

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Danny and Nanny Start for the Sunny South. Very early the morning after Dan-

learned what was going to happen. A number of people gathered around the great man-bird. The aviator, who was Farmer Brown's boy's cousin, climbed into his seat. Almost at once there was a terrible noise. The engine had been started.

Danny was frightened because it came so suddenly, but in a moment or two he got over his fright. You see, he had been up in that man-bird before and had learned that that terrible noise was quite harmless. But poor Nanny was so frightened

that she shook all over. "Oh, Danny!" she squeaked. "What is going to happen? What is going to happen?" Danny didn't tell her for the very good reason that he didn't hear her. That terrible noise drowned out Nanny's pitiful little squeak. In a few

moments the great man-bird was in the air. Up, up, up it climbed. Then it headed straight south. Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had begun the longest and strangest journey that ever any Meadow Mouse had taken. They were headed for the Sunny

South, of which they had heard their feathered friends who spend their winters there talk so much. Farmer Brown's boy had helped his cousin start the great man-bird and actually had envied Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. You see, he knew all about the plans of his cousin, the aviator. The latter was going down to spend the winter in the Sunny South, giving exhibitions. He was planning to stay there all winter. He expected to go way down to the warmest part of this great country of ours. He was planning to make many stops on the way down there.

How surprised Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse would have been if they had known this. But of course they didn't know it. To Danny it was just repeating the wonderful journey he had had before. He was no longer afraid and came out in the little cage. He felt quite at home. He stuffed himself with the good food he found there and he wished that that man would take him up

soups, such as chicken and olive, chicken and spinach, an a sweet-bread soup that sounds unusual, but reasonable and delicious.

Sweet Corn Bread.
Two cups of yellow cornmeal, one cup wheat flour, two cups milk, one-half cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, two eggs and three teaspoons baking powder. Sift the cornmeal, flour, sugar and salt and baking powder. Add the eggs, well beaten, and then the milk, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

The children will love it and get much that they need out of it, especially if you use whole cornmeal (it can be found), but the degenerated product when reinforced by the egg and milk and sugar and well buttered will be a good ration, with milk and fruit, and you won't have to coax the children to eat it.

Springfield Lady Gains 30 Lbs. Taking Tanlac and Says It Was a Blessing



"The Tanlac treatment increased my weight 30 pounds and made a new woman of me," is the truly remarkable statement of Mrs. J. A. Chronister, 624 College St., Springfield, Mo. "A complication of indigestion and other ailments brought me to the verge of a complete breakdown. I must have spent near three thousand dollars trying to get well, but I took only a few bottles of Tanlac in bringing me health and strength that makes life a pleasure." Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.

THE NEBBS---

THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO MOHAMMED.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug

Sparky Picked a Bad Time for His Nap.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER---

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB---

BEGINNING THE EDUCATION OF MR. FIGSBY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



Me and Mine

By Briggs

ABIE THE AGENT---

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



In a few minutes the great bird-man was in the air. where he could look down and see the Great World passing below. But poor little Nanny was too frightened to stir out of their nest in the little cupboard. She was too frightened to be hungry. Somehow she felt safer in that familiar nest and in the dark. To her it was all very dreadful. She was having just the same experience that Danny had had the first time he flew. It was a long time before Nanny knew that she was flying. She didn't know when that great man-bird left the Green Meadows. It wasn't until she remembered that the great man-bird only made that dreadful noise when it was flying that she understood that she was really being carried away. And the thought of that frightened her even more than did the dreadful noise.

So Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse started for the Sunny South. Many little people of the Old Orchard, the Green Forest and the Green Meadows had already started for the Sunny South, but none in such a strange way.

The next story: "Nanny and Danny Hear a Familiar Voice."

Soups of Many Types and Flavors
We are soup enthusiasts. We can contemplate bouillon or tomato soup for breakfast, miss it from any dinner and welcome it as a luncheon mainstay; but when we picked up a new book of unusual soups and found a leading chapter on fruit soups we weakened. An orange soup seems to us a waste of vitamins and flavor, and as for cream of raisins with bits of candied carrots—we refuse to contemplate such a possibility at all, though both raisins and carrots are among our best friends, professionally and personally. Having absolved ourselves from responsibility for this chapter (such foods bring unmerited scorn on natural fruit and vegetable dishes, we venture to think, we can applaud heartily the nice appreciation shown by soups and their accompaniments; members of the union family browned in butter and used for savor find the large place they deserve; Worcester sauce and cheese in connection with soups are rightfully appraised; chervil, the delicious herb so few Americans know, is often mentioned, and chives are also present. The book is original in the thorough discussion of accompaniments and garnishes appropriate to each recipe and there is the crowning grace, so seldom found, that the number served by each formula is definitely stated. First, there is all about stock and the basic ingredients for all kinds of soup making; there are special meat

HILL'S Acts at once Stops Colds in 24 Hours. Hill's Cascara Bromide Quinine gives quicker relief than any other cold or gripe remedy. Tablets disintegrate in 10 seconds. Effectiveness proved in millions of cases. Demand red box bearing Mr. Hill's portrait. All druggists—30 cents.

FACE FULL OF RED PIMPLES Itched and Burned. Scalp Covered with Dry Lumps. Cuticura Healed. "My face was full of small, red pimples and so sore that I could hardly stand to shave. My scalp was covered with dry lumps that would scab off and leave sore eruptions. The eruptions itched and burned so badly that I scratched them, causing them to bleed. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and they helped me, and after using one box of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Signed) C. L. Walker, 717 Zane St., Martins Ferry, Ohio.

MRS. COFFMAN ILL SEVEN YEARS Saved from an Operation by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "I was suffering from a pain in my left side, which was almost unbearable, and I could not even get the bed clothing rest on my body at night. I had been sick for seven years, but not so bad until the last eighteen months, and had become so run-down that I cared for nobody, and would rather have died than live. I couldn't do my work without help, and the doctors told me that an operation was all there was left. I would not consent to that, so my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and begged me to take it. I have taken fourteen bottles of it and I feel ten years younger. Life is full of hope. I do all my housework and had a large garden this year. I never will be without the Vegetable Compound in the house, and when my two little girls reach womanhood I intend to teach them to take it. I am never too busy to tell some suffering sister of my help, and you can use my name and letter to spread the good news of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine."—Mrs. Ida M. Coffman, R. F. 2, Sidell, Ill.