

### BARNEY GOOGLE---

### FALSE ALARM!

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy De Beck  
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### BRINGING UP FATHER---Ten Years Ago---

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus  
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### ABIE THE AGENT---

### GETTING THE ORDER IS THE THING

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Herschfeld  
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### SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER VI.  
**Speaking of Hornets.**

Farmer Green had started for the gristmill driving that ill-matched pair of rascally Mistah Mule and the old horse, Ebenezer. When they had swung into the road in front of the farm house, Mistah Mule played again that trick which had annoyed Ebenezer the day before. Laying his ears back, he leaped over toward Ebenezer and pressed his flank against the wagon pole. He knew that the trick bothered Ebenezer. Had not Ebenezer ordered him, yesterday, to calling to him in a calm, firm voice, "Steady, boy! Whoa!"

Mistah Mule soon stopped his struggling. "A whole swarm of hornets done stung me," he said to Ebenezer. "Don't they sting you, ole hoss?" "I felt nothing," Ebenezer replied. For a few minutes Mistah Mule stayed on his own side of the road where he belonged. But as soon as his skin stopped tingling he edged over toward the wagon pole once more.

The old horse Ebenezer chuckled. "Mistah Mule will get stung again as soon as he touches the pole," he said to himself. He wondered how many times Mistah Mule would press against the sharp racks which Ebenezer Green had driven through a piece of leather and then nailed to the wagon pole, with their ends pointing at Mistah Mule. It was no wonder that when they pricked him, Mistah Mule thought they were hornets.

Old Ebenezer watched his team-mate narrowly. Presently he both saw and felt Mistah Mule lurch against the pole. No sooner had the black rascal touched it than he sprang away with a grunt.

"Hornets agin!" he exclaimed. "Sakes alive! I declare I never see such a powerful lot as they is hereabouts."

"Maybe if you kept away from the wagon pole they wouldn't sting you," Ebenezer suggested.

"Shucks! What's the pole got to do with my bein' stung by these here hornets?" And Mistah Mule "crowded the pole" agin-to use Farmer Green's words.

"Ole hoss, you're right!" he snorted as he leaped aside. "I declare these is the queerest hornets I ever did see."

Tomorrow--Mistah Mule is a Stubbhorn Fellow. He Always Wants His Own Way.

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### EDDIE'S FRIENDS

The Cat's Meow.



rence of his moods that his temper was almost at the breaking point. If I had spoken to him in the words Claire Foster had just used, the result would have been an exciting pyrotechnic exhibition, but she being neither wife nor other feminine relative, Dicky controlled himself admirably.

"I'm not only taking my medicine, but licking the spoon," he retorted, with a grin which I knew had cost him something, when he returned to his feet and put the telegram carefully back into his pocket.

"Perhaps I'll be able to get some satisfaction out of those morons now," he said, taking up his hat. "I'll try it anyway."

I made no protest at his going, although with the remembrance of the alarming incidents of the afternoon, I felt extremely nervous concerning both his safety and my own. I knew, however, that it was no time for interference of any kind, but I was genuinely glad when he returned in a comparatively short time, with the air of being at peace with the world.

"Perfectly sure--"

"There, that's off my mind," he said, taking off his hat and overcoat and gingerly seating himself in one of Mrs. Bliss' antique chairs. "I sent a wire to Woodward, explaining Bob's absence and forwarded the telegram to Bob. I'll bet the old fellow will be walking on air for the next day or two. It would have been criminal if the thing had fallen through because of you."

"Um!" I repeated scornfully to this speech. I knew from long expe-

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### My Marriage Problems

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

The News Lillian Telephoned Madge. There was balm for a while. Dicky had given me vanity in the look of abashed consternation which came into his face as he saw in his hands the telegram so strangely missing for the last two hours.

He had been so positive that I had been responsible for its disappearance, and so churlish in his refusal to search more thoroughly the very pocket from which it had just appeared, that I could not help a malicious joy in his discomfiture. But I knew better than to "start anything," as Dicky himself would have phrased it. So, after my first furtive look at his face, I cast my eyes demurely on the floor and kept them there.

There was a long silence after his first astonished exclamation, then he jerked out a palpably reluctant:

"This is sure one on me! Sorry for

### Uncle Sam Says

**Uncle Sam's Cooky Recipes.**  
Do you like cookies? If so, you will be interested in these cooky recipes which have been tested in the laboratories and kitchens of the Federal states relations service. They include plain cookies, spice cookies, molasses cookies, raisin and nut drop cookies and peanut cookies.

Readers of The Omaha Bee may obtain a copy of these recipes by sending an addressed envelope and four loose 1-cent stamps to The Omaha Bee Information Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire avenue, Washington, D. C., asking for "Cooky Recipes." When you write tell us how you like this service.



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Minneapolis, Minn.—"I had heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that when I realized I needed to take something to relieve my pains and backache, and to help build me up I began to take that. I had been sick and on for years and barely weighed a hundred pounds, but now I have had such good results that I am recommending the Vegetable Compound to every one."—Mrs. J. J. BIEBER, 3839 18th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

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**Parents' Problems**

How can children be taught not to speak of kind things they have done for other persons?

Quiet and frequent correction on the part of the parents will overcome the habit. Never correct a child in the presence of others. Take such a child on an errand of mercy and follow up the impression received with the necessity of keeping silent on what has been done, so as not to wound the feelings of those who have been assisted.

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