

BURGESS' BEDTIME STORIES

Peter Is in the Tightest of Places
By Thornton W. Burgess
The only when I'm caught and eaten
that I'm afraid that I will
—Peter Rabbit.



As he crouched in Buster Bear's cave, watching Yowler the Bob-Cat at the entrance, Peter knew that much depended on whether or not Yowler would dare enter that cave. He knew Yowler for the coward he is and he hoped with all his might that Yowler's fear of Buster Bear would make him afraid to enter, even though he knew that Buster was not at home.

The hope in Peter's heart grew as he saw how Yowler hesitated. Several times Yowler started to enter and then backed out. Twice he turned to stare all about him in the moonlight. His funny stub of a tail twitched with anger and impatience. Plainly he was having hard work to gain courage enough to enter that cave.

But at last Peter saw a new light in those fierce eyes as they once more peered into the cave and he knew that Yowler had made up his mind to enter. The fact is Yowler could smell Peter in there and he had decided that if Peter had dared go in there there was no reason why he shouldn't go in, too. It wasn't as if he had got to stay there. He hadn't a doubt that he would find and catch Peter within a minute or two. Then he would carry Peter outside and away where he need not worry about Buster Bear. So stealthily he entered that cave.

Peter was in despair. What should he do? What could he do? Yowler was bound to find him. It was useless for him to try to get past Yowler. It seemed to Peter that this time surely he would lose his life. And then he remembered something. He remembered that in one corner a tiny cave opened with a narrow entrance from the larger cave. Peter walked no longer. With a bound he made for that little cave and just in the very nick of time squeezed through that narrow entrance.

Peter knew that much depended on whether or not Yowler would dare to enter that cave.

He was none too soon. At his first movement Yowler had seen him and bounded forward. As he struggled through that narrow entrance Yowler's claws scratched his hind legs. Peter squirmed with pain and fright and Yowler snarled with disappointment.

That little cave was very small. It was hardly big enough for Peter to turn around in. Now he crouched just as far back in it as he could get. There was need for him to Yowler, after trying in vain to tear away the entrance, had thrust a paw in, a paw with great hooked claws stretched as far out as possible, and was trying to hook them into Peter. Only by flattening himself against the back wall could Peter keep out of reach of those groping claws. Two or three times they scratched him and tore little tufts of hair from his coat.

Peter was in the tightest of tight places and he knew it. And oh, how he did long for the dear Old Briar-Patch and wish he had had sense enough to stay there!

"If I ever get out of this I'll never, never leave the Old Briar-Patch again," sobbed Peter.

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The next story: "Why Yowler Left"

Flax Industry of Oregon Is Gaining; Acreage Increases

Development of the flax growing and linen manufacturing industry of Oregon on a scale comparable with that of Southern Ontario and Western New York is being undertaken by the Willamette Valley Flax and Hemp Growers' Cooperative association, recently organized at Salem with a capital stock of \$100,000. Already 19 growers have contracted to grow an aggregate of 288 acres of flax each year for the next five years and nearly as large a number of hemp growers have made application for membership, according to Robert Crawford, formerly superintendent of the Oregon state flax industry, who was here Monday.

Plans of the promoters of the organization call for planting 1000 acres to flax, this acreage yielding under ordinary conditions from 150 to 2000 tons of straw. Table linen manufactured in Ireland from Oregon grown flax proved equal to Irish grown linen. Crawford stated, and climatic and soil conditions here are more favorable to the industry than in any other part of the country, he stated. Members of the association are: George W. Eyre of Salem, J. T. Walker, B. F. Eastburn, E. R. Taylor, W. F. Brantley, E. L. Porter, G. W. Porter and A. E. Bradley of Aumsville, Charles E.

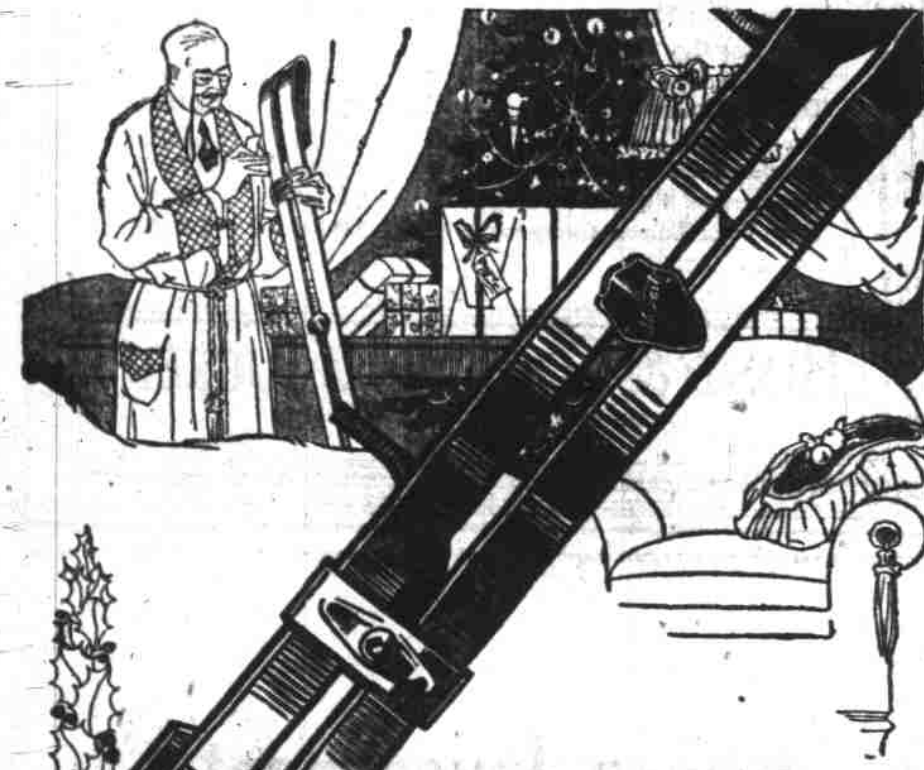
Score Another for Eye; Hunting Permit No. 1 Is Again Her's

Hunting license No. 1 has again been issued to a woman, according to an announcement made Tuesday by Captain A. E. Burghdoff, state game warden. The first of the 1922 licenses was issued to Mrs. Beatrice Clark of Portland, who has retained this same license for several years.

Although women are not required to have hunting licenses, Mrs. Clark succeeds in killing a deer each year and requires the tags attached to the hunting license.

Combination hunting and angling license No. 1 was issued to I. N. Fleischner, and No. 2 to George H. Kelly, state game commissioners. Combination license No. 13 was issued to Dr. Earl C. McFarland. Angling license No. 1 was issued to J. L. DeVos.

CHARGE PROPERTY REMOVED
W. G. Molnar, aged 39 years, wanted in Seattle for removal of mortgaged property, was arrested Tuesday afternoon by detectives and held for Seattle authorities.



Pleasing Dad

It's quite a problem deciding what to give the man of the house, but if he drives a car you need not worry.

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There are models for both front and rear of the car. There are several types at different prices. We will be glad to have you look them over. Give make and year of car when ordering.

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KRAZY KAT



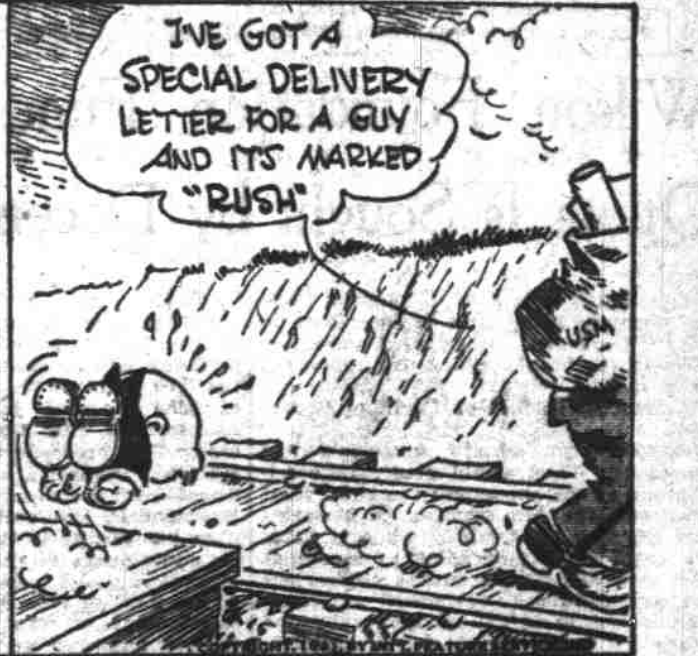
ABIE THE AGENT



LITTLE JIMMY



JERRY ON THE JOB



US BOYS

