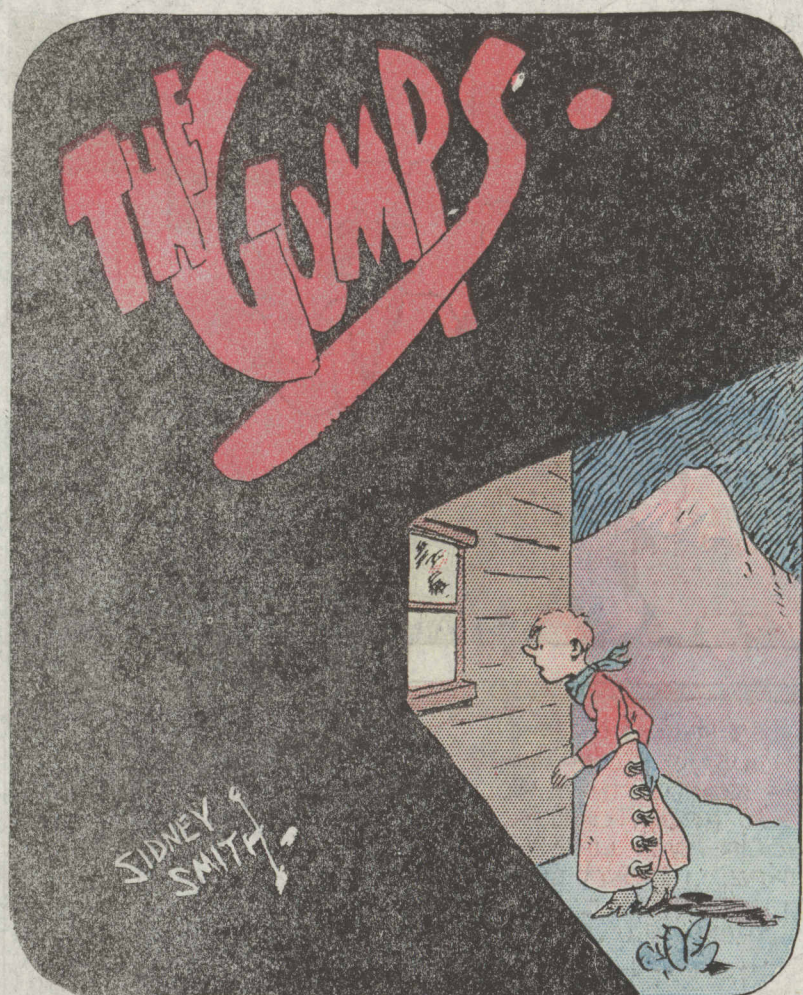
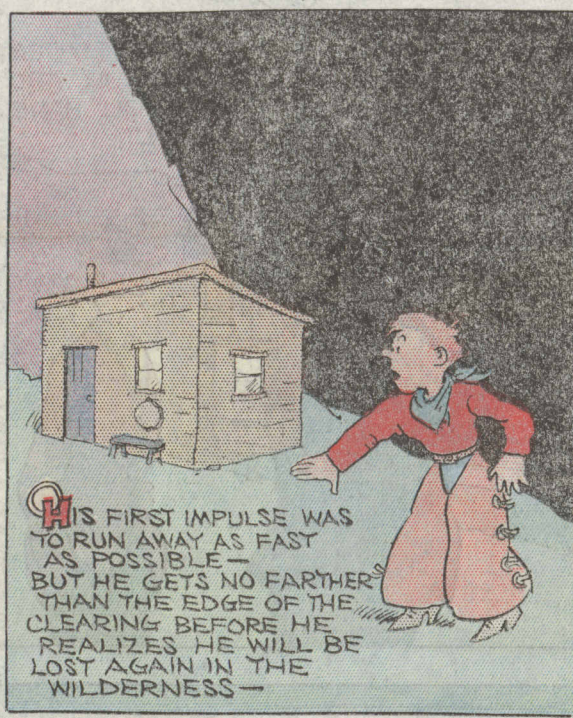


APRIL 9, 1933



**I**NSTEAD OF THE KINDLY HERMIT CHESTER HAD LOOKED FOR HE FINDS HE HAS WANDERED INTO THE LAIR OF SOME MOUNTAIN DESPERADOES— HE HAS EATEN THEIR FOOD BECAUSE HE WAS STARVING— AND DRUNK THAT COFFEE BECAUSE HE WAS THIRSTY— CHESTER SHUDDERS TO THINK WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO HIM IF HE IS CAUGHT—

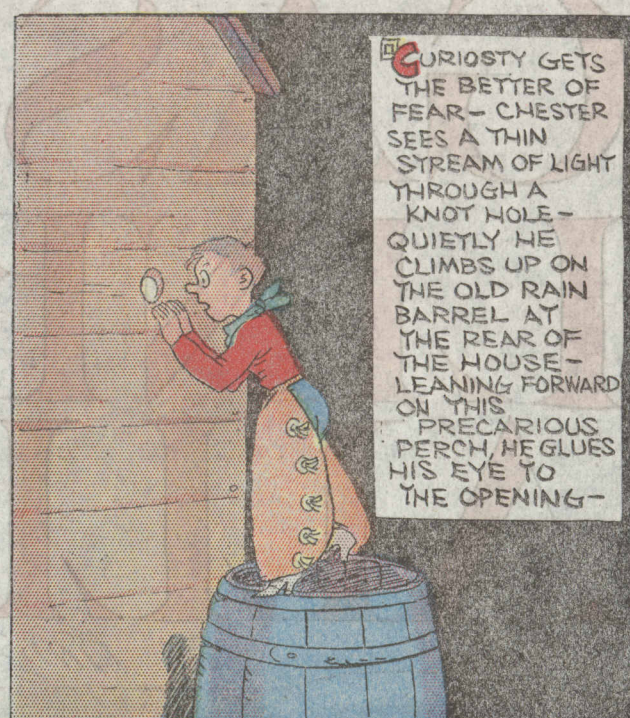


**H**IS FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO RUN AWAY AS FAST AS POSSIBLE— BUT HE GETS NO FARTHER THAN THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING BEFORE HE REALIZES HE WILL BE LOST AGAIN IN THE WILDERNESS—



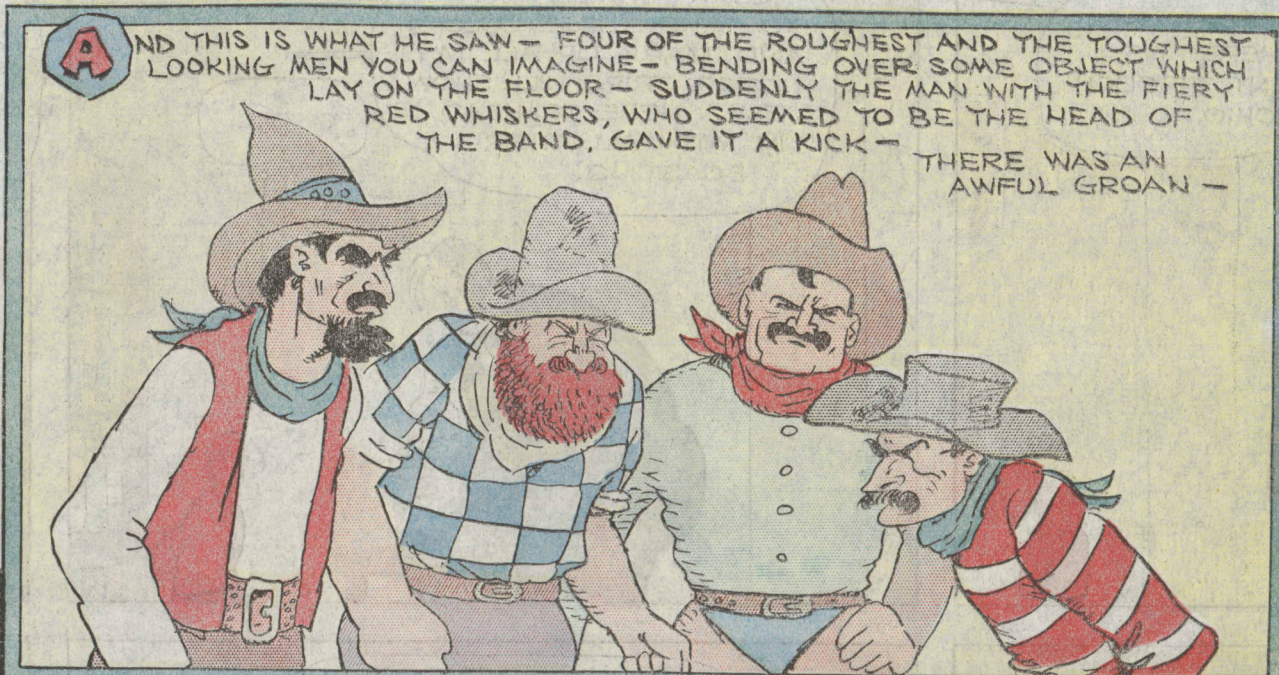
GEE— I'D LIKE TO LOOK IN THERE— IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE PICKING ON SOMEONE—

**R**EALIZING HIS DANGER, CHESTER DOES NOT EVEN PEER IN THE WINDOW FOR FEAR OF BEING SEEN—



**C**URIOSITY GETS THE BETTER OF FEAR— CHESTER SEES A THIN STREAM OF LIGHT THROUGH A KNOT HOLE— QUIETLY HE CLIMBS UP ON THE OLD RAIN BARREL AT THE REAR OF THE HOUSE— LEANING FORWARD ON THIS PRECARIOUS PERCH, HE GLUES HIS EYE TO THE OPENING—

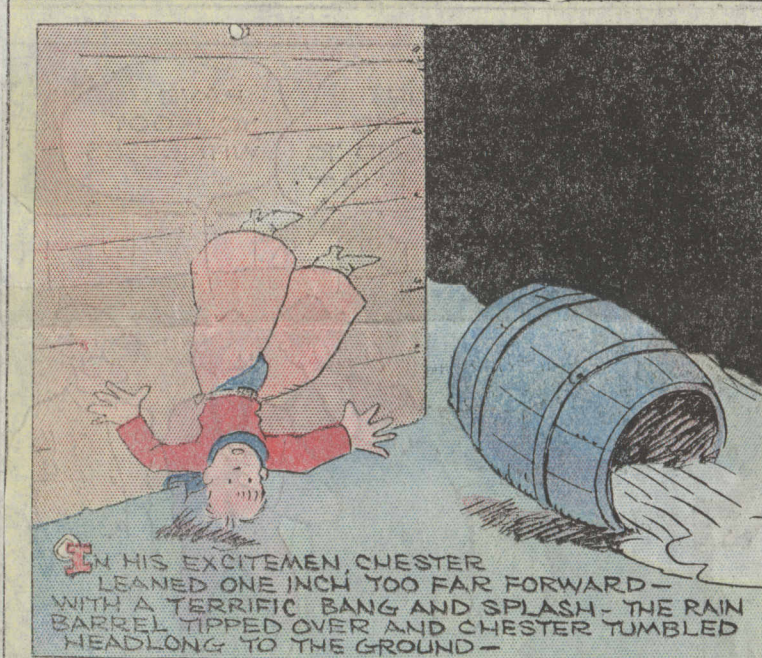
**T**ERROR STRICKEN— CHESTER FLED FROM THE LONELY SHACK IN THE WILDERNESS— BEHIND HIM IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT HE COULD HEAR GUFF, THREATENING VOICES— WHEN HE REACHED THE SHELTER OF THE TREES AND FOUND THAT HE WAS NOT BEING PURSUED— THE BRAVE LITTLE ADVENTURER CREEPT STEALTHILY BACK TO PEEP IN THE WINDOW— ONE LOOK FILLED HIM WITH FEAR— THE OWNERS OF THE SHANTY HAVE RETURNED— NOT ONE— BUT A BAND OF VICIOUS, SNARLING BAD-MEN—



**A**ND THIS IS WHAT HE SAW— FOUR OF THE ROUGHEST AND THE TOUGHEST LOOKING MEN YOU CAN IMAGINE— BENDING OVER SOME OBJECT WHICH LAY ON THE FLOOR— SUDDENLY THE MAN WITH THE FIERY RED WHISKERS, WHO SEEMED TO BE THE HEAD OF THE BAND, GAVE IT A KICK— THERE WAS AN AWFUL GROAN—



GOOD NIGHT! IT LOOKS LIKE A MAN TIED UP IN A SACK—



**I**N HIS EXCITEMENT CHESTER LEANED ONE INCH TOO FAR FORWARD— WITH A TERRIFIC BANG AND SPLASH— THE RAIN BARREL TIPPED OVER AND CHESTER TUMBLED HEADLONG TO THE GROUND—



WHO'S THERE?

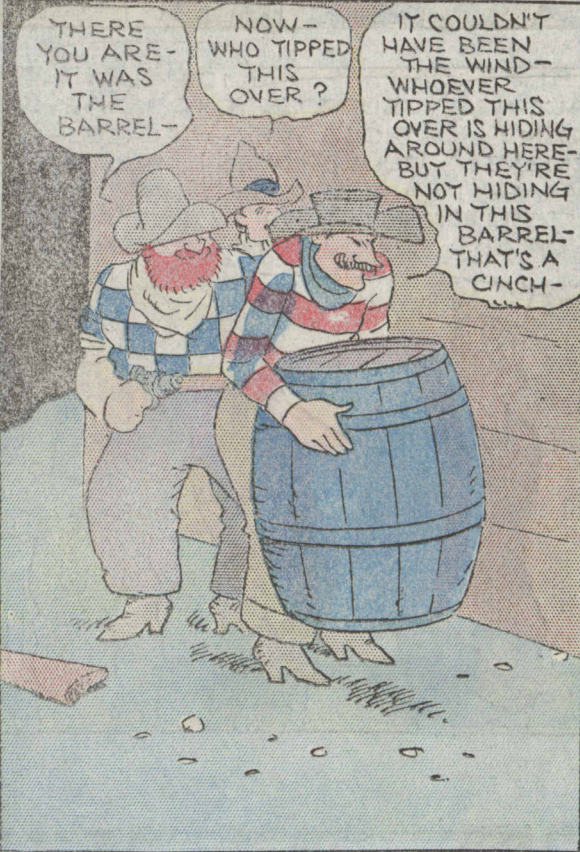
WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

THERE'S SOMEONE SNEAKING AROUND HERE?



IT SOUNDED LIKE THAT RAIN BARREL TO ME—

I'LL FIX ANYONE THATS PROWLING AROUND THIS PLACE—



THERE YOU ARE— IT WAS THE BARREL—

NOW— WHO TIPPED THIS OVER?

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN THE WIND— WHOEVER TIPPED THIS OVER IS HIDING AROUND HERE— BUT THEY'RE NOT HIDING IN THIS BARREL— THAT'S A CUNCH—



SOMEONE HAS BEEN AT OUR GRUB TOO—

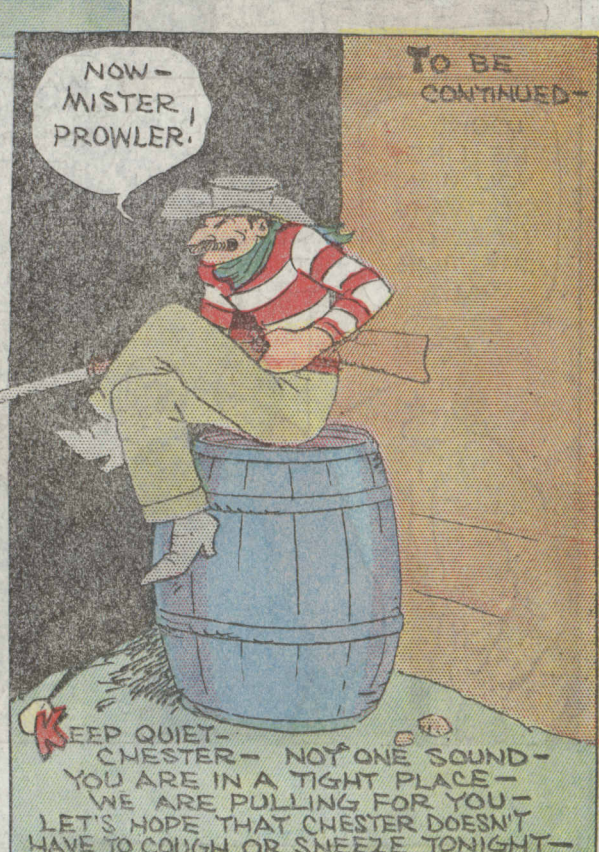
AND THE FIRE IN THE STOVE IS STILL BURNING—

**W**HILE THE MEN ARGUE, CHESTER FIGURES THAT THEY'VE LOOKED IN THE BARREL— THEY WON'T LOOK AGAIN— IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE— SO IN HE CREEPS—



OH— MAYBE IT WAS A BIG GRIZZLY BEAR THAT'S HANGING AROUND— YOU FELLOWS JUST IMAGINE THINGS—

BEAR OR NO BEAR— I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES— YOU BOYS GO IN AND TEND TO YOUR KNITTING— I'LL JUST TIP THIS OLD BARREL UP AND STAY ON GUARD THE REST OF THE NIGHT—



NOW— MISTER! PROWLER!

TO BE CONTINUED—

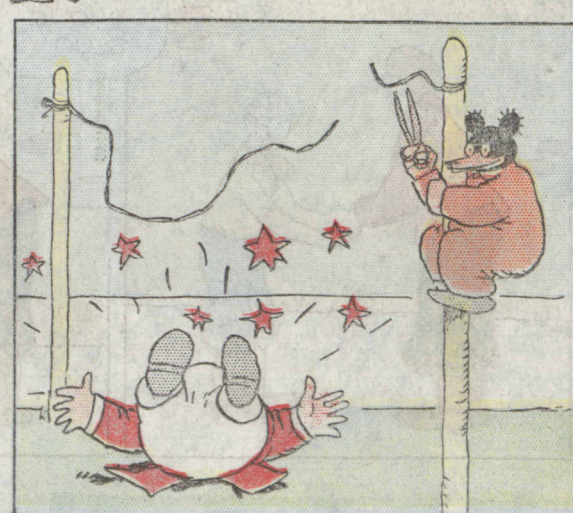
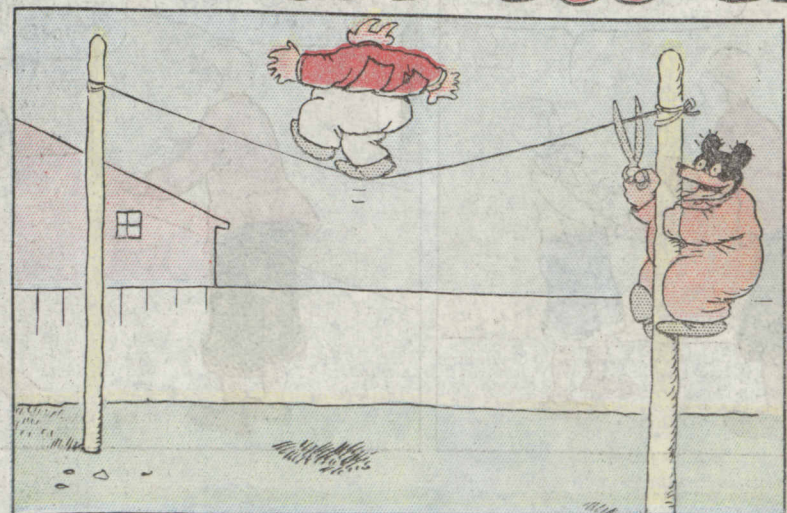
**K**EEP QUIET— CHESTER— NOT ONE SOUND— YOU ARE IN A TIGHT PLACE— WE ARE PULLING FOR YOU— LET'S HOPE THAT CHESTER DOESN'T HAVE TO COUGH OR SNEEZE TONIGHT—

## OLD DOC YAK



DOC— I BETCHA CAN'T WALK THAT TIGHT-ROPE—

I'LL BET YOU A HUNDRED DOLLARS I CAN—



THAT'S FUN!

Rep. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1933, by The Chicago Tribune.