circumstances arising after he saw you may have necessitated his attendance at the place where you saw him. If I were you I would drop the matter entirely. I would give him the benefit of a doubt and consider that he was honest in the matter. You have no right to demand an explanation. He is not accountable to you for his conduct. If he wants to give you one, you should hear it sympathetically. I would let

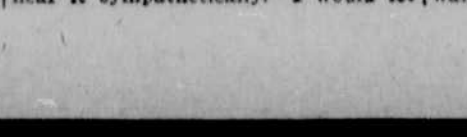
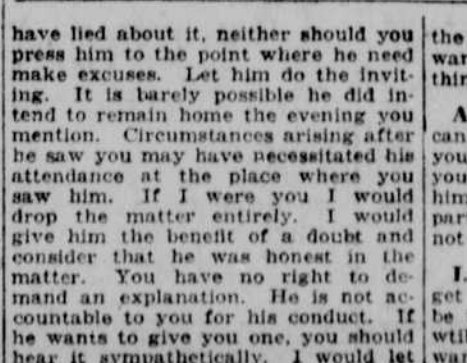
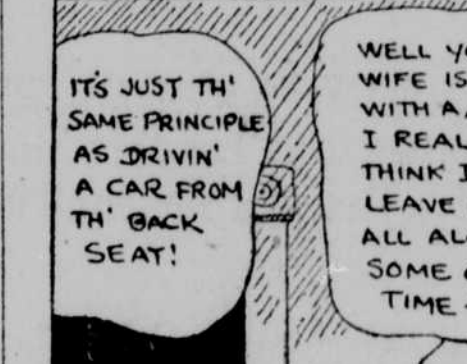
the boy alone for a while. If he wants to see you he will say something to you.

Anxious: There isn't much you can do. It is up to the boy to call you up or call on you. If, however, you really think you have offended him in some way, some effort on your part to clear up the situation might not be out of place.

I. C. S.: Can't you manage to forget the young man? I think he would be writing to you if he were in love with you, and isn't it attention you hear it sympathetically. I would let

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Getting His Orders.



IT'S JUST TH' SAME PRINCIPLE AS DRIVIN' A CAR FROM TH' BACK SEAT!

WELL YOU SEE MY WIFE IS KINDA SICK WITH A COLD AN' I REALLY DON'T THINK I OUGHT TO LEAVE HER HERE ALL ALONE—YEAH, SOME OTHER TIME—

THAT'LL DO NOW!—HANG-UP THE RECEIVER! YOU'VE PERJURED YOUR SOUL ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT! I'M GOING TO GET READY NOW, SO YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE MOVIES! YOU HAD A FINE CHANCE OF SLIPPING OUT TONIGHT!

ARE THEY THAT BAD?

YES—THE TWO I ATE WERE AWFUL!

DON'T ORDER NO CORNED BEEF SAND-WICHES, SIGMUND! THEY'RE TERRIBLE—YOU COULD GET SICK FROM THEM!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO FIRST— I'LL WAIT FOR YOU, SIGMUND!

YOU GO AHEAD TO THE RESTAURANT, ABE AND EAT—I'LL BE THERE LATER!

ARE THEY THAT BAD?

YES—THE TWO I ATE WERE AWFUL!

Parents' Problems

How can children best be taught to think of others at Christmas time? Begin when school opens in September to save for Christmas; teach the children to do the same. Plan and talk of your plans, for giving presents to others and in other ways making others happy "when Christmas comes." The children will learn by your example.

Nearly \$30,000,000 is the Federal aid appropriation expected to be approved for disbursement up to the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924.

ONLY 1 in 5 ESCAPES At the first sign of bleeding gums, be on your guard. Pyorrhea, destroyer of teeth and health, is on the way. Four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are subject to it.

Brush your teeth with Forhan's FOR THE GUMS More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea 35c and 60c in tubes

For Colds, Influenza and as a Preventive Take THE SECRET of making good cocoa is in using Baker's Cocoa For its quality is good The purity, palatability and nutrient characteristics of high grade cocoa beans are retained in Baker's Cocoa owing to the perfection of the processes and machinery peculiar to our methods. MADE ONLY BY WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS. Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free



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Get your vitamins naturally Vitamin and mineral elements are part of the splendid nutriment which Nature stores in the field grains for nourishing and vitalizing the human body. Grape-Nuts, made from wheat and malted barley, has for over twenty five years supplied vitamin and other elements necessary for perfect nutrition. There's a crispness and flavor that delight the taste—and there's natural health-building goodness that makes Grape-Nuts with cream or milk a complete food—and wonderfully delicious! Grape-Nuts is truly economical because a small quantity provides unusual nourishment. Sold by grocers everywhere! Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc. Battle Creek, Mich.



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