

# SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF DICKIE DEER MOUSE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

## CHAPTER XIX. The Wrong Turn.

For a few moments Dickie Deer Mouse's cousins looked terribly disappointed. He had told them that his new house had only one chamber. And each of the three big families had expected to have at least one bedroom.



And unseen by his cousins he peeped back to find out what they might do. group and talked in low tones. Dickie could not hear what they said. He hoped that they were going to bid him farewell and go back where they came from. But he soon saw that they had no such idea.

The eldest of all, whom Dickie knew as Cousin Dan'l, said to him presently: "Cheer up! We know you'd be sorry not to have us with you during the winter. So we'll take a look at your chamber. Perhaps it's big enough for all of us."

Dickie tried to tell Cousin Dan'l Deer Mouse that he was afraid the chamber would be too crowded with so many in it. But when he opened his mouth the words, somehow, would not come. And at last he nodded his head and crept through his doorway, while his cousins followed him one by one.

The younger cousins pushed and crowded and quarreled, making such a commotion that Dickie Deer Mouse could hear them plainly, though he was some distance ahead of them.

"Those youngsters will have to keep still," he said over his shoulder to the cousin that was nearest him. Everybody passed the message down the line. And when the youngsters heard it they began to laugh.

"Tell Cousin Dickie to stop us if he can," they shouted. Their rude answer reached Dickie Deer Mouse just as he came to a place in his front hall to which he had paid little heed before. Right at the spot where he stood the tunnel divided itself into two passages. Before, he had taken the one on the right. But now something told him

to go the other way. So he turned to the left, still followed closely by the cousin that was behind him. The whole procession came trailing after them. And the first thing Dickie—or anybody else—knew, they all found themselves standing in the grassy pasture once more, in the gray light of the morning.

They had passed out through the back door of the house, without entering the chamber at all! As soon as Dickie's relations saw where they were they looked at one another in a puzzled fashion. "What's the matter?" Cousin Dan'l demanded of Dickie. "I followed the crowd. But I saw no chamber anywhere."

Dickie Deer Mouse didn't know exactly what to say. So he merely shook his head, hoping that the company would go away. "Can it be possible that you've left your bedroom?" Cousin Dan'l Deer Mouse asked him. "Is it so small that you could have overlooked it?"

"The bedroom's none too big," Dickie replied. "Then maybe we passed through it without noticing it," his elderly cousin observed. "We can't stand around here in the pasture all day, Dan'l," the cousin's wife complained. "If Mr Hawk happened to come this way he'd be sure to see us."

"What do you suggest?" Cousin Dan'l asked Dickie Deer Mouse. "You see the women are nervous. And he cocked an eye up at the sky, as if he did not feel any too safe himself when he thought of Mr. Hawk."

"It seems to me," Dickie told him, "that we'd all of us better go back to our summer homes." And then, after saying that he hoped everybody would get home without an accident, and wouldn't meet Mr. Hawk, Dickie Deer Mouse turned towards the woods and hurried away.

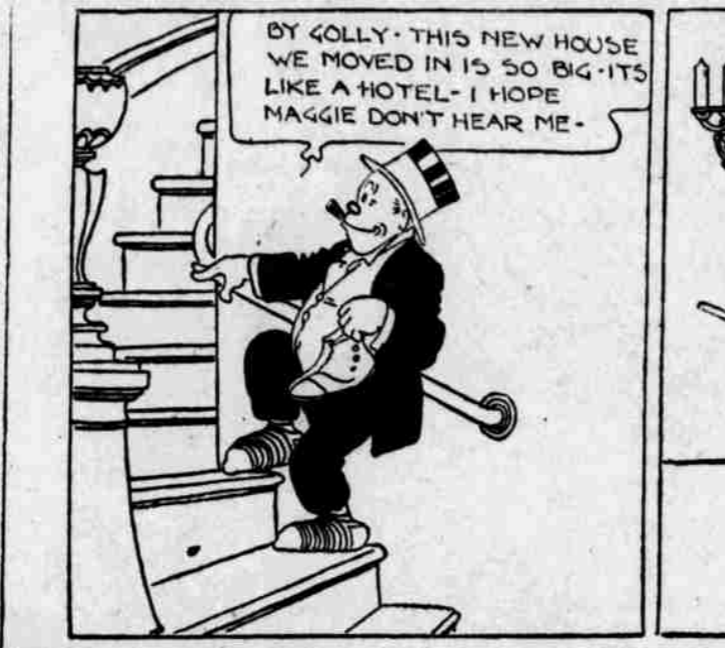
His parting words did not make his numerous cousins feel any happier. And since they wanted to get out of sight as soon as they could, they quickly followed Dickie's example and scurried off as fast as they could go, to spend another day in the summer houses in which they had been living.

Now, Dickie Deer Mouse had paused as soon as he had reached the rail fence at the edge of the woods. And unseen by his cousins he peeped back to find out what they might do.

When the three families scattered in three different directions Dickie Deer Mouse believed that he was well rid of them. But by the time it had grown so light that he did not want to show himself in the pasture, not even long enough to scamper the short distance from the fence back to the front door of his new house. So he passed another day in the last year's bird's nest.

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## BRINGING UP FATHER---

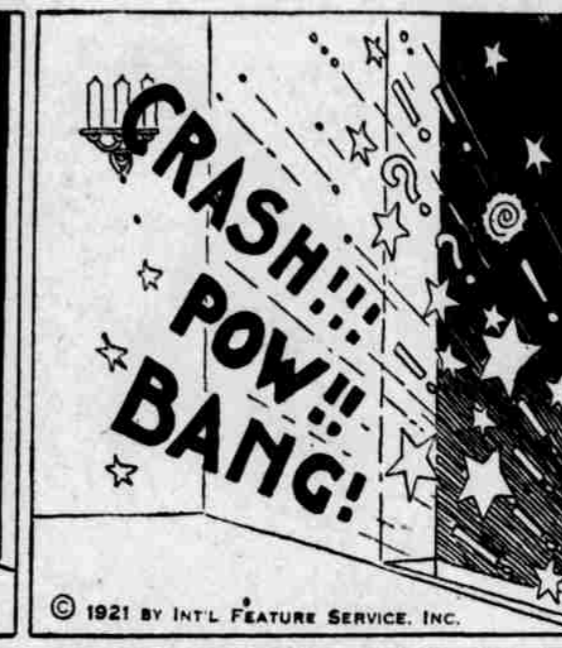


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## FIRST CALL FOR DINNER



## THE GUMPS---



## FIRST CALL FOR DINNER



## JERRY ON THE JOB---



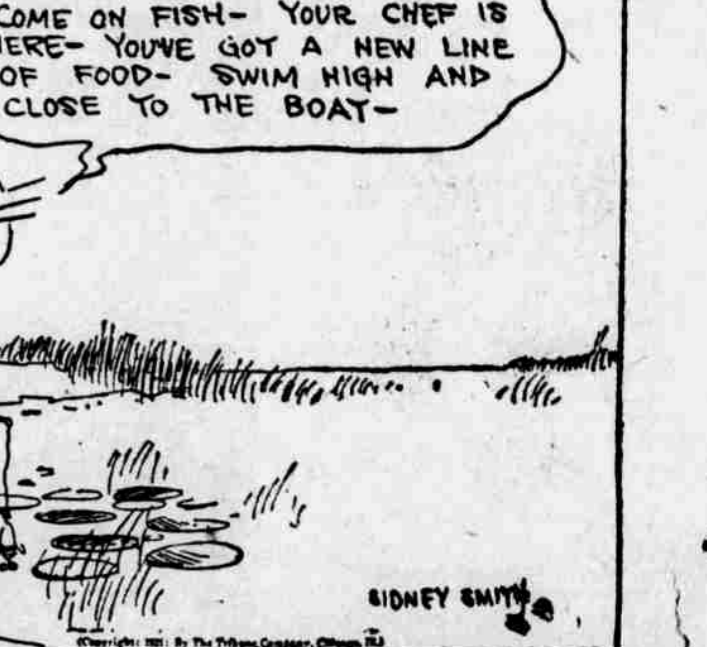
## ALL QUESTIONS PROPERLY ANSWERED.



## CELEBRATING



## CELEBRATING



## HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife"

The Verdict Dr. Phettit Gave to Lillian and Madge. "Marion!" The name of my friend's child came in an awe-stricken murmur from my lips, as, at my mother-in-law's behest, I turned from my own injured son to the couch where Lillian's idolized daughter lay so white and still that I feared the life had fled from her.

Lillian neither spoke nor looked toward me, and I followed her strained eyes to Dr. Pettit's face. It was professionally non-committal, but I saw with an icy little chill at my heart that he was making the usual tests to determine the existence or nonexistence of the vital spark itself.

With Lillian's pallid, anguished face before me I felt guilty at the joy and relief which were surging madly through my veins. My child was safe, apparently, but hers—I who knew better than any one else how closely-knit were the hearts of Lillian and her adorable young daughter, felt my own heart chill as I watched the physician's long, slender, marvelously efficient hands at work.

"Ma-ma—tum Dooner. Dooner feel so-o bad. The positive little cry tore at me. If any one ever had told me that I could refuse to go to my baby when he was injured any crying for me I would have laughed scornfully, unbelievably at the idea. But so long as he was in no danger, and in his grandmother's royal tender care, I could not desert my friend in her bitter hour.

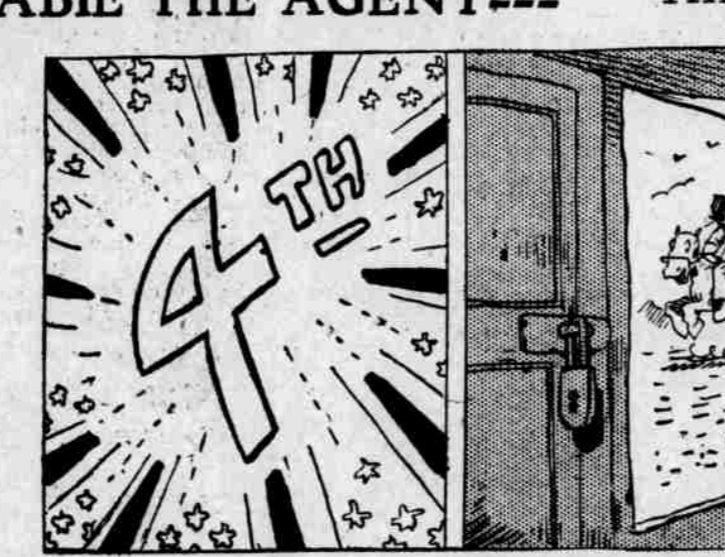
Dr. Pettit straightened himself and Lillian swayed toward him. "Is—she—" the words were a raucous whisper from lips almost too stiff and white to frame them.

"Be ready to help." "She is alive." He uttered the words with quick, crisp emphasis, put out his arms as he did so, and grasped and supported for a needed second Lillian's swaying, trembling figure. Then, as I moved forward, he put her into my arms, and she leaned against me for an instant, with quick, labored breathing, as if she had been running. I remembered the attacks she had recently suffered, and I wondered how most quickly and quietly I could get the remedies used, when she spoke tensely under her breath:

"I'm all right. Be ready to help." She stepped away from me, and stood like a soldier at attention while the physician bent over Marion again. Even through the terror of the moment I could not help contrasting Dr. Pettit's professional assist with his demeanor at other times. In any illness or accident he is a tower of strength, and one feels as safe as is humanly possible in his hands.

"Mr. Graham!" Dr. Pettit's voice, through low, was like a pistol shot, and Dicky came quickly forward. "Yes," he said incisively. "Can you drive the car?" "Yes."

## ABIE THE AGENT---



## THE YEAR DOESN'T MATTER—THE DAY IS THE THING.



## ROMANCE IN ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITIONS



## DO YOU KNOW THE BIBLE?



## Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY. Teach the Daughter. It is unwise and a mistaken kindness for a mother to do work which the daughter should do. Every daughter should have certain duties about the home, and as the girl grows older these duties should increase and the work of the mother should decrease.

## Parents' Problems

How can a child be helped to remember accurately? A child can best be helped to remember accurately by being trained to observe accurately. For instance, when a child, catching a glimpse of a bird, describes it as "blue," or "brown," or "black," encourage him to look very closely and see what additional colors the bird is, and how these are distributed. Similarly with flowers and other natural phenomenon. Accurate remembering is but the reflection of accurate seeing.

It is not enough to know how to make a cake, a tempting salad or delicious fudge. No matter who the girl there comes a time when it is essential to know the why, the hows and wherefores of housework. The quickest, the most economical, the most systematic way to perform every task should be the aim of every grown girl. Experience and information in regard to household duties are valuable assets to a woman, no matter how much money she may have. (Copyright, 1921, International Feature Service, Inc.)

## Where It Started

Merchant Princes. This term, so universally applied to wealthy tradesmen, started with Isaiah. In the book of Isaiah, xxiii, 8, references is made to the city of Tyre, the wealthiest of the ancient cities: "Tyre, whose merchants are princes." Thus to be a merchant at Tyre was an honor and success at trade was rewarded by the title accorded to the ancient Tyrians. (Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

## Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL. The pearl is today's talisman gem, and is believed to bring its wearer devoted and helpful friends. It is also the natal stone of those born on this day, and for them is symbolic of great imaginative powers and a poetic temperament. It is symbolic of mystery and grace, which it is supposed to give them. The Persians of old believed that the pearl was formed from a moon-beam which was caught and held in an oyster shell, when the oyster came to the top of the water to worship the moon. Today's fortunate color is yellow; an ancient Hindu legend credits it with the power to bring good fortune to those who are seeking love and a happy marriage. The gardenia, symbolizing youth and happiness, is the flower that brings good fortune on this day. (Copyright, 1921, Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

when they transformed themselves into magpies and flew away to Blacklute to consult the devil. At first it would appear strange to find the jay bird—the most noticeable specimen of which in this country is the blue jay—inheriting a magpie myth. But ornithologists tell us that the magpie and the jay are very closely related and that the blue magpie of Europe is a connecting link between them. In fact as well as in superstition, they merge into each other. Therefore, when we consider the bad habit of the magpie in making periodical visits to the devil in Blacklute, it is not surprising that the jay bird should be suspected of a similar practise.

This superstition is a direct inheritance from Norse mythology and German folk-lore and originates in exactly the same way as the magpie's reputation as a bringer of bad luck. In fact, the jay bird superstition more closely follows the ancient magpie myth than does the modern magpie superstition itself. As already stated in this series in the days of Odin and Thor the witches were accustomed to hold high carnival on Walpurgis night,

when they transformed themselves into magpies and flew away to Blacklute to consult the devil. At first it would appear strange to find the jay bird—the most noticeable specimen of which in this country is the blue jay—inheriting a magpie myth. But ornithologists tell us that the magpie and the jay are very closely related and that the blue magpie of Europe is a connecting link between them. In fact as well as in superstition, they merge into each other. Therefore, when we consider the bad habit of the magpie in making periodical visits to the devil in Blacklute, it is not surprising that the jay bird should be suspected of a similar practise.