



T. PAER FINDS HIMSELF STYMIED

BY RALPH WATSON

"FOR the land sakes!" Ma exclaimed in astonishment as T. Paer came bustling into the kitchen where she was beating up the hotcake batter, "where on earth did you get that rig?"

T. Paer leaned his burden in the corner, removed his piald cap and looked down at the stockings covering his spinning shanks modestly but with a sheepish grin.

"I got 'em off'n Stutterin' Fergie," T. Paer explained. "He's swore off playin' golf any more."

"That man's always swearing about something," Ma observed, "so I guess he'd just as well swear about golf as anything else."

"That's the way I happened to get the outfit," T. Paer chuckled. "Fergie's been scruffin' so much here lately he couldn't make more'n nine holes in a day."

"Scruffin'?" Ma repeated. "What does that mean?"

"Scruffin'," T. Paer defined, "is where you swing at the ball 'nd dig up the green. It sure put Fergie out'n the game."

"Why?" Ma asked curiously. "It ain't against the rules is it?"

"Well," T. Paer grinned, "the madder Fergie gets the worse he stutters, 'nd every time he'd scruff he'd stop to cuss."

"He's a awful wicked man," Ma said, "but I don't see why he'd give up golf because it was a little trouble for him to swear."

"Because," T. Paer told her, "it took up so much time he couldn't get around, but the real reason was because someone give him a rub of the green."

"Did they put paint on him?" Ma asked incredulously.

"No," T. Paer chortled. "Fergie was stutterin' 'nd some guy yelled 'fore' 'nd then he beat him back of the ear."

"Beaten him? What does that mean?" Ma asked doubtfully.

"Waloped him on the dome with a golf ball," T. Paer informed her. "Fergie swore off right there."

"What are all them sticks in the sack for?" Ma asked interestedly.

"Them's my clubs," T. Paer answered proudly. "You take the driver 'nd you tee off 'nd—"

"I've heard about that teeing off," Ma

remarked frigidly. "nd you ain't going to do any such thing."

"I 'nd you're talkin' about different things," T. Paer answered stiffly. "If you don't tee off good," he continued, "he exhibited a second club, 'nd you think you can make a steal, you wait it with this brassie 'nd then if you roll onto the green you gobble with this putter 'nd win your point."

"Gobble?" Ma said, in horror. "You'll look fine running around making a noise like a turkey."

"You don't make any noise when you gobble," T. Paer contended. "It's only when you don't that you do."

"It don't sound very dignified, anyway," Ma objected. "I don't think I'd like the game."

"It's a great game," T. Paer insisted. "If you baff when you try to steal 'nd heel into the rough, you drop into a hazard then you use your niblick to drive onto the fairway or use your sand iron to loft over the bunker."

"Do you?" Ma said absently, as she herded the little fellow's driver. "You're not thinking of playing golf today, are you?"

"Sure," T. Paer answered uneasily. "Today's a holiday, ain't it?"

"I was just thinking," Ma observed sweetly, "what a fine carpet beater this thing'd make."

"Carpet beater?" T. Paer shrieked. "Who ever heard of beatin' a carpet with a golf club?"

"I don't know who did," Ma answered firmly, "but our neighbors're going to hear one being beat with one right after breakfast."

"They ain't no use of me tryin' to do like other fellas," T. Paer grumbled. "I got all togged out 'nd you put the kibosh on it."

"You promised me last night," Ma reminded him, "that you'd beat the sitting room carpet this morning."

"All right," T. Paer answered testily. "I'll beat the blamed thing, but it sure spoils my disposition when you wait till I get all doiled up and then stymie me."

"Maybe," Ma admitted, "but even that ain't as bad as if I give you a rub of the green is it?"

BURGESS'S BEDTIME STORIES

The Twins Get Even With Peter Rabbit

By Thornton W. Burgess.

It isn't nice, it isn't kind;
To not at all the thing to do;
But those who take a chance
Of getting even are but few.



THIS is sad, but true. It is so everywhere in the Great World, and the Great World would be a much better place in which to live if it were not so. It is the desire to get even that makes much of the trouble and the hard feeling and the unhappiness everywhere. But there are times when getting even certainly does give a lot of satisfaction. It was so with Burser Bear's twins, Boomer and Woof-Woof.

You remember that the very first time they ventured out from under the great windfall deep in the Green Forest, where they had been born, Peter Rabbit had given them a great fright by thumping the ground with his hind feet, as only Peter can thump. The twins were so small then, and they knew so little of the Great World—in fact, nothing at all—that Peter had seemed to them a terrible fellow, for he never had forgotten him. Whenever they were outside the great windfall they watched for him, ready to run at sight of him. But it was a long time before they saw Peter again, and when they did they had grown so that they were considerably bigger than he. Besides, they had been out on several trips into the Great World with Mother Bear and had learned many things, for little Bears learn very fast and have the best of memories. But, at last, they saw Peter again. It happened this way:

Peter had stayed away from the Green Forest as long as he could. Then curiosity to see what was going on over there had been too much for him, and he had started over to visit Paddy the Beaver. He took great care to keep away from the great windfall, where Mrs. Bear and the twins lived. As curious as he was about those twins, and much as he wanted to see them again, he was too much afraid of Mrs. Bear and her short temper to take any chances. But he felt that it would be quite safe to visit Paddy the Beaver, for Paddy's pond was some distance from the great windfall.

Now, Peter didn't know that Mrs. Bear was in the habit of taking the twins with her wherever she went. So it just happened that that very day she had chosen to go over near the pond of Paddy the Beaver. The twins had played until they were tired, and then they had curled up for a nap in a sunny spot, while their mother went fishing in the Laughing Brook.

When Peter arrived in sight in of Paddy's pond, Mrs. Bear was hidden behind some brush a little way up the Laughing Brook and was sitting quietly, waiting for a fish to come within reach. For once Peter was careless. He was so intent looking for Paddy the Beaver

With a squeal of fright, Peter jumped and started, lipperty-lipperty-lip, for the nearest pile of brush.

that he didn't use his eyes and ears for other things, as he should have. So he passed within a few feet of the twins without seeing them. Just beyond he sat up to look over the pond for Paddy. Now, the twins slept each with an ear open, as the saying is, and they heard Peter pass. Open flew their eyes, and they saw at once that it was the terrible fellow who had so frightened them once. But, somehow, he no longer looked terrible. He was smaller than they had thought. In fact, they were now considerably bigger than he. You see, they had been growing very fast. Boomer's eyes twinkled. Perhaps this fellow was like Chatterer the Red Squirrel, bold and terrible only to those who feared him. He nodded. Woof-Woof. Very softly they got to their feet and stole up behind Peter.

A twig snapped under Boomer's feet. Peter turned. His eyes seemed to pop right out of his head. With a squeal of fright, Peter jumped and started, lipperty-lipperty-lip, for the nearest pile of brush, and after him raced the twins. They knew now that this terrible fellow was much afraid of them than ever they had been of him, and they meant to get even for the fright he had given them when they were so little. It was great fun.

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The next story: "Peter is in a Tight Place."

One Particular Omitted

From the Philadelphia North American. A servant girl and \$10,000 disappeared from the same house the same day; the report does not state, but it probably was her pay day.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

By George McManus



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He Forgot About the Other Ones



KRAZY KAT

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Maybe It's in the Pronunciation



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Mr. Edison's Rival



ABIE THE AGENT

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You Could Get a Lot On the Old-Fashioned Ones



US BOYS

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We Can't Feel Sorry for Shrimp

