CHAPTER XVIII.

The Loggers Come.

Fatty Coon was frightened; he had just waked up and he heard a sound that was exactly like the noise Farmer Green and his hired man had made when they cut down the tall chestnut tree where he was perched.

"Oh, Mother! What is it?" he cried.

"The loggers have come," Mrs. Coon said. "They are cutting down all the big trees in the swamp."

"Then we'll have to move, won't we?" Fatty asked.

"No! They won't touch this tree," his mother told him. "It's an old tree, and hollow—so they won't chop it down. It's only the good sound trees that they'll take."

"But I thought this was a good tree." Fatty was puzzled.

"So it is, my son! It's a good tree for us. But not for the loggers. They would have little use for it."

Fatty Coon felt better when he heard that. And he had a good deal of fun, peeping down at the loggers and watching them work. But he took care that they should not see him. He knew what their bright axes could do.

When night came Fatty had still more fun. When the loggers were asleep Fatty went to their camp in the woods beside the brook and he found many good things to eat. He did not know the names of all the goodies; but he ate them just the same. He specially liked some potatoes which the careless cook had

The fire was out.

left in a pan near the open campfire. The fire was out. And the pan rested on a stump close beside it. Fatty Coon climbed up and crawled right inside the pan. And after he had had one taste of those potatoes he grew so excited—they were so good—that he tipped the pan off the stump and the potatoes rolled right into the ashes.

Fatty had jumped to one side, when the tin pan fell. It made a great clatter; and he kept very still for a few moments, while he listened. But no one stirred. And then Fatty jumped plump into the ashes.

Whew! He jumped out again as fast as he could; for beneath the ashes there were plenty of hot coals. Fatty stood in them for not more than three seconds, but that was quite long enough. The bottoms of his feet burned as if a hundred hornets had stung them.

He stood first on one foot and then on another. If you could have seen him you would have thought Fatty was dancing. And you might have laughed, because he looked funny.

But Fatty Coon did not laugh. In fact, he came very near crying. And he did not wait to eat another mouthful. He limped along toward home. And it was several days before he stirred out of his mother's house again. He just lay in his bed and waited until his burns were well again.

It was very hard. For Fatty did not like to think of all those good things to eat that he was missing. And he hoped the loggers would not go away before his feet were well again.

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Where It Started

Fans

Fans are mentioned in the Bible as being used principally for separating the chaff from the wheat after the grain had been ground. Egyptians, and later the Romans, used fans for decoration and cooling purposes. The oldest fan known is in the Boulak museum. It is merely the wooden handle with holes where the feathers were inserted. It dates from 1700 B. C.

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THE GUMPS— AN ARRIVAL NEXT DOOR

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.
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More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

TOUGH LUCK

Some of the colleges refuse to permit male students to attend dances unless their standings are acceptable.

Farewell to the lure of the dance
For many a lovely co-ed;
Farewell to the rhythmic romance
Now utterly faded and fled;
For the faculty holds that an undergrad's marks
Mean more than the light-tripping lasses,
And he cannot go out upon any more larks
Unless he keeps up with his classes.

The damsels are low in their minds,
When they think of a prom or a ball,
For they've got to go out with the grinds,
Or they can't go to parties at all.
And a grind, though, of course, he is likely to be
Of a praiseworthy studious habit,
Has a terrible draw-back, and that is that he
Can't dance any more than a rabbit.

The youths who are graceful and slim,
And dreams of delight on the floor,
Are always remarkably dim
In their grasp of collegiate lore.
And therefore the girls have computed the chance
As just about one in a million,
That any young student who knows how to dance
Can ever attend a cotillion.

Alas, for the lovely co-ed,
She wears a disconsolate frown
And thinks she had better be dead
Or back in her little old town
Where the boys kept the band up till long after two,
And nobody ever inquired
How much mathematics or physics they knew
As long as their feet were inspired.

WHICH?

Lord Bryce says the world is at the brink of an abyss, and Mr. Harding is advising it to step out.

ONE SAVING

Even in boom times a president-elect never has to use the help wanted columns in order to fill his cabinet.

THE DAYS OF DEMOCRACY

Until the Constantine incident, we never knew that men were elected to the purple.

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I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who always pulls hte same old gags.

For everything that may be brought up in an ordinary conversation I have a bright remark all thought out. I know it's clever, too, because everyone tries to make me repeat it often.

For instance, if some one asks me to have some dish that disagrees with me, I always say "It's one of the tribulations of my life, I can't eat that."

Or when I disagree with you, I tell you that "I can't subscribe to those sentiments." It sounds much better than to say simply "Yes" or "No." That's so common.

Then again it relieves me of much mental effort, because all I have to do is to spring one of my gags. I don't have to bother of thinking up something new.

I pity people who never know what to say when something is discussed. They seem to be lost for words.

No wonder they envy me, and try to ridicule me.

Why they even bet they can make me say the same thing under given circumstances. But that doesn't worry me. If you don't like it, I don't care. It won't do you any good, either, to ask me to get some new gag. The old gags are good enough for me, whether they please you or not.

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Common Sense

CHARACTER AND FACES.
By J. J. MUNDY.

Some persons have a peculiarity about face or feature, which is provocative of laughter, and while they may profess to be not sensitive about it, deep down in their hearts it hurts.

The fact that your features are nearly perfect makes joking remarks from you the more cutting.

If you are good looking you are fortunate, but you know you had nothing whatever to do in making your own good looks.

Often when you look in a mirror you feel thankful that your face is not so unattractive as some you see.

These persons may wish they were as comely and pleasing as you.

But regular outlines are little else save attractiveness.

If your pleasant features show nothing of grace of mind eventually your face will look shallow and dull.

Homely faces which show intelligence, honesty, knowledge and morality become better and better looknig with the years, and it were well for you to keep this in mind when you are tempted to criticize any one on account of physical defects or plain homeliness.

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

Everybody went to the door Saturday afternoon to view the parade, which consisted of Yam Sims riding along on his mule playing Sousa's march on his French harp.

* * *

Raz Barlow will go to the Calf Ribs neighborhood Wednesday even-

ing where he will stand up with a bridal couple if his corns don't hurt him too bad.

* * *

Atlas Peck attempted what is believed to be suicide Monday afternoon by jumping out of a persimmon tree, following disappointment in politics.

New Community Center to Be Opened on January 7

A new community center will be opened in the Franklin school Friday evening, January 7. Miss Edith Isaacson will be supervisor. This will be the 12th center opened this season under the direction of the Board of Public Recreation. Community centers will be opened at other schools if residents of the various districts make requests in the form of signed petitions.

Parents Problems

What course should be followed by a woman whose neighbor's little girl of 5 is temporarily visiting her, when the child wishes to do things which her caretaker thinks unwise or unsafe, and when this is said to her, "Mother always lets me do that?"

The one who has the child in charge should explain that, while with her, she must follow her rules. To make this perfectly right, and clear the mother should, in the presence of the caretaker, before leaving her with the child, say to her little girl—"Do just what she tells you while mother is away."

Paper a Weed Killer.

In Hawaii it has been found that weeds can be kept down in sugar plantations by covering the fields with paper.