Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The Shrewdness of Polly Chuck.

Who uses wits as well as eyes,
Will find the blessing in disguise.
—Polly Chuck.

Johnny Chuck was angry. Yes sir, he was angry through and through. He had been chased into his new house by Bowser the Hound and he resented it. He resented still more the fact that Bowser had tried to dig his way into that new house. He heard Farmer Brown's Boy call Bowser away, and he poked his head out almost as soon as their backs were turned. He was so angry that he grated his teeth, a most unpleasant sound to hear.

"I suppose now," said he to Polly Chuck as she joined him, "we'll have to move."

"Move?" exclaimed Polly Chuck. "Did I understand you to say move? Why should we move?"

"Because that dog will give us no peace now," retorted Johnny. "He'll be coming down here every day, and make it very uncomfortable for us. We are too near Farmer Brown's barnyard. We are so near that that good-for-nothing dog will run down here every time he happens to think about it."

Polly Chuck shook her head. "No, he won't," said she. "He won't bother us at all."

"Huh!" exclaimed Johnny Chuck. "Hugh! Much you know about it! Did you see him chase me the instant he caught sight of me crossing the Long Lane Look at our doorstep there and see what a mass he has made of it trying to dig me out! I tell you we won't have any peace this summer."

"That dog won't bother us," replied Polly quite as if she knew all about it.

Johnny turned to look at her. "You talk as if you know all about it," said he.

"I do," replied Polly. "I was peeping out of one of our other doorways and watched that whole performance. Farmer Brown's Boy made that dog stop digging right away. If I know anything about it that dog won't dare come over here any more. That is why we are going to stay

"Move?" exclaimed Polly Chuck. "Did I understand you to say move?"

right here. Didn't you say the other day that Farmer Brown's Boy is one of the best friends we've got?"

Johnny Chuck nodded. "Yes," said he.

"Didn't he take that dog away after he had driven you up a tree?" continued Polly.

Johnny nodded again. "Yes," said he.

"Well, if he has taken that dog away twice, doesn't that prove to you that he doesn't intend that that dog shall bother us?" demanded Polly.

"I hadn't thought about it," confessed Johnny. "Perhaps you are right. Goodness knows, I hope you are."

"I know I am," replied Polly Chuck. "You wait and see. That dog is going to prove a blessing. He is going to keep Reddy Fox away. That is why I chose this place for our home. Now let's get busy and fix up our doorstep."

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The next story: "Farmer Brown Discovers the Home of the Chucks."

Beatrice Fairfax

Problems That Perplex

Is Love Electrical?

Dear Miss Fairfax: Do you believe that love is an electrical attraction between two folks and that it defies analysis? STUDENT.

I believe that ideas and ideals of love are almost as many and as varied as are lovers themselves. Your happiness in love must rest upon your own definition of love, and upon your willingness to work to attain your ideal.

If you want real love, you must deserve it. You cannot find offhand and by chance a fine worthy devotion, nor can you hold a noble love by being less noble.

Because you are lonely, or want the flattery of attention or long to have companionship — don't compromise with your finest ideals. Don't go without ideals because you are too lazy or too weak to work out for yourself a fine, high standard of living and loving. Some of the happiest marriages I know have come to men and women who were past the stage of youthful enthusiasm.

Recently a girl wrote me that she was 30, that she felt youth slipping away, that she dreaded coming alone to old age—and so she was almost resigned to marry a man who meant almost nothing to her.

"We haven't much in common. I don't really care for him. Still he is a good man and he would take care of me and keep me from having to worry about the future. Don't you think I would be wise to stop dreaming and take what I can get?" she asked.

Does anyone think it wise to resign all chance of real happiness, all opportunity for beauty and fulfillment? Isn't it cowardly and weak to grab at an opportunity for marriage and give up all hope of love?

Heartbroken: I don't know how you can make this unreasonable young man act reasonable. Either he is looking for an excuse to break with you, or he is very foolishly jealous. There is nothing you can do in the matter except to hope he will have the good grace to apologize for his ridiculous interpretation of friendliness on your part to the younger boys. Don't apologize for what you did, for that would only be humoring your friend, and he doesn't deserve that.

Why Easter Sunday Changess.

Dear Miss Fairfax: Will you be kind enough to tell me why Easter Sunday changes. E. B. M.

Easter day, on which all movable feasts depend, is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March, and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after.

The calendar as at present used was reformed in the year of our Lord 1582, by order of Pope Gregory XIII, who ordered the historical or civil year to be henceforward reckoned from the first of January. It was not adopted by English speaking people until January 1, 1753. The ecclesiastical year still begins on the first Sunday in Advent.

Happy in Love: I think you did quite right to tell the boy you do not care for to stop writing to you. It gratifies a girl's vanity to receive letters from an admiring friend, but it breaks down her character to encourage a regard from a boy which she cannot return.

Cutie: You should not go with a man because you are afraid not to. Muster up a little courage and tell him the truth. You don't want to marry him and it will be easier to quit now than later on.

Peggy: The best advice I can give you is to suggest that you conduct yourseelf so well that boys won't have anything to tell on you when you stop going with them.

Uncle Sam Says

Rice as Food.

Rice is one of the most extensively grown and widely used of the world's foodstuffs. It is a palatable food when properly cooked, and it can be combined in many ways with more expensive and highly flavored foods making a very nutritious dish.

In many households in certain sections of the south, rice is served as often as potatoes, in fact, in those regions a dinner would hardly be considered without rice either served as a starchy vegetable with meat, or in one of the excellent combinations familiar in southern cookery.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of this booklet free as long as the free edition lasts by writing to the Divisions, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., asking for "F. B. 1195"

Adele Garrison

"My Husband's Love"

What Madge Saw After She Felt Eyes Upon Her and Dicky.

Dicky stepped out of the taxicab, paid the man his fare and added the lavish tip that makes my carelessly generous husband a boon to waiters and taxicab drivers. Then he helped me to alight and escorted me up the steps to the doors of the apartment house, his stick evidencing a visible disgust at every protesting twirl.

"Nice savory neighborhood you've picked, Madge," he observed, pausing in the act of inserting his key into the outside lock. It was after midnight and the outside apartment doors were closed. Dicky shot a glance up and down the dimly lighted street. "Anybody could stage anything along here, from a wife murder to a mail truck robbery, and make a nice, clean, leisurely getaway."

My glance followed his, and with a little shiver I acknowledged the truths of his words. The long narrow street stretched dim, sinister and quiet, from the bright lights of Eighth avenue, not very many yards from us, to the brighter but more distant ones of Seventh avenue, almost a long city block away.

Like a group of disreputable old crones, who had taken a drop too much, the forlorn old buildings, once the smart pride of a former generation, seemed to nod in grotesque drunken drowsiness at each other, while the single modern apartment house of the street, almost directly opposite us, reared her head and skirts from the squalor of the thoroughfare, as might a great lady suddenly bundled out of her carriage into a dirty farmyard.

Dicky Is Disgusted.

Frowsy little shops, deserted now, and dark save for a single guarding light, away back in their musty depths, seemed keeping one leering eye open for the morrow's keen chaffering. From one corner of Eighth avenue a wavering torch light marked the place where the bulky proprietor of an all-night fruit stand kept his unwieldy body active in displaying his wares, while from the other gleamed the one wholesome homely illumination of the whole thoroughfare, the bright lights of a bustling bakery, preparing bread and rolls for the morrow's consumption.

"It's neither fish, flesh, nor yet our old friend, the good red herring," Dicky grumbled, as he bent to the key again, and, opening the wide doors, ushered me through, with the touch of ceremonious courtesy which is second nature to him. "If you want up-to-dateness you should have gone north. If romantic atmosphere—" his voice dripped disdain—"to the south and the Village, old dear! But this—"

The parabola his stick described consigned our surroundings to the hinterland of his aversion, and he stalked up the stairs without further words.

"Hush! Hurry!"

I could not share his viewpoint, as, by his side, I mounted the wide steps of the great broad curving staircase which wound from the first floor to the roof, with frosted-glass windows of the vintage of 50 years ago enclosing the back of each flight. It was a really magnificent thing of solid carved walnut, and it gave quite a baronial air to the old apartment house, one of the three or four good houses on the street, which, evidently had been the last word in luxuriant apartment housing when it was built, and which now, in the housing shortage of New York, had been cut up into the tiny suites which spelled the social downfall of housekeeping apartments.

We had almost reached the landing of the second floor upon which our own domicile is situated, when my intuition told me that some one's eyes were upon us in furtive hidden watchfulness.

I am unusually sensitive to the scrutiny of any one, and rarely do I fail to detect it, whether hidden or open. With a lively sense of Dicky's ridicule were I to voice my belief, I let my eyes wander with seeming carelessness around the expanse of wall before us.

No one there, no one in the corridor below. I raised my eyes to the dimly lighted space above, wondering if upon some unseen stair there lurked a furtive figure peering down at us.

"What's eating you, old dear?" Dicky began with characteristic raillery, but I clutched his arm with a whispered: "Hush!"

For at last I knew that I had succeeded in discovering the source of the espionage which I had felt so strongly. In the frosted window surface, at the back of the staircase, was a long vertical line scraped clear for peering eyes, but it was so infinitesimal in width that my first cursory glance had missed it. Behind it, I was sure, were the eyes I had felt upon me, and even as I looked the crack closed noiselessly.

"Hurry!" I whispered breathlessly to Dicky, who was fitting the key into the doors which led to the two small suites of furnished apartments, of which we were occupying the front one, and as we stepped into the hall there came to my ears a faint rustling movement at the rear of the narrow corridor and the soft closing of a door.

Births and Deaths.

Births.

Willard and Libbie Kingman, 4320 South Thirteenth street, boy.
Guiseppe and Palma Russo, 1251 South Thirteenth street, boy.
Harold and Vera Campbell, 1904 South Fourth street, boy.
Oscar and Mattie King, 2319 South Seventeenth street, boy.
Walter and Irene Miller, 4616 Nicholas street, boy.
Lem and Wilma Anspach, 1257 South Sixteenth street, boy.
Dallas and Florence Baker, Benson Acres, girl.
Leo and Ruby Yard, hospital, girl.
Dan and Nellie Hurley, hospital, boy.
A. T. and Lillian Young, hospital, boy.
John and Julia Heffernan, hospital, girl.
J. T. and Elizabeth Foley, hospital, girl.
Mike and Maria Cimino, hospital, girl.
Henry and Margaret Wilmes, 2015 Chicago street, girl.
Thomas and Maude Markey, hospital, boy.
John and Irene Gaham, hospital, girl.
Eugene and Mae Sorcusen, hospital, boy.
Lester and Loraine Hilsabeck, hospital, girl.

Deaths.

John R. Hays, 67, 2704 L street.
Asa Clement, 27, hospital.
Morgan Williams, 44, 1410 Jefferson street.
Eldree E. Combs, 13, 2306 E street.
Rudolph Budin, 24, hospital.
William O. Tippen, 54, 2866 Larimore avenue.
Margaret Balfe, 47, hospital.
Elizabeth M. Stephenson, 55, No. 2 Shelby Court.
Cecile Verne Peterson, 22, hospital.
John B. A. Beland, 77, 2519 Capitol avenue.

Marriage Licenses.

The following couples were issued licenses to wed:

George P. Durnall, over 21, Omaha, and Alfreda K. Moeller, over 21, Omaha.
Owen W. Cox, 32, Ames, Ia., and Ethel Ruehle, 32, Ames, Ia.
William E. Glomb, 24, Omaha, and Elizabeth C. Tennekot, 21, Omaha.
Ezra E. Edwards, 25, Omaha, and Evelyn Brinner, 21, Omaha.
Arthur W. Duffy, over 21, Omaha, and Dorotha M. Red, over 21, Omaha.
Willi O. Jacobi, 36, Omaha, and Esther King, 36, Omaha.

THAD B. LEHR, well-known Kansas City business man, who says his recent recovery of health is entirely due to Tanlac.

"I can place only the highest estimate on the Tanlac treatment, for I have realized its wonderful merits in my own case," recently stated Thad B. Lehr, proprietor of the Lehr Shirt & Underwear Co., 2722 East 36th Street, Kansas City, Mo.

"Before taking Tanlac I was suffering from nervousness, headaches, indigestion and loss of appetite, which had pulled me down until work was like a burden.

"Tanlac measured right up to my expectations and since taking it I am enjoying a full measure of good health. I eat and sleep like a school boy and have energy and strength that makes life and work a pleasure. My confidence in Tanlac was certainly well placed."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

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Large, Red and Festered. Cuticura Healed.

"My trouble began with pimples on my face. I picked them and they scattered worse than ever. The pimples were large, red and festered, and itched. I was always scratching them and they left red blotches all over my face which was very much disfigured.

"The trouble lasted about three years. I tried several remedies but none of them had any effect. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Dorothy Stratton, 400 Stansifer Ave., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

Outdoors and the skin —

Don't forego the pleasure of outdoor life because the sun and wind coarsen and roughen your skin. The regular use of Resinol Soap and Ointment is almost sure to offset these effects. Resinol Soap rids the pores of dust and oil, and Resinol Ointment soothes the chapped and roughened skin.

Sold by all druggists.

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Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets Get at the Cause and Remove It.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, act gently on the bowels and positively do the work.

People afflicted with bad breath find quick relief through Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. The pleasant, sugar-coated tablets are taken for bad breath by all who know them.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets act gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and gently purifying the entire system. They do that which dangerous calomel does without any of the bad after effects.

All the benefits of nasty, sickening, griping cathartics are derived from Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets without griping, pain or any disagreeable effects.

Dr. F. M. Edwards discovered the formula after seventeen years of practice among patients afflicted with bowel and liver complaint, with the attendant bad breath.

Olive Tablets are purely a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil; you will know them by their olive color. Take one or two every night for a week and note the effect. 15c and 30c.

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Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Windom, Minn.—"I was so run-down that I was just good for nothing. I was to become the mother of my ninth child, and I thought I did not have the strength to go through with it. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has surely done all I could ask it to do and I am telling all my friends about it. I have a nice big baby girl and am feeling fine. You may use this letter to help other sick mothers."—Mrs. C. A. MOEDE, Box 634, Windom, Minn.

My First Child

Glen Allen, Ala.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

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How to throw off that tired, listless feeling

GENERATIONS ago, our foremothers made a "tea" every Spring from certain herbs and barks to purify the blood. Likewise, since 1826, such herbs and barks have been carefully selected, proportioned scientifically and prepared for that great blood purifier—S. S. S. To serve beneficially from one generation to another successfully is a guarantee of its effectiveness. The way we live and eat, we can't step from Winter into Spring without purifying the blood; unless we choose to suffer depression, feel tired out, and have pimples and boils. It is so easy to give nature a little help, and the best sure way is to start with S. S. S. Stronger and more useful nerves depend on blood-power. S. S. S. will improve your appetite and give you greater endurance, energy, strength, and a more youthful appearance.

Mr. J. M. Mar, Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "Overwork occasioned a complaint which consisted of a tired feeling and pains in the back, that finally exhausted all my strength. A friend advised me to take S.S.S. and after taking only several bottles I was entirely relieved."

Try it yourself. S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores. The large size is more economical. Get a bottle today!

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

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