

Patriotic Radio Program Friday

Patriotic program under the au-

spices of the May Seed and Nursery company of Shenandoah, Ia., will be broadcast from station WOAW to night in observance of Washington's birthday.

Letter commending the plan for the program has been received by Earl

E. May, president of the company, from Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy.

The Star Spangled Banner will be sung as a solo by Mrs. Earl E. May. Other performers will be Ruth Farnham, Miles McGilone, mayor of Shen-

andoah, an American Legion quartet, Oneta Rogers, Harry Day and W. W. Benedict.

Sleeves are very short, but for daytime wear the sleeveless frock has not yet made its appearance.

Holiday Mail Service on Friday

Today, Washington's birthday, will be a departmental holiday with

postoffice employees. The postoffice and all substations will be closed, as on Sunday. There will be no delivery of mail by carriers except that perishable parcels will be delivered with special delivery mail from 7 a. m. until 11 p. m.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

An empty stomach dulls the wit. And sense of caution often quits.

—Peter Rabbit.

The End of a Pleasant Surprise.

Peter Rabbit was back in the dear Old Briar Patch before daylight after his feast on the tender bark of some fruit trees, in Farmer Brown's young orchard. It was the most satisfactory meal he had had for some time, and of course he told little Mrs. Peter all about it. The next night he started back to that young orchard. He did his best to get little Mrs. Peter to go with him. But little Mrs. Peter was too timid. She did her best to keep Peter at home.

"You'll get in trouble one of these nights. Yes, sir, you'll get in trouble as surely as your ears are long," said she. "Pooh," replied Peter scornfully. "I'm old enough and wise enough to keep out of trouble, my dear. You ought to taste that young bark. It is worth risking a lot for. But really there isn't any risk. Come along and see for yourself."

But little Mrs. Peter wouldn't leave the dear Old Briar Patch, and Peter wouldn't heed her plea to stay at home, so away he went lippy-lippy-lippy-lip, straight up to that young orchard. His one thought was to get more of that tender young bark. Imagine how surprised he was, and how very much delighted when he discovered lying on the snow a cabbage leaf. It was frozen, but Peter didn't mind that. He sat down right there and ate every bit of that cabbage leaf. It was so much better than bark that he wanted more and at once started to look for another. He found some bits scattered along on the snow. They led him along until presently he came to a queer-looking box. It was open at one end. The last bit of cabbage leaf lay just within this box.

Peter stared at that box a bit suspiciously. He didn't remember seeing it there the night before. He hopped around it. It seemed perfectly harmless. Very cautiously Peter approached the open end. He reached in and got hold of that piece of cabbage leaf. Nothing happened. He finished that bit of cabbage leaf, and then poked his inquisitive little nose into that box again to see if there might be another piece of cabbage leaf in there.

That inquisitive, wabby little nose of his began to work in great excitement. "Carrot!" exclaimed Peter under his breath. "I smell carrot!"

It seemed too good to be true. But Peter knew that it was true, for he knew that he could trust that wabby little nose of his. He didn't hesitate a second. He hopped right inside that

box. There was carrot there! It was a small carrot, and it was stuck on a little stick at the end of that box. Peter sighed. It was a sign of pure happiness. A carrot in the middle of winter! It was too good to be true. But it was true. It was the happiest kind of a happy surprise. Peter reached out and set his teeth in that



Peter stared at that box suspiciously.

carrot. Bang! Something had happened. That box was no longer open at one end. In a panic of fright he tried to back out. He couldn't. He was a prisoner. He was in a trap. Yes, sir, he was in a trap. That innocent-looking box was a trap.

(Copyright, 1924.)

The next story: "Peter Spends a Bad Night."

Twice Arrested on Same Charge

George Pellar, machinist of Avery, Neb., was arrested twice, in two different counties, for the same offense Wednesday.

In the morning he was arrested in Sarpy county on complaint of Joe Thomas, also of Avery, on a charge of assault and battery and fined \$1.

Later in the day he was arrested at Twenty-fourth and Q streets, on the same charge. He was dismissed in South Omaha municipal court this morning on the ground that no person may be twice prosecuted for the same offense.

Fuqua Increases Lead

New Orleans, La., Feb. 21.—Henry L. Fuqua of Baton Rouge, early today continued to increase his majority over Hewitt Bonamichaud of New Roads for the gubernatorial nomination, according to unofficial and incomplete returns from Tuesday's democratic run-off primary from all but 192 of the state's 1,310 precincts, according to the vote tabulated by the Times-Picayune.

The vote was Fuqua, 119,558; Bonamichaud, 90,654.

ADVERTISMENT.

THE NEBBS

ACCORDING TO AN APPOINTMENT MADE YESTERDAY RUDY NEBB IS AGAIN AT THE OFFICE OF CASSIUS MILES THE ATTORNEY WHO IS HELPING ADMINISTER HIS GRAND AUNT'S ESTATE

CASSIUS MILES—THERE'S A GUY WITH A DISPOSITION LIKE A DISPEPIC WILD CAT—HE'S AS PLEASANT AS 10 BELOW ZERO—A FACE THAT SPREADS A SUNSHINE LIKE A RAIN STORM

GOOD MORNING MR. MILES—I HOPE I'M NOT INTRUDING

YOU ARE, BUT AS LONG AS IT'S NECESSARY IT MUST BE ENDURED

THERE'S YOUR DEED TO THE CANCELLED MORTGAGE WILL BE ALONG IN A FEW DAYS—HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE ATTORNEY HORATIUS NIBLICK OF NORTHVILLE—YOU MAY INFORM MR. NEBB THAT THE JEWELS AND SILVERWARE ARE AT THE BANK HERE—AND WHAT MONEY IS LEFT AFTER ALL EXPENSES ARE PAID—THE FURNITURE AND BRIC-A-BRAC ARE STILL IN THE HOME—HE MAY COME IN PERSON OR WRITE ME AS TO WHAT DISPOSITION HE WANTS MADE OF IT

OH I'LL TAKE IT UP WITH HIM DIRECT—AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR GREAT KINDNESS TO ME AND IF I CAN EVER RENDER A SERVICE TO YOU I WILL TRY TO DO IT AS GRACIOUSLY AS YOU HAVE DONE THIS FOR ME!

THE DEED TO MY LATE AUNT'S ESTATE IN MY POCKET WITH NO ENCUMBRANCE—JEWELS, SILVERWARE AND MONEY IN THE BANK AT NORTHVILLE AND A HOUSE FULL OF FURNITURE AND BRIC-A-BRAC—COME ON, SOMEBODY, AND MAKE ME SURE! IF THINGS KEEP COMING THIS WAY THEY'LL HAVE ME BEGGING FOR A LITTLE TOUGH LUCK!

Barney Google and Spark Plug

WELL, ANYHOW, SPARKY CANNOT TELL A LIE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck

YES, SPARKY, GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A LIE—IT SAYS RIGHT HERE IN THE LITTLE BOOK THAT I'VE GIVEN SEAT US THAT HE CHOPPED DOWN A CHERRY TREE AND WHEN HIS OLD MAN SAID, "WHO DONE THAT?" GEORGIE WIPED THE SWEAT OFF HIS BROW AND 'FESSED UP LIKE A MAN—I'M 'CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS, POP," HE SAID—THAT TEACHES US WE OUGHT NEVER TELL A LIE—

OH, MISTAH GOOGLE—DEYS A MILLYUN CHINAMEN DOWN STAHS AN AN

WELL—WHAT ABOUT IT??

DEY GOT KNIVES AND AND—PISTOLS—AND IS TRYING TO BREAK DOWN DE DOAH—DEY SAY YOU SAID SUMPIN' DISRESPECTABLE ABOUT DAT CHINY BOSS WOTS COMIN OVAH TO DIS COUNTRY TO WARE SPARK PLUG—YO' GONNA LET 'EM IN, BOSS?

MY GOSH!! TELL 'EM I DON'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE—THAT IM IN ANNA, ILLINOIS WITH A BROKEN LEG AND LOCK JAW—HURRY—

NOW, LISTEN SPARKY, I KNOW THAT WASN'T JUST ON THE LEVEL WHAT I SAID—BUT THAT ISN'T THE KIND OF A LIE I WAS TALKING ABOUT—IN BUSINESS—SPECIALLY THE RACING BUSINESS YOU'VE GOTTA SAY—!! ARE YOU TRYING TO BAN ME OUT WITH THAT LOOK ON YOUR MAP?

SPARK PLUG

BRINGING UP FATHER

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

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus

SOME CLASS TO ME IN THIS MOTORMAN SUIT

NEVER MIND THE CLASS—YOU GET TO WORK AND MIND YOUR BUSINESS

STOP PLEASE

IT'S TOO BAD THIS RAILWAY DOESN'T RUN DOWN THAT WAY.

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE—I'LL REPORT HIM—

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JERRY ON THE JOB

ONE FOR ALL AND NEARLY ALL FOR ONE.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban

HERE VARE = EIGHT BUCKS CASH = THE WAGES OF THE GENERAL UTILITY MAN.

THASS US.

US ONLY HANIS ONE JOB BETWEEN US, WE ONLY GET ONE SET OF WAGES—AND NOT BEIN UP ON ARITHMETIC WE DUNNO HOW TO SPLIT IT.

EIGHT BERRIES AINT IT?

THAT AINT HARD TO DO—YOU JUST GIVE HIM HALF OF WHAT YOU GOT. THAT'S \$4.

NOW YOU GIMME \$2

THIS AINT EVEN—I JUST GAVE HIM HALF OF WHAT I GOT—AND NON HE WONT GIMME HALF OF WHAT HE GOT.

It Happens in the Best Regulated Families

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield

SAY PA—IS IT A FACT, AN ESTABLISHED FACT, THAT WASHINGTON NEVER COMMITTED A FALSEHOOD?

UH HUM

DON'T YOU THINK IT MORE OR LESS OF A MYTH BASED UPON A TRIFLING INCIDENT IN MR. WASHINGTON'S CAREER?

UH HUM

HAVE YOU ANY OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT THAT WOULD BE OF VALUE TO ME AS A STUDENT—I AM SEEKING ENLIGHTENMENT FROM A SUPERIOR MIND

I SEE

I NEVER DO THIS AND I HATE TO START IT—BUT CAN YOU LOAN ME \$25, MR. ULLMAN

CERTAINLY SIGMUND

DO YOU KNOW WHY HE WAS CALLED 'FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY', AND WHO DUBBED HIM THAT? DON'T YOU THINK IT AN AMBIGUOUS TERM—TOO VERBOSE?

UH HUM YES

I AM PREPARING A THESIS ALONG THESE LINES AND I WISH TO COOPER WITH YOU IN A DAY OR SO IN ORDER THAT THE VERY BEST RESULTS MAY BE OBTAINED—WILL YOU HELP?

SURE

THANK YOU SIR

WELL, KABIBBLE OLD BOY, HOWS THINGS?

JUST SO SO ULLMAN—YOU LOOK ALL SMILING AND HEPY!

SIGMUND JUST GAVE ME \$25 HE OWED ME!

THAT PHOXY CROOK—HE PROMISED TO PAY BACK IN ALPHABETICAL—ORDER!!

CHILDREN CRY FOR "CASTORIA" A Harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups—No Narcotics!

RUPTURE Will Take Off All Excess Fat

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY No Narcotics

Your Health may be dangerously sapped by that cold. Don't take chances—take Weeks Breaker-Cold Tablets

NR TO-NIGHT Tomorrow Alright