

BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus (Copyright 1923)



THE GUMPS

SEE IT IN COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

LOOK WHO'S HERE!

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ABIE THE AGENT

A GOOD HEAD FOR BUSINESS

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES JIMMY RABBIT ONCE MORE

CHAPTER XXXVIII. Getting Acquainted. The Rabbit family had lived long in their new home before all the ladies in the neighborhood began to call upon Jimmy Rabbit's mother. Mrs. Rabbit was greatly pleased when her nearest neighbor came to see her—and borrowed the family dining table. It was the only one Mrs. Rabbit had. But she said she didn't mind that. She told her husband and her son, Jimmy, that they could easily eat off the floor for a few days. "My floor," said Mrs. Rabbit, "is always spick and span. I keep it perfectly clean." Well, Mr. Rabbit and Jimmy didn't mind eating on the floor another neighbor called upon Mrs. Rabbit. This dame, at the end of her call, borrowed all the knives and forks and spoons in the house. However, Mr. Rabbit and Jimmy said they didn't mind. They could eat quite well, they said, if Mrs. Rabbit would just set their meals on the floor. Jimmy Rabbit had a fine time at dinner that day. Nobody said anything to him about his table manners. How could anyone remind him of table-manners when there wasn't any table? They had finished their dinner. And Mrs. Rabbit had put everything to rights, when another caller arrived. And this one borrowed every dish that Mrs. Rabbit owned. "We can get along well enough for a few days," said Mrs. Rabbit to her family. "Oh, certainly," Mr. Rabbit agreed. As for Jimmy, he was delighted. Nobody could object to his tipping his plate, when he had none to tip. The next day there was a steady stream of callers knocking at Mrs. Rabbit's door. And every one of them borrowed something or other. Mrs. Rabbit remarked to her husband that evening that she had never lived in another neighborhood where everybody was as friendly as in that one. She was very happy. Mr. Rabbit stared all around his home. Somehow it didn't look as much like home as it had looked before. To tell the truth, there was very little left in it. He said nothing, however. If Mrs. Rabbit was contented, he was satisfied. Even his favorite chair was missing. But Mr. Rabbit told himself that it would be back soon. He sat down in a corner and called to his son Jimmy. "Bring me my slippers—there's a good lad!" Jimmy Rabbit hopped away to get his father's slippers. And in a short time he hopped back again. "I can't find your slippers anywhere," he told Mr. Rabbit. "Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit then. "I forgot to tell you that one of the neighbors borrowed your slippers today. She said she would return them in a week or two, as soon as her husband got some new ones."

My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife" (Copyright 1923) The Strange Encounter Madge and Mrs. Durkee Had at Lunch. "Madge Graham! What do you mean by coming into the city and not stopping off at our house?" Little Mrs. Durkee achieved a pretty and plausible pout, as she bent over me, and regardless of the amused diners around us kissed me warmly. I have never seen Her Fluffiness without the tribute of amused but admiring, even tender, smiles from the witnesses of her charming inconsequential little ways. "It's a long story," I said significantly, "and this is hardly the place to tell it. Have luncheon with me now, and then we'll take a taxi through Central park and talk." Her mignonette face, and child-like, rather elish eyes, gleamed comprehension. "I saw the papers, of course," she said in a low tone, "and I've been dying to—" "You Can't Mistake Her." "Please bring my service here," she broke off to the waitress, with a smile which brought an answering one into the rather somber eyes of the girl. "Tell me, is everything all right?" she went on anxiously. "Have you seen Dicky?" "Yes, to both questions," I smiled. "But I warn you that we're going to talk about the weather until this luncheon is ended." And hold her to that and kindred innocuous topics I did until we had almost finished our luncheon, when she lowered her voice almost to a whisper, leaning across the table as she spoke. "Madge, I believe there's a woman who knows you at a table down the room a little ways. She's a stunning-looking creature, as far as clothes and figure go, although you can see hardly anything of her face because of those harem veils the ultras are wearing. But she's certainly been watching you. I want you to see if she reminds you of anybody. Quick, she's paying her bill now, and you can look at her without her seeing. Third table behind you on your right—you can't mistake her." I turned my head and took a quick furtive glance. As I did so the woman lifted her head, and her eyes met mine, but only for a second, as she turned away at once. But that flashing instant had been enough to turn me sick with dread. Surely my memory was not at fault. Those lustreous, gleaming eyes belonged to no woman but Grace Draper. I turned back to Mrs. Durkee, pulling myself together with a mighty effort. She was looking at me in frightened fashion, her face paling, even under the rather dainty makeup with which she defies the ravages of the advancing years. "You see it, too," she breathed. "Oh! Madge, what shall we do?" "Do? Nothing, just now," I returned, with a carelessness I devoutly wished that I could feel. "We'll just wait here until we're sure she's gone, then go down the other elevator, and

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Ladies' Night. LETS STOP THIS TIRESOME GAME AND DANCE!—ITS MUCH MORE FUN! BESIDES, I'M TRYING TO REDUCE AND I HAVEN'T TAKEN MY EXERCISE FOR THREE WHOLE DAYS! OH, I THINK THAT WOULD BE SIMPLY LOVELY! THIS GAME IS SO STUPID! AND HENRY JUST LOVES TO DANCE, DON'T YOU, DEAR? YES, LET'S DANCE! THE BOYS CAN MOVE THE CHAIRS AND PICK UP THE RUGS— LETS! IF THEY START TO DANCE I'M GOING TO TAKE A RUNNING JUMP OUT TH' WINDOW! AW—

Problems That Perplex

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX Elsona: Shakespeare said something in one of his plays to the effect, "Metinks he doth protest too much." When a girl protests as vigorously as you do that she will never marry, others do not take her seriously. I hope you will marry, for as a wife and mother, woman reaches the greatest development of her powers and fills the most useful place in life. You say few married couples are happy. How many unmarried women do you know who are perfectly happy? Perhaps happiness is not our sole goal in life. Isn't it better to lead a useful life? Your letter sounds as though you were a dandy fine girl who is not going much with the boys and is trying to make a loud show of not caring. I am glad you are not boy crazy, but please don't overbalance yourself in the other direction. It is perfectly normal and natural for a girl to care for boys. Admit it and then don't be silly about the boys you care for. It's a nice problem, isn't it? Zola: I think it was all right for you to accept a Christmas gift from so good a friend. Buddy: Since the 10th wedding anniversary is tin, why not have a tin shower for your sister's anniversary? Creamed chicken, sandwiches, cake

What a Wife Learned

SEE IT WITH SOMEONE Who Understands! BRANDAIS Today Last Two Times. "THE GOLD DIGGERS" A Sparkling Comedy by Avery Hopwood. FRIDAY MATINEE AND EVENING Irish Regiment Band. NOW TILL SAT. NOW TILL SAT. SEE IT WITH SOMEONE Who Understands!

WORLD And Still They Come! Seems as though all Omaha has heard about the smashing six-act bill at the World this week. "YOUTH" with COMPANY OF 10 Is the Big Headline Attraction. ONLY THREE MORE DAYS. Vaudeville at 3:20, 6:45, 9:10

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WOMEN? See it! Study it! Know for yourself the Truth about Modern Woman! Fearless! Astounding! Prophetic! Staggering! Revelations of the heart and soul of Modern Womanhood. One picture you MUST SEE. One Week, Starting Next Sunday. SUN

EMPRESS LAST TIMES TODAY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG In "The Hands of Nora" Also Big-Time Vaudeville and Short Subjects. Tomorrow Betty Compson & Bert Lytell in "To Have and to Hold" A Paramount Picture

WHAT A WIFE LEARNED NOW TILL SAT. NOW TILL SAT. SEE IT WITH SOMEONE Who Understands!

The Latest Phonograph Record Hits as Usual at the Rialto. Aggravatin' Papa Sweet Lovin' Mamma... 75c Fox Trot—Ladd's Black Aces. Beautiful California Wait Till the Sun Shines... 75c Morgan's Court Orchestra. Georgia Cabin Door Way Down Yonder in New Orleans... 75c Bailey's Lucky Seven. Running Wild St. Louis Blues... 75c Ted Lewis Jazz Band. You Gave Me Your Heart Burning Sands... 75c Happy Six. Sugar Blues Achin' Hearted Blues... 75c Sara Martin. Four O'Clock Blues Hawaiian Blues... 75c Johnnie Dunn's Jazz Hounds. La Paloma Fianfore... 75c Fox Trot—Vincent Lopez Orchestra. Toddlin' Blues Some Sweet Day... 75c Fox Trot—Original Dixieland Jazz Band.

RIALTO MUSIC SHOP 140 Douglas St. Rialto Theatre Phone Omaha 4050. MAIL ORDERS PREPAID We Also Carry the Latest Piano Rolls Released

THEATROLOGICAL Society "Theosophical Lectures" by FRITZ KUNZ Lecturer for the American Theosophical Society. Paxton Hotel Convention Hall, 14th and Farnam, Feb. 6-7, 8:15 P. M. Tuesday, Feb. 6—"Theosophy and the Cultural Values in Science and Psychology." Wednesday, Feb. 7, 8:15 P. M.—"The Civilized East and the Barbaric West." Mr. Kunz has spent ten years in India, where he was associated with Dr. Annie Besant in her educational work. He is now on his third tour around the globe.

OPHEUM ORPHEUM CIRCUIT VAUDEVILLE. MATINEE DAILY EVERY NIGHT at 2:15 P. M. at 8:15 P. M. MISS BOBBY FOLSOM JACK DENNY and Their Metropolitan Orchestra. Pearson, Newport & Pearson. Fred Bernard and Sid Garry. LITTLE BILLY De Witt, Burns & Torrence. The Florensia. FRANCES KENNEDY. MATINEES PLUS NIGHTS 209 91 251 U. S. TAX 15c to \$1.00

NEIGHBORHOOD THEATERS GRAND 16th and Binney HERBERT RAWLSON in "CONFIDENCE" "BUFFALO BILL"—Chap. 12 HAMILTON 40th and Hamilton LIONEL BARRYMORE in "JIM, THE PENMAN" VICTORIA 24th and Fort CHARLES RAY in "THE DEUCE OF SPADES"

Gruety MAT. & NITE TODAY PRE-WAR PRICES ANNUAL LIFE STOCK WEEK—Here's the Solution for Plunging Folks Billy Watson's Beef Trust Friday Nite, Cash Prizes to Nearest Guesses to Weight of Entire Chorus. Extra Added! Musical Slips, Musical Slips, Ladies' Tickets, 10c or 25c! Daily Matinee, 2:15 Sat. Mat. & Wk. 8:00 Tues. & Wed. BARRY

BRANDAIS Today Last Two Times. "THE GOLD DIGGERS" A Sparkling Comedy by Avery Hopwood. FRIDAY MATINEE AND EVENING Irish Regiment Band. NOW TILL SAT. NOW TILL SAT. SEE IT WITH SOMEONE Who Understands!

MOON NOW PLAYING THE THIRD ALARM MATS. 20c; EVES. 25c CHILDREN, 10c

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