MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

UNCLE WIGGILY'S BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND BUNTY'S PICNIC.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"What are you going to do today, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Baby Bunty, as he saw the rabbit gentleman sitting in the sun on a bench at the side of his hollow stump bungalow one morning. "Oh! I'm going to take a little hop through the woods, and perhaps call on Grandfather Goosey Gander, to see if he is well again, after having had a bad in his bill," spoke Mr. Longears. "Oh, dear!" sighed Baby Bunty, the little rabbit girl, who was hidden in a hollow stump until Uncle Wiggily found her. "What's the matter?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "Didn't I hop around enough to suit you when I was looking for my glasses and they were on top of my head all the while?"

"Oh, you hopped enough, and you rested your stiffness," said Baby Bunty, (I told you that story last night, if you'll kindly remember.) "But if you are going to the woods," said the little tot, "can't you take me for a picnic? I haven't had a picnic in ever so long."

"Oh, ho! So you want a picnic!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Well, I guess I might have one. Tell Nurse Jane to make some carrot sandwiches, and some turnip flopovers, and a few lettuce ice cream cones, and we'll go in the woods and have a picnic."

"Oh, goodie! Oh, joy!" cried Baby Bunty, and she clapped her paws together and tried to make her teeny weeny pink nose twinkle, as Uncle Wiggily made his. But, of course, it wasn't the same.

In a little while Nurse Jane had put up a nice lunch in a birch bark basket, and Uncle Wiggily and Baby Bunty started to hop through the woods.

"Oh! there goes Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boy, and his brother Johnnie with him," suddenly called the baby rabbit after a while. "May they come to our picnic?"

"Surely," answered Uncle Wiggily. And after that he and Baby Bunty saw Lulu, Jimmie and Alice Wibblewobble, the ducks, and Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, and Nanie and Billie Wagtail, the goats.

"Bring them all to our picnic!" invited Uncle Wiggily. "We have lunch enough for all." So all the animal children went to Baby Bunty's picnic. Under a tree, on a carpet of green moss, with a fringe of ferns about it, and using toadstools for seats, the rabbit gentleman and Baby Bunty and their friends started the picnic. They had carrot sandwiches, lettuce cakes, turnip jumparounds and cabbage cookies.

"This is a jolly picnic!" said everybody.

"I'm glad you like it," spoke Baby Bunty.

And then, all of a sudden, Jackie Bow Wow gave a soft little bark, and said to Baby Bunty:

"Look! Uncle Wiggily is going to sleep. We can't have any fun at this picnic if he goes to sleep! He ought to play games with us, make whistles from the willow tree and all things like that."

"Yes," said Baby Bunty, "so he ought. Oh, dear! I wish Uncle Wiggily wouldn't go to sleep after he eats! But he almost always does, of late, even at home. I guess he is getting old and stiff."

"Can't you make him wake up and be more lively?" asked Lulu Wibblewobble, as she helped a little ant lady lift some carrot bread crumbs over a fallen leaf.

"I'll try," said Baby Bunty. "A picnic isn't any fun unless you play games. And if Uncle Wiggily is going to sleep all the while we can't play games with him. Now just watch me!"

Baby Bunty slipped up behind Uncle Wiggily, and, taking a long green fern leaf, she softly tickled the bunny rabbit on one of his ears.

"A-ker-choo; Goo-zeesium!" suddenly sneezed the bunny.

"Oh, he's waking up!" quacked Jimmie the duck.

"Hush!" whispered Baby Bunty. Then she tickled the rabbit gentleman on his other ear.

"Wa-hoo! Zoop! Zing!" gargled Uncle Wiggily.

"Oh, he's getting real excited like!" barked Peetie Bow Wow.

"Wait a minute!" begged Baby Bunty, keeping out of sight.

Then she took a soft piece of grass and she let it flicker gently over Uncle Wiggily's pink nose, which never twinkled when he was asleep. All of a sudden the bunny rabbit gentleman cried:

"Oh zip! Doodle-de-oodle! Gurr! Waffy-zup!" And he sneezed and opened his eyes and sat up and said: "Is anything the matter?"

"Oh, no!" answered Baby Bunty sweetly. "We just want you to play some games with us; that's all."

"Play games! Of course I'll play games. I always do at a picnic," said the rabbit gentleman. "I declare! I must have been asleep!" he said. "And I dreamed that a ladybug tickled me!"

"Oh, no! Nothing like that! Can you imagine" laughed Baby Bunty. And all the other animal children laughed, too. Then Uncle Wiggily played "Hop Over the Stump" and all games like that with them, and they had a fine time at the picnic. And if the pumpkin pie doesn't take the chocolate cake out in the dark and lose it, so there aren't any cookies for the goldfish, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Bunty's bouquet.

DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX,
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS

A woman asks this question: "Should her individual development be sacrificed for the sake of others?"

There is no other problem in the whole world that it is as impossible to solve, because no human wisdom can lay life in the scales and tell us just what we owe to ourselves, and just what we owe to other people. Also because there is no other virtue that leans so much to vice's side as self-sacrifice.

The relationships into which Fate thrusts us lay upon us certain obligations. We owe certain duties to our fathers and mothers, our husbands and wives, our brothers and sisters, and we equally owe certain duties to ourselves, and only God Himself knows which should go to the wall when these obligations clash.

The role of the martyr has ever been esteemed a noble one. It has been the custom to extol the self-abnegating who have given up their lives to the service of others, but now we are turning the cold, calm searchlight of common sense on the subject and ask whether the martyr was a hero or a fool, and whether the sacrifice he made was worth while or not, and especially if it accomplished any real good.

Certainly there is no merit in useless suffering. Nor is it a virtue—it is a crime, for a big, strong individual to immolate himself before a weak little one.

Besides this, experience shows us that self-sacrifice often does more harm than good. It fosters selfishness and tyranny and the parisitic spirit in those for whom the sacrifice is made, and in the end they would have been better off if they had been forced by necessity to give up their own wishes and to stand on their own feet and fight their own battles.

You can see this illustrated in a thousand ways every day. We all know some talented woman who could have had a big, broad, successful life if she had been able to go out into the world and develop her gifts. But she had an old mother or father who has wedded to some small provincial community and who could not be induced to leave the house in which he or she had lived for fifty years. Neither would the selfish old creature consent to having anyone but the daughter take care of him or her, so the woman sacrificed her own life and robbed the world of the riches she would have given it, to gratify the senile whim of one who was utterly incapable of measuring the wrong he or she was doing.

And the sardonic part of such a sacrifice is that if the woman had had the strength to take what she owed to herself and had gone away and made her career, her parents would have been filled with pride at her success and she would have made them a hundred times happier than she did by staying on and doing the menial services for them that any hired girl could have done just as well.

Sometimes we see a young man who is shouldering the burden that his shiftless and worthless parents have shunted onto him. He toils like a slave to support and educate his little brothers and sisters and to give them the advantages of education and such clothes as he never had. He denies himself all thoughts of love and establishing a home of his own. Every day of his life he is the goat offered up on the family altar.

And the result of his sacrifice generally is that he turns the younger brothers and sisters into leaners and loafers, who depend on somebody else to give them the things they want instead of working for them themselves. There is no reason why the able-bodied man or woman should be supported by another, and if the older brother had taken his own and forced the younger brothers and sisters to shift for themselves as far as they could, he would have saved both himself and them.

Often we see a woman who has rare gifts—who could win fame and fortune as a singer, or an actress, or a writer, or whose executive ability would enable her to rise high in the business world, but who has to bury her talents in the home circle because her husband's vanity will not brook a wife who is more important in the public eye than he is.

Often and often we see a man whose career is blighted by a silly little wife, whose extravagance keeps him tied like a slave to his job; or who refuses to let him go to the place where his fortune lies; or whose selfish demands on his time leave him no leisure in which to study and keep up with his profession, or whose love for pleasure drags him about half the night to places of amusement and sends him to work nerve fagged and weary.

Certainly no one can think that the superior wife or husband should sacrifice herself or himself to the inferior one, and yet it is the tragedy of matrimony that it is almost invariably done, for it is only the big-brained and the great-hearted who are unselfish and who see anything except their poor little pitiful selves.

That is why the question of what we owe to ourselves and owe to others can never be settled. Those who feel within themselves the possibility of doing great things, know that they owe everything to themselves, but they can never collect the debt. It is only the mean-spirited and self-centered who take everything that is due them. And then some.

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WHO'S TO BLAME

BY
ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

Nine times out of ten, the girl who says "all men are liars," started the game herself and was outwitted at it.

CHAPTER No. 98.

Depths.

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Freddie looked down again at the bills in his hands.

"How much do they come to—altogether?" he asked his wife.

Estrelda glared at him angrily.

"Well—how should I know?" she ejaculated. "There they are! You certainly didn't expect me to add them up as they came in, did you?"

"Listen, sweetie," said Freddie; he was trying very hard not to be unjust or unkind. Yet—plainly there were things that must be said. So: "To tell the truth, dear," he went on; "Not only did I expect you to add up your bills when they came in, but I had relied on you to keep those bills within our income. You knew exactly how much money we had."

"No, I didn't," said Estrelda. "How should I know?"

"Why, Estrelda," protested Freddie, "you certainly did know I had exactly forty dollars a week. You know the rent we pay. You know I have to have a little money in my pocket for carfare and such and things like that. Even if you have no head for figures' as you say, a child would have known approximately what was left for household expenses. How could you—how could you have spent this money without a thought!"

"Well," said Estrelda sullenly, "I thought you were lying to me, anyway. Husbands always lie to their wives. I thought you had more money than you told me you had!"

Here were depths and depths of which poor Freddie, brought up in a clean and loyal home, never had dreamed. As his wife spoke, he scarcely realized the import of what she said; the lack of moral stamina behind her tawdry opinion of him and of life. Just for a moment all that he could feel was pain; an exquisite pain that the girl he loved ever should believe him guilty of dishonor to her or to anybody. And so:

"I lie to you!" he said. He felt a sob in his throat and swallowed it. "I lie to you! Why, sweetheart, don't you know you are me? If we two can't stand together against the world with perfect trust we—we'd crumble—go down! We—we couldn't lie to each other or our lives would be poisoned—corrupt at their very source! Oh! Estrelda!"

"Well, don't take on!" said she. She felt uncommonly uncomfortable in spite of herself. "If you didn't lie—I suppose you didn't. I'll take your word for it. I certainly thought, at least, that your father was giving you extra money."

"Not a penny!" declared Freddie. "I wouldn't take it! I won't take one cent that I haven't earned!"

"You'll have to now!" said Estrelda. "It may be good for you. You and your silly pride! I haven't added those bills, but I certainly do know they are far more money than you have. You'll have to let your father pay them!"

Freddie's lips were growing very white.

"No," he said. "I shall pay those bills myself if it takes the rest of my life and—you shall help me."

Something in her husband's tones frightened Estrelda into silence.

Bringing Up Father—By George McManus

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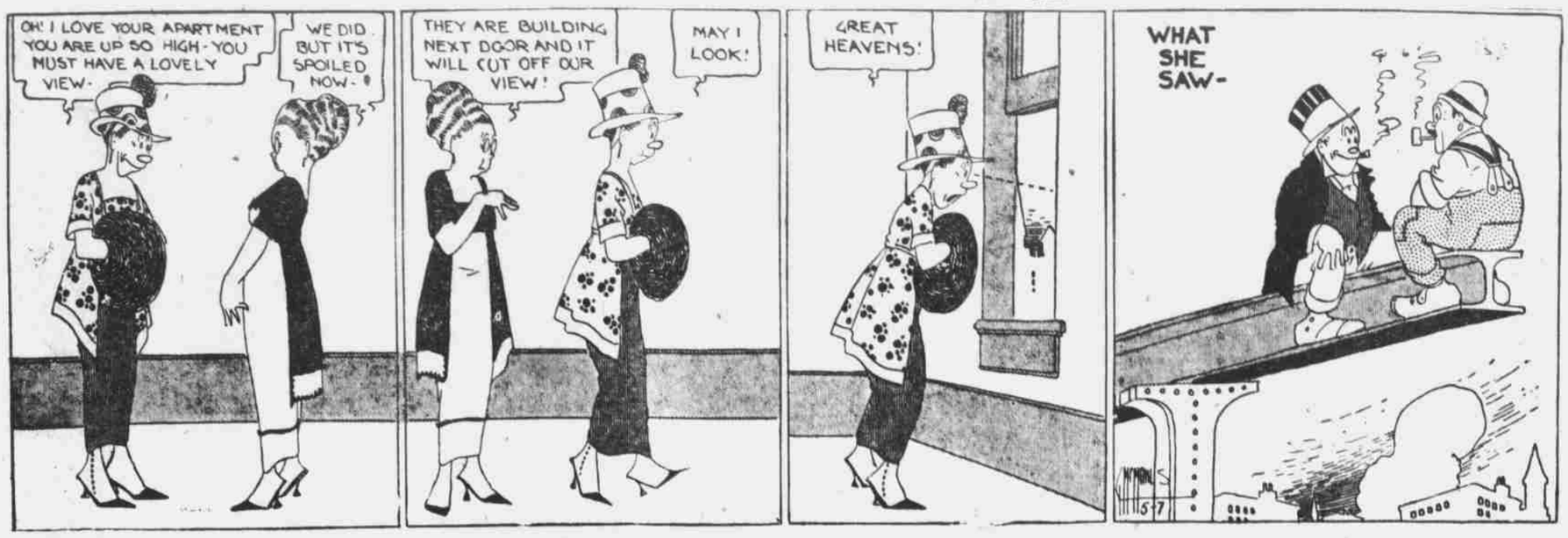
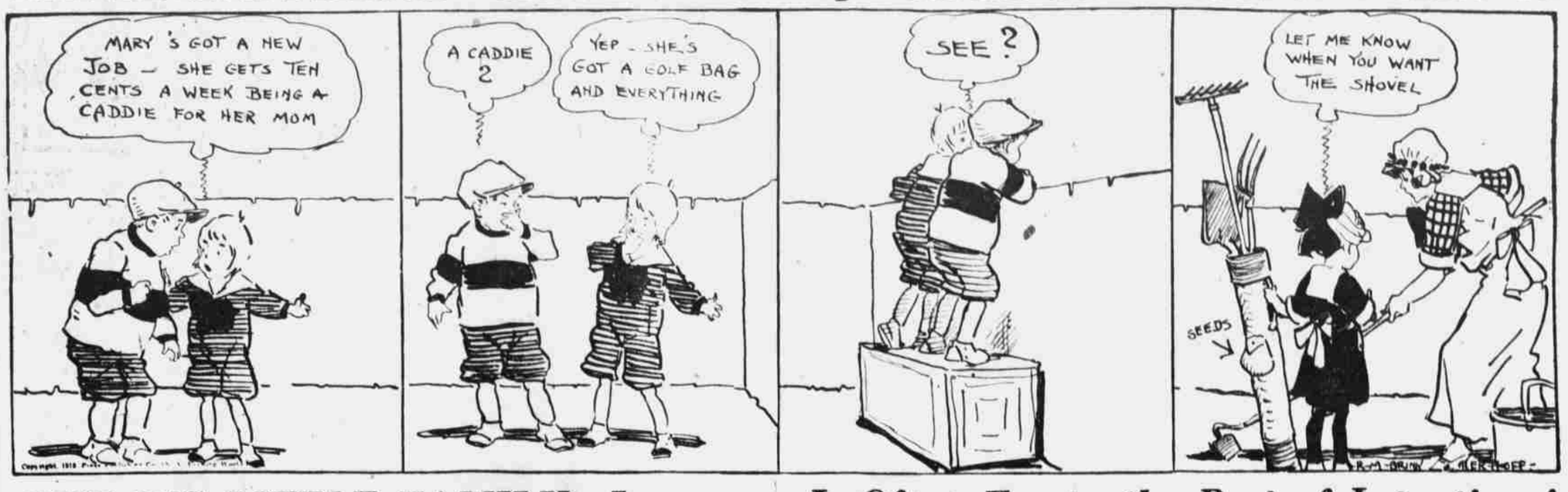
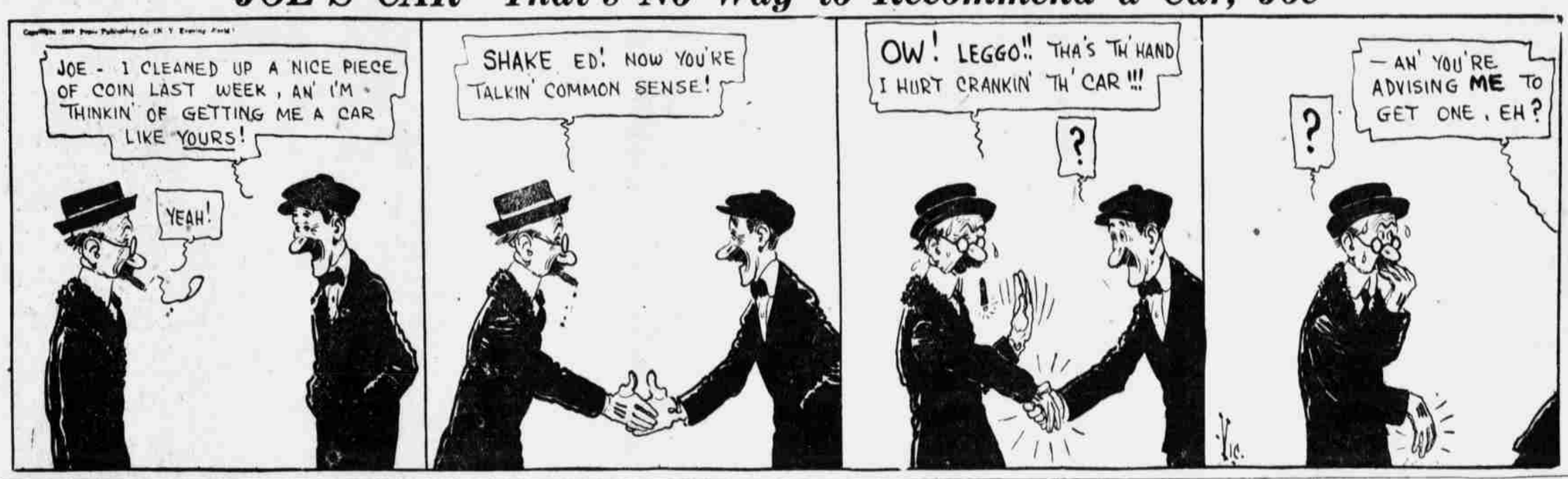


LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Mom Has Taken Up "Garden Golf"—It's Full of Hazards!



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Ignorance Is Often Foe to the Best of Intentions!

JOE'S CAR—That's No Way to Recommend a Car, Joe



My Dear K. C. B.—You have been writing something about stenographers, and I'm an office boy and I want to ask you if you was an office boy and you wanted to get ahead what would you do? Please tell me in your column.
JOHN THE OFFICE BOY.

MY DEAR John.
IN THE first place.
WHEN I wrote a letter.
I'D ALWAYS remember.
TO SAY "you were."
INSTEAD OF "you was."
WHICH ISN'T important.
EXCEPT FOR the reason.
THAT WE think it is.
AND AFTER that.
I'D WASH my face and hands.
AND SHINE my shoes.
AND BRUSH my clothes.
AND HURRY to the office.
RIGHT ON time.
OR A minute before.
AND I'D try to be cheerful.
AND SAY: "Good morning."
TO MY fellow employes.
AND IF they didn't answer.
I'D KEEP on doing it.
UNTIL THEY did.
I'VE SEEN office boys.
REFORM A whole office.
AND WHATEVER it was.
THAT I had to do.
I'D GO ahead and do it.
WITH THE same enthusiasm.
AS I might display.
IN A game of ball.
AND IF I had an idea.
I WAS a record breaker.
AS AN office boy.
I WOULDN'T tell the boss.
I'D JUST show him.
BECAUSE ONCE upon a time.
I HAD an office boy.
WHO KEPT telling me.
HOW GOOD he was.
AND I had to fire him.
AND IF I believed.
I WAS underpaid.
I WOULDN'T permit it.
TO MAKE any difference.
IN THE way I worked.
I'D EITHER quit.
OR DO the best I could.
AND IF I made a mistake.
I WOULDN'T hide it.
I'D TELL about it.
AND IF the stenographer
WANTED A drink of water.
I WOULDN'T say.
"WHERE DO you get that stuff?
"I AIN'T no waiter."
I'D GET the water.
AND ONCE upon a time.
I WAS an office boy.
AND I never did anything.
AS I'VE told you to do it.
AND ALL the time.
I USED to get fired.
AND I made up my mind.
I'D NEVER make an office boy.
AND BY that time.
I WAS nearly grown up.
AND I became a reporter.
AND WAS forty-eight years old.
BEFORE I had an automobile.
I THANK you.

TO HOLD FAIR.

NATCHEZ, Miss., May 7. (Spl.)—Arrangements are being made by the Adams County Livestock association for a fair and livestock show to be held here this fall. Entries from neighboring counties and Louisiana parishes will be invited.

HOROSCOPE

THURSDAY, May 8, 1919.

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Mercury rules strongly for good today, according to astrology, but Uranus is strongly adverse.

It is a sway most propitious for the signing of papers or documents of any sort.

While Mercury appears to promise fair fortunes from writings, Uranus may prevent right judgment concerning them and may encourage criticism of the signers.

Newspapers should benefit greatly during this sway of the stars, which encourages advertising of every sort. New periodicals will be launched to advocate reforms or to promote public movements.

There is a sign foreshadowing conflict of opinion among statesmen, editors and orators. Libel suits and personal encounters seem to be foreshadowed.

Uranus is in a place believed to encourage greed and selfishness and the seers give warning that if the lessons of the war are not driven home disaster will overtake the world once more.

The stars are read as indicating need of special care in safeguarding public morals as a period of extreme laxity is forecast.

Again warning is given that frauds may be discovered in the revenues and prediction is made that sensational facts will be brought to light.

There is an aspect held to be menacing to the national treasury, owing to some condition that may affect certain securities.

Continued trouble due to foreign propaganda that reaches persons of every class is prophesied.

Persons whose birthdate it is may meet with many annoyances during the coming year. They should make no changes and should be cautious in all their business dealings.

Children born on this day may be erratic and eccentric. These subjects of Taurus are generally gifted, but girls should be guarded against unhappy marriage.

NO DRONES WANTED.

The United States wants busy bees and everybody should join the home food producers, says the national war garden commission, Washington.