



THE OMAHA SUNDAY BEE

COMIC SECTION

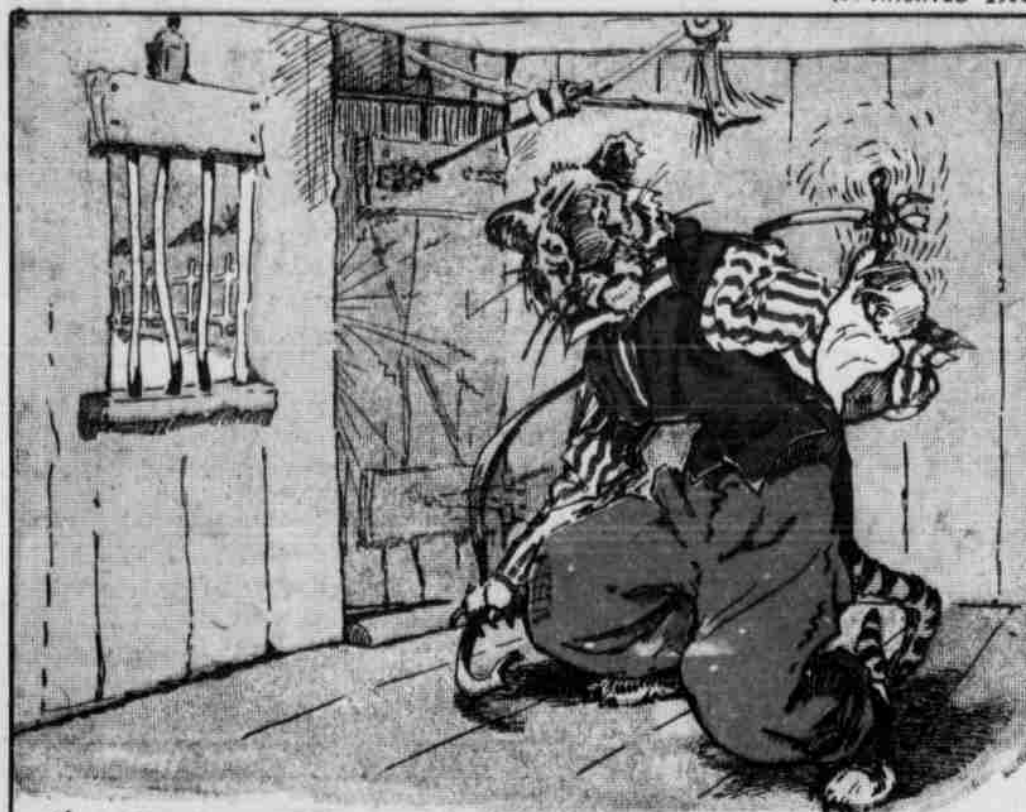
SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 1906



BRER RABBIT HELPS BRER FOX

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Pictures by J. M. Conde

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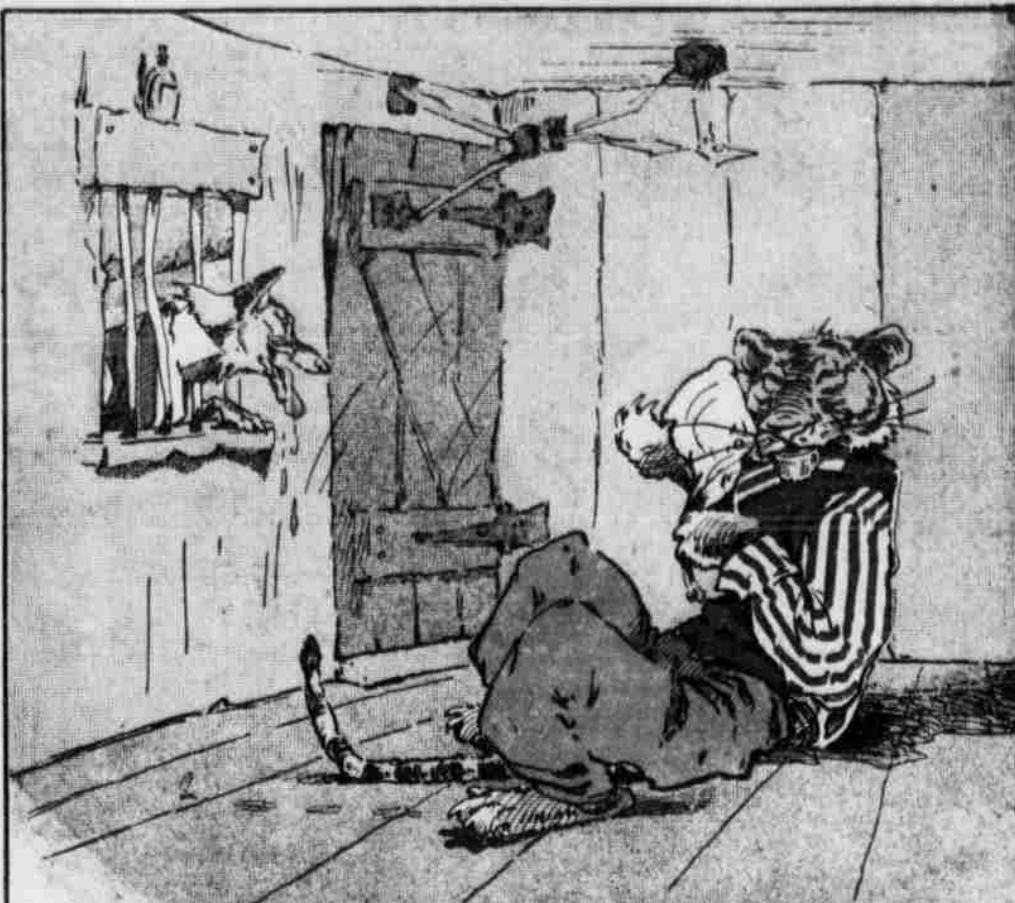


WHEN Uncle Remus was in the humor, it frequently happened that he began to unburden his mind of a story before the little boy had time to turn around.

One time—I dunner when ner wharbouts, but 'way back dar in de times an' places what chillun dreams about, an' ol' folks done fergot—Brer Tiger wuz gwine 'long one day, when he seed sump'n dat look like a house, an' in dat house dar wuz a quarter er mutton. He kinder grinned, he did, an' he went in fer ter see how de mutton gwinter tas'e. He kinder pulled it 'roun' an' when he done dat, he hear sump'n click an' drap, an' dar he wuz in de trap what Mr. Man done sot fer ol' Brer Wolf. Brer Tiger walked 'roun' an' 'roun', but he don't see no way fer ter git out.



So he lay down on de leg er mutton, wid his appetite done gone, an' study how in de name er goodness he gwinter git out'n de fix what he done got hisse'f in. 'Twant so mighty long 'fo' here come Brer Fox lopin' 'long. Brer Tiger say, "Hello, Brer Fox! whar you gwine an' what yo' hurry?" Brer Fox 'spon', "I dunner who you is ner what you is, but I'm a-gwine whar I'm a-gwine, an' dat he'ps on my hurry." Brer Tiger say, "Here I is right at home, an' wid vittles a-plenty an' ter spar'." Brer Fox ax 'im how come he ter have sech a fine house, an' Brer Tiger say dat Mr. Man gun it ter him, an' mo' dan dat, he has his vittles fotch right whar he kin git it, an' he mos' allers has mo' dan what he kin eat.



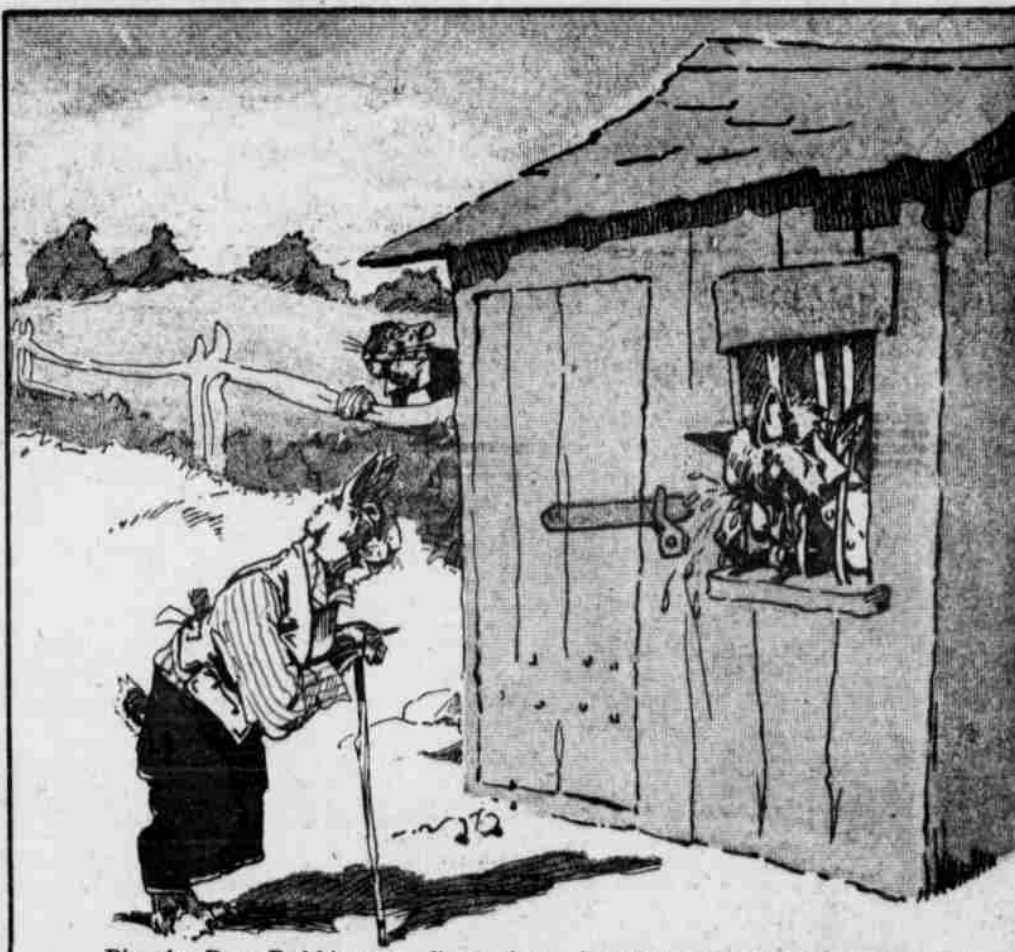
Den Brer Fox see de quarter er mutton, an' de sight make 'im dribble at de mouf. He say, "What you gwine do wid dat?" an' Brer Tiger say he gwinter fling it away when he git tired er lookin' at it. Dis make Brer Fox open his eyes. He say, "My goodness! you must be mighty rich!" Brer Tiger say he des comfutable well off, an' he tell Brer Fox dat ef he want a rasher er mutton, all in de worl' he got ter do is ter onlatch de do' an' come in an' git it.



So said, so done; an' when Brer Fox slip in, Brer Tiger, he slip out an' fasten de do', an' dar ol' Brer Fox wuz. He got a full meal's vittles, but when he want er git out, he foun' de do' shot, wid ol' Brer Tiger settin' off in de bushes pullin' his side-whiskers. Brer Fox holler, but he aint git no answer, an' down he lay an' tuck a nap.



Purty nigh all de creatures come by—Brer B'ar, Brer Wolf, an' de rest un um—an' Brer Fox ax um fer ter please onlatch de do' an' let him come out, but when dey fin' out dat Brer Tiger got 'im in dar, dey shuck der heads an' went on 'bout der business.



Bimeby Brer Rabbit come 'long des a-hoppin' an' a-skippin' an' doin' like he feelin' mighty good. He see Brer Fox, an' he say, "Whar you git yo' fine house, Brer Fox? an' what you done done wid yo' ol' 'oman an' all de chillun?" Den Brer Fox up an' tol' 'im how he got in dar, an' ax 'im fer ter please open de do'. Brer Rabbit say he don't nigh b'lieve what Brer Fox tell 'im. He say he don't b'lieve dat Brer Tiger kin git in dat place.



He talk so loud dat Brer Tiger hear 'im, an' come sa'nterin' up, fer ter hear what kinder 'spute gwine on. Brer Rabbit make out he aint see Brer Tiger, an' he talk like he mad; he say, "You know mighty well dat Brer Tiger aint been in dat place, kaze he can't git in dar. Brer Tiger up an' say, "I sho wuz in dar, Brer Rabbit!" Brer Rabbit say, "You may talk dat away twel your black in de face, bofe un you; but I never is ter b'lieve it twel I see it."



Wid dat, Brer Tiger onlatch de do', an' say, "Come out a minnit, Brer Fox; I want er show Brer Rabbit dat he aint smart ez he think he is." Well, Brer Fox he come out, an' Brer Tiger went in, an' when he done dat, Brer Rabbit lath de do', an' say, "It seem like ter me dat I hear yo' ol' 'oman callin' you, Brer Fox!" an' dey bofe mosied off.



'Twant long 'fo' Mr. Man come 'long an' say, "Youer de mos' ring-streakedy an' stripeddy Wolf what I y'ever laid eyes on, but I speck I kin he'p you fer ter stay in dar!"