

# JUST MOLES

BY RALPH WATSON

MA PAER, stepping out on the front porch, threw her hands up in consternation at the sight which greeted her astonished eyes.

"For the land sakes," she challenged her cowering helpmate, "what can be the matter with you now?"

T. Paer, his sleeves rolled up above his skinny elbows and his eyes ablaze, glared at her and swung a circling axe above his silent head. Ma looked on with puzzled concern for a moment and suddenly gave way to uncontrollable mirth.

"Of all the sights," she gurgled while T. Paer made wild but impotent gestures demanding silence, "what're you giving an exhibition of, an Indian fighter or just a plain nut?"

"There, dern yuh," T. Paer shrieked suddenly as he plunged his weapon repeatedly into the shuddering earth. "Take that conarn yuh, 'nd that, 'nd that, 'nd that."

"Have you gone plumb crazy?" Ma demanded, "what do you mean by chopping up the lawn like that?"

"There," T. Paer grunted, kicking a mangled and battered morsel towards her spitefully, "I got him, dog gone him."

"Got what?" Ma asked you ain't?" through her glasses. "Anybody'd think you was hunting elephants from the mansevers you've been going through."

"Look at it," T. Paer directed, indicating the lawn with a sweep of his axe. "Them blamed things're makin' me dizzy."

"They wouldn't have to work very hard at that job I guess," Ma smiled. "What's it all about anyway?"

"Moles," T. Paer exploded. "They've made the front yard look like it was sick with the measles."

"In that ail?" Ma said with evident relief. "I thought they was rats or something dangerous."

"Is that all?" T. Paer repeated with heartfelt exasperation. "You try to catch 'em 'nd you'll change your tune mighty quick."

"Poor little thing," Ma sighed as she gazed pityingly at the quivering bit of fur at her feet. "I shouldn't think you'd have the heart to do a thing like that."

"What're you got to do if you ain't?" T. Paer demanded defensively. "Let 'em dig all the bottom of the lot up onto the top 'nd spoil everything?"

# BRINGING UP FATHER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

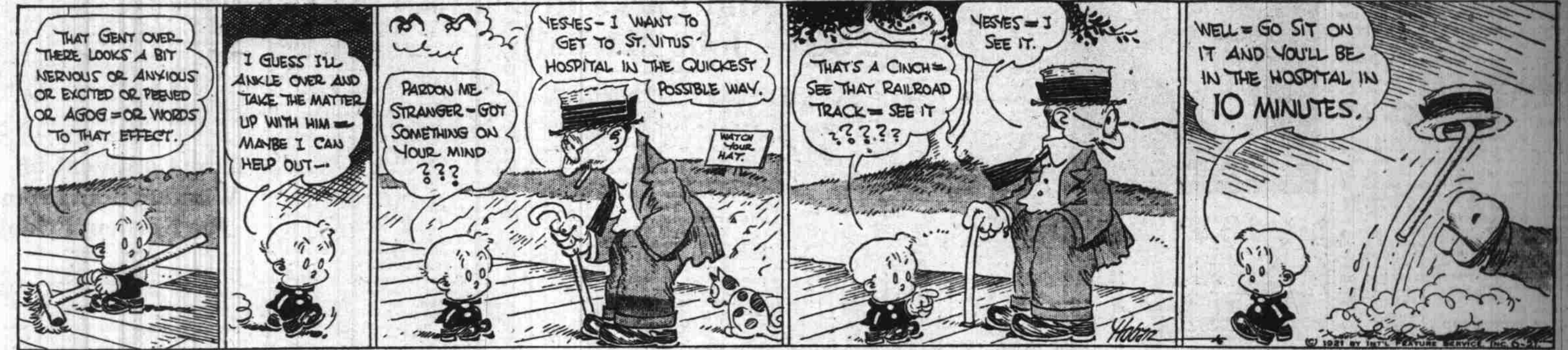
By George McManus



# JERRY ON THE JOB

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We All Hope for the Best



# LITTLE JIMMY

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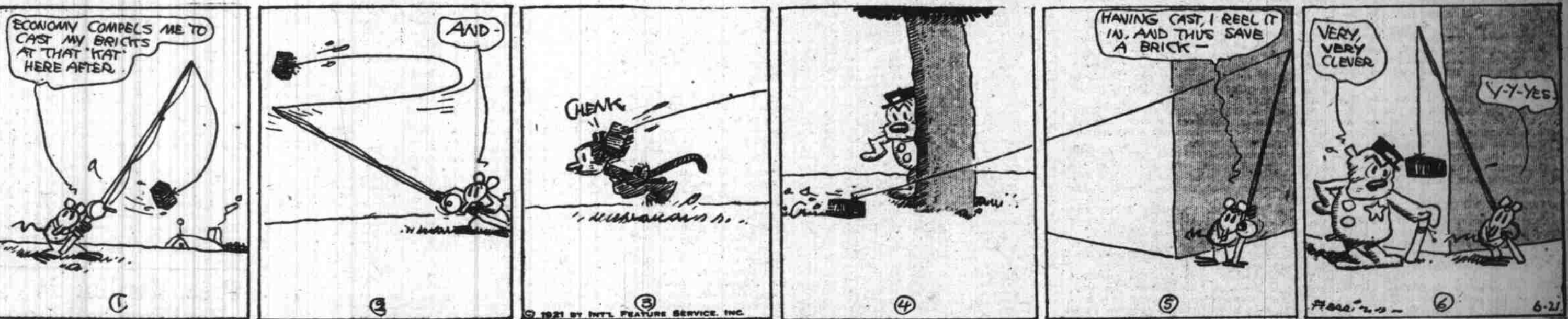
It Doesn't Sound Right to James



# KRAZY KAT

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Thrifty Ignatz



# ABIE THE AGENT

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Wonder Just What Abie Means?



# US BOYS

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Shrimp Always Has an Excuse



# BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Old Man Coyote's Mistake

By Thornton W. Burgess

In earth below or heaven above  
The bravest thing is mother love.

MRS. LIGHTFOOT, the Deer, understood perfectly what Buster Bear was after. She knew that he was hunting for those precious children of hers, the twin fawns of whom she was so proud. Perhaps you can guess what her feelings were as she stood behind a clump of young trees and watched Buster examine every hiding place about there and finally sit down only a short distance from the twins and look straight at them. You remember, they were lying down with their heads stretched out on the ground, and their bodies lying just where the moonlight coming down through the trees checked the ground with spots of light and shadow. The spots on their coats looked just like those other spots.



"If only they don't move. If only they don't move," Mrs. Lightfoot kept saying over and over. "If they go so much as twitch an ear he will see them."

But those twins, the prettiest twins in all the Green Forest, had learned well the first great and most important lesson—obedience. They had been charged not to move, no matter how badly frightened they were, and they didn't move. They wanted to. My, how they wanted to! They wanted to jump to their feet and run from this terrible black monster, for that is what Buster Bear seemed to them. They were so frightened that it seemed to them their little hearts almost stopped beating. But they obeyed. And then Buster Bear shuffled away, and Mother Lightfoot came.

"How proud she was of those pretty twins!" said she as the twins rubbed against her. "That is all that saved one

What Old Man Coyote saw when he reached Paddy's pond made him grin and lick his lips. It was Mrs. Deer and the twins standing at the very edge of the water. They were in the moonlight, and of course he could see them clearly. Old Man Coyote lay flat on his stomach to watch while he tried to plan the best way of getting one of those fawnlings. He would have been much better pleased to have found them in among the trees. He knew that out there in the open he couldn't possibly get close without being discovered by Mrs. Deer. They might take to the water, though he felt sure those fawns were too small to do much swimming.

He could wait in hiding until they came among the trees, as they were sure to do. But it might be a long, long wait, and he was hungry. He could steal to the point nearest to them, where he could be hidden, and then watch for a chance to make a sudden rush.

"Yeh," thought Old Man Coyote, "that is what I will do. Mrs. Deer is so timid that she will run away at the first glimpse of me. Then she shouldn't she is perfectly harmless. If Lightfoot himself were there it would be different. I think I am going to have the best dinner for a year." Old Man Coyote smacked his lips and got to his feet.

"She'll run," he muttered. "She'll run like water." And right there Old Man Coyote made a mistake, a thing he doesn't often do. He forgot that mother love is brave.

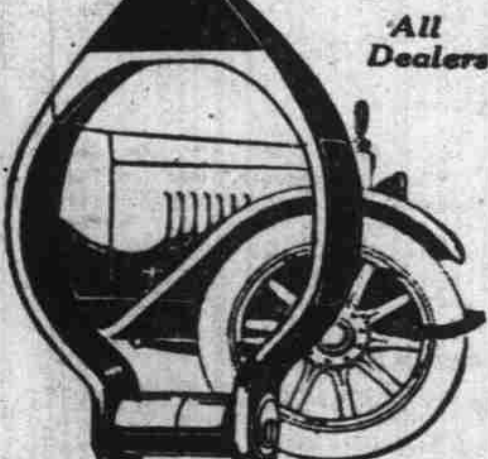
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The next story: "Bravery of Mrs. Deer."

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# Actors in Musical Comedy Go on Strike As Audience Waits

(By United News)

New York, June 21.—The principals in the "Sweet Heart Show," a musical comedy playing at the Olympia theatre, walked out Monday night just before the curtain was scheduled to go up when they did not receive their salaries.

The theatre was comfortably filled and the orchestra was playing the evening selection. The box office was still selling tickets.

After a 15 minute wait the management explained that the principals had gone on strike.