

SLEEPY-TIME TALES

THE TALE OF THE MULEY COW

BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

CHAPTER XXIV

Humbugs.
The new milking machine was all ready to use.
"Which one are you going to try it on first?" the hired man asked Farmer Green.



"Let's hitch it to the little red cow," said Johnnie Green's father. The little red cow gave the Muley a look.

"She hasn't the brains of a hen," Farmer Green declared.

"Cow a sly nudge," said the Muley Cow. "He picked you because you're the smallest cow on the farm. He thinks you wouldn't dare object to a milking machine. Just you wait till they try it on me! I'll kick! I'll bellow! I'll switch my tail at them!"

The little red cow made no reply. Already Farmer Green and the hired man had stepped up beside her. And they were just about to fasten the milking machine to her when the big white cow let out a frightened bawl.

"What's the matter?" the little red cow asked her.
"I was just thinking," she stammered, "what if they couldn't stop the machine!"

This was an awful thought. Such an idea had never entered the red cow's head. And the moment she heard it she no longer wanted to be fashionable. She was so alarmed that she lashed out with both hind feet in a most unladylike manner. And she plunged and roared and

made such a fuss that Farmer Green and the hired man left her in disgust.

"She hasn't the brains of a hen," Farmer Green declared.

"Shall we try the big white cow?" the hired man asked him.
Not she's a numbskull too," said Farmer Green. He was feeling somewhat cross, for the little red cow had given him a smart kick.

"Let's take the old Muley. She knows something, even if she is a jumper."

Well, what could the Muley Cow do? She had declared to all her friends that she would not be milked by any new-fangled milking machine. But when Farmer Green spoke so pleasantly about her, she hadn't the heart to disappoint him. So she stood still for quite a few minutes. And soon she had the honor of being the first cow in the herd to be milked in the fashionable way.

The little red cow was frightfully jealous of her. And she called the Muley Cow "and old humbug."

"You said you wouldn't let them do it," the little red cow spluttered. "And here you are with the honor of being first!"

"And you—" the Muley Cow retorted. "You said you were glad the milking machine had come. But you certainly didn't act pleased

when they offered to use it on you. Speaking of humbugs, I should say you were one yourself!"

For once the little red cow had nothing to say. The herd agreed that it was the first dispute in which she hadn't the final word. And to their surprise, ever afterward the little red cow was meek and mild. She even let Farmer Green milk her with the new machine. And there was only one thing that ever vexed her. She never could endure it to hear the word humbug.

Somewhat the whole herd became gentler. At last Farmer Green announced proudly, right in their hearing, that they were giving more milk.

"It's the milking machine," he told the hired man. "The cows like it."

But the Muley Cow knew better than that. She was too polite to say as much to Farmer Green. She wouldn't dream of disputing what he said, though she knew well enough that he had not guessed the secret. Being only a man, he had not noticed how fashionable the cows had become. And since no cow can be a fine fashionable dame if she is rude, noisy and quarrelsome, they simply had to be on their best behavior all the time.

And they were especially particular about two matters. They ate neatly—every bit of fodder that was set before them, and gave all the milk they could in return for it.

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Tomorrow begins a new set of Bailey Stories, with Nimble Deer as the hero. At first a little, spotted fawn, and later a big fellow with noble antlers, Nimble has many adventures with Cuffy Bear, Jimmy Rabbit, Billy Woodchuck—and also Dodge the Deer.

As a result of new taxes on motor vehicles, the British government expects to derive \$40,000,000 a year.

Dog Hill Paragraphs

By George Bingham



Frisby Hancock spent some time by the roadside this morning trying to convince his mule that a stump in the fence corner was not going to jump out at him.

As he was passing the Gander Creek graveyard one dark night last week Jefferson Potlocks reports that both his horse and his imagination ran away with him.

The Horse Doctor was summoned to the home of Clab Hancock yesterday, but after examining Clab couldn't find anything hurting him except his conscience.

Parents' Problems

What course should be followed with a lively little boy of 7 who imitates the peculiarities of grownup neighbors—not to be disagreeable, but because they seem to him so comic?

Ask him if he can be equally successful in copying people's fine qualities, and acts as in imitating their funny ones, and show him that only those are worthy of imitation. Put out to him the danger he runs of acquiring the very peculiarities he ridicules through the working of the psychological law of habit. Tell him that his own ways may often seem amusing to others. Very rarely, and with some children, it may have a good effect to mimic them.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Are You a Self-Starter?
If you are willing to jog along in your happy, just-make-a-living way, that is all you ever will do.

You may think that some time something will turn up, and one of these times you will make a little stake which will carry you through the remainder of your life.

But things don't just "turn up" of their own accord, you must do something—some real work and some real thinking—to make things "turn up."

It is foolish for you to think that someone is going to look you up and push you forward, if you yourself are content to allow yourself to go along under an easy head of steam.

Employers are looking for a self-starter when they engage a man as

well as when they buy an automobile, and they want one who will keep himself going at a pretty good speed also.

They are not going to furnish high-power gasoline and the hot spark to keep their employees going, either.

The man who wants to draw favorable attention to himself must be alert, active, reliable and show interest and faith and loyalty to the firm which employs him.
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A Silly Song

By A CUCKOO BIRD

A woman is the darndest thing that ever was invented and still, without one of their own, few men will be contented. A feller goes and gets a girl and feeds and entertains her and hires a cab to take her home because a street car pains her. He goes in debt for what he wears and lives on beans and liver and spends his shekels and his yen for fancy things to give her. And when he's spent his weekly wage on cats and syncopation and taxicabs to haul her from, and to, her dad's plantation, the sweet young thing gets on her car and says he's mean and hateful, if, having paid the evening's bills, he does not say he's grateful.
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J. P. Carey, Official of U. P., Transferred to Los Angeles

J. P. Carey, superintendent of the Nebraska division of the Union Pacific system, has been transferred to a similar position on the Los Angeles division, according to an announcement by W. M. Jeffers, general manager, yesterday. Mr. Carey's successor has not been named.

Morcamp Drilling Firm Held Bankrupt by Jury

The Morcamp Drilling syndicate is bankrupt according to a verdict returned yesterday in federal court by a jury after a trial lasting three days. The syndicate of which George Porter is president has oil leases in the Osage field in Wyoming and contended that its assets are much more than its liabilities.

Bride Who Found Husband Was Holdup Now in Hospital

Mrs. George Kelly, prostrated by the shock caused by the charge that her husband robbed a neighbor of \$400, was taken to a hospital yesterday by members of the Humane society. She is an expectant mother. No word has yet come from her parents, who were notified of the affair several days ago. Mrs. Kelly is penniless.

FOR A CONSTIPATED CHILD

A small dose of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will bring quick relief.



MOTHER, when one of the children is constipated are you going to give the first laxative within reach? It is dangerous to do so. Some have been known to rupture the intestines of little children. Don't be beguiled by the outside sugary appearance. Look into the formula. Calomel is seldom necessary; salts, minerals, coal tar, never!

Unlike these, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is admirable for children, as it is for grown people, too. Mothers have been giving it to children for 30 years. They know it does not gripe, and is free from narcotics. The formula is on every package, and you can see it is vegetable, just a combination of Egyptian Senna and other laxative herbs with pepsin. Use it yourself and you

will find it is not necessary to take it every day, nor to increase the dose, and that it is pleasant to the taste. Bottles can be had at all drug stores, and the cost is only about a cent a dose. Have no hesitancy giving it to a baby in arms. It is absolutely safe.

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Free escape constipation, as even if you do not require a laxative at this moment let me send you a Half-Ounce Trial Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin FREE OF CHARGE so that you will have it handy when needed. Simply send your name and address to Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 514 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. Write me today.

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\$21.00, \$24.50,
\$26.00, \$28.50

Cedar Chests

in walnut and mahogany veneer; will match with your bedroom suite, and offered at special prices.

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Large healthy Ferns, 27c while they last, only,

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