

The Teacher's Privilege.

What nobler profession can there be than that of passing on to younger human beings the best there is in us? It is rather a strange contradiction that while education is highly valued in our country, teaching on the whole has less honor than it deserves. "It is a pity that, commonly, more care is had, yea, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children." We do not pay our teachers enough for our own good, since a liberal salary attracts talent not only in itself but because it is a symbol of success. Half a million Americans are now engaged in doing what they can with 20,000,000 younger minds. Surely no half million Americans are employed in more important work. "Teach self-denial," said Walter Scott (and something might be said of other virtues) "and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer." Teach anything that is good, remarks Collier, and you touch the depths. The ablest and truest men and women are required, those who know life and are not pedants, not machines with notions of suggestion no higher than the ferule and the copy-book. The teacher works with living minds and hearts and souls. On no man or woman rests a higher or more inspiring task.

Endowed Theater for Masses.

Is it to be believed that out of our rich, refined, play-loving population there are not to be found those with sufficient enthusiasm or self-sacrifice to raise whatever money is necessary to establish at least one ideal experimental theater, with a sixpenny gallery and a shilling pit, all places to be reserved, and with free performances at least once a week, where the best works of the best dramatists of the world could be played by a company whose primary object was not to serve as advertisements for the dressmaker, or be mere incidents in the scenic splendors of the carpenter's art? What is wanted is faith, and after faith organization. Even in this day of doubt and unbelief the churches can find faith enough to create organizations which raise any amount of cash, says W. T. Stead in World To-Day. I am loath to believe that the theater-going public is such a godless, reckless, worthless set of selfish looms that it is impossible to raise out of their midst a fellowship of stalwart workers and liberal givers who will begin the democratic regeneration of the theater.

In order to ascertain how often and for what a dollar is spent, a California society is sending into circulation a hundred silver dollars, each fastened to a parchment tag. The person into whose hands one of the dollars falls is requested to write in blank spaces on the tag the date, place and occasion of the transfer of the coin to his possession, and then pass it on in the course of ordinary business. Ten coins will be sent out by each of several trades and professions, bankers, artisans, retailers, and so on. It is hoped that the coins will be returned according to directions, with all the blanks filled, to the projectors of the scheme, and that they may draw "practically scientific" conclusions about the habits of American purchasers. In school compositions "The Autobiography of a Cent" used to be a favorite subject, and those innocent fictions are no doubt the progenitors of these real travels of real dollars.

Some point is given to the demand of the Hungarian nationalists for an increase in the Hungarian representation in the consular and diplomatic service of the dual empire by a late incident which occurred in New York, says the Youth's Companion. A Hungarian who came to America some years ago without having performed his military service was summoned to return and serve his term of duty. He finally wrote an angry and saucy letter, in which he asserted his independence under American law, and attacked the Austrian military authorities, the foreign minister, and finally the emperor. The consul-general at New York, either through carelessness or inability to read Hungarian, sent this letter on to the military authorities with the formal and stereotyped indorsement: "Contents of memorial agree with facts, and acceptance is recommended."

According to some of the scientists, women are growing taller. If this would keep them from growing stouter after they reached middle age it isn't likely that many of them would worry much over their increasing length.

In 1905 the natural gas produced and sold in the United States was worth \$41,562,855, and the supply was growing larger, despite wasteful methods. The fear of a shortage of fuel seems to have a small foundation.

THE GIRL IN RED

By H. M. Gardner

"Nell—if you don't mind, I'm going to—lodge, to-night."

The words were out at last. Not daring to look at her, I gulped the steaming coffee and covertly over the edge of the cup, gave her a quick glance. Instead of tears, greatly to my surprise, a pleased expression illumined her face. Arising, she swept over to me and threw her arms lovingly about my shoulders.

"Do go, Jack; it will do you good. I'll not be at all afraid to remain here."

"Honest, Nell?" I queried, drawing her on my lap and gazing at her questionally. "Really won't you feel badly, if I go?"

"Not the least little bit. I want you to go."

She was very insistent on my going and later as I walked to the club, I could not help thinking of her eagerness to get me off. We had been married but a few months and this was the first night that I had left her alone. Nell is one of those lovable, clinging sort of women, and I had expected a burst of tears and plaint that I no longer loved her. Her manner to say the least was surprisingly different. It puzzled me.

But Nell's actions, however, were soon forgotten. At the club, I was hailed as one back from the dead. The boys crowded about me, chaffed good-naturedly about giving the "old lady" the slip and welcomed me into their midst, with open arms. There were initiations—and never were candidates put through more ridiculous stunts. I entered into the sport with the abandon of youth. It seemed good to be free—to get out with the boys again. Once more I was the reckless, fun-loving, devil-may-care fellow that my friends had known.

The speeches and toasts were unusually witty; glasses clinked merrily and the glitter, the laughter, the song, I guess went to my head. A sort of resentment against Nell for having kept me tied so closely to her apron string, crept into my breast.

The banquet broke up, but I did not go home. The night air was glorious. Never had I known night to possess such alluring charm. A party of six kindred spirits, set out to "do the town." The full moon riding high in the heavens, smilingly beamed its approval. A policeman sulking in the shadow of an electric light pole, watched us suspiciously. Music attracted us. A masque ball was being held in a nearby hall and we broke in upon the dance, as the music crashed and the dancers swept out upon the polished floor.

A dainty little creature robed in quaint Japanese costume, coyly approached on tip toes and chucking me under the chin, flitted gayly away. I tried to pursue but Mephisto in flaming red, with a demure little black-draped nun in his arms, laughingly bumped me back into the crowd. There was an agonizing shriek of pain and then a green hued umbrella was brought forcibly down on my head and shoulders. I had stepped on someone's pet corn.

Escaping, I turned to follow the coquetting little Jap, but she had become lost in the whirling vortex of dancers. I stood fascinated. All about me was life—life that I had once known. Grotesque and fanciful attired maskers, waltzed and paraded before me. The hall was brilliant with electric bulbs; the orchestra crashed inspiring music from behind the palms; the scene was ever changing and the merry laughter and buzz of the gay throng was contagious. It sent the dormant blood raging through my veins.

In the arms of a pillow-stuffed nigger wench, a moment later, I was jamming through the crowd. I lost my silk hat in the shuffle and stooped to regain it.

Bang! I was struck amidships and was sent sprawling on all fours. A fat woman sat gracefully down on the small of my back. With every effort to arise, she plumped down harder, threatening to flatten me like a pancake. My grunts brought my friends to my assistance and she was raised. Grasping my battered hat, I fled.

But zip! The treacherous slippery floor slid out from under me and sent

my feet pirouetting into the air and my head downward. I landed on the back of my neck and then rather dazedly sat up. Surrounding me on every side was a laughing, jesting crowd. Knight errants, clowns, monks, colonial dames and sportive misses whose abbreviated skirts allowed a display of daintily turned ankles, were hilarious over my discomfiture.

I tried to join in their march—but a dull sickening feeling overcame me. I suddenly awakened to my true self and my thoughts returned to Nell—dear trusting girl, awaiting alone at home for my return. With conscience severely pricking, I staggered to my feet. Disgusted and mentally berating myself for being an ass, I turned to leave the hall.

A girl attired in red; red dress, red slippers, red gloves, red hat and red mask, flitted past me. I stopped abruptly. The figure was strangely familiar. I stood, bewildered, puzzled—and then, as my gaze followed the red masked figure whirling about the ball-room, my breath came quick and short. The nails of my clenched hands dug deeply into the flesh.

"Ah! I saw it all, now. I saw why she was so anxious I should go to lodge. Never could I have dreamed of such a thing—such treachery, such wanton deceit. But here—"

The music ceased playing and the dancers were leaving the floor. Leaning on the arm of a cavalier, she entered the palm room.

"Would I follow?" My hesitation was only momentary. My wrath and indignation increased with each passing moment, and the thoughts crowding through my brain, made me frantic. I walked quickly across the floor and savagely brushed aside the curtains.

I staggered back, clutching the draperies for support. My head seemed to swing and a mist gathered before my eyes.

The fellow had deliberately kissed her.

There they sat, her head resting contentedly on his shoulder and he holding her in tight embrace.

And I, fool that I was, thought her home, fretful and anxious for my return. The sight maddened me to desperation.

A few swift strides and I stood before them. The man angry at my intrusion, attempted to arise, but before he could do so, I seized him by the shoulders and with almost superhuman strength, hurled him from me, sprawling to the floor. Turning I gazed at his companion, who cowered trembling in the seat.

"So this, was why you were so eager, that I should go to lodge? Wanted to meet this chivalrous lover of yours, eh?"

Contemptuously I gazed down on her. Every muscle and fiber in me longed to send her to the floor, following her cringing paramour. Savagely my hands clinched and unclenched.

"This gay Lothario; who is he?" I demanded.

Fearfully her hand sought the mask as if to remove it, but after a moment's pause, fell mechanically back into her lap. The engagement diamond sparkled on her gloved finger. His dazzling brilliancy mocked me and I wanted to tear it from her hand.

"Damn it, can't you speak; can't you talk?" I cried. "Let's see your face—let's see if it has any shame in it?"

She attempted to arise. Reaching forward with a savage jerk, I tore away the mask.

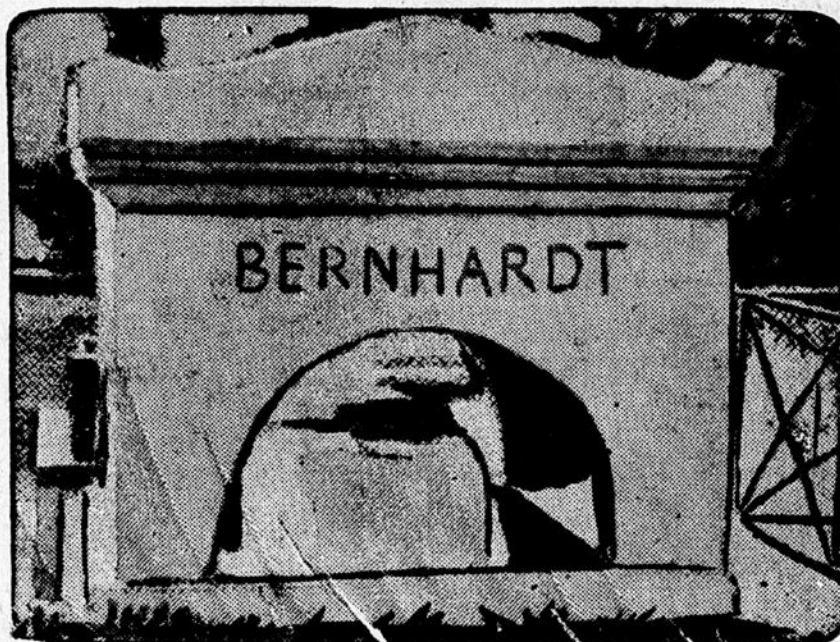
The revelation staggered me. I beheld—not my wife—but the cook.

She had appropriated jewelry and wardrobe from the mistress. (Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Croquet.

Croquet stands as high in favor today as it did when Leech immortalized the game in the Funches of the 60's and 70's, says M. A. P. Croquet is played in London and the country, at Ranelagh and Hurlingham. Several men and women in smart society have become experts, and much high betting takes place when a match is in progress.

Tomb of Sarah Bernhardt.



In Pere la Chaise Cemetery, Paris. Long may it be unoccupied!

Ghost Visits Hall of Girl Students

EVANSTON SHOCKED BY TEMERITY OF UNEARTHLY SPIRIT.

MANY SEE APPARITION

Appears Before Belated Residents of Chicago's Aristocratic Suburb—Police Trying to Solve the Mystery.

Chicago.—Evanston, refusing to play second fiddle to Englewood, has developed a first-class, unalloyed ghost, and a fastidious one at that. For the last five nights the police department has been trying to solve the mystery and after the last performance, in which the ghost had the effrontery to circle around Willard hall, the home of 300 girl students of



The Ghost Terrifies Belated Automobileists.

Northwestern university, four times, the minions of the law are more determined than ever to lay low the offending spirit.

The apparition in white, fleet as a hare and imbued with the astonishing habit of appearing and disappearing before the wondering eyes of the be-

holder at will, was first seen by Sergt. Jamison between the hours of twelve and one o'clock in Sheridan road, near Main street, South Evanston. Ten minutes later Patrolman McArdle, stationed in North Evanston, saw the same identical shade floating along Sheridan road toward Wilmette. Every night since then, with prodigious speed even for a ghost, the apparition has made its appearance in different parts of Evanston and Wilmette around the hour of midnight.

Automobile parties returning home late have seen it for a moment in the glare of their searchlights and then lost sight of it, only to have it appear the second time two or three miles farther along their route. Belated pedestrians have been terrified by having it appear running along beside them for a moment and then disappearing in the darkness.

When Assistant Chief Shaeffer first had the matter brought to his attention he ridiculed the idea that it could be a ghost and offered as a solution of the affair the theory that some health maniac was doing a running stunt. Therefore, Sergt. Jamison seated himself at the telephone desk and after monopolizing the wires for two hours announced that Evanston's 55 physicians had not recommended night air as beneficial to any of their patients. The other day all the men students of the university and academy were approached by their professors. "Why, we would rather sleep than eat, let alone roaming Evanston's streets at midnight," was the tenor of the answers the professors received.

The police department, baffled, gave up the problem in despair and as the ghost was doing no apparent harm would have let the matter drop if the shade had kept to the road. The visit to Willard hall, however, was too much for a police department to ignore.

"Just think of it!" Patrolman Newel exclaimed. "Did you ever see such nerve in all your life? Why, a live man, let alone a shade, would not dare approach Willard hall after nine o'clock at night. It's simply shocking. Something must be done to stop it or the girls will decamp for other parts."

Accordingly the reserve force of special policemen will be called upon and the offender, ghost or maniac, will be given "a run for his money."

ORGAN-GRINDER'S HEN A CLEVER PICKPOCKET

Short of Leg and Long at Neck, It Won Many a Penny from Folks Up-State.

McKee, N. Y.—A hen with a neck like a turkey and one leg an inch shorter than the other attracted attention here a few days ago and caused as much merriment as a one-ling circus.

The fowl, which was said to be two years old, was the property of an organ-grinder, who carried it on top of his organ instead of a monkey. He had taught it to do several tricks, and it is safe to say that it collected more pennies than the average simian.

When the organ-grinder struck the village the hen was perched on the top of one shoulder emitting sounds between a crow and a squeal. This naturally attracted attention and soon a small crowd was assembled. As soon as enough had arrived the hen dropped to the ground and began to navigate in a series of circles toward possible donors of coin. Owing to the fact that one leg was shorter than the other it could not proceed in a straight line, and its efforts to pick up pennies tossed on the ground were extremely ludicrous.

Once it had a coin in its beak the hen would flutter and squawk and circle back to the grinder and place the treasure in his breeches pocket.

Then it would navigate back to the crowd and look for more. The long neck of the fowl was of advantage, for, by standing on the toes of its long



The Queer Coin-Collector of the Organ-Grinder.

leg, it could search vest pockets for pennies. In this way several were added to the collection. The hen, in fact, was as good a pickpocket as was ever found operating at the county fair.

GIRLS CRAZED BY NEW SECT.

Two Former Public School Teachers Become Insane at Holy Ghost's Camp.

Portland, Me.—Mrs. Alice Phelps, of Kansas City, has consulted attorneys in an effort to have the law remove her daughter from the Holy Ghost and its sect of worshippers at Shiloh. Rev. Frank Sandford is the head of the colony and styles himself its "Elijah."

Six years ago May and Bessie Phelps, aged 32 and 33, respectively, were respected young women of Kansas City. They were considered intellectual and were teachers in the public schools. They had made a special study of Biblical literature, and fell easy victims to the arguments of one of Sandford's missionaries. Then they came to Shiloh.

The methods of the strange sect undermined the reason of the younger girl, Bessie, and she became insane. Her mother had her removed to the state asylum. There she has remained in a semi-conscious, cataleptic state, despite all physicians can do.

Recently the mother heard the elder daughter was also likely to become insane. Mrs. Phelps went to the Shiloh colony, but could not induce the young woman to leave. The girl seemed thoroughly imbued with fanatical ideas.

She was clad in only a calico wrapper, and was shivering. It is said her food allowance for that day was one teacupful of parched grain, and that many days she was allotted even a smaller proportion of either oatmeal

flakes or grain, with occasionally half a cup of skimmed milk.

It is further alleged that she slept on the coldest nights in an old shed, through which wind and rain swept, and that her bed was a pile of straw or a few shovelfuls of sawdust. The young woman claimed this to be the true life.

Mrs. Phelps says she saw many in the same plight. Small children were so emaciated that their cheek bones almost protruded from the flesh and their eyes were glaring and sunken. Sandford is on a cruise in his palatial yacht in the Mediterranean, and has practically all the funds of the colony in his possession.

As the daughter of Mrs. Phelps is of age attorneys says she cannot be compelled to leave.

Girl Seeks to Man Engine.

Albany, N. Y.—Stationmaster Reis of the New York Central nearly collapsed when a pretty young woman with blond hair walked into his office at the Union station and asked if she could get a position as engineer or fireman on the road. She gave her name as Miss E. H. Snyder and said she was a graduate of a mechanical school. Mr. Reis said he could not do anything for her and she went to Division Superintendent Harrington's office, but that official was out. She then said she was going to the car shops in West Albany and apply there for a job.

Baby Born With Teeth.

Marysville, O.—A baby born to Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers, on Delaware avenue, was discovered to have two large, full-grown upper teeth.

"OLD MAN" LIBBY'S DEER.

Remarkable Story of Killing Told by Blind Guide.

"Old Man" Libby is one of the best known guide camp keepers in the state of Maine, and for years has been totally blind. Four years ago he carried into Bangor the carcass of a deer, and had it taken to the office of Fish and Game Commissioner Carpenter. Libby expressed the wish that the venison be given to the Bangor hospital.

Carpenter wanted to know who killed the deer, and was much surprised when Libby claimed to have been the destroyer.

"Why, Libby," he asked, "how did you, a blind man, manage to kill this deer?"

"Wal, you see," drawled Libby, "I was standing outside my tent yesterday morning, ax in hand, just going to chop a little wood, when I felt this durned critter rushing onto me. I thought 'twas a b'ar, so I hauled off and soaked him."

The commissioner always has a grin on tap when telling this story, for he has doubts as to who killed the deer.

A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.



Mrs. J. B. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman street, Columbia, Mo., says: "Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Workman's Pride at Rest.

Joseph Mowbray, who was building a chimney at the Westwood church, Kalkaska, having raised it to the height of 25 feet, and run out of brick descended to the ground. He had scarcely done so when lightning struck the church. The point where Joe would have been, had he remained, was that at which the bolt did some of its worst work. Joe feels grateful for being out of brick, as had he been killed at work he would always have thought Providence dissatisfied with the job, and Joe prides himself that no man this side of Jordan can build a better chimney than he.—Detroit News.

Woman Angler Wins Laurels.

A woman angler, Miss J. M. Wheeler, who recently gained a silver medal for landing a huge skate weighing 127 pounds, has just captured another monster of 144 pounds, at Ballycotton, Ireland. It is believed to be the largest fish ever caught by a lady in the British isles.

A Wonderful Discovery

It has been the aim of scientists for years to find some liquid preparation which would possess anodyne, astringent and antiseptic properties and yet be of such a consistency that it would penetrate, first, through the skin, then through the muscles and finally to the very bones, exerting on its way down, healing and pain destroying properties.

Max R. Zaegel, a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, established at Sheboygan, Wis., as a chemist for the last 23 years, has discovered this long sought secret.

It consists of a mixture of vegetable and mineral oils forming an amber colored liquid of pleasant odor and taste, which, when used as directed, restores vitality and strength and gives prompt relief to pain.

Applied to cuts, sores, burns and bruises it heals, as owing to its antiseptic properties, no pus or matter can form in any wound where Z. M. O. is used. This wonderful oil is used.

If you have catarrh, rheumatism, piles, or pain back, write Mr. Zaegel and he will be pleased to mail you a sample bottle of Z. M. O. free.

Address your letter to M. R. Zaegel & Co., chemists, 181 Main St., Sheboygan, Wis. It is free now, so do not fail to write to-day, stating the nature of your complaint.

