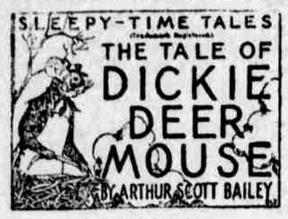

CHAPTER X.

A Bit of Advice.

"It's like this," Fatty Coon said, puffing a bit—on account of his climb—as he looked up at Dickie Deer Mouse. "Old Mr. Crow says that Farmer Green is going to sic old dog Spot on me if I don't keep out of the cornfield."

"Well, I should say it was very kind of Mr. Crow to tell you," Dickie remarked.

Fatty Coon was not so sure of that.

"He'd like to have the cornfield to himself," he told Dickie. "He'd like nothing better than to keep me out of it. And if old dog Spot is coming there after me, I certainly don't want to go near the place again."

"Then I'd stay away, if I were you," Dickie Deer Mouse told him.

"Ah! That's just the trouble!" Fatty Coon cried. "I can't! I'm too fond of corn. And that's why I've come here to have a word with you," he went on. "I've noticed that you haven't set foot in the cornfield since I spoke to you over there in the middle of the day. And I want you to tell me how you manage to stay away."

"Something seems to pull me right away from it," Dickie Deer Mouse told him.

Fatty Coon groaned.

"Something seems to pull me towards the corn!" he wailed.

Dickie Deer Mouse couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

"If there was only something else

"Don't miss a single tree!" Dickie called to him.

that you liked better than green corn," he said, "perhaps it would help you to keep away from this new danger."

"But there isn't!" Fatty Coon exclaimed.

"Have you ever tried horns?" Dickie Deer Mouse asked him.

Fatty Coon looked puzzled.

"What kind " he asked his small friend.

"Deer's!" Dickie explained. "You know they drop them in the woods sometimes. I've had many a meal off deer's horns. And I can say truthfully that there's nothing quite like them when you're hungry."

Fatty Coon actually began to look hopeful.

"I'm always hungry," he announced. "And perhaps if I could get a taste of deer's horns they would keep my mind off the cornfield. Where did you say I could find some?"

"I didn't say," Dickie Deer Mouse reminded him; "but I don't object to telling you where to look. They're generally to be found in the woods, near the foot of a tree."

Fatty Coon's face brightened at once.

"Then it ought to be easy for me to get a taste of some," he cried. And he began to crawl down the tree even as he spoke.

He did not thank Dickie Deer Mouse for his help. But that was like Fatty. Always having his mind on eatables, he was more than likely to forget to be polite.

Little Dickie Deer Mouse smiled as he watched the actions of his late caller. The instant Fatty Coon reached the ground he began to look under the trees—first one and then another.

"Don't miss a single tree!" Dickie called to him.

"Don't worry!" Fatty Coon replied. "I'm going to keep looking until I find some deer's horns. And I hope I'll like 'em when I find 'em, for I'm terribly hungry right now."

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WHY—

Is An Unmarried Woman Called a Spinster?

For the first time in the annals of archaeology, the early implements of spinning and weaving were found in the graves of the Alemanni, at Oberflacht, in Suabia, during the excavations which took place during the middle of the last century. Spindle-pins were discovered among these implements, but the distaff did not appear, though the excavators succeeded in locating the perforated rounds of stone which were affixed to the ends of the spindles in order that they might revolve more rapidly.

This operation of spinning, so indispensable in early times, furnished the legal language of both Germany and England with a term to distinguish its female line, fusus, and a memento of its former importance still remains in the appelation "spinster." Alfred, in his will, speaks of his male and female descendants by the terms of the "spear-side" and the "spindle-side" and German law students still divide families into male and female by the titles of "sword-members" and "spindle-members."

The term "spinster," or single woman, in law, is now the common title by which an unmarried woman is designated and the connection with the ancient and almost lost art of spinning by hand is sufficiently close to be apparent in the form of the word itself.

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Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the American Woman Suffrage association, is to be honored with the degree of doctor of laws by the University of Wyoming.

THE GUMPS---

FOR THE ARTISTIC WIDOW

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

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

AN APOLOGY.

When lovely woman first declared
No more her soul should custom fetter
Allowing she was quite prepared
To do man's work as well,—or better,
We knew, of course, that she was fit
For many useful occupations
And yet, we might as well admit
We held out certain reservations.

"She can," said we, "succeed at law;
Her fine capacity for fury
Will cow a judge, and overawe
The thickest sort of hard-boiled jury.
And though the sight of blood, mayhap
In her more easeful days has shocked 'er
When she gets on a gown and cap
She'll make a pretty able doctor.

"But in the higher walks of crime
Although she's bright and shrewd and clever,
She'll not succeed for quite a time
In fact, the chances are, not ever.
High crime requires a heavy tax
On strength and nerve, when once you've planned it,
In both these things a woman lacks;
She'll never be a first-class bandit."

But now we read about a jane
Who robbed and rolled a helpless victim
And when he ventured to complain
She tucked up both her sleeves and licked him.
Our prophecies of woman kind
Have met, it seems, with dire disaster
In consequence, we've changed our mind:
There's nothing that she cannot master.

AN OUTRAGE.

Apparently a socialist and a pacifist hasn't got any more right under the law to beat his wife than any ordinary citizen!

TOO SOON.

We are not surprised that Mr. Ponzi doesn't want his liberty. The new sucker crop isn't quite ripe yet.

LUCKY.

Mr. Lenine found out that he couldn't run the world rather less expensively than did the late kaiser.

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Romance in Origin Of Superstitions

By H. IRVING KING.

Cure For Toothache.

In case any friend of yours has the toothache, and you wish to cure him without the intervention of a dentist, take an eyelash, a hair from the eyebrow and trimmings of the finger nails and toe-nails of the patient, bore a hole in a beech tree, and put them in. Some say that the patient should not see the tree and all agree that the beech should not be cut down or burned.

This superstition, which is found in many localities in the United States and Canada, reads in its formula almost as if it had been copied direct from the rules laid down for the government of the Flamen Dialis, that Roman priest who was the living embodiment of Jupiter. It was the sacred law that when the hair or the nails of the Flamen Dialis were cut they must be deposited under a "lucky tree." The beech is a "lucky tree," according to the definition of Cato and Pliny, who say that trees which bore fruit were considered lucky by the ancients and those which did not unlucky—and the beechnut is the fruit of the beech. Of the mystic light in which primitive man regarded the hair and the nails—those living and growing parts of man supposed to retain a portion of the man's life and soul even after severance—much has been told in this series; how they were often offered in sacrifice and how anything done to them after severance acted by sympathetic magic on the man himself.

This toochache cure, then, is but a sacrifice to the tree-god—to the beneficent spirit of the beech, a "lucky tree"—for his interposition on behalf of the patient. That the body of the tree-god thus appealed to should not be destroyed by axe or fire goes without saying. This folklore medicine was practiced in the far-off days of history's morning twilight and in many localities today the beech-tree-god-dentist does a thriving business.

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Where It Started

Lace Making.

The process of lace making was invented at St. Annaberg, in Saxony, by Barbara Uttmann, in 1561. It flourished in Holland and Belgium for some time before its introduction into England, which tradition ascribes to some Flemish refugees who settled in the village of Cranfield, Bedford county.

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

A fire occurred at Tickville Wednesday afternoon. The blaze had gained considerable headway when

the department arrived as they were in the middle of a big checker game when the alarm was turned in.

* * *

Slim Pickens is placing great anticipation in attending the foot washing services at Hog Ford next Third Sunday. He went last year and came home with a fine pair of sox.

* * *

Jefferson Potlocks, who has been following the shade around the postoffice during the hot spell, got thrown off the track today by cloudy weather.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

An ancient superstition credits the chrysolipe, the talismanic stone for today, with the power to drive away bad fortune and dispel all useless fears; possibly as a result of this belief, the chrysolipe is often called the sun stone.

Today's natal stone is the diamond, to which ancient legends contribute somewhat the same powers. For those whose birthday this is it is said to banish fears and vain regrets, replacing them with good judgment and clear thinking.

Green is today's color; it is symbollic of change and of the transformation of melancholy into happiness.

The flower for today is the field daisy.

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Interesting Jottings Concerning the Doings of the Feminine Sex.

HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of *Revelations of a Wife*

Why Dicky Called Madge "an Incurable Optimist."

Why is it, I often ask myself rebelliously, that there is never an ecstatic experience, a red letter day in one's life without the reaction following it, the prosaic let-down which seems the inevitable corellary of any unusual happiness?

It is a question I never have been able to answer, and I found my impotence especially maddening as I contrasted Dicky's attitude of the evening before, when in Ahasherus-like mood he had been willing to grant any boon I asked, to this morning's sulky characterization of himself as a fool because he had yielded in the matter of the Dacey farm. But there was too much at stake for me to waste time in mournful introspection, and I constrained my brain and voice to the topic surest to restore his good humor.

"I want to get back before Junior finishes his breakfast," I remarked, as if casually. "I want to see him when Marian first introduces him to the cows and chickens. Of course, he saw them last year, but he was just a baby then."

"He remembers 'em just the same." Dicky declared fatuously, all his resentment and irritation vanishing, as I knew it would, at any reference to his son. "All the way out on the train when he wasn't asking for you he was talking about 'moo cows,' and 'baby kickens.'"

"He has them in his picture books," I began unwisely, then stopped, for Dicky frowned portentously.

"He remembers 'em, I tell you!" he retorted emphatically. "I did the same thing, mother says, when I was his age"—this with a complacence that made it difficult for me to suppress a smile. The next minute I was glad indeed that I had kept my face sober, for Dicky reluctantly grinned, evidently with a belated realization of his own absurdity.

Where's the Car?"

"I tell you that you don't realize what a heritage of brilliant mentality that child has on his paternal side," he said banteringly. "Now, on his mother's, of course——"

He crossed the room and kissed me, while I smoothed his sleep-rumpled hair—a caress he loves. With the inconsistency of womanhood, my heart shed its load of pessimism at any hint of tenderness on my husband's part.

"Where's the car?" Dicky asked as he took his arm from my waist and began to retrieve his scattered clothing, flung wherever he had happened to be standing when he removed each article the night before.

"In the barn down here," I replied. "I walked over and back this morning, and, oh, Dicky, the sunrise was wonderful!"

"Stingy thing," he commented aggrievedly. "Wonder you wouldn't let me have a look-in at a view like that."

A Swift Change.

I looked at him closely, decided that he actually meant what he said, and wondered what he would have done if I had wakened him an hour earlier with a request to look at the sunrise. The memory of his crustiness gave an unconscious edge to my voice.

"It is a wonder, isn't it?" I replied banally enough, and stopped abruptly, self-reproachful at my own folly. I wished to keep Dicky in good humor, and yet could not refrain from the sly little sting. Fortunately, however, his good humor had been so thoroughly restored that he paid no attention to my remark save a little grimace at me.

"If you'll get out of here," he suggested gruffly, "I can get dressed in a jiffy, but as it is I am so intrigued by your fascinating conversation that I can't put my mind on such common things as socks. Can you get the car out alone, or do you want me to help you?"

I put my hand to my forehead in imitation of a uniformed chauffeur's gesture.

"I'll have it round to the entrance for you directly, sir," I said demurely, then blew him a saucy kiss and ran down the stairs and on out to the barn.

Dicky must have hurried at a rate far exceeding his usual dilatoriness, for it was but a few minutes after I brought the car to the front gate that he ran out and joined me.

"Gee, but this is sure great out here!" he said appreciatively as we sped down the road. "If only they had shower baths—and—"

"I know," I said sympathetically, for I, too, missed that comfort of civilization. "But never mind, it will be only a few days now before I can run you down to the ocean or the bay every morning for a dip before breakfast."

"Hail the incurable optimist!" Dicky chanted, then as we turned into the gate and saw his mother seated on the veranda, watching for us with a forbidding look, he added undr his breath:

"But you have to be just that with mother on the job!"

Parents' Problems

How can a girl of 15 who does clumsily any sort of handiwork, such as sewing or wrapping up a parcel, be helped to be more deft?

Practice will improve this girl. Encourage her to use her hands as much as possible.

Common Sense

By J. J. MUNDY.

Your Memory.

You are finding it more and more difficult to remember what you have read?

And it worries you at times that you find it so hard to keep certain facts in your mind where you can get hold of them when you wish.

Now, what can you expect if you have not charged your mind with anything definite and made yourself bring it to mind at the right time without outside aid?

When you read you just skip from one thing to another which interests you, making no effort to remember any bits of useful knowledge.

You cannot expect your memory to serve you if it never has to work.

It is twice as hard to fight to have a memory after letting it off easy all these years, and so unnecessary if you had practised remembering at least one thing a day, accurately, and proved your efforts were correct.

It is discouraging work to build a memory which has been allowed to rest and lean on props.

Cultivate your memory and make yourself worth much more than you are at present.

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