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THE KANSAS CITY STAR,  
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THE REGISTRAR,  
Warrensburg, Mo.

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## THE NEW TEACHER

By J. B. AYRES.

The farmer looked at the slim, bespectacled young man in front of him and gave a contented grunt.

"So you're the new schoolmaster of Four Corners?" he said, ejecting a quid of tobacco from his mouth. "Yes, I guess I can board you. I boarded the last three schoolmasters. My terms is \$20 a month, payable in advance."

"Why in advance?" inquired Mr. Pendleton quietly.

"Because you won't last a month," answered Silas Prettyman. "None of 'em does. Take the last schoolmaster, now. He was a six-footer. Looked like a bull. Plenty of nerve, too. But he didn't last more'n six weeks. The one before him gave up after two. The one before him lasted three. Three is about the limit and two is the average. You see, Mr. Pendleton—"

"Pendleton, please," interposed the schoolmaster.

"Pendleton, then. As I was saying, three weeks is the limit. We have some tough scholars in Four Corners."

In spite of his anticipations, Mr. Pendleton's heart sank as he took his place at the desk and saw a score of boys and girls shuffle in with broad grins upon their faces. Four Corners was a little mountain town in Kentucky. It was not the place Horace Pendleton would have chosen for making his pedagogic debut, but for the fact that the young man's lungs had been giving him trouble, and the doctor had ordered him to go West. He had compromised on the mountain village, whose keen, dry air rivaled that of Arizona.

The school consisted of boys and girls of all ages, from Jim Smith, a husky youth of some twenty years, who was still struggling over the mysteries of long division, and Miss Susie Connor, a farmer's daughter, who attended principally to be a sort of matron to the little ones, down to the staid little ones of seven and eight years. But Pendleton soon perceived that Smith, and not he, was the leader of the assemblage. When he gave the signal, they followed him. For the first day curiosity kept the bad element in check.

It was after school on that day that Smith came insolently up to Pendleton.

"Say, you're the one-lunger, ain't you?" he asked. "We don't want to



Next Moment He Found Himself Lying on the Floor.

be hard on a feller what's only got one lung. So I'm going to make things easy for you, if you act right. Understand?"

Before Pendleton had recovered from his surprise, Smith had slouched away, leaving the young man gasping at his pupil's audacity.

"No corporal punishment," was the slogan in Four Corners, which prided itself on being an enlightened community. But, even if such a method of discipline had been permitted, how would it have been enforced?

The question was prompted by the pandemonium that followed upon Mr. Pendleton's resolute rejection of Jim Smith's proposition. Everybody in Four Corners knew that the new schoolmaster would soon go the way of his predecessors. The school board, who secretly disapproved of education, watched matters with smug smiles. Smith lounged insolently in his seat; Smith talked with his neighbors and contemptuously refused to recite his lessons.

"I told yer what it would be if you didn't do as I said," he explained to Mr. Pendleton, when the schoolmaster remonstrated with him privately.

"Get out of the school? Say, yer crazy. What'd I get out for when I'm having the time of my life here?"

There was one thing that kept the schoolmaster to his work. That was Susie Connor. She had told him it was a shame the boys did not behave better. She had counseled an appeal to the board. A strong attachment had begun to dawn between the young man and the pretty country lass.

"If I were you, Horace," she said one day—they had begun unconsciously to call each other by their first names—"I would try to make a real school here. There are men in the community who would stand by you

if you refused to let Jim come to school. And you could do so much."

"I would like nothing better," he answered. "I would like to cast my lot here and make a real educational center of Four Corners. But if I took the law into my own hands and thrashed Smith—at which Susie's eyes widened a little—"I should have to give up my position. And—I'm staying here for you, Susie."

Before the day had elapsed everybody knew that Pendleton and Susie Connor were sweethearts.

Next day Smith cast aside all pretense at discipline. His remarks—made in class—were brief and pointed. "You're sweet on her," he said, indicating the girl, whose face was mantled with red. "She's my gal, Mr. Schoolmaster—understand? And I won't have any miserable, measly interloper coming here fooling round Susie."

Mr. Pendleton had been aware that Smith had a calf-like attachment for the girl, but it had never occurred to him to take him seriously.

He looked up hopelessly, and he saw a strange look in Susie's eyes. He could not help interpreting it aright. It said: "Are you man enough to prevent my being insulted and to stand up for me?"

"Mean that, Smith?" asked Mr. Pendleton, leaving his desk and crossing the floor.

Smith leaped at him with a bellow. "Ah, sure!" he mimicked. "You've had your day, Mr. Schoolmaster, and now you can git, because this school won't open any more so long as you're in this town, you unavailing hound."

"Smith," said Horace Pendleton, "you are a bad boy and you have the makings of a bad man in you. Do you see that switch in the corner? Go and bring it to me."

The lout stared at him incredulously; then, with swinging arms, he rushed at him. Next moment he found himself lying on the floor, the blood issuing profusely from his nose. It did not take more than one blow to quiet the bully. He burst into a yell.

"I'll tell the board on you," he shrieked. "TH—"

"Smith," said the schoolmaster, "did you hear what I said about that switch? Go and bring it to me."

He yanked him from the floor and grasped him with one hand by the collar. And Smith crept to the corner—then, with a wild yell threatening vengeance, he had burst out of the door and was running in the direction of his home.

"This will mean good-by, Susie," said the young schoolmaster, after the wide-eyed, respectful class had been dismissed.

But when he reached his home Silas Prettyman was waiting for him with a hearty handclasp.

"I wouldn't ha' believed it of you," he exclaimed. "Why, it's all over the town and everybody's saying as now we can begin to have a real school. You—little—whippernapper! Let me feel your arm. Gosh almighty, where did you git that?"

"Oh, I used to be lightweight boxer at Yale," answered the schoolmaster, cheerfully. "But how about the corporal punishment rule, Farmer?"

Prettyman grinned. "Say, young feller," he said, "the man who wins out makes his own rules in general. An' I want to put in the first bid for boarding you and Susie till you get your house fixed. Thirty-five a month, it'll be—and you needn't pay in advance. I guess you'll last now."

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## QUITE A SIMPLE SOLUTION

Little Mimi Had Thought of Most Effective Way of Getting Rid of the Ugly House.

That ingenious person, Mr. H. G. Wells, once ventured to suggest that the world would be a gainer if arson were more commonly practiced. He pointed out that many large cities—particularly Chicago—would be notably improved. A small girl child, much too young to read Mr. Wells' dangerous books, had been listening to the comments of her elders as the party motored through one of those regions in the vicinity of New York where suburban architecture flourishes with more than tropical luxuriance. The talk ran about like this: "Heavens! what do you suppose induced anybody to build a house like that? Look at that birdcage over there. How can a civilized human being live in it? Is that a house or a French pastry? Look how they've spoiled that lovely colonial design with gimcracks."

Suddenly Mimi's voice was heard. "I've thought of a way, mother," she piped, her earnestness betraying how much she had taken to heart the pain all these ugly houses were causing; "we could go to a house when nobody was at home and strike a match—and then go home ourselves."

Power of Tornado.

Unquestionably the "cyclone twisters," which we call tornadoes, do pick up fishes, frogs and other living animals from water on occasions, and after carrying them long distances drop them. A tornado is a body of air revolving at a rate of something like 500 miles an hour. Inside of it is a vacuum, and it will suck up anything it comes across, from a house to the contents of a pond.

Cheap Cleansing Powder.

If short of cleansing powder, use a cloth soaped and dipped in coal ashes. This will be found an excellent and economical way of removing stains from pots and pans.

## SMALL SISTER'S JUST PRIDE

Unbounded Activities of Her Senior Drew Forth the Little One's Fervent Admiration.

Family pride is a jewel. But it isn't everybody who has so enthusiastic a press agent as a certain little Jewish girl who has been identified with the feminist movement on the South side.

She was presiding at a political meeting the other night, and her younger sister made one of the audience. Admiration was written large on the face of this sister. She listened in rapture to every word that the presiding officer spoke, and finally confided in a lady who sat next to her.

"That girl who's speaking," she said, "is my sister."

"So?" replied the other. "She looks like a real clever girl."

"Clever! Well, she goes to all the parties and the tangoes, and she wears a satin dress."

"Indeed? She must be very smart."

"Smart! Well, would you believe it that on top of all her social engagements and her activities in politics that girl went and got herself engaged last Friday night!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## OF COURSE NOT



Clerk in Bookstore—Here's a good book. A collection of twelve tales of the best writers of fiction for \$1.50.

Customer—Isn't that rather high?  
Clerk—Not so high for a twelve-story affair.

## LESS LUNACY IN LONDON.

Lunacy in London is on the decline according to figures given in a report by the asylums committee. The number of insane persons for whose accommodation the council is responsible has risen this year by 272. But this is less by nearly 50 per cent than the increase recorded last year, though it is practically the same as the increase of 1912 over 1911. The average annual increase over a period of 24 years is 462. The increase in the total number of lunatics (including those in the case of the metropolitan asylums board, in workhouses, or with friends) is also declining, though not so remarkably. This year it is 353, as against 506 in 1913 and 530 in 1912. The average annual increase is 521. The number of criminal lunatics for whom the country is called upon to find accommodation is this year reduced to 34; and the total number of patients in the London asylums (19,524) is 71 higher than last year.

## THEATER PRICES LONG AGO.

Talk of reducing theater prices in England recalls the charges made in former times. In Shakespeare's day the ordinary prices were: Boxes, one shilling; pit, sixpence; gallery, twopenny; which, making allowance for the difference in money values, means that boxes were cheaper, but that for other parts of the house the charges were about the same as they are today. Sunday afternoons, when new plays were usually presented, all prices were doubled.

## USEFUL KICKER.

Jonas—Her Cornstossle is the laziest man in the country.  
Silas—What makes you think so?  
Jonas—When he wants to churn he puts a bullfrog at night in a crock of milk and next morning there is the greenback sitting on a hunk of butter.

## THE REAL APPEAL.

"It is very hard," sighed an over-worked teacher, "to teach the young idea how to shoot."

"No," replied an intelligent student of juvenile human nature, "not if you give the young idea a cat-and-rat rifle."

## ALL GOOD IN RIGHT THINKING

Sow Proper Thoughts and Rejoice in the Harvests They Bring to You. Is Sound Advice.

Efficacious doses! Of what? Thought! Health and cleanliness of mind are the first requisites healthward. How obtain them? By right thinking. "To recognize the nature and action of thought is education," arousing human beings to the necessity for right thinking, and the power attained thereby is a work we may all engage in.

The walk, talk, yes, move every member through "thought." Have you ever noticed the movement, the carriage, the shambling gait of the mentally deficient? They are unable to direct thought. Thought is one of the greatest powers; it is an arrow which enters the depths of "right thinking."

Be careful to direct the intelligence high; practise this for one week, then note results. Scientists admit that to think is hard work; that is why so many are willing to allow others to do their thinking for them.

Sow a good thought and you reap a good act. Sow a good act and you reap a good habit. Sow a good habit and you reap a good character.—Kansas City Star.

## LAW AS TO BURGLARS' TOOLS

Supreme Court of Wisconsin Has Handed Down Definition That Constitutes a Precedent.

A legal definition of burglars' tools is made by the supreme court of Wisconsin in State vs. Bolinski, in construing a statute which prohibits a person from having in possession a "machine tool or implement" designed for cutting through or breaking any building, room or vault, with intent to use it in order to seal from any building, room or vault any money or property.

It was held that the word "tools" includes implements used to perform a physical operation when directed by hand and are movable for such operation, as distinguished from a machine, which is a combination of parts by which, when motive power is supplied directly, or by relation to another physical instrumentality, some physical result will be produced, and the term "machine tool, or implement," as so used, includes a bottle two-thirds full of nitroglycerine, three pieces of fuse, fitted with a detonating cap, which, when used together, might cause an explosive force which could be used to break a building, room or vault.

## WHAT IS A SENTIMENTALIST?

"Sentimental" is one of the most difficult catchwords in the world to define; and you can get a roomful of intelligent people quarreling over it any time. Perhaps, for our purposes, it will serve merely to say that the sentimentalist is always, in one way or another, disloyal to facts. He cannot be trusted to give a straight account, because his own sense of things is more valuable to him than the truth. He has come in on the top of the pragmatic wave, and the sands of Anglo-Saxondom are strewn thick with him. He serves, in Kipling's phrase, the God of Things as They Ought to Be (according to his private feeling). His own perversion may be esthetic or intellectual or moral or sociological, but he is always recognizable by his tampering with truth.—Katherine F. Gerould, in Atlantic.

## SHEEP FOR PRINCE EDWARD.

Consul Wesley Frost, stationed at Charlottetown, Prince Edward island, reports that a small flock of karakul sheep is to be imported into that province from Texas. Prince Edward island has recently achieved considerable notoriety through its remarkably lucrative fox-breeding industry, and leading raisers of foxes are backing the new enterprise. It is proposed to cross the karakul sheep with the long-wool sheep of the island, which are celebrated for the fine luster and strong fiber of their wool, in the expectation that a strain of hybrids will result having the tight curls of the karakul at birth, together with the gloss and strength of the local breeds.

## AND ELSA WAS ONLY SEVEN.

"Don't you think little Elsa gets more and more like me?"

"Certainly; soon we shan't be able to distinguish the difference between you. She grows older and you grow younger."—Fliegende Blätter.