

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF MRS. LADYBUG

CHAPTER III  
Hidden Wings.

The next day Buster Bumblebee set out for the orchard to find Mrs. Ladybug. He wanted to warn her to stop talking about Betsy Butterly. But Buster hadn't realized that it was not an easy matter to say anything to Mrs. Ladybug. Mrs. Ladybug always liked to do most of the talking herself. She preferred to let others listen.

He found her hard at work destroying insects on an old apple tree. And when she caught sight of him Mrs. Ladybug paused in her labors. "Well, young man," she exclaimed, looking at Buster severely. "Are you idling this lovely day away? You don't seem to be making any honey."

Buster wishes that he had spoken first. He certainly had had no intention of discussing such matters as honey making.

"I don't need to make honey," he told Mrs. Ladybug. "The workers in our hive provide honey enough. Maybe you didn't know that I'm of royal blood. I'm the Queen's son. I don't have to work," he declared somewhat haughtily.

"Rubbish!" cried Mrs. Ladybug, regarding him with a frown. "Go get yourself some working clothes! Take off your black velvet and gold! And save that suit for best!"

"You don't understand," Buster tried to explain. "Being a Queen's son, I'm expected to wear my court costume every day."

"Nonsense!" Mrs. Ladybug retorted. "The sooner you get such silly notions out of your head, the better off you'll be. Everybody ought to work. Too much play is bad for folks."

Buster Bumblebee could feel himself blushing. The neighbors were not expected to address a Queen's son in that fashion.

"That's exactly the way you talk about Betsy Butterly!" he exploded. "Hugh!" Mrs. Ladybug sniffed. "You're a worthless pair. Betsy Butterly's wings—"

At this point Buster managed to interrupt her. "About wings, please?" he cried. "Don't you see, you talk about wings?—when you haven't any yourself."

Mrs. Ladybug started; and she gave him a queer look. "What's that?" she inquired. "What's that? Say that again!"

"You haven't any wings," Buster repeated. "Ho!" she laughed. "You're mistaken. I have wings."

Mrs. Ladybug smiled a very knowing sort of smile. When he saw that Buster Bumblebee couldn't help feeling uncomfortable. Some how he knew that he had blundered. But just where he erred he was unable to decide.

THE GUMPS—SEE IT IN COLORS



Jack and Jill

"That awfully funny Mrs. Climeup called here this afternoon just as I was having Bess Singleton and Florrie Ferndrop here for tea," said Jill as Jack came home from the office. "Mercy, darling, I was mortified to death."

"Why?" he asked lazily. "What? Mrs. Climeup? 'Why, Jack, didn't you know that she was an awfully low sort of person? I don't mean morally or anything like that, but she's just dying to break into society and I hear she is awfully vulgar. They even have pig's feet for dinner when they have company. Just fancy that!'"

"I like pig's feet, especially broiled," said Jack, with maddening amiability. "Jack!" The horror in his Jill-girl's voice was not a bit assumed.

"I do," he insisted. "And even if I didn't, I don't think I'd see what that has to do with this woman coming to call on you. I thought you liked to have 'em call when you had 'em ready."

"But honey, can't you see? Just think of what Bess Singleton and Fernie would think of me? Why, dear, they belong to the Country club and are in real exclusive society."

"Well?" "Goodness, what a stupid tease he is," said Jill impatiently. "Don't you understand that Mrs. Climeup was a sort of pal of mine? They'd think she was one of my old chums, because Mrs. Climeup is just like that. I mean to say she talks and talks about the most intimate things. Really, it's dangerous to have her at tea or anything else when there is anybody else to be here."

"You mustn't get snobbish, dear," said Jack, gently, and thus the incident died for lack of nourishment and male understanding.

He came home in a smouldering storm of anger the next evening. "Goodness, Jack," cried Jill, "you look awfully cross."

"Don't talk to me lightly. A school boy's idea of heaven would be a bidck and a teacher, and permission to let school boy nature take its course."

IN SPITE OF THE FAMINE. We have seen recent photographs of Messrs. Lenin and Trotzky, and both seem to be taking on weight.

WHY— Do We Cry When Hurt? To say that we cry when hurt for the same reason that we laugh when we are glad may appear to be paradoxical, but it is true nevertheless, for the muscles and nerves of the eyes and throat react under the direction of the brain when a portion of the body is hurt, just as other muscles and nerves produce a laugh-reaction when something amusing occurs.

More Truth Than Poetry



SHIFTING

Mary had a waistline that in times of Empire frocks was just a bit beneath the hat. That sat upon her locks. As days went by she moved it down. To emphasize her charms until it gathered in her gown. A foot beneath her arms.

When hobble skirts became quite smart The waisting, trim and neat, Encircled, with entrancing art The maiden's dainty feet. But fashion always may be found Constructing modes anew. And when another year came round It rose an inch or two.

It tarried there a little while Then moved along one day Pursuing of the fickle style Upon its upward way. And that was just as well, because Had it continued where In other earlier years it was There'd have been nothing there.

Now, in the fashion notes we see That round their necks or knees The charming maids of gay Drees Wear waistlines where they please. And we are grateful, goodness knows. As styles have come and gone That they have still got any clothes To wear their waistlines on.

BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS. He kissed her lightly. "Well, you'd be cross, under the circumstances," he said, savagely. "Business!"

Aw, no—that fellow Jumpup, he grunted. "Gosh, I wish I could ride home in peace without that fellow sitting down beside me and talking to me all the way out. I suppose the rest of the men think he's an old college chum of mine or something."

"Isn't he that nice, sociable man who lives near the station—the one with all the children?" "Sociable!" Jack repeated the word with a hard, bitter laugh. "That certainly is the word, honey, I'll say he's sociable. Say, he nails me in the train every afternoon and talks to me about his kid and his wife and income tax and the amount of gas they used last month, and how much he paid for that piano, and when his mother-in-law is coming to visit him. I'll say he's sociable."

"Well, what's the harm?" Jill's tone was mildly curious. "But look at the way he is dressed, Jill. He's been wearing the same hat for a year—ever since we moved here. His shoes are all covered with ugly looking patches. His gloves are all out at the fingers."

"What do you care, dear? Maybe the poor man is having a hard time." "Care? Of course I care," blazed Jack. "I don't want other men to see me go chummy with a man that is sort of sloppy. It hurts one's standing."

"Don't be snobbish, dearest," said Jill with a sigh. "You must try to be—" But Jack remembered and kissed her in surrender.

Common Sense By J. J. MUNDY. Heads Up! Keep your head up. As long as you can do this you are not a failure. Notice the derelicts you see shuffling along the streets—they all have their heads down, shoulders drooping forward.

Romance in Origin Of Superstitions



Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham. Sim Flinders, upon seeing Cricket Hicks all dressed up Sunday in the height of fashion, said just to look at Cricket a stranger would think that he was a prominent citizen with lots of money, when he bet right then Cricket didn't have over 35 cents on his entire person.

Columbus Alltop says most of us keep ourselves poor by trying to appear too prosperous.

The postmaster went and invoiced his stock this morning and finds that business is on a much sounder basis, as the demand for uncalculated letters is so brisk he has only two left.



Meeting the Wife Today?

She's been shopping and is probably tired. Bring her to these attractive Restaurants—the beautiful surroundings will be a treat to her and will tend to give her rest.

Luncheon 11 A. M. to 2 P. M.—A la Carte, also Business Lunch for men and women, 75c per plate.

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Where It Started Windmills. Windmills were first seen in use by the crusaders, when they invaded the near east in their effort to recapture the Holy Land.

Parents' Problems How can a very strong-willed child best be managed? Don't you generally find that the very strong-willed child needs a particularly large fund of affection and that when driving fails, he can often be warmed into acquiescence.

Omahans to Preside Over Morticians Convention Leo A. Hoffman is in Des Moines this week attending the national convention of the National Selected Morticians. Mr. Hoffman will preside over the opening session of the convention this morning. Membership in this association is confined to one member in each city and is by invitation only.

A Chicago man is the inventor of a combined platform scale and warehouse truck which weighs its loads as almost any angle.