

SURE, HE LOVED HIS TEACHER, BUT THE SCHOOLMA'AM WAS COLD TO HIS APPEALS.

Bright Lad a Poor Speller for Love's Sake - Arrested, but the Judge Couldn't See Any Crime in Orthography in These Days of B. Matthewzal Spelling.

When school opened last September little Johnny Smith, 12 years old, of 315 East Seventy-fifth street, was the happiest kid in Yonkersville. All summer long he had looked forward to the day when he would take his seat in the fourth grammar class of Public School No. 70 at 207 East Seventy-fifth street.

Johnny had a reason—and a good reason at that—for wanting to return to school. He was desperately in love with the teacher in the fourth primary class. Once upon a time Nellie McKean had been his sweetheart, but when the new teacher came to take charge of the fourth grammar Johnny turned his back on Nellie and gave her the go-by. When he saw the black haired, dark eyed young woman it was a case of love at first sight.

Last term Johnny studied hard to be promoted. Previous to that he had never been particular about his studies; he didn't care whether or not he was left back. But the day the new teacher entered the fourth primary Johnny changed. He made up his mind that he would be promoted to her class, even if he had to crib at the examinations. His love for the new teacher inspired him and spurred him on, and at the end of the term he headed the class in every subject.

Then there came the long vacation, which meant that Johnny wouldn't see his new teacher until September. All the lads immediately forgot about school and never gave it a thought until it was time to go back to the distasteful books. Not so with Johnny. Day in and day out he dreamed of his teacher and the happiness that would be his when he could be in class with her all day.

Johnny certainly was a model scholar. He learned his lessons better than any lad in the class and was ever at the beck and call of Miss Dark Eyes. But while he loved her with all his boyish fervor he could never summon up enough courage to tell her of his affection. So he thought he would write her what he felt.

One day Miss Dark Eyes received this missive, which was mysteriously laid on her desk:

"My dearest luv: This is a luv letter from 1 of yur pupels what luvvs you. I always luvvd you sence the day I first seen you, you have the most butiful eyes I ever seen and I always think about you the hole day and nite. I wud like to tel you how mutch I luv you but I am afrade you wud get mad at me. I cant help luving you all the time. YOUR LUVING PUPPEL."

Apparently love guided his pencil wrong. Miss Dark Eyes smiled when she read the letter and soon forgot about it. The next day she found another missive on her desk, which read:

"My dearest darling: I cud not sleep last nite thinking about you. I hope you will believe what I think to you that I luv you. At the drawing lesson yesterday when you sat beside me I was aful happy. I was wishing you wud sit there the hole day but when you sat beside Sammy Jones I felt soakin him on the coke I was so aful jelous. If you luv me like I luv you no nife can cut our luv in two. YOUR LUVING PUPPEL."

Upon receipt of the second missive Miss Dark Eyes made an effort to learn the identity of her unknown lover. She asked all the boys who loved her to stand up and the entire class arose. Then she asked for the boy who wrote the letters to arise, but none got up. Thinking that the letter writing would cease she went on with the lessons. When she entered class the next day another missive was on her desk. It read:

"My dearest sweetheart: Whin you askt for the boy what set me up and rite there how I luv you. But I new the other boys wud luv at me but I dont care for them as long as I luv you with my boll hart. I seen you eating the apple I put on your desk when you werent likin and I wuz aful happy. If I thought you wud not be mad at me I wud wuz in after school sum day and I wud luv luv you I lik at you all day it make me feel so good to lik at yur pretty face."

Hardly a day passed that Miss Dark Eyes didn't receive a letter from Johnny and she was bound to learn the identity of her ardent wooer. She compared the compositions of the entire class and after a few weeks elapsed decided that Johnny's handwriting closely resembled the writing in the letters. When Johnny was accused of sending the loving missives he declared that he loved his teacher, but denied that he wrote the letters. She knew that time would tell and she waited patiently for a move that would betray the writer. Now when a boy was so much in love as Johnny was it was a long time before he could not keep the secret to himself. A week ago Nellie McKean took him to task for going back on her, and Johnny unbroke his heart, which was overflowing with love for Miss Dark Eyes.

He told her of his undying affection for teacher and asked her help. "Wot I want yuh ter do fer me is git up and write better 'I kin; yuh has nicer words ter say. I'll give yur an apple. I don't know no goil wot could do it better 'n yuh, an' I'll not set yuh'd do anything fer me. Here is Nellie's chance to get square on Johnny for throwing her over. She promised to write a nice love letter for him, but instead she want to get square on Johnny for his unfaithful heart. Nellie told her she had been Johnny's goil until Miss Dark Eyes came to the school, how he had forsaken her then and there, and so she wrote her love letter."

Miss Dark Eyes was positive about her cavalier, and for the second time put Johnny through the third degree. He promised her to write any more, but he just had to pour forth the fire of his love burdened heart, and he continued writing the letters. The lads in the class got onto it, and Johnny had hands full licking the fellows his own size and taking drubbings from the big ones.

It seemed that as long as he wrote he felt happy, and every day he covered pages of the Board of Education paper describing the beauty of his love and expressing as eloquently as boy can his undying affection. But he made a mistake in showing the letters to some of his companions, and it wasn't long before Miss Dark Eyes thought she was being subjected to ridicule and annoyance. She appealed to the principal and Johnny had to stand up to take his meals for two days. He got it good.

But still the letters came. Yesterday she received one in a row as soon as unsiged, in which the writer declared that life held nothing for him if his love was not returned. A conference was held and it was decided by the principal, the head of the primary department and Miss Dark Eyes, and it was decided to have Johnny arrested. William Adams, the wator, was called and instructed to bring Johnny off to the Children's Court, and when school was over Miss Dark Eyes would follow and make a complaint.

Johnny was taken out of the class and Janitor Adams dragged him to the Children's Court. Adams explained what Johnny had been doing, but Justice Wyatt would not entertain a complaint except from the teacher herself. Neither Johnny nor Adams would divulge the name of Miss Dark Eyes to the Court. The janitor explained that she probably did not relish the idea of the notoriety she would get, and consequently failed to appear. Late in the afternoon, when Miss Dark Eyes was given up, Johnny was turned loose from custody, but before he was turned loose the Court exacted a promise from him that he would hereafter refrain from writing to Miss Dark Eyes.

"I'll love her just the same, all right, all right," said Johnny, as he walked out, "even if I kin not write to her."

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

By the Author of Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son



JONAS SPURLOCK who owns a million dollars at an hour's notice, but who can't raise a boy.



HIS SON, JACK who went through five thousand a year, but couldn't get through Harvard.



JONAS'S BROTHER, WILLIAM who owns a bunch of cows on a mountain range, where they can't graze an hour in any direction without stepping on the mortgage.

Jonas writes to Brother William that in spite of the fact that Jack has been given everything that money can buy he has made a mess of his life.

Here follow some extracts from Brother Bill's letter in reply:

"Jack is your problem and you're welcome to it. You could solve it, but you won't, because Jack isn't wheat, or steel, or stocks, but just flesh and blood."

"If he were a million-dollar deal gone wrong, no subordinate could touch him. But when your son starts for hell in a canter, you send a hired man after him to beat him back with a club."

"Have you looked up the men who have taught Jack as carefully as those that you have hired to run your plants?"

"You expected him to associate with idlers and not be idle; to make friends among the foolish and not be a fool. That is a pretty big contract for one boy to fill, even with a father working overtime to help him."

"You and your special breed of business men are all alike. You begin in your corner groceries sarding the sugar for pennies; and you finish in Wall Street sarding the sugar for millions."

In this week's issue of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In the next installment Jack breaks a strike in his father's Chicago plant and almost breaks his father.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

This is a story that Governor-elect Hughes tells himself: One of his friends was getting his shoes shined by an Italian bootblack a few days before election.

"Who do you think will be elected?" he asked the shoe artist, who was looking at the bootblack paused a while.

"I think da wisk," said he tersely; and then he went on with his work.

"If there are any human beings more difficult to restrain in their pranks than operative stars I should like to hear it," said a prominent manager. "Several of my stars are so prone to sudden outbursts of the cut-up fever that I have been compelled to insert clauses in their contracts providing for heavy fines for such boyish leaping over the traces."

"There is, for instance, a tenor, one of the most famous in the world. During the last week of last season, after being good for a long time, he succumbed to temptation in singing a role in an Italian opera, which calls for his banding to the prima donna at the end of a fervent love passage a small casket of jewels. The prima donna reached out her hand to take the jewels, preparing her breath and her nerve to begin the difficult aria in which she proclaims her joy at the assurance of his love. Imagine her feelings at finding the rings sinking into a very moist cream puff."

"It put her on the verge of hysteria and almost wrecked the performance. She had to walk about the stage for a full minute, her head on her chest, the orchestra playing her cue phrase over time and again. The prank cost the tenor his forfeit of \$500 and he seemed to think that he had had the worth of his money in amusement."

The fine residence of Lowell M. Palmer on Clinton avenue, Brooklyn, has one unusual attachment. The plot on which the woman stands extends through to Vanderbilt avenue and the rear of it is given up to a chicken yard which would do credit to a Jersey or Long Island farm. Passerby always pause to look at the unusual sight and envy the household which can be assured of fresh eggs and fresh poultry all the year round.

A young English pianist who came to play in this country last season had an excellent opportunity to realize the vicissitudes of a musical career here. She received her engagement and played coiled a good engagement and played very frequently in the company of a star violinist. Her manager, however, did not make money and paid her every week in notes. She kept these until her return to England. Before she reached London, however, the manager had gone through bankruptcy and all she earned during her first year on the stage was a bunch of worthless notes. Now she has returned to earn some real money in the United States.

The public school health inspection rules of the Board of Health caused a young woman school teacher on the East Side considerable embarrassment the other day. The inspectors make regular rounds to examine the pupils, and to facilitate their work some of the teachers have a plan of standing the pupils up in a row as soon as the doctor arrives. At the word "attention" they put out their tongues and with their forefingers at the same time push down their cheeks, thus revealing the whites of their eyes. As he passes along behind the inspector can thus tell at a glance if any of the pupils are suffering from the dreaded eye disease or are otherwise in ill health.

One day at the doctor's regular visiting hour the door opened and a little man strode into one of the school rooms. Thinking

EDWIN GRASSE'S CONCERT.

A New Piano Quintet by the Blind Violinist Heard.

Edwin Grasse, violinist, gave a concert at Mendelssohn Hall last night. It will be recalled that Mr. Grasse is blind and that he needs no excuses on this account. He is a musician of sound training and serious purpose and he commands respect for the sincerity of his ideals and his devotion to the better side of his art.

The principal interest in his concert last night was to be sought in the performance of his piano quintet in G minor, which is yet in manuscript.

It was not Mr. Grasse's first invitation to the consideration of his claims as a composer. A suite, which might have inspired the title of sonata, and a polonaise were heard at his recitals last winter. While they contained nothing profound, they displayed a certain facility and an aptness for popular melodic idioms.

The same qualities characterized his quintet, heard last evening. But this work had the further merit of reaching out toward a larger style. Its themes showed more breadth and elasticity than those of the suite, which wretted with sentimentality. The chief fault in the quintet is its lack of variety in the instrumental treatment. It is true that there is little or no development in some of the movements, which consist almost entirely of repetitions of the leading ideas with little change of form. But this might be tolerated, and certainly would be by that vast majority of listeners which does not analyze, if the instrumental treatment were varied.

Mr. Grasse's musician-ship leaning too heavily on close harmonies, keeps the four bowed instruments playing together and resulting together. During their rests the piano plays solo. The absence of solo passages for the different bowed instruments, especially in the rich registers of the violin and cello, was greatly disappointing. If Mr. Grasse hopes to succeed as a composer of chamber music he will have to convince himself that a string quartet is not to be treated merely as an exercise in the inversion of chords.

The thematic matter of his first movement in particular cried aloud for more ingenuity in its development. It ought to be added that the quintet would have sounded much more agreeable if Mr. Grasse himself had not played so mechanically and so frequently of the key. His associates were Michael Bernstein, second violin; Josef Kovarik, viola; Leo Schulz, cello, and Mrs. Carl Haupt, piano. None of them earned high distinction.

Mr. Grasse played several solo numbers before the quintet was heard. Tartini's "Trillo del Diavolo" demands a more unctuous style than he possesses. His best playing was heard in Sinding's ballade, but impurity of tone marred most of his other work. There was spirit and boldness in his performance of a polonaise by Wieniawski.

CHEAP THANKSGIVING FARE. Promised That Turkeys and Geese Will Be Lower Than Usual.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—Rumors that the prices of turkeys, geese and other Thanksgiving adjuncts would soar to 40 cents a pound were denied by poultry men to-day. On the contrary, turkeys and geese will be much cheaper than formerly. Turkeys are being got up from the farms at from 11 to 12 cents a pound. This means a retail price of 20 cents. Geese will sell as low as 12 cents a pound. On those exceeding fourteen pounds will command 22 cents.

TO FIGHT "THE CLANSMAN." Negro Clergymen of Brooklyn Will Try to Bar Its Presentation There. Negro clergymen of Brooklyn met yesterday at the Colored Men's Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association to consider a plan to prohibit the presentation of Thomas Dixon's play "The Clansman," which is booked to open on Monday evening at the Broadway Theatre, at Broadway and Myrtle avenue. A committee consisting of the leading members of the Long Island Clerical Union, of which Dr. W. R. Lawton is president, was appointed to visit Mayor McEllan and Borough President Clegg to-day to ask them to prevent the production of the play. Dr. J. H. Gordon, superintendent of the Brooklyn Howard Colored Orphan Asylum, was made chairman of the committee. The ministers will direct the Mayor's attention to the fact that Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia had to revoke the license of the play in that city in order to prevent a race riot, and the Mayors of Harrisburg and York, Pa., did the same. The committee will be augmented by the members of the Ministerial Association of Colored Preachers of New York city and a committee from the New York Baptist State convention, which are working to have "The Clansman" as a play driven from the State.

THE GREAT CHRISTMAS HARPER'S

PERHAPS never in a single number of a magazine has so notable a group of authors been brought together. But the great names are not the main thing. The important thing is that every line is interesting. No great name, no temporary popularity, can carry into HARPER'S an article not inherently interesting. It is a wonderfully beautiful book of 175 pages, with many paintings reproduced just as the colors left the artists' brush. There are

Complete Short Stories

in this number of HARPER'S. Here are a few of those who contribute stories and articles and great pictures:

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Lincoln as His Bodyguard Knew Him

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PLANS TO SAVE IMMIGRANTS

From Being Fleeced by Bogus Ticket Agents and Small Bankers.

The question of protecting immigrants when they arrive in this country from dishonest ticket dealers and bogus small bankers came up last evening at a meeting of the Civic Federation's committee on agencies for advancing the welfare of immigrants. This is one of seven committees appointed by the Civic Federation to deal with the question of immigration. The meeting, which was held in the Park Avenue Hotel, was attended by representatives of societies interested in immigration. Eliot Norton, who presided, asked for definite suggestions as to plans for protecting desirable immigrants from the traps they were likely to fall into through their inexperience.

Mr. Marcus M. Marks, president of the National Association of Clothiers, said he knew of a number of immigrants who had been victims of fraud through falling into the hands of sharpers, who called themselves deputy ticket agents and sold tickets on the installment plan. On the motion of Mr. Marks a committee was appointed to draft a law for presentation to the Legislature, similar to an existing law in the State of Massachusetts, by which such ticket agents and small bankers would have to be licensed and placed under bonds. Commissioner Watchorn said that Police Commissioner Bingham had removed a very competent policeman who had served for a number of years at the gate where the immigrants leave the boat on coming from Ellis Island. This officer was a terror to evildoers and had caused the arrest and conviction of fourteen crooks in eighteen months. He had gone personally to Commissioner Bingham, and for some unknown reason the Commissioner refused to replace this officer. It was decided that Chairman Norton should make another trial to have the man replaced, and tell Commissioner Bingham what the Civic Federation was doing. It was also decided to get out a hand book for immigrants.

News of Plays and Players.

The circus acts which will be seen at the Hippodrome next Wednesday night for the first time, in conjunction with "Pioneer Days" and "Neptune's Daughter," include Powers's elephants, Herzog's performing callions, the Rowlands, in an acrobatic stage coach act; the Curzon Sisters, in a wire act; the Flying Jordans; the Dollar Troupe of acrobats and the Four Holyways.

Miss Rose Stahl will celebrate the 100th performance of "The Chorus Lady" in New York next Monday night at the Hackett Theatre. A professional matinee of "King Lear" will be given Friday of next week at the Academy of Music by Robert Mantell.

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