

# SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

### CHAPTER V.

**Mistah Mule's Meals.**  
Mistah Mule had a hearty appetite. And he was not at all backward about demanding food. Towards meal-time he would begin to paw the floor. And though the old horse Ebenezer told him again and again to stop, he paid not the slightest heed. "You won't be fed any sooner for making such a racket," Ebenezer warned him.

"The longer they wait before they feeds me the more noise I kin make," Mistah Mule retorted. And Ebenezer had to admit that that seemed to be true.

Now Mistah Mule always ate all his hay—and wanted another serving. But he wouldn't touch the grain that Farmer Green set before him in a

direction. Whole oats he would hardly even look at.

Old Ebenezer watched his neighbor's actions with great scorn.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked Mistah Mule at last. "Why don't you eat your grain?"

"Because I don't care for any kind they's given me," Mistah Mule explained. "I is used to having whole corn served to me. An' I doesn't see why folks 'specks me to eat what I doesn't like. I reckon this Farmer Green'll learn to take a hint before long."

Well, strange to say, that very day Mistah Mule shot a glance of triumph at Ebenezer, because of something Farmer Green said to the hired man.

"I declare," Farmer Green exclaimed, "I don't see why this mule won't eat his grain. There can't be anything wrong with his teeth, for he chews his hay. The only reason I can think of is that he has always been fed something else; and he's so stubborn he won't eat what we give him."

"Maybe he has had whole corn," the hired man suggested.

Farmer Green nodded.

"I'll hitch him and Ebenezer up and drive down to the gristmill," he said. "Perhaps the miller has some corn that he hasn't ground yet."

Ebenezer chuckled when he heard that. But he wasn't pleased because Mistah Mule was going to get the kind of grain he wanted. No; Ebenezer was thinking what a surprise Mistah Mule was going to have when he crowded over against the wagon-pole, as he had when Farmer Green drove them together the day before.

He hadn't forgotten that Farmer Green had asked Johnnie to bring him a piece of leather some tacks, and a hammer.

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To-morrow: Farmer Green Teaches Mistah Mule Lesson Number 2.

## BARNEY GOOGLE---



WOW!! I'M ALMOST CRAZY. HERE'S ANOTHER LETTER FROM THAT MOB OF BLACK-HANDERS. IF I DON'T KICK IN WITH A THOUSAND BUCKS CASH DOUGH THEY'RE GONNA SHANGHAI SPARKY!!



YOU BETTER STAY UNDER COVER FOR A FEW DAYS 'TILL THIS 'SHANGHAI' BUSINESS BLOWS OVER. IN THE MEANTIME I'M GONNA TEACH YOU THE ART OF SELF-PROTECTION IN CASE THOSE SLOBS COME AROUND WHEN I AMT HERE. SEE?



GO IN AND DO AS I SAY! IS THIS THE TIME TO ARGUE??



'ATTA BOY. NOW, ONCE AGAIN: UP!!!

## Sparkey Gets a Lesson in the Manly Art of Self-Defense

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck (Copyright 1923)

## BRINGING UP FATHER---Ten Years Ago---

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I is used to having whole corn served to me.

At least, he wouldn't eat it. However, he stuck his nose near it, if it was ground corn and oats, and blew into it in a most ill-bred manner, so that the grain flew in every

## My Marriage Problems

Adele Garrison's New Phase of "Revelations of a Wife."

**What Dicky Did to "Make Good" on the Telegram.**

Dicky put his pocket of letters back in his pocket, and stared moodily at the floor. My fingers itched to snatch the letters from his pocket and look them over carefully, for I was sure that somewhere among them was the telegram which Dicky had accused me of losing. But I could do nothing to prove my theory, or to help Dicky in the dilemma which he faced.

"Fine time I'll have trying to trace this address now without that telegram," he growled.

"Would it help you any if you had the words of the message?" I asked diffidently.

"How would that—?" Dicky began impulsively, then he changed it to a grudging "It might. Can you remember them?"

"I think so," I said, pretending diffidence. But in reality I was very sure of every word enclosed in the yellow envelope which meant so much to Bob Bliss. Almost unconsciously I had concentrated on its contents as I did when I am trying to remember something, and my frog memory had done the rest.

"Then write them down—please," he said ungraciously, and I complied, with outward docility, but inward rebellion.

I knew he was honest in his belief that I was responsible for the disappearance of the important telegram, but that did not excuse his obstinacy in giving but a perfunctory search to his own pockets.

"There!" I looked up triumphantly as I finished. "I'm sure this is an exact copy," and I handed the paper to Dicky, who took it with a ludicrous mixture of sulkiness and respect.

**A Puzzling Question.**

"Hate yourself, don't you?" he queried, but the beginning of a grin quickened the corners of his mouth, and I knew that his ill-nature, always evanescent, was already fading.

"I'll do the best I can with this," he said, and rising, put on his hat and light top-coat.

"Don't sit up for me, girls," he said with his hand on the hall door knob. "Only Lady Luck knows when I'll be back."

Claire was stretched full length on the couch reading a magazine between frank intervals of dozing.

"Oh, we couldn't think of sleeping with you out alone in the great cruel city," she burst out. "So have pity of us and hurry back!"

"Much worrying you'd do over anybody, young woman," Dicky retorted as he went into the hall.

And when the closing door had given a period to his words, I pondered them in puzzled fashion. Was this airy indifference of Claire's the secret of the undeniable attraction she appeared to have for my husband?

"Holy Mackerel!"

The question remained with me during Dicky's absence, prolonged for two hours. I had no sewing or mending with me, and I could not fix my mind upon reading, although I kept up the pretense of perusing a book. I was glad indeed that Claire seemed disinclined to conversation. I felt that I could not have borne the strain of talking with her upon any subject.

And I was glad indeed when Dicky came in, even though my first look at his face showed that he was in a black mood indeed. I forbore to ask him any questions, but Claire Foster either did not see his mood or disregarded it.

"That luck?" she asked lazily.

"Luck?" Dicky retorted scornfully. "Where'd ye get that word? I haven't seen any of it in so long I wouldn't recognize the lady if she came up and kissed me. But of all the idiotic, sinnin', moolish—"

The adjectives proceeded a distributive against telegraph companies and their employes which was highly picturesque and eloquent, but which I guessed to be unjust. Balled down, it amounted to a refusal to give out to Dicky the information for which he asked.

"They treated me like a second-story man," he said, "just because my name didn't happen to be Bob Bliss.

The telegram wasn't addressed to me, they argued, therefore I had no right to any information about it. Of course, if I could, I have had the original telegram to show them it would have been different, but as it was I suppose I'm lucky to be here instead of in jail.

I had hard work to repress a smile at his ludicrous exaggeration, but Claire laughed aloud gleefully.

"If you could only see how funny you look!" she gurgled.

"Glad I'm amusing you," he said stiffly, and then he sat down and pulled the letters from his pocket once more.

"There's only one thing I can do," he said. "I'll telephone a wire to old Bob, telling him what has happened and repeating what you remembered of the original telegram, and then he'll have to get in touch—Holy mackerel!"

He had brought out the packet to get my transcription of the telegram, but in the nervous fingers which had been shuffling the papers, I saw the original telegram for whose disappearance he had blamed me.

## Uncle Sam Says

**Concrete Making.**

The successful and economical use of concrete involves the selection of suitable materials, the correct proportioning of mixtures in the development of qualities to meet specific requirements, the proper placing and the care of the green concrete.

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## Problems That Perplex

Answered by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

**Love at First Sight.**  
Dear Miss Fairfax: A few weeks ago I met a young fellow whom I loved at first sight. It happened that he cared for me, and when we would be in the company of other people he would act cold to me, and then when we were alone he would always tell me that he loved me. One evening my friend asked him if he really cared for me and he told her he didn't, but that he liked me and that made me love him. How do you think I should take this? PUZZLED.

With a grain of salt, my dear.

**K. G.** The answer to your question is found in the current number of a local magazine, which says regarding the etiquette of a dinner party: "Dinner parties are the usual means of social intercourse in large cities, especially among married people. They are also planned for groups of young people who may be proceeding together to a dance later in the evening. For a dinner party in the medium sized house, 10 is probably the maximum number of guests that could be taken care of; often six or eight people would be better."

An invitation to one of these affairs given, let us say, to welcome the wife of Mr. Smith's superintendent—should read something like the following: February 12, 1923.

My Dear Mrs. Colby: Will you and Mrs. Colby give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to meet Mr. and Mrs. Jones on Thursday, March the twentieth, at seven o'clock?

Trusting we may have the good fortune to find you free for that evening, believe me, Sincerely yours, ALMA SMITH.

Mrs. Smith's dining room cannot hold more than eight, so she invited two more couples whom she thinks Mr. and Mrs. Jones will enjoy meeting, and plans carefully for a simple dinner, trying no experiments, but serving the dishes she knows her cook does well.

## EDDIE'S FRIENDS



HURRY-DEAD- YOU MUST GET DRESSED FOR WE ARE GOING TO THE OPERA TONIGHT!

## ABIE THE AGENT--



OH! THERE'S MISS HAP- SHE'S ENGAGED TO THE SWISS CHEESE KING!

## Parents' Problems



NO YOU WON'T! - NO SIR! STEP RIGHT IN! - WE'RE JUST SITTING DOWN TO DINNER AND YOU'LL HAVE TO JOIN US! THE WIFE'LL BE TICKLED TO DEATH TO HAVE YOU JOIN US. I KNOW!

## Outdoors and the skin



HELEN: It is pretty hard to determine just what his state of mind, or heart rather, is. Perhaps he thinks you prefer other company to his. Suppose next time he objects to your other male company you give him a gentle hint that you do not know exactly where you stand with him.

## Resinol



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