

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Farmer Brown Discovers the Home of the Chucks.

All unforeseen disaster may be lurking just across the way! —Johnny Chuck.

Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck were enjoying their new home. Polly Chuck had proved to be right in regard to Bowser the Hound. Never from that day when he had discovered their new home and tried to dig it open had Bowser come near it. Perhaps it was because he realized that it was useless to try to dig it open with the roots of that young tree in the way. Perhaps it was because his master had made him understand that he was to keep away from there. Anyway, he did keep away. Whenever he passed along the Long Lane, as he did almost every day, he would do no more than glance over at the home of the Chucks.

Now that the work of digging that new home was over, Johnny had little to do and little to think about but his stomach. On the other side of the Long Lane was plenty of tender grass and clover. It was such a short distance that Johnny didn't mind running over there at all. When he wasn't eating he spent a great deal of his time sunning himself on his doorstep. This is what he was doing when Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy started to plow the cornfield, which was on the side of the Long Lane where the Chucks's home was.

At first Johnny kept out of sight, but after awhile he didn't bother to dive down into his home when Farmer Brown and his Boy were at work at that end of the field. So it happened that he was sitting up very straight and watching with a

great deal of interest when Farmer Brown looked over there for the first time. Before that he had been too busy with the plow to pay attention to anything else. He saw Johnny Chuck.

"Son," said he, "do you see that Chuck over there?"

Farmer Brown's Boy nodded, and there was a twinkle in his eyes, as he replied, "I saw him when we first began work this morning. He seems to be taking a great deal of interest in what we are doing."

"There is no doubt about that," replied Farmer Brown. "He's probably looking for a chance to dig down to the roots of that tree."



"Son," said he, "do you see that Chuck over there?"

ably thinks we are going to plant this field specially for him. I think he had better bring a barrel of water down here this afternoon, and draw the rascal out. He is altogether too near our cornfield."

The face of Farmer Brown's Boy clouded. "I don't want to do that," said he.

"Why not?" asked Farmer Brown. "That fellow probably will have a family, and you know a family of Chucks can do a lot of damage. If he had made his home where he wouldn't be tempted to get in mis-

chief, I would say leave him alone. As it is, I think it will be best to bring down that barrel of water and drown him out. Probably he has a mate down in there with him.

"Supposing we wait awhile," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "Those Chucks won't do any harm until the corn has begun to grow. It will be time enough then. I don't like the idea of drowning them out. Perhaps I can catch them in a box trap and take them off and let them go somewhere else."

"All right, son," replied Farmer Brown. "But remember if those Chucks make trouble here something is going to happen to them."

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Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI. The English Language.

The great need of our high school students is the use of the English tongue. They ought to be able to read English, to talk English and to write English. And they cannot.

So said the high school man. Nobody will disagree with him. Then why should he have to tell us that? What is the matter with the children's use of the English language? Much. They have not the faculty nor the grace nor the taste we would wish them to have. Worse. They have not even the acquaintance with it that is necessary for its simple use.

Why? Many reasons. To many of our school children the English language is a foreign language and its used comes slowly. In their homes they hear another tongue. They think in its terms, they speak in its terms. English is sacred for the school room.

This school room offers little opportunity for the use of the tongue in any language and usage is what brings the faculty and the grace and the taste we covet. With little or no chance to talk in school or home, with poor standards of speech continually in their ears while they play upon the streets, where are they to get their practice?

any language and usage is what brings the faculty and the grace and the taste we covet. With little or no chance to talk in school or home, with poor standards of speech continually in their ears while they play upon the streets, where are they to get their practice?

Grammar lessons are given them to help them talk and write, when we know that grammar never helped anybody to talk a language or write it. The first thing to do is to talk it and write it and think it. After that, when speech is fluent and natural, grammar may serve a purpose. I am not sure.

To be of any real service language must express the actual thought in the mind of the person using it. To force a set speech upon anyone, particularly a child, is to do nothing toward enriching his speaking vocabulary. That must grow out of real conditions. Something must happen to the child and he must desire to express it. He will soon find a way. How many school exercises allow this opportunity? How many times during a school day may a child actually speak out loud the thought that is in him?

The day is too crowded and the class is too big for that. Then isn't the thing to do plain? Lessen the load of work and the number of pupils for each teacher and give these children a chance to use their tongues.

Besides all that, the high school people are inclined to expect a bit too much from the elementary school children. Eight years of schooling in the use of a tongue doesn't mean so very many hours after all. It doesn't amount up to the years of practice that are necessary for the proper, the fluent, the easy use of any language, much less ours.

And children haven't time to read enough of the better books. They ought to be turned loose in a sea of fine literature that the favor of it may soak their minds through and through. We know that their reading is very limited and that it never gets as far as it might because there is no chance to talk it over.

Adele Garrison "My Husband's Love"

Why Hadger Swiftly "Took Stock" of Her Needs and Dicky's.

"What the deuce is the matter with you now?" Dicky demanded as he unlocked the third and last door of the series from the street to our little apartment and switched on the living-room lights. "Why! Here! Madge, darling! What's the matter? You're like a ghost!"

His strong arms went round me, and I clung to him, convulsively, angry at myself for my whimpering cowardice, yet realizing that after an almost tragic experience, such as mine had been at the hands of the evil conspirators against the government, I could scarcely be blamed for blattered nerves.

"Didn't you see, Dicky? Didn't you hear it?" I whispered, my face close against his, my throbbing nerves quieting with the realization of his nearness.

"Why, I believe I did hear something like a door-closing, but what of it?"

"Some one was watching us," I whispered, with a fearful glance over my shoulder at the door. "I felt the eyes before we had come more than a quarter of the way up the stairs—"

"The old psychic getting back on the job again!" Dicky gaped, and then he tenderly said:

"Of course, they were watching you, you little goose. It's part of the penalty you're going to pay for picking out a dump like this to live in."

I winced in sudden resentment at the stricture, but Dicky did not notice it, and went on didactically:

"I'll bet that an even half of the people in this building would leave in their pajamas and their chewing gum, if they should suddenly hear on the broadcasting phone that famous old message. 'Everything is discovered. Fly at once!' They're taking no chances on detectives or process servers coming up the front stairs unless they're wised in time to make a quick getaway down the back. And the rest of the lot are plain inquisitive. Of course, you can't tell in which category this boob in the back apartment belongs."

"That's Just the Point."

"I thought New York apartment dwellers were noted for their lack of curiosity," I said, detaching myself from his arms under the pretense of removing my quaintly-carved beads and my Spanish comb—Dicky's gifts

and the pride of my heart, which I had worn at our little "party."

"That's the most common piece of bunk in the world," Dicky retorted, "but coming on three-sevenths of it being the truth, you must remember, my dear, that there are apartment houses and there are tenements"—and the word came out witheringly.

"This comes pretty nearly lining up in the latter category. I don't think you'd be troubled with peering through cracks from up-town apartment dwellers."

"I'm sure this apartment costs enough," I said, and I am afraid there was distinct sullenness in my tone.

"That's just the point," Dicky's voice held the irritating patronage with which the dominant male explains obscure notions to his women folk. "We're paying a really exorbitant sum, and we are getting practically nothing in return."

I turned away abruptly to hide the tears which welled into my eyes. Dicky was absolutely unfair, I said to myself with passionate resentment. When we had decided to take an apartment in the city for a while, that Dicky might have a settled home while working at his profession, we had decided upon a certain sum as the maximum of expenditure for rent.

An Unexpected Interruption.

Full well I knew that if my Peter Pan had had only himself and me to consider, he would have thrown prostrate to the wise, housed himself and me luxuriously, and worked like mad to make up the difference. But the thought of Junior's future needs, Junior's college education—the thousand and one demands that our boy would make upon us—had steadied even his volatile whims, and he had agreed to my budget scheme.

With characteristic enthusiasm Dicky had rushed around madly on two or three brief and disastrous apartment hunting expeditions. Then with equally characteristic nonchalance, he had shrugged the whole business of home hunting from his shoulders to mine, and had left it there.

How vividly I remembered the toll some weary hours that followed, when in my search I explored almost every quarter of the city. The rebuffs I received, the holes—there is no other word to describe some of the places to which my search for a home took me—no, never can I forget some of the experiences I underwent in those days! And then, at last, I saw the modestly worded advertisement which had led me to this house.

The cheery, immaculate old janitor who met me jingling her keys, seemed an old friend, so pleased was her smile, though there seemed to

spring from out the earth several women to join my tour of inspection of this one apartment.

I had rejoiced that the rooms were spotlessly clean, that there was light and sunshine in the living-room, that there was a bathroom to ourselves, that there was even a tiny fireplace—I had slipped a bill from my purse, and I had again to be sure I had made no mistake, and upon learning it, had said quickly:

"I'll take it. Here's a deposit, and I'll stay right here until the arrangements are made."

I could hear yet the discontented murmurs of the other women, who also wished it. To me it was a haven after a storm, but Dicky evidently—

Clear, startling, there sounded a knock upon our living-room door.

Beatrice Fairfax Problems That Perplex

A Man's Age.

Dear Miss Fairfax: How old should a girl be to marry a man? I don't think I could love a man under 30. What do you think?

LILLY.

A man may not be mature and stable when he is 30. And a boy may be leashed and dependent and understanding when he is half that age. It is all a matter of what a man has brought to life and what he has learned from it.

Character comes slowly in some men—and in others it never becomes a defined thing. Experience teaches some men nothing, and others climb upon one thing that comes to them in life—climb in, mount and scout as well as in achievement.

I know a man of 35 who is accounted a great financier. But he has not formed one fine ideal. He has not learned one bit of sympathy and kindness from the years. He is not a big soul—not yet a generous one. In terms of his achievement he is reckoned—and he reckons himself—a great man. But none of his has made him kind or tolerant of others.

Age has nothing to do with this man's viewpoint. He was arrogant and self-centered at 30. Unless some great change comes into his life, he will be self-centered and arrogant at 70.

And I know a young lad at Yale who is so kindly in his attitude, so generous in his sympathy, so constructive in his friendship that he enriches all who come across his path.

Age has nothing to do with the formation of such character. It has been growing from childhood. And so the girl who would pass by this youth as too young for love might miss a great opportunity to know the best. While the women who sigh with avid hands the gifts the other man has to offer—will get dust and ashes even though the world sees pearls.

All extremes of style are in bad taste and have nothing to recommend them to thinking folks. But for years—even for centuries—women have let style edicts enslave them. Even when women went into the world of business they did not at first leave behind their sheeplike following of any avowed leader, no matter where his style edicts led.

But now we are making a stand for sanity and practicality in dress. This does not mean that feminism is changing women's minds and giving women a cold and curt indifference to their appearance. It means, however, that they have developed a sense of values in regard to what makes for charm in costume. And one of the first requisites of real smartness is practicality and common sense.

Office work calls for sensible attire. Chiffon blouses and long, flowing dresses because they did not look as if they could stand the wear and tear of everyday usage as because they were not modest and trim.

But whether in the office or in the home, there is no reason why women should permit a fashion whim to enslave them. There is always the opportunity for self-expression through clothes, and when the American woman learns that the hall-mark of Paris is not the mark of smartness or own manufacturers and designers will come into their own and feel free to develop styles suited to our methods of living.

Worried: I think you have made enough advances and I would advise you to go no farther if you wish to retain this boy's respect.

Two Pals: You seem to have pretty good ideas of your own and do not need my advice. I wish there were more girls like you.

Vera N.: If you will send me your name and address I will reply personally.

C., asking for the "Planting Schedule." When you write, tell us how you like "Uncle Sam Says."

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Uncle Sam Says

Planting Schedule. Most gardeners are interested in knowing the earliest date crops can be planted because earliness is much desired in gathering and marketing the crop. The United States Department of Agriculture has found that the earliest safe date for planting garden crops can be best determined from the average dates of the last killing frost in the spring. Accordingly, they have prepared a table based on the time of the average last killing frost showing the time of planting all of the common garden vegetables.

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