

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

CHAPTER XI. Hunting for Mr. Rabbit's Slippers. Just as they had planned, Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit and their son, Jimmy, set out on a long journey through the woods to hunt for Mr. Rabbit's slippers, which their neighbor had tossed away when Mr. Rabbit was chasing him.

As they followed the tracks of the night before, in the snow, they could see plainly the print of the slippers. They were Mr. Rabbit's. There was no mistaking them. They were not mates. One had a heel; the other had none. One was a No. 6, the other was a No. 12. And they were both "lefts."

"Here," said Mr. Rabbit, "is where he took off my slippers. What he did with them is more than I know."

"We ought to look all around," Mrs. Rabbit suggested. "Mr. Bunny may have thrown the slippers into the bushes almost anywhere."

So they began to search carefully. But not a sign of the slippers could they find.

"Mr. Bunny may have carried the slippers with him and hidden them just before you caught him," said Mrs. Rabbit to her husband.

So they moved along the trail that Mr. Bunny and Mr. Rabbit had made the night before, on both sides the Rabbit family searched carefully.

They found nothing like a slipper. Though once Mr. Rabbit's hopes were raised for a moment, when little Jimmy called out, "Oh, Pa! Here's a slipper!"

When Mr. Rabbit heard the last

only one slipper up there," he wailed. "I need a whole pair." "Here's the other one!" Mrs. Rabbit exclaimed. And she pounced upon something under a scrubby hemlock and held it up. It was the second slipper.

"Hurrah!" Mr. Rabbit began again. "Hurrah!" And once more he stopped. "How can I ever get that slipper out of the tree?"

"I'll knock it down!" little Jimmy squealed. And snatching the slipper out of his mother's paw, he hurried it into the slippery elm tree.

It stuck there, in a crotch. And then both the slippers were out of his father's reach.

"See what you've been and gone and done now!" Mr. Rabbit bellowed towards Jimmy, when he called to his father. And now, as they stood talking, Mrs. Rabbit's gaze fell tidly upon the slippery elm tree that Jimmy had found.

All at once she moved forward two jumps.

"What's that up there in the slippery elm tree?" she cried. "Is it—can it be—yes! it is one of your slippers!"

Mr. Rabbit's grim face broke into a broad smile.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "Hurrah!" And then he stopped right in the middle of his second hurrah. "There's

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

What Did Mrs. Durkee See in the Next Motor Car? "Bess Dean!" I repeated incredulously, and, indeed, for a bewildered second or two I had hard work to summon the girl's image to my mental retina.

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it, too. I tell you. She always pretends to come to see me—Oh, she's simply daffy about me—to hear her tell it! And I can't get rid of her to save my life. How can you when a girl is always coddling up to you and bringing you little things? You can't say, 'Now, I'm onto your little game,' can you?"

I laughed tenderly at her perturbed face. "I can't imagine your doing it," I said, "but perhaps you really are the attraction."

"Oh, Madge, Look—There—" "Fine chance," she scoffed. "Mind you, she always times her visits to me when Alf is home, and every Saturday morning she takes the same train he does to the city—says she has classes in plain and fancy vamping."

"But, surely, Alf doesn't pay any attention to her," I said, honestly perturbed at this revelation of Bess Dean's effrontery, with its possible effect upon gentle Lela Durkee's happiness.

"Not yet," she answered. "If he did, I'd take a hickory gad to him. If it was the last thing I ever did, but you never can tell how a campaign like that will turn out. Oh, Madge, look—there—"

Her voice changed from its petty haranguing tone to a muffled shriek of terror. We had driven through the park, and returning were now one of the crowd of cars thronging Fifth avenue.

My eyes followed her pointing finger to a limousine almost abreast of ours, but all I saw was a hand pulling down the shade in the car window next to us.

"I'll bet you've had reason enough to, in your time," she retorted shrewdly. "but I know the Dicky-bird, she isn't his style, it's only a half baked idiot like Alf, who would find anything attractive about her."

My lips quirked at the vision of little Mrs. Durkee's rage should she hear anybody else apply the epithet "half baked idiot" to her beloved only son. But I wisely made no comment upon her choice of words. I simply reiterated with pretended impatience: "Tell me what she's done, woman, or you'll drive me mad."

"She's making a dead set at Alf, that's what she's doing." Her effrontery said with a vicious little clamping together of her lips. Oh! I don't mean any vamp stuff. Bess Dean's too cold blooded and too clever for anything of that kind. But she's the kind who can't stand it unless she has some man dangling in her train, and you know what kind of single men are loose in these suburban towns around here. She's clever about

Parents' Problems

Should girls in high school be allowed to attend dances? Occasional private dances and school affairs are all right, but girls of this age should not be allowed to attend public dances or to dance in hotels or restaurants.

In the last two classes of young men called to military service in France there were nearly 30,000 illiterates. More than 13,000 of this number cannot read nor write.

Problems That Perplex Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

The Lonesome Evil. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 20 and wondering what is wrong with me. I am longing for a little company now and then. I have lots of girl friends, but no boy friends. I am of a quiet disposition and when among the boys am at a loss what to say.

LONESOME. You are not friendly. Friendship is a give and take thing and kindness begets kindness. Probably many of the boys with whom you feel so shy and tongue-tied are just as lonely and feel just as awkward as you do. Try forgetting yourself and seeking ways to put bashful young men at ease. Be a good pal to the boys you meet. Try to make them feel comfortable. Reach out to them with the same kindly feelings you show to girls, and rest assured that you will find your attitude reflected in the men you meet.

Looking for Honest Man. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a young woman at present unattached, and have a charming little daughter, a child any man might be proud of. I am also a good pal type. I play an absolutely fair game with a man yet—would you believe it, I seem to meet only the cad sort who try to take advantage of me.

Is it because I am so honest and true or what? I am tired of being a reformer of men, I want one who is really good, naturally.

FLORENCE B. Don't boast of the fair game you play, while you are all the while looking for double dealing on the part of men. We got what we look for. Start believing that the other folks are as honest as you are, and get yourself into the habit of feeling that loyalty begets loyalty. See if this fair attitude won't produce in others the feeling that they owe you a square deal.

Uncle Sam Says

Cheese Making. Cheese may be made at any time of the year, and when there is a surplus of milk during certain seasons, cheese making offers an exceptionally advantageous means of conserving for later use milk which otherwise might be wasted.

The making of cheese does not require a great deal of time, and if good milk is used and directions are followed, no one should have difficulty in making good cheese.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of these instructions by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1191."

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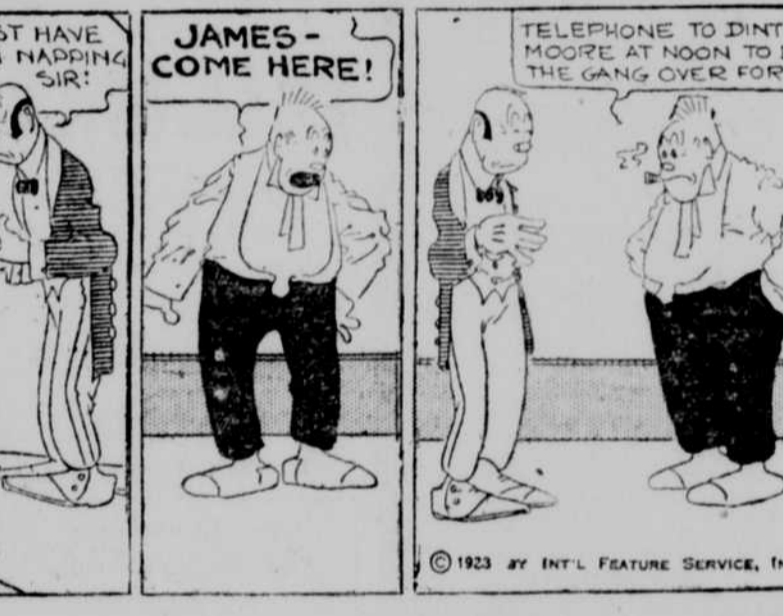
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