



COMIC SECTION

# THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE.

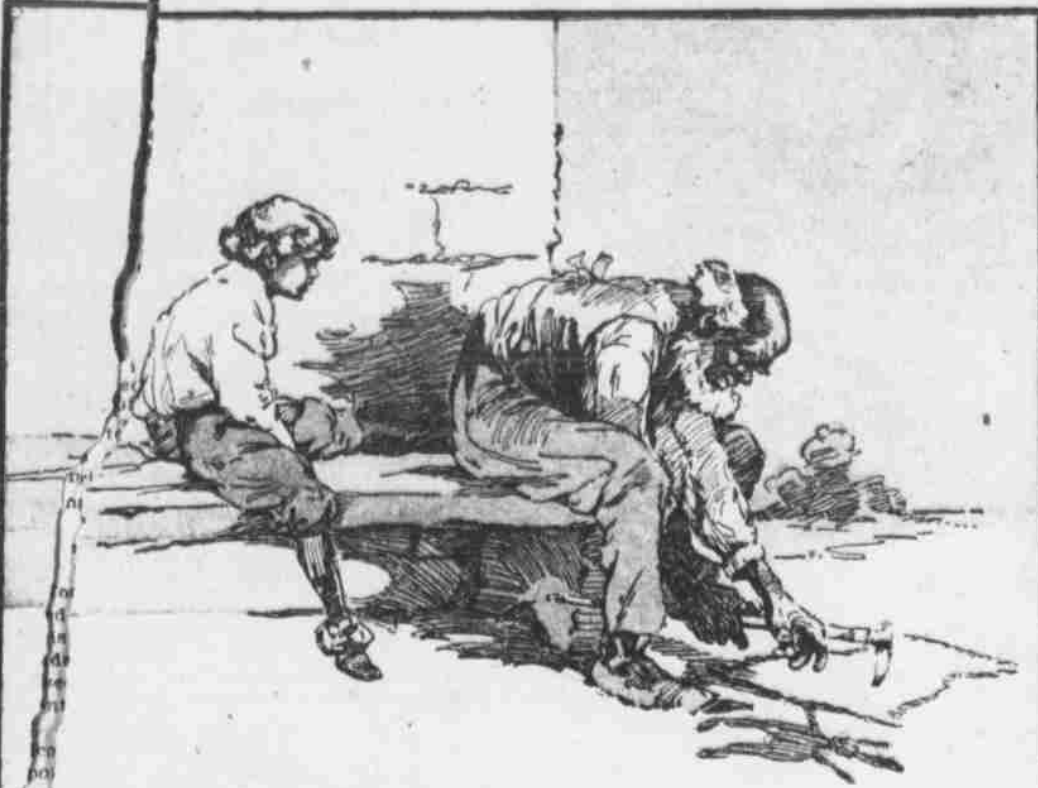
SUNDAY, JUNE 24, 1906.



## UNCLE REMUS STORIES

"THE CREETURS GO TO THE BARBECUE"

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. CONDE



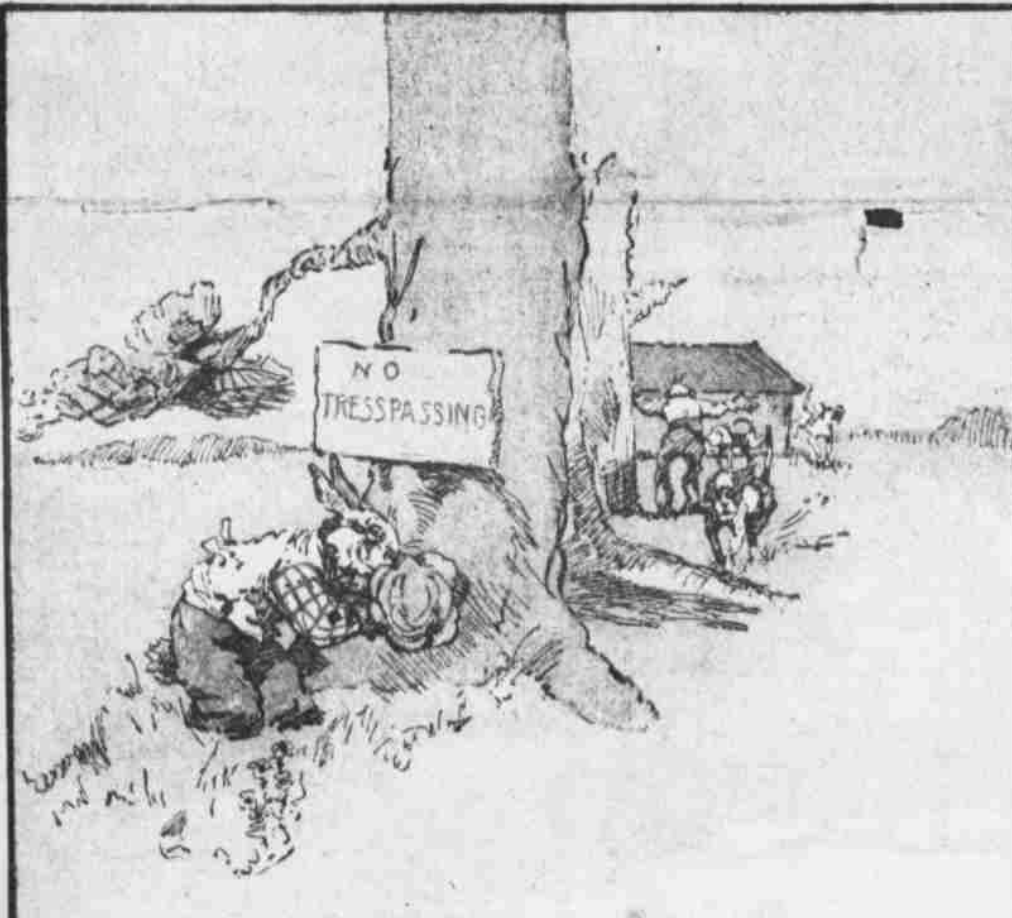
ONCE 'pon a time," said Uncle Remus to the little boy—"But when was once upon a time?" the child interrupted to ask. The old man smiled. "I speck 'twuz one time er two times, er maybe a time an' a half. You know when Johnny Ashcake 'gun ter bake? Well, 'twuz 'long in dem days. Once 'pon a time," he resumed, "Mr. Man had a gyarden so fine dat all de neighbors come ter see it. Some 'ud look at it over de fence, some 'ud peep thoo de cracks, an' some 'ud come an' look at it by de light er de stars. An' one um wuz ol' Brer Rabbit; starlight, moonlight, cloud-light, de nightlight wuz de light fer him. When de turn er de mornin' come, he 'uz allers up an' about, an' a-feelin' purty well I thank you, suh!



"Now, den, you done hear what I say. Dar wuz Mr. Man, yander wuz de gyarden, an' here wuz ol' Brer Rabbit." Uncle Remus made a map of this part of the story by marking in the sand with his walking-cane. "Well, dis bein' de case, what you speck gwintet happen? Nothin' in de roun' worl' but what been happenin' sence greens an' sparrer-grass wuz planted in de groun'. Dey look fine an' dey tas'e fine, an' long to'rds de shank er de mornin', Brer Rabbit 'ud creep thoo de crack er de fence an' nibble at um. He'd take de greens, but leave his tracks, mo' speshually right attar a rain. Takin' an' leavin'—it's de way er de worl'.



"Well, one mornin', Mr. Man went out in his truck patch, an' he fin' sump'n missin'—a cabbage here, a turnip dar, an' a mess er beans yander, an' he ax how come dis? He look 'roun', he did, an' he seed Brer Rabbit's tracks what he couldn't take wid 'im. Brer Rabbit had lef' his shoes at home, an' come bar'footed.



"So Mr. Man, he call his dogs—'Here, Buck! Here, Brinjer! Here, Blue!' an' he sicc'd um on de track, an' here dey went!



"You'd 'a' thunk dey wuz runnin' attar forty-lev'm rhinosshosses fun de fuss dey made. Brer Rabbit he hear um comin' an' he put out fer home, kinder doublin' 'roun' des like he do deze days.



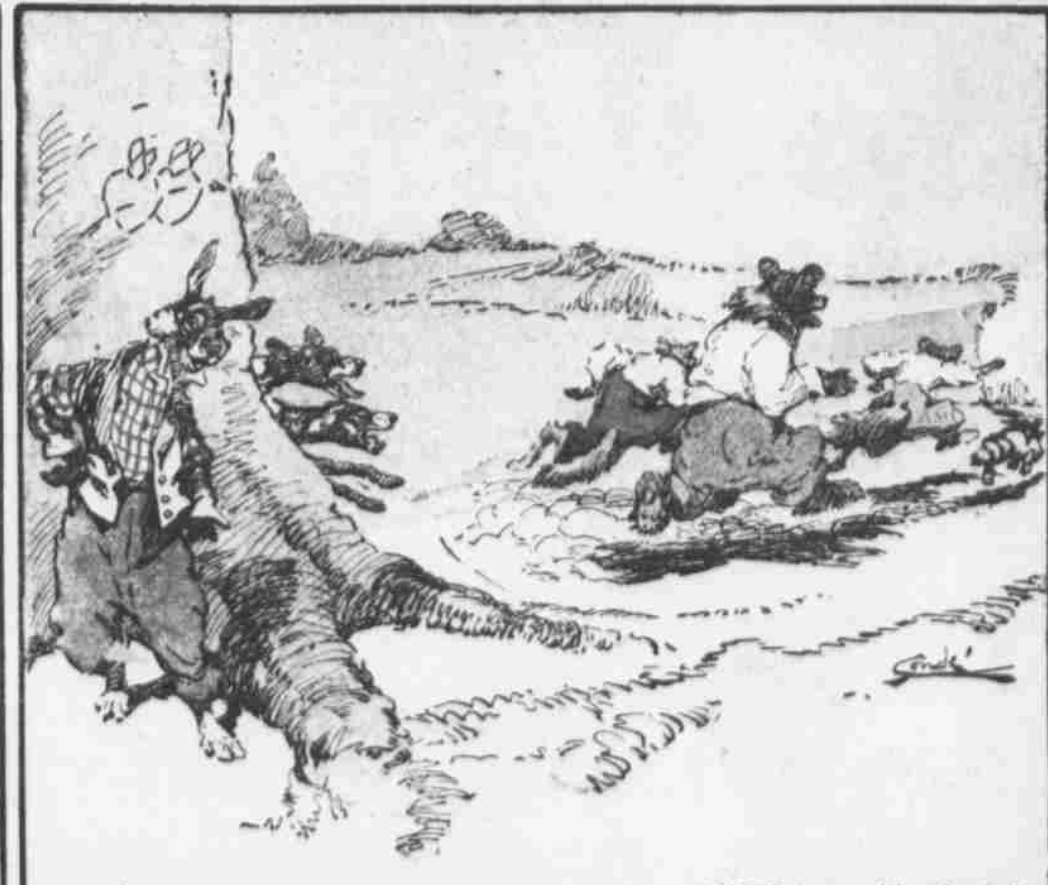
"When he got ter de p'int whar he kin set down fer ter rest his face an' han's, he tuck a poplar leaf an' 'gun ter fan hissef. Den Brer Fox come a-trottin' up. He say, 'Brer Rabbit, what's all dis fuss I hear in de woods? What de name er goodness do it mean?' Brer Rabbit kinder scratch his head an' 'low, ' Why, deyer tryin' fer drive me ter de big bobbycue on de creek. Dey all ax me, an' when I 'fuse dey say deyer gwine ter make me go any how. Dey aint no fun in bein' ez populous ez what I is, Brer Fox. Ef you wantet go, des git in ahead er de houn's an' go lickity-split down de big road!



"Brer Fox roll his little eyes, an' lick his chops whar he dribble at de mouf, an' put out ter de bobbycue, an' he aint mo' dan made his disappearance, 'fo' here come Brer Wolf, an' when he got de news, off he put.



"An' he aint mo'n got out'n sight, 'fo' here come ol' Brer B'ar, an' when he hear talk er de bakin' meat an' de big pan er gravy, he sot up on his behime legs an' snored. Den off he put, an' he aint got out'n hearin', 'fo' Brer Coon come rackin' up, an' when he got de news, he put out.



"So dar dey wuz an' what you gwine do 'bout it? It seem like dey all got in front er de dogs, er de dogs got behime um, an' Brer Rabbit sot by de creek-side laughin' an' hittin' at de snake doctors. An' dem po' creeturs had ter go clean past de bobbycue—ef dey wuz any bobbycue, which I don't skacely speck dey wuz. Dat what make me say what I does—when you git a invite ter a bobbycue, you better fin' out when an' whar it's at, an' who runnin' it."