

SLEEPY-TIME TALES
THE TALE OF BENNY BADGER
By ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY
CHAPTER XI

Birds' Eggs.
Though Benny Badger never cared much for foxes, he was willing, usually, to stop and talk with one of that family—provided he wasn't too



"Where?" Benny inquired.

busy digging to take the time for gossip.
There was one fox who often strolled about the neighborhood. And though Benny had many a chat with this gentleman, somehow Benny never learned much from him.
"He was so sly that he let Benny do most of the talking, while he listened. And when he did say anything, he preferred to ask questions."
In time Benny Badger noticed that his chats with Mr. Fox were very one-sided. And he made up his mind at last that when he next met that crafty fellow he would ask him plenty of questions. He would hake him talk, or he would know the reason why.

It happened that early on the following morning, when he was hunting for Ground Squirrel's holes, he found himself face to face with Mr. Fox. And Benny noticed that Mr. Fox was himself looking with great interest at a fresh Ground Squirrel's hole. "Hallo," Benny Badger exclaimed. "I hope you haven't come here after Ground Squirrels."

Mr. Fox looked much surprised. "No, indeed," he said. "I'm only hunting for birds' eggs."
"Birds' eggs?" Benny Badger repeated. "I have found any?"
"Mr. Fox squirmed a bit. He did not like to answer questions.
"Have you found any eggs?" Benny asked him again.
"A few," Mr. Fox replied.
"Where?" Benny inquired.

"Oh, in different places," said Mr. Fox. And he began to talk about the weather—how dry it was, and how much the country needed rain. But Benny Badger was not to be fooled so easily.
"You haven't really answered my question," Benny reminded Mr. Fox bluntly. "I asked you where you've been finding birds' eggs. And I'll thank you to tell me, sir."
"Mr. Fox gave a slight start. Benny's tone was none too pleasant. And Mr. Fox certainly didn't want to quarrel with him.

"If you wish, I know anything about birds' eggs, why don't you ask Prairie Chickens?" he inquired. "She would know a great deal more about eggs than I do."
To Benny, that suggestion seemed quite worth while. There was no doubt that what Mr. Fox said was true. And Benny wondered why he hadn't thought of the plan himself.

"Your advice," he told Mr. Fox, "is so good that I'm going to start right now to look for a Prairie Chicken. It's almost dawn now. And the Chickens will soon be getting up."
"So Benny said good-by. And Mr. Fox tried to say good-by, too. But somehow he choked over the words, and began to cough so violently that Benny Badger was quite alarmed.

He waited anxiously until he saw that Mr. Fox was out of danger. And then he left him.
"If he had looked back he might have seen his sly friend cowering about in the gray light as if something amused him hugely. And no doubt Benny could have wondered what it could have been.
"Prairie Chickens!" Mr. Fox was sneaking. "Much they'll tell him about eggs!"

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Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. I. KING.

Passing An Obstruction.

Watch two men walking together and you will be surprised to see how many couples, when they come to an obstruction like a post, or a tree, or, perhaps, a barrel placed on the sidewalk to cover a temporary excavation, will take care to pass together on the same side. Many men who would scout the idea that they are superstitious will nevertheless, be extremely careful in this respect. For it "breaks friendship" if they pass the obstruction on different sides.

Primarily this superstition is the survival of what was, to our savage ancestors, no superstition at all but only a usage born of the exigencies of savage life. Two members of the same tribe, making their way through the dark forests of northern lands into which the civilization of the Mediterranean shores had not yet penetrated, knew that lurking about them in the wilderness, were savage beasts and no less savage enemies—and they kept close together for safety's sake. To allow even the bole of a tree to interpose between them might mean that one would be fatally attacked before his companion could assist in his defense. For mutual support, for companionship they instinctively kept close together and instinctively still their descendants turn out of their way to avoid passing on opposite sides of a post. And to this is added a subconscious influence of symbolism—the division between the two should the post be between them suggesting a severed friendship.

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More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES I. MONTAGUE



Aridity in the Land of the Midnight Sun

No wonder that the strong and virile Viking Finds that life is only bitterness and gall. For the kick in his potation has been cut by legislation. To a trifling 12 per cent of alcohol. Twelve per cent—the merest trace of ardent spirit—Just enough to keep a healthy thirst alive. In a You or Nels or Ole, who get lit but very slowly. On a tipple that is gauged at 85.

Twelve per cent may suit the mild and gentle Frenchman. Who can get a thrill from watery red ink. But it's little to the liking of the blonde and giant Viking. Who, when he gets good and thirsty, wants a drink. We have seen 'em in Nebraska and Dakota. In the village stores where often they collect. Taking alcohol for bracers with formaldehyde for chasers. And without the least perceptible effect.

In the district to the north of Gopher Prairie. When a bilizard stopped the daily hooch supply. Svenkers, large and calm and placid, tossed off raw sulphuric acid. And nobody ever saw one bat an eye. And when Mr. Volstead's law shut down on red eye. Scandinavians in a certain western state. When they noticed the returning of the old and well-known yearning. Eased their palettes with corrosive sublimate.

Twelve per cent—it might arouse us temperate Yankees To no end of merry quips and festive deeds; But that sort of soaking tipple wouldn't start a single ripple. In a room full of Norwegians, Danes and Swedes. Making 12 per cent an alcoholic limit. In America would rouse a grateful sigh. But a law that liquor places on so moderate a basis. Makes the Scandinavian kingdoms mighty dry!



THE LADS THAT KNOW

We'll feel more certain of Mr. Harding after we have talked to some of his caddies.

EXHAUSTING THE FUEL

If Wall street thieves keep on going south with Liberty bonds there won't be any left for that bohr that is suggested by a professor of political economy.

PROOF

Maybe Mr. Harding has got that pet alligator so there will be something around the White House that can listen complacently to the critics of the administration.

WHY—

Do Dogs Take An Instant Dislike to Some People?

Every owner of a dog knows that his pet has certain idiosyncrasies, among others being the fact that he will take an instant dislike to some people, while with others, he will be playful and agreeable from the first moment he meets them. At first glance, this would appear to be a trait inherent in the animal itself—but human beings have it as well; the only difference being that we rely upon our judgment, founded mainly on the sense of sight, while the dog relies upon his super-sensitive nose. "I don't like his face," or "There's something about his eyes that I don't care for," is the way we would phrase it, but the dog retires into a corner, crouches or winces at the approach of the person whom he distrusts, thus evincing by his action the same feelings which we have put into words.

Nature, having endowed a dog with eyesight, which is far below the average of the normal human being, has made up for this by giving him an acutely developed sense of smell, nostrils which will pick out a scent with which he is familiar among hundreds of others, and which enable him to follow that scent where, to the human eye, there is not the slightest trace of any track or path. To a dog, therefore, every human being has his own peculiar scent—just as, to other human beings, he has features which stamp him as different from the rest. It is only natural that, among the many persons with whom a dog comes in contact, there will be some whose scent he does not like, and he manifests his displeasure in his own fashion; though, on the authority of one of the foremost dog fanciers of the country, this by no means means, out the popular belief that a dog knows which persons are to be trusted and which are not. (Copyright, 1921, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

Parents' Problems

What course should be followed with a boy of 14 who mimics others? This is a silly habit; it may become an unkind one. Explain this to the boy; tell him that he should leave it to narrows and magpies. It is very likely that such a boy has

THE ROMPING GIRL

or bouncing boy, full of vim—robust, are a delight in any home.

Scott's Emulsion

helps keep both young and old, well-nourished and strong. Do not deny strength-building Scott's Emulsion to your children.

KI-MOIDS

(Tablets or Granules) FOR INDIGESTION

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Holding a Husband

Adele Garrison's New Phase of Revelations of a Wife

The Strangely Mixed Speech Edith Made Madge.
Edith Fairfax climbed into the seat beside her while Mrs. Durkee volleyed directions after her. As the car rolled down the road we heard a last shrill injunction: "Don't forget the—"

The last word was lost in the noise of the engine. "If that woman doesn't land herself and the rest of us in a sanitarium instead of at the dinner table tonight it won't be her fault," Edith said, with distinct irritation in her crisp tones.

Her manner of speech again brought forcibly to my mind the great change which her war work abroad had made in her. She had left the country a gently-bred, rather helpless, rather frivolous southern girl, with the soft, drawing voice of the type. She had returned keyed up to efficiency above the average, with crisp-clipped accents, something akin to the speech of the English women with whom she had been thrown in her work, and with an indefinable cool hardness about her.

"The Worst Is Over."
I made no reply for a few seconds, pretending to be engrossed with the mechanism of the car. Her little critical irritated speech had jarred upon me, although, mentally, I had been making identically the same comment. But I feel toward little Mrs. Durkee as one does to a beloved relative. I can criticize her myself, mentally, can see where she was at fault, but I don't care to listen to unfavorable comment upon her from any one else. Besides, the little woman was atoning royally for the unconscious unkindness and bad judgment of her choice of decorations for Leila's room, and it did not seem just "clubby" on Edith's part to comment, even jestingly, upon the flurry caused by that change in the plans of Her Fluffiness.

"I think the worst is over," I said, sedately at last. "The draperies are all ready to put up, the dinner is practically ready, except for the last things, and I think she will be all right by dinnertime. It's been rather a tense day for her, changing things at the last minute."

"It's been rather tense for the rest of us also," Edith answered, "but I haven't observed you or me or Mrs. Underwood flying around like headless fowls."

"Possibly because we haven't the responsibility of the whole thing resting on our shoulders," I rejoined, with as careless a manner as I could manage, but I felt Edith's quick turn and searching glance at me, and I knew that she had missed nothing of the annoyance I was trying to conceal.

She made no answer to my little speech, but a few yards further on she spoke quickly, with an air of resolution, as if the utterance of the words were something she had been debating with herself.

"There's one thing I want you to know," she said, and I fancied that her breath was a bit uneven. "This excursion with you was not of my planning. Mrs. Durkee insisted that I must go. I know that you are going to meet Di— your husband, and I can imagine that with this miso over at your house to explain to him you won't want any outsiders around. But if you'll just drop me at the delicatessen on the way to the station, and pick me up again at the florist's on your way home I'll have all the errands done, except the selection of the flowers. I want your help in that, and so does Mrs. Durkee."

It was lucky that I had a clear

Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham.

Yam Sims went to the exhibition at the school house in the Caf Ribbs neighborhood Monday night and saw the strong man lift a large heavy iron weight made out of wood.

Raz Barlow, who put a notebook in his pocket the first of the year to set down the things he would be apt to forget, remembered something today he had neglected to think of.

"Of course it'll save time," she said, "and you know that's the chief thing tonight. So please drive first to the delicatessen."

I did as she requested, and left her there with relief and thankfulness. For the last thing in the world which I desired was to have Edith Fairfax witness my coming interview with Dicky.

(Continued Monday.)

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Luck Is Mostly You.

You are one of the superstitious ones who are always bemoaning the fact that you were born under a certain star considered unlucky. Perhaps you have had a lot of misfortune, and as a result of it you are not making much effort to change your luck, as you call it.

As soon as you start something you say that someone or something sets you back.

It never occurs to you that someone or something would have been there whether you started or not.

If you have a good and sufficient reason for the undertaking you planned, and it is a worthy one and you are ethical in its pursuits, you are in line for success if you do your part well.

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Do You Know the Bible?

Follow These Answers and Questions as Arranged by J. WILSON ROY.



1. Why did the ancients strew ashes on their heads as a token of mourning?
2. Why is the prophecy of Ezekiel concerning Egypt remarkable?
3. What was the occasion of the handwriting on the wall which appeared to Balthazar?
4. At what period did the prophet Micah live?
5. Where was he born?

Answers.

1. Because ashes from the earliest times symbolized human frailty, deep humiliation, and mortality.
2. Because it is within the power of the most ordinary observer to test its complete fulfillment.
3. That unpious prince and grandson of Nebuchadnezzar having, at a royal feast, used the sacred vessels which had been carried away

from the temple, God sent this terrific indication of his impending punishment.
4. About 750 B. C.
5. He was a Morasthite, or native of Moresheth, a small town in Judah.
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Where It Started

Embroidery.

This art originated in Egypt. The oldest specimen in the world is a piece of linen found at Cairo, bearing the image of Tetimais III, and over 3400 years old. Pliny, ignorant of the Egyptian, credits the Phrygians with inventing embroidery. Embroidery in gold and silver is said to have been invented by Attalus II, king of Perganum, in 159 B. C.
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Sioux Falls Editor Freed

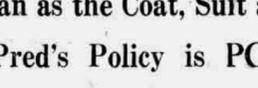
Of Statutory Charge

Sioux Falls, S. D., March 4.—An indictment charging a statutory offense against George W. Egan, newspaper publisher of this city and former candidate for governor of South Dakota, was dismissed today on motion of the state attorney.

In making this motion, the state attorney said that two of the three principal witnesses for the state against Egan had perjured themselves before the grand jury.

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