

“Some Big Mouths”
by Thornton Burgess

“How funny!” exclaimed Peter. “I suppose that is Boomer making that queer noise we hear.”

“Yes,” replied Jenny. “He certainly does like to use his voice. They tell me that some folks call him Bullbat, though why they should call him either Bat or Hawk is beyond me. I suppose you know his cousin, Whip-poor-will.”

“I should say I do,” replied Peter. “He’s enough to drive one crazy when he begins to shout ‘Whip poor Will’ close at hand. That voice of his goes through me so that I want to stop both ears. There isn’t a person of my

acquaintance who can say a thing over and over, over and over, so many times without stopping for breath. Do I understand that he is cousin to Boomer?”

“He is a sort of second cousin, the same as Sooty the Chimney Swift,” explained Jenny Wren. “They look enough alike to be own cousins. Whip-poor-will has just the same kind of a big mouth and he is dressed very much like Boomer, save that there are no white patches on his wings.”

“I’ve noticed that’s is one way I can tell them apart,” said Peter.

“So you noticed that much, did you?” cried Jenny. “It does you credit,

Peter. It does you credit. I wonder if you also noticed Whip-poor-will's whiskers."

"Whiskers!" cried Peter. "Whoever heard of a bird having whiskers? You can stuff a lot down me, Jenny Wren, but there are some things I cannot swallow, and bird whiskers is one of them."

"Nobody asked you to swallow them. Nobody wants you to swallow them," snapped Jenny. "I don't know why a bird shouldn't have whiskers just as well as you, Peter Rabbit. Anyway, Whip-poor-will has them and that is all there is to it. It doesn't make any difference whether you believe in them or not, they are there."