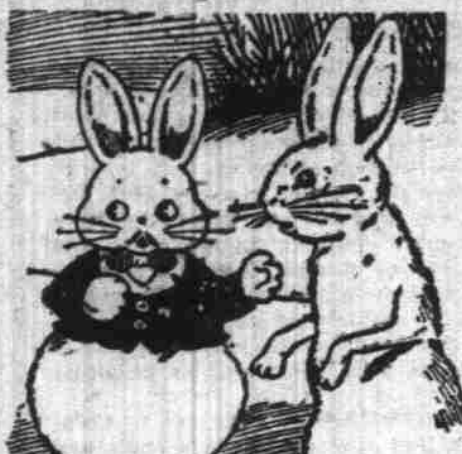


BURGESS STORIES

Peter and Jumper Get a Great Fright

By Thornton W. Burgess
The bravest may be frightened by wholly unexpected fright.

PETER RABBIT went back to look for his cousin, Jumper the Hare. He found him not far from the great windfall under which they had been so sure Buster Bear had spent the winter. Peter hastened to apologize to Jumper for having doubted him. "I've seen Buster Bear," said he, "and it is true that his coat is just as always has been, as black as black can be. And he told me that you were right about where he spent the winter. He said he hasn't been near the great windfall since early last fall. And he said, too, that he doesn't intend to come near it. Why do you suppose he doesn't intend to come near it?"



Jumper shook his head. "I give it up," said he. "I haven't the least idea. There is a mystery, a great mystery, about that windfall, and I don't like mysteries. Did Buster say that he was afraid to go near it?"

"No," replied Peter. "No, he didn't say that. But now you speak of it, he acted as if he thought he would be better off if he kept away from it, too. He said I would be likely to live longer if I did. Now what do you suppose he meant by that?"

Again Jumper shook his head. "I—" he began. "What's that?" He jumped and ran back a few steps, then sat up to stare at the great windfall with startled eyes. Peter did exactly the same thing. There they sat staring at the great windfall.

"Did you hear it?" whispered Jumper. Peter nodded. "I certainly did," he whispered back. "There it is again!" Once more they ran a few steps and then sat up to stare at that old windfall. For a few minutes they heard nothing. It was as still as it could be only in the heart of the Green Forest when not even a leaf moves. They could hear the beating of their own hearts. Then from that great windfall came a sound that there was no mistaking. It was a deep, grumbly-rumbly growl, such a growl as they had never heard save from the throat of Buster Bear. It was followed by a whine, and that whine was just such a whine as they never had heard, save from the throat of Buster Bear. Yet they knew Buster Bear

wasn't in there. They knew that Buster Bear was over near the pond of Paddy the Beaver. Peter had left him only a little while before and had come straight to this place as fast as his legs could bring him, and that is rather fast.

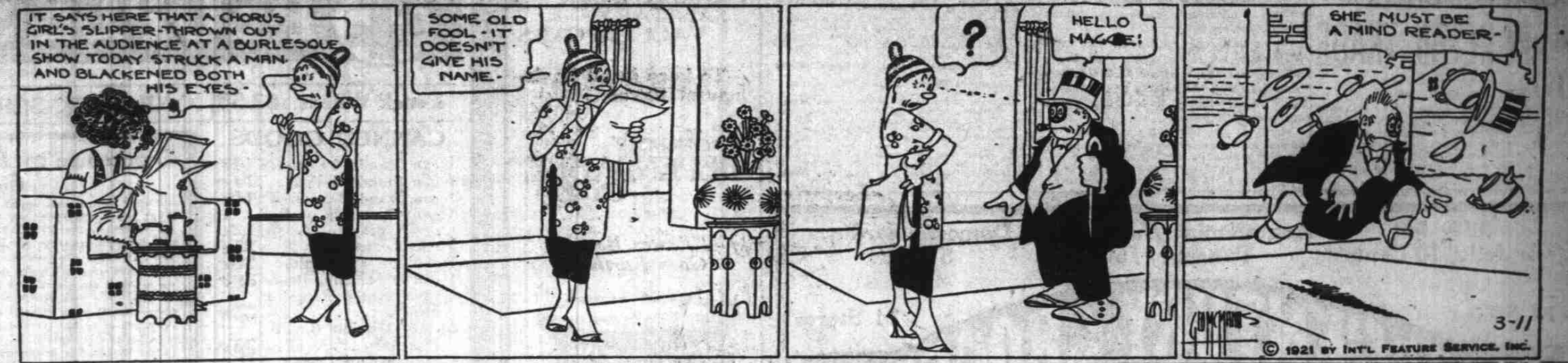
Truly there was something wrong with that great windfall. Buster Bear wasn't under it, yet Bear growls and whines were coming from it. Do you wonder that Peter and Jumper were so frightened and once more took to their long heels? But they didn't go far. They went only far enough to feel safe. Then they sat up to stare at that old windfall again. They were still frightened, very much frightened, but curiosity was greater than their fear at that distance.

For a time all was still again. It was still for so long that they began to wonder if they could really have heard those growls and whines. If either had been alone he would have been sure that imagination had played him a trick. But both had heard the same sounds, or thought they had. So they stared and stared and waited.

Suddenly there was a sharp snort, followed by a deep "woof, woof!" from that great windfall. Peter and Jumper took to their heels.

(Copyright, 1921, by T. W. Burgess)
The next story: "The Stranger in Brown."

BRINGING UP FATHER



KRAZY KAT



LITTLE JIMMY



Tong Gunman Calls On Christ Before Drop From Scaffold

Kawins, Wyo., March 11.—(I. N. S.)—"My Jesus, mercy!" were the last words of Yo Goow, Chinese tongman, hanged at the Wyoming penitentiary here this morning for the murder of Thomas Holland in Cheyenne last September. The drop of six feet was insufficient to break the victim's neck because of his light weight, the murderer weighing less than 100 pounds, and the death strangulation consumed

13 minutes. Goow renounced the Buddhist religion before his execution.

Killed by Own Trap
Omaha, Neb., March 11.—(U. P.)—John A. Berg, prominent farmer, was shot and killed when he absent-mindedly opened the door of his chicken house, setting off a man trap he had rigged up to stop thieves from raiding his chicken coop.

Revival Series Opened
Halsey, Or., March 11.—A three weeks' meeting was opened Wednesday night by Evangelist George Bennard of Chicago, preacher, song leader, author and composer, here after successful meetings at Klamath Falls and Ashland, Or.

Used Trucks for Every Purpose

Many have profited by the bargains we have offered in Used Motor Trucks this week. Farmers, dairymen, wood haulers; in fact, almost every kind of industry has been able to find a truck to fit their particular business. Our wide assortment, low prices and reputation have all contributed toward making this a sale of success—both from the standpoint of the purchaser and ourselves.

A motor truck is no better than the organization behind it—whether it is new or second hand. We stand back of every used truck we sell. That alone is an important consideration.

It will pay you to buy now, if you are contemplating the purchase of a used truck of any description.

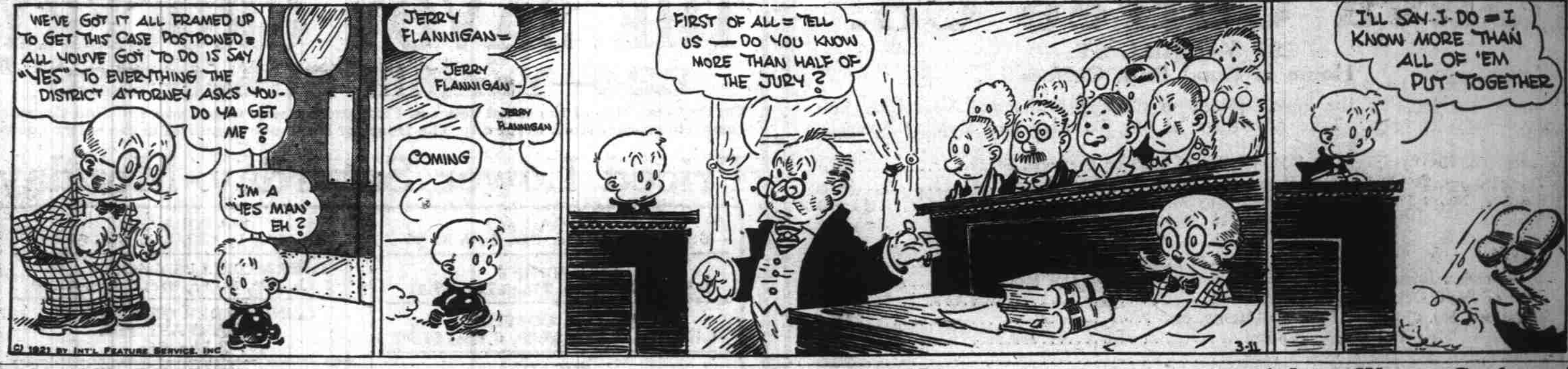
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