

SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF MISTAH MULE

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXVII.
Night Noises.

It was after midnight. Old dog Spot had been asleep for hours, in his kennel in the farmyard, when something waked him. He raised his head, growled, and then listened intently. From somewhere came a loud sound of pounding.

"What's going on at this unearthly hour?" old Spot muttered. And since he considered himself Farmer Green's night watchman, he dashed out of his kennel.

In a few moments he discovered that the strange noises came from the horse barn.

He scampered to the barn door and

Well, Spot knew there was only one creature in Pleasant valley that talked like that. And that was Mistah Mule.

"Be quiet and go to sleep," the old dog snapped. "Do you want to wake everybody on the farm?"

"No," came Mistah Mule's answer from the other side of the door. "I only want to wake Farmer Green."

"Nonsense!" cried old dog Spot. "I'd be ashamed to go to the house and disturb Farmer Green. He worked hard all day yesterday and he needs his sleep."

Mistah Mule groaned and rolled over upon the barn floor. His four iron-shod feet struck against the door with such a crash that old dog Spot leaped back. He was afraid the door might fall upon him.

"Don't do that again!" he barked. "You can't be ill or you'd never act this way. Ill people are quiet."

"Not me!" Mistah Mule retorted. "I is got to have medicine if I can get me this door down to make 'em give me it."

"You can't fool me," Spot barked. "You're trying to get me into trouble with Farmer Green. Go back into your stall where you belong. I should like to know how you got loose."

Before Mistah Mule could answer, Farmer Green opened the wood shed door and came hurrying across the yard with a lantern in his hand.

"There!" Spot growled. "You've got me into trouble already. Here is Farmer Green now. I suppose he heard me scolding you."

"Tell him to come a-runnin'!" Mistah Mule begged. "Ise gittin' worse an' worse every minute."

(Copyright, 1923.)

Tomorrow: "Mistah Mule" Is Changed. He Becomes Very Anxious About Farmer Green.



"Tell him to come a-runnin'!" Mistah Mule begged.

gave a short, sharp bark, which was the same as to say, "What's all this racket? Stop it at once!"

"Go fetch Farmer Green!" moaned a voice from within the dark barn. "Ise got a terrible misery."

My Marriage Problems

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

The Way Tom Chester Expressed Himself to Madge.

A fire of fagots was sending up a cherry blaze in my father's room, and through the windows from which the curtains had been drawn aside, the early winter sun was streaming.

Its light pitilessly betrayed the marks which illness had left upon the face of young Tom Chester, who, seated in a heavy dressing gown, was huddled in a big armchair over the fire, as though he could not get enough of the warmth.

So accustomed was he apparently to a knock upon his door that he did not turn his head in greeting when in answer to his feeble "Come in," we entered the room. But when Lillian said cheerily, "Good morning, boy, I have brought you a visitor," he started violently, and rose with heavy awkwardness from his chair.

That he was hardly able to stand I saw, as he supported himself with a hand perceptibly trembling upon the back of the armchair. But there was no sign of weakness or fatigue in his eyes. Instead, they gleamed brightly, joyously, although the flush which crept into his pallid cheeks was patently one of fever instead of health.

"You!" he said breathlessly. "At last!"

I could not keep the quick color from my own face, for I knew Lillian's eyes were upon me, and guessed her secret amusement at the extravagance in the boy's tone. But I schooled my voice to matter-of-fact friendliness.

"I have been very remiss in not coming to see you before," I said with my best hostess-to-invitee manner, "but perhaps Mrs. Underwood has told you that I have been under the sway of an old enemy, neuralgic headache ever since I came home."

Madge is worried.

"No, she was kind enough not to tell me," he returned tensely. "And you have been suffering?"

His tone made this an unbearable calamity.

"Not any more," I returned lightly. "I'm feeling very fit indeed. But I am so sorry you have had so tedious a siege. Mrs. Underwood assures me, however, that you are steadily gaining."

"That's what they tell me," he said a bit faintly, and I gave a little cry of compunction.

"You must not stand," I said sharply. "Sit down at once."

"If you'll sit down," he said with an obstinate little smile, and I promptly dropped into the nearest chair, one drawn up in front of the fire close to his own.

"Thank you," he murmured and sank down heavily in his own chair, closing his eyes for an instant, patently from sheer weakness. I glanced alarmedly at Lillian, but she gave a reassuring little gesture, and I realized with relief that there was no danger of the boy's swooning. The next minute he had opened his eyes again, his momentary dizziness gone.

"I am ashamed to be so good-for-nothing," he said with boyish embarrassment. "I can't understand it. I was a great deal stronger yesterday. Indeed, Dr. Pettit discharged me several days ago, saying all I needed now was to gain strength. I had hoped to be able to go—home—before this. I

have been a burden to you people too long."

There was something about the word "home," as the boy brought it out—it appeared to stick in his throat—which brought a lump into my own. I knew that the lad's own home, since his idolized mother had passed out of life, was but a room in a village boarding house. Yet I hesitated unaccountably, under Lillian's keen eyes, to assure the boy of the welcome that every generous instinct in me urged.

I was relieved when Marion's clear young voice calling her mother sounded from the corridor outside. When Lillian had gone I bent toward the sick lad.

"Please let me hear no more talk of your going home," I said with mock severity, and with more than a twinge of apprehension as to what Dicky would say when the afternoon train should bring him home. But I went on steadily, for, to my notion, the services the lad had rendered us made it an obligation of honor for us to offer him unstinted hospitality and care.

"It would be the height of folly for you to go away from us until you're fully recovered, instead of just being convalescent," I said, "and you ought to know how glad we all are to have you here."

Into the boy's eyes came a flame which made it impossible for me to look at him. And then I felt his thin, feverish hands seize mine and hold them in a tense grip.

"I know—I know—" he stammered incoherently, "how divinely kind and good you are. Ah—how I have wanted to see you! It has been an eternity since you went away. But I must get away from here as soon as I can. I can't stay near you and not—Oh! forgive me. I never meant to say so much. Please don't answer me. Just forget what I said. Remember only I'd give my life to serve you. Good-by!"

He brought his hands to his lips, and I felt the burning pressure of his lips upon them. Then he released them and sank back in his chair with a face so ashen that I was alarmed, and rising from my chair, started for the door with the intention of summoning Lillian. But in the doorway, with a sneering smile set upon his lips, and a devil of anger in his eyes, stood Dicky.

Parents' Problems

Should a child's first teeth receive any special care?

They should receive very special care. The child should be taught to brush his teeth regularly, from the time when he can manipulate a tooth brush. Once a year, at least, he should have his teeth examined by a good dentist.

Nebraska Soil Expert

Addresses Beatrice Farmers

Beatrice—P. H. Stewart, soil expert from the crop and soils department of the state department of agriculture, addressed a big crowd of farmers in the Chamber of Commerce room on soil fertility and the various kinds of soils in Nebraska. Among other things Mr. Stewart advocated diversified farming as the most profitable method in Nebraska.

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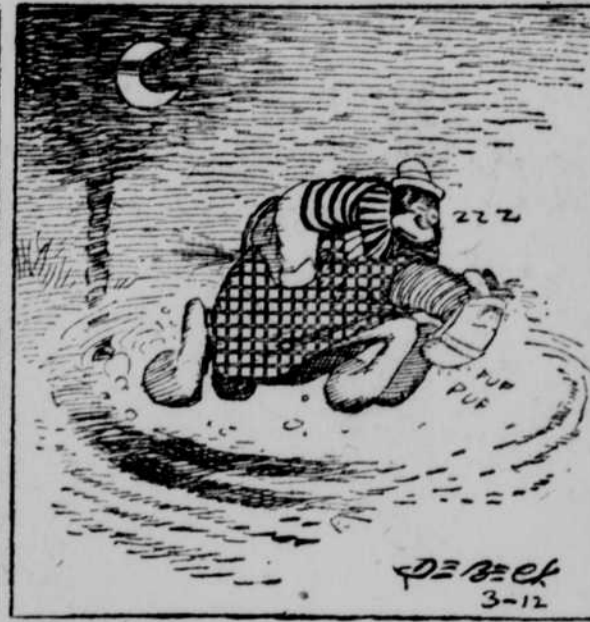
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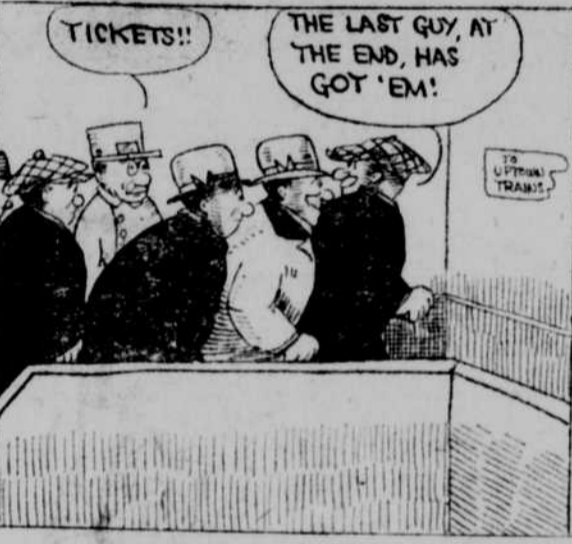
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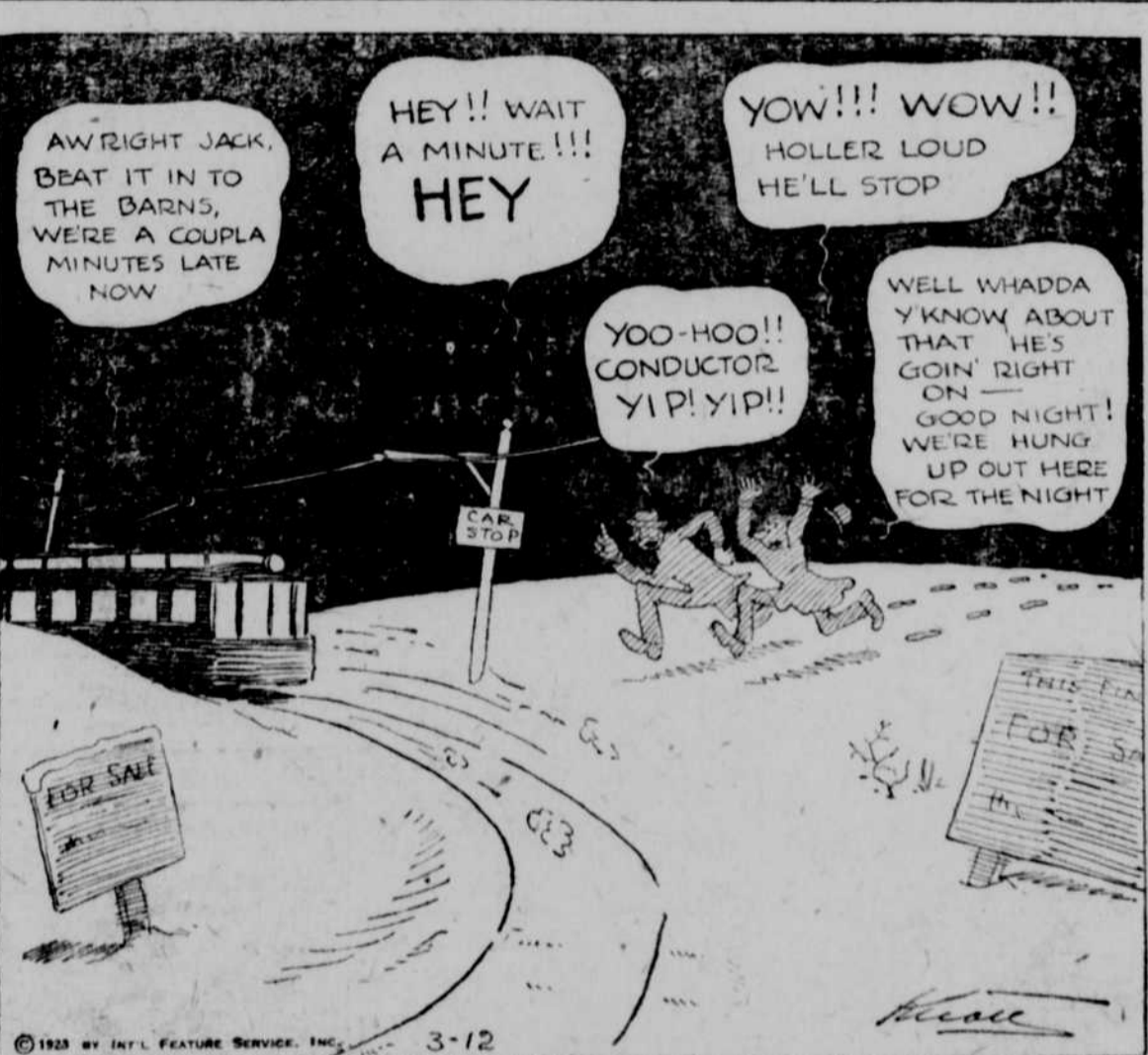
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THE BUSINESS WOMAN

Thousands of Omaha women, employed in gainful pursuits, have neither time nor facility for laundering their apparel.

They must have their suits and silk waists dry cleaned and pressed, and they must have their flannels washed and ironed and returned to them looking fresh and bright and scrupulously clean.

No home is provided with the costly equipment to do such work for women. Every kind of fabric must have distinct, scientific treatment. Hundreds of women send their garments to the

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which is equipped with modern machinery, operated by skilled workmen in the several departments.

Prompt pick-up and punctual delivery. One trial will convince.

PHONE WE. 0130

A Wishing Charm That Works.

Remember in your school days, when the first star appeared in the heavens, you would chant, "I wish I may, I wish I might have this wish come true tonight."

It never really made anything come true, but it used to help a lot at the time.

But now, when you have a great many more wishes—and ones that are harder to fill—you have a real wishing charm that works.

The Omaha Bee "Want" Ad Section.

The little ads in it are making many wishes come true for scores of people in this city.

Take your needs and wishes to these result-getters—and you'll find ways of getting what you want—all the way from an automobile to a stove. Read them for profit—use them for results.

Omaha Bee "Want" Ads Bring Better Results at Lesser Cost

The Omaha Morning Bee-- THE EVENING BEE

Problems That Perplex

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Etiquet at Home.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I have been reading your advice for some time and think it very good. As I am in doubt of a few things I have come to you for advice. When a gentleman friend escorts you home from a show or some place of amusement is it not proper to invite him in? If he does not come in, is it his place to mention going home or yours to mention going

in? When a young man spends the evening at your home is it all right to hold his coat when he gets ready to leave?

I suppose, Miss Fairfax, you think me very foolish, but I am really in doubt of these things and would be very glad if you would give me an answer in The Omaha Bee. Thanking you for advice, I am,

ANXIOUS,

Peggy: If the young man showed you any attention while you were visiting in Lincoln, you owe him a letter of thanks for his kindness to you. A girl may with propriety invite a young man to a social function without seeming to "run after him." She should not invite him if she thinks it would not be agreeable for him to go, or if he is paying attention to some other girl at the time.

Bee Wand Ads are Result Getters.