

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF GRANDFATHER MOLE

ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY XVI GRANDFATHER MOLE'S VISITOR

Whatever Grandfather Mole's neighbors might say of him, they never could claim that he was lazy. He was always busy. When he wasn't eating or sleeping you could be quite sure that he was digging. He never seemed to be satisfied with his house, but was forever making what he called "improvements."

He was very set in his ways. He claimed that he wouldn't be comfortable in a house that had maybe only two halls—a front and a back one, as Billy Woodchuck's dwelling was known to contain.

Maybe that was the reason why Grandfather Mole never went visiting. And as for anybody else visiting him—well, what was the use

when most likely you never could find him? Nevertheless there was one of Grandfather Mole's neighbors who called at his house frequently, and for the very reason that he knew he could probably do exactly as he pleased. Far from trying to find Grandfather Mole, Mr. Meadow Mouse always took pains to avoid him. And if by chance he met Grandfather Mole in one of his galleries Mr. Meadow Mouse was always extremely polite—and ready to run at a moment's notice.

During some of his visits Mr. Meadow Mouse went regularly down into a gallery of Grandfather Mole's that ran under a corner of the cornfield. And somehow he soon grew quite plump.

Now, Grandfather Mole had met Mr. Meadow Mouse two or three times in that particular gallery. And he was not slow to notice that his visitor looked fatter each time he saw him. So one day Grandfather Mole asked Mr. Meadow Mouse bluntly what he was doing there.

"I'm taking a stroll!" Mr. Meadow Mouse told him meekly.

"Be careful!" Grandfather Mole warned him—"be careful that you don't take anything else."

Trembling slightly (for Grandfather Mole could be terribly severe when he wanted to) Mr. Meadow Mouse said that he hoped Grandfather Mole didn't mind if a person took a little exercise now and then in those underground halls. "On a warm summer's day it's delightfully cool down here," Mr. Meadow Mouse murmured.

His speech pleased Grandfather Mole. "I'm glad there's some one that agrees with me!" he exclaimed. "Most people think I'm queer because I like to live underground."

Mr. Meadow Mouse hastened to assure him that he didn't think him queer—not in the least!

"Thank you! Thank you!" Grandfather Mole said. "And since you're a person of more sense than I had supposed you're welcome to ramble through my halls—so long as you don't take anything except exercise and a stroll."

Then it was Mr. Meadow Mouse's turn to thank Grandfather Mole.

"I feel better," he said, "now that you've given me permission to come here. For to tell the truth, I've often felt that I was taking a chance."

So matters went on smoothly for a time. And Mr. Meadow Mouse spent hours in the gallery under the cornfield. And he grew fatter every day. Naturally he did not take such pains to dodge Grandfather Mole—after the talk they had had. And when the two met one evening Grandfather Mole stopped Mr. Meadow Mouse.

"There's something I want to say to you," he remarked. "I notice you're looking extremely well-fed. And I hope you're not eating any of my angworms."

Mr. Meadow Mouse laughed right in Grandfather Mole's face.

"Oh, no!" he replied.

"No any of my grubs or bugs?" Grandfather Mole persisted.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Meadow Mouse, making a wry face as he spoke—for he was rather a dainty person. And then he whispered something to Grandfather Mole.

"Oh!" said Grandfather Mole. "So that's it, eh? Well, I don't mind. I never eat anything of that sort. Take all you want of it!"

Where It Started

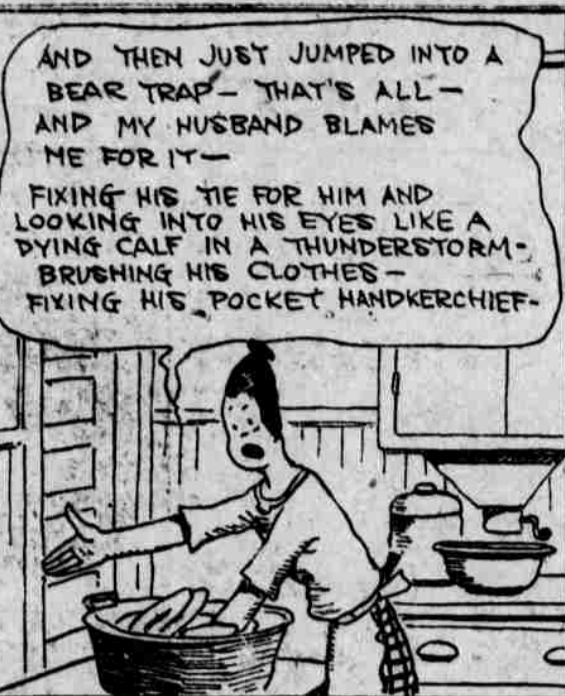
Chess. The origin of the game of chess is in dispute, but most authorities agree that the earliest form of the game was played in Hindustan under the Sanskrit name of Chaturanga. From Hindustan the game spread to Persia and Arabia, and was introduced into Europe in the eighth century by the Arabs.

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THE GUMPS---



WELL, HE WAS OUT WITH HER AGAIN LAST NIGHT—HE'S STAYED SINGLE AND HAPPY FOR OVER 50 YEARS—



AND THEN JUST JUMPED INTO A BEAR TRAP—THAT'S ALL—AND MY HUSBAND BLAMES ME FOR IT—



WAIT TILL SHE MARRIES HIM—I KNOW THAT WOMAN—IF HER NECKTIE WAS WRAPPED AROUND HIS EAR SHE WOULDN'T FIX IT THEN—BUT IT'S WHAT THE NEIGHBORS SAY THAT HURTS ME—I DON'T SEE HIM AROUND MUCH ANY MORE—WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BIG CAR? I HEAR YOUR RICH UNCLE'S ENGAGED—



I JUST HOPE SHE DOES MARRY HIM—THAT'S ALL—IT'S COMING TO HIM—SHE'LL LEAD HIM A MERRY CHASE ALRIGHT—HER FIRST HUSBAND DIED WITH A SMILE ON HIS FACE—

More Truth Than Poetry



When I am sad, and cannot guess the reason; When I am low in mind—though fair the day; Depressed and sad, though joyful be the season; And all the folks about me glad and gay—

The while its clanging cadence throbs and lingers. When down the wind the jangling notes flow free, Again I feel the book-strap round my fingers, Again I feel that school is calling me.

Exact the rise and fall; exact the measure; Exact the chill reaction on my mind As when each morn I bade farewell to pleasure, And left all thought of happiness behind.

I've often thought how vastly I'd enjoy it, If I had wealth, to buy the peaky thing, And with a hammer utterly destroy it.



TOO FRAGILE FOR USE From our reading of the works of naval experts we have come to the conclusion that as soon as a battleship is built, it should be taken as far inland as possible and entirely surrounded by powerful defensive fortifications.

CARELESS The date that Shantung was to be evacuated seems to have entirely slipped the minds of the Japanese statesmen.

Dog Hill Paragrafs By George Bingham A large concourse of people gathered in front of the Rye Straw store Saturday afternoon to attend the concert given by the stranger with the monkey and hand organ.

Parents' Problems What is the best recreation for the whole family to take together? Reading aloud from a book of interest to all; singing together; games that all enjoy; on winter evenings, any one of these—with apples, popcorn, or nuts—makes delightful whole-family fun.

Eat Like a Boy Let Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Assist Your Stomach Whenever It Needs Such Help. They Are Safe.

WHY— Do We Say a Person is Not Worth His Salt? With salt now numbered among the cheapest articles of food, this sounds like a very radical expression of worthlessness, but it should be remembered that there was a time when salt was a very valuable and highly prized commodity.

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TO HER WHO HATH SHALL BE GIVEN



Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

Theaterical Superstitions. The theater is full of superstitions. The curious fact about them is that they are purely secular and modern, not inherited from ancient religions or survivals of ancient customs.

Nothing is so easy as to start a superstition, especially among temperamental people dealing with the intangible and the uncertain. Theaterical superstitions are all founded in a belief in luck pure and simple.

Y. M. C. A. Open Forum TONIGHT Paris Peace Treaty J. J. Boucher, Leader

COMING! Sunday, Feb. 13th The Sensation of Motion Pictures Something Entirely Different

SOME WILD OATS City Auditorium

BRANDEIS NOW SHOWING MATHS. DAILY 2:30

WAY DOWN EAST Three Days, Starting Mon., FEB. 14

ROBERT B. MANTELL and GENEVIEVE HAMPER In Repertoire: "Richelieu" "Machbeth" "The Jew" "Julius Caesar"

OPHELMIA Mathes Daily 2:15—Every Night 8:15

EMPRESS NEW SHOW TODAY GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS, Miniature Musical Comedy

OMAHA'S FUN CENTER Daily Mats., 15 to 7:30

THE FORBIDDEN THING A remarkable story of a man and three women. The mother who bore him, the woman God made for him and the creature who conquered his soul.

BEATTY'S Co-Operative Cafeteria

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.



I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who uses you for a leaning post in the street car. It's too much bother reaching for a strap. And besides it tires my arm.

Four Taken to Prison "Rabbit" Green Davenport, John B. Lewis, W. G. Henley and Gus Walker were taken to the federal prison at Leavenworth, Kan., yesterday by Deputy United States Marshal Quinley and two deputies.

THE SON OF TARZAN This picture will be shown at RIALTO

EVERY THURS. FRI. & SAT. for Fifteen Weeks at the MATINEE PERFORMANCES from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. only Starting Today

Who worlds wonder jungle serial from the heart of darkest Africa. Every episode replete with thrills and wild animals, and in addition the most unusual love story ever told.

Charles Chaplin makes life worth living for one kid... and for everyone else as well, in the big comedy he took an entire year to make—

"THE KID" 6 reels that pack enough laughs for 60.

MONTE BLUE Mable Jullienne Scott and capable cast in a Paramount super-special—

The Jacklins from the book and stage play of the same name.

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL NOW PLAYING BY OPIE READ featuring JOSEPH DOWLING The Miracle Man of the screen.

THE COTTON PICKERS JUBILEE Special dance and music of the Sunny Southland. 10 people 10

EMPRESS Rustic Garden STRICTLY HIGH CLASS DANCING CAFE DANCING LUNCHEON EVERY DAY

World-Herald Dancing Party Tonight Also Usual Public Dancing

World-Herald Dancing Party Tonight

World-Herald Dancing Party Tonight

PHOTOPLAYS

WANTED



ONE MAN



ONE WOMAN



ONE CHILD In OMAHA



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