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"Fran-" Abbott began,

BOBBS-MERRILL CO.)

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

"Fran." Abbott interposed severely. Ashton that you are sorry?"

that they have put you in classes too must be an oyster at school."

guess all that schools were meant to punching that boy."

of her, but I'm looking every minute- laughing in the tent."

"attend to your work."

up impetuously.

another room-"

ing but books.";

"Let me see it," said Abbott, with Clinton, in a threatening tone. "You

black orbs, she entered his brain by ain't reasonable. All we want of you

she was commenplace, that his posi- beginning to give way to high pres-

just because it was Fran's way and and chalk and a-b-c and d-e-f."

is to be biddable."

asked wistfully.

as an understanding soul

at finding himself addressed, not as

"I haven't," said Fran softly, talk-

ing to him as if unconscious of the

No matter how fine I may turn out-

we make you thorough-"

do is to teach folks what's in books,

The children in Class A, or Class B

to look alike; but I don't want my

Fran bent her head over the desk,

but I don't know why, and I don't care, the E's."

but was not long silent. "I don't like

because it doesn't seem to matter.

"Sit down!" Abbott commanded.

Fran sank back upon the bench.

far advanced. We must try you in-

rooms," Fran explained, "I want to be

tried in acts-deeds. Intil I came

stamping his foot, "sit down!"

"Fran!" exclaimed Robert Clinton.

Nothing interests me unless it has

glad you're here."

you doing here, hey?"

fiant rejoinder."

persuasively.

to be whinned."

his indifference.

awful hard."

passed unheeded.

doubt of that.

Confidences were impracticable, be-

cause of a tousled-headed, ink-stained

"Why, hello, there, Jakey!" cried

that Fran's subjugation might take

place without witnesses. "What are

"Waitin' to be whipped," was the de-

"Tell the professor you're sorry for

what you've done, so you can run

along," said the chairman of the board

"Naw, I ain't sorry," returned Jakey,

hands in pockets. Then bethinking

Abbott said regretfully, "He'll have

Clinton nodded, and sat down sol-

emnly, breathing hard. Abbott was

restlessly pacing the floor, and Bob

was staring at him unwinkingly, when

Fran walked up to Abbott hesitat-

ingly, and spoke with the indistinct-

ness of awed humility. "You are to

punish me," she explained, "by mak-

ing me work out this original propo-

sition"-showing the book-"and you

Abbott asked sternly, "Did Miss

"She is named that." Fran mur-

From the yard came the shouts of

children, breaking the bonds of learn-

ing for a wider freedom. Abbott, gaz

found her decidedly commonplace in

appearance. How the moonlight must

have bewitched him! He rejoiced that

"This is the problem." Fran said.

with exceeding primness, pronouncing

could he have found the place?

Robert Clinton cleared his throat

accumulated h's and r's-his warning

Never before had Abbott had so

much of Fran. The capillaries of his

against his, seemed drawing her in;

the avenue of his own thirsty eyes.

What was the use to tell himself that

triangle of smooth white skin to the

roots of the hair, and it seemed good,

not after a machine-turned fashion;

Fran was done by hand, there was no

"Sit there," Abbott said, gravely

leaving the geometry as hostage in the

teacher's hand. When seated at a dis-

Clinton. He hastily drew on his spec-

Abbott volunteered. "This is Mr.

"I know," said Fran, staring at her

Clinton drew forth a newspaper, and

Fran scribbled for some time, then

"Did I get-what?" he returned, with

tacles, that he might look old.

opened it deliberately.

puzzled frown.

Clinton, President of the Board."

pointing. She obeyed without a word, so.

and produced a sound bursting with Jakey.

book to read the proposition. His being expelled?"

are to keep me here till I get it."

the door opened and in came Fran.

himself-"But I ain't done nothin'."

pupil who gloomed in a corner.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

O · IRWIN · MYERS



Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him. laughs during the service and is asked to teave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man. deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory explains that Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gergory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. The breach between Fran and Grace widens. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shoes persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. She threatens to marry Bob Clinton and leave Gregory's service, much She threatens to marry Bob inton and leave Gregory's service, much the latter's dismay. Fran declares that the secretary must go. Grace begins nag-ging tactics in an effort to drive Fran-from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Greg-ory remains stanch in her friendship.

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

Miss Sapphira was highly gratified. "I wish you'd talked this reasonable at first. It's always what people don't see that the most harm comes of. I'll give a little tea out here on the veranda, and the worst talkers in town will be in these chairs when you bring Fran away from Abbott's office. And Bull send me this message?" I'll explain it all to 'em, and they'll know Abbott is all right, just as I've mured, her eyes fastened on the open atways known.'

"Get Miss Grace to come," Bob said sheepishly. "She doesn't like Fran. and she'll be glad to know Abbott is doing his duty by her. Later, I'll drop ing severely on this slip of a girl. in and have a bite with you."

This, then, was Bob's "idea," that no stone might be left unturned to hide the perfect innocence of the su- Robert Clinton was there to witness perintendent. He had known Abbott Ashton as a bare-legged urchin running on errands for his widowed moth-He had watched him through studious years, had believed in his fu- her, and holding up the book with a ture career—and no, no bold adventur- siender finger placed upon certain brain after anybody's pattern." ess, though adopted into Hamilton italicized words. Gregory's home, should be allowed to

spoil Abbott's chances of success. to his official character as chairman of the board, Robert Clinton marched hand was against hers, but she did not with dignity into the superintendent's office, meaning to bear away the wilted Fran before the eyes of woman. Abbott Ashton saw him enter with a sense of relief. The young man could not understand why he had held



"Did I Get-What?" He Returned With a Puzzled Frown.

Fran's hand, that night on the footbridge. Not only had the sentiment of that hour passed away, but the interview Fran had forced upon him at the close of a recent school-day, had pencil and paper, "he's at the head inspired him with actual hostility. It of the show, and watches when the seemed the irony of fate that a mere wild animals are tamed." child, a stranger, should, because of senseless gossip, endanger his chances of reappointment-a reappointment which he felt certain was the best looked over at him again. "Did you possible means of advancement. Why get it?" she asked, with mild interest. nad he held Fran's little hand? He had never dreamed of bolding Grace's

-ah, there was a hand, indeed! "Has she been sent down?" Bob asked, in the hoarse undertone of a 'Religion'."

fellow-conspirator.

urn

o th

nd

YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK | busy system of a mercantile establish | that he had the sunshine first. His | DISPENSING WITH THE DRUM | its invention to Bacchus. The Spanish await its turn at the end of office Can Shut Out of Mind All but One Thing. the jury's attention or the witness' tongue wander from the relevant facts. He kept insistently to the straight line that is the shortest distance from point to point. He curtly dismissed all that was superfluous, immaterial and calculated to

ment, and let every other thought building was so arranged that the classes should meet in the east rooms hours. You may have heard a great in the afternoon, after the morning lawyer in action in a crowded court- sun had thoroughly disinfected them, room. What was the secret of his and in the west in the morning, since power? It was that he would not let the afternoon sun would have disinfected the western rooms on the previous day. There should be pienty of ground and plenty of sand about school houses. It is better to economize in decorations than in sunlight and ventilation. He said that while

> Enough to Make Him Sick. He came creeping in at the usual hour when a man finds it convenlent to enter his house with as little commotion as possible. He replied, in response to the usual wifely query put to the gentlemen who home at that hour of the night, that he had been sitting up with a sick

> friend. "A sick friend, indeed! And what alled him?" "W-why, he lost twenty dollars."-

breeze or early spring in his face. He on earth." here, I'd never been to school a day in my life," she went on in a contidenremoved his spectacles. tial tone. "I agreed to attend because "The first thing I knew," Fran said, I imagined school ought to have some resuming her private conversation connection with life-something in it with Jakey. "I had a mother, but no famixed up with love and friendship and ther-not that he was dead, oh, bless justice and mercy. Wasn't I silly! I you, he was alive enough-but before even believed-just fancy!-that you my birth he deserted mother. Uncle might really teach me something about turned us out of the house. Did we religion. But, no! it's all books, noth- starve, that deserted mother and her little baby? I don't look starved, do I? Pshaw! If a woman without a cent to "Fran," Abbott reasoned, "if we put you in a room where you can under her name, and ten pounds in her arms stand the things we try to teach, if can make good, what about a big strong boy like you with a mother to "I don't want to be thorough," she smile every time he hits the mark? explained, "I want to be happy. I Tell these gentlemen you're sorry for

from winter-congealment.

Bob Clinton, too, felt the fresh

"Sorr'." muttered Jakey shameand how to stand in a straight line. facedly. "I am glad to hear it," Abbott exthe word as if it were too large for have their minds sheared and pruned claimed heartily. "You can take your

cap to go, Jakey. "Lemme stay," Jakey pleaded, not

"You'll regret this, Miss," declared budging an inch. Fran lifted her face above the professional dryness. He grasped the sit down. Do you want the name of tousled head to look at Abbott; she sucked in her cheeks and made a "I don't care very much about the triumphant oval of her mouth. Then names of things," said Fran cocily; she seemed to forget the young man's

"there are lots of respectable names presence. Fran, with uplifted eyes, spoke in that hide wickedness." Her tone "But when mother died, real trouble the plaintive accents of a five-year-old changed: "But yonder's another wild began. It was always hard work, while child: "Right there, sir . . . it's animal for you to train; did you come she lived, but hard work isn't trouble, to see him beaten?" She darted to the la, no, trouble's just an empty heart! corner, and seated herself beside Well, sir, when I read about how good Mr. Hamilton Gregory is, and how "Say, now," Bob remonstrated, pull- much he gives away-to folks he neving his mustache deprecatingly. "ev. er sees-here I came. But I don't erybody knows I wouldn't see a dog seem to belong to anybody, Jakey, I'm hurt if it could be helped. I'm Jakey's outside of everything. But you have skin, as her hand quivered warmly friend, and I'd be yours, Fran-hon- a home and a mother, Jakey, and a estly-if I could. But how's a school place in the world, so I say 'Hurrah!' and as she escaped from her splendid to be run without authority? You

> to strike out straight from the shoul-"And you!" cried Fran to Abbott, der." Jakey was \dissolved: tears burst

tion was in danger because of her? sure, "I thought you were a schooltheir confines. Suddenly her hair fell slantwise past teacher, not just, but also-a some-One may shout oneself hourse at the the corners of her eyes, making a thing very nice, also a teacher. But delivery of a speech which, if served not you. Teacher's all you are, just upon printed page, would never prompt rules and regulations and authority the reader to cast his hat to the celling. No mere print under bold head-Abbott crimsoned. Was she right? lines did Abbott read, but rather the Was he not something very nice plus changing lights and shadows in great black eyes. It was marvelous how his vocation? He found himself desperately wishing that she might think Fran could project past experiences upon the screen of the listener's per-Fran, after one long glowing look at ception. At her, "When mother died," him, turned to the lad in disgrace, and Abbott saw the girl weeping beside creet distance, she looked over at Bob placed her hand upon his stubborn the death-bed. When she sighed, "I veranda of the Clinton boarding house. arm. "Have you a mother?" she director felt like crying: "Then be-"Yeh," mumbled the lad, astonished long to me!"

Fran now completed her work. She came over to Abbott Ashton, with

meekly folded hands. He found the magic of the moonpresence of two listening men, "but I light-hour returning. She had melhad one, a few years ago-and, oh, it lowed - glowed - softened-woman ask of you a first favor. I left my hat seems so long since she died. Jakey | ized-Abbott could not find the word three years is a pretty long time to be for it. She quivered with an exquisitewithout a mother. And you can't think | ness not to be defined—a something what a fault-blindest, spoilingest, can- in hair, or flesh, or glory of eye, or diest mother she was. I'm glad yours softness of lips, altogether lacking in "Oh, I don't know what it is," said is living, for you still have the chance his physical being, but eagerly desired. "Professor Ashton." she spoke seri- sites when they marry." ously, "I have been horrid. I might "If I were you," Clinton returned, do you reckon I'll ever be admired by have known that school is merely a "No." Abbott was eager to prove flushing, "I'd be ashamed to refer to anybody, Jakey? Huh! I guess not, place where young people crawl into street from me."



books to worm themselves from lid to lid, swallowing all that comes in the his innocence. "I haven't seen a sign | the night you disgraced yourself by | But if I were, mother wouldn't be here to enjoy it. Won't you tell Professor going to be. I've been disappointed. Fran made a mouth at him. "I don't but that's not your fault; you are just belong to your school any more," she a system. If a boy is to be a black- travel. smith after he's grown, and if a girl a-b-c and d-e-f." she observed with informed him. "Mr. School Director Clinton, disconcerted; he had hoped more energy than she had hitherto discan tell you the name of what he can in the same class is to be a music played. "They're equal to each other, do to me; he'll find it classified under about a-b-c and d-e-f. So I'm going After this explosion, she turned again to the lad: "I saw you punch couldn't afford to waste my time in not extend aid for the development, of bringing up two small children bethis house." something to do with living. These that boy, Jakey, and I heard you say

"But, Fran," Abbott exclaimed imangles and lines are nothing to me; you didn't, and yet it was a good what I care for is this time I'm wast- punch. What made you deny it? pulsively, "don't you see that you are ing, sitting in a stuffy old room, while Punches aren't bad ideas. If I could holding up ignorance as a virtue? Can ple of the United States will demand just outside the window." She started saw a man bullying a weaker one, and civilized age? You should want to tend proper aid. Whatever may be I'd stand up to him-" Fran leaped know facts just because-well, just be the views of some, it is a question that cause they are facts."

impulsively to her feet, and doubled "But I don't seem to, at all," Fran her arm-"and I'd let her land! Punchresponded mildly. "No, I'm not maing's a good thing, and, oh, how it's needed. . . . Except at school-you "I suspect," said Abbott mildly, mustn't do anything human here, you "Aw-right," said Jakey, with a glimmering of comprehension. He seemed "But I don't want to be tried in coming to life, as if sap were trickling and it's only in its connection to life improvement." that I'd give a pin for all the religion

"I don't understand," Abbott faltered. She unfolded her hands and held aspiration. "No. because it isn't in a only ask for a place in the universeto belong to somebody

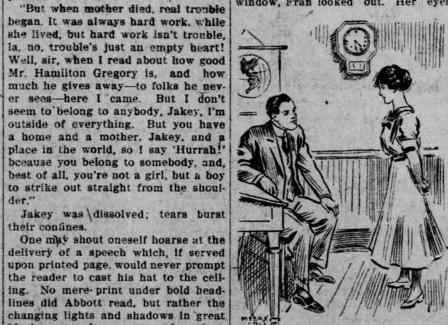
"But," said Abbott, "you already belong to somebody, since Mr. Gregory has taken you into his home and he is system of permanent good roads." one of the best men that ever-

"Oh, let's go home," cried Fran impatiently. "Let's all of us skip out of tion. Said he, "You must make one this chalky old basement-smelly place. and breathe the pure air of life."

She darted toward the door, then looked back. Sadness had vanished from her face, to give place to a sudden glow. The late afternoon sun shone full upon her, and she held her lashes apart, quite unblinded by its intensity. She seemed suddenly illumined, not only from without, but from within.

Abbott seized his hat. Robert Clinton had already snatched up his. Jakey squeezed his cap in an agitated hand. All four hurried out into the hall as if

Unluckily, as they passed the hall window. Fran looked out. Her eyes



'Don't You See That You Are Holding Up Ignorance as a Virtue?"

were caught by a group seated on the don't belong to anybody," the school There were Miss Sapphira Clinton. Miss Grace Noir, and several mothers, sipping afternoon tea. In an instant, Fran had grasped the plot. That cloud an ink-stained husk of humanity, but rose from the immovable Jakey and of witnesses was banked against the green weather-boarding, to behold her ignominy.

"Mr. Clinton," said Fran, all sweetness, all allurement. "I am going to up in Miss Bull's room and-"

"I will get it," said Abbott promptly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Following a Formula. "People ought to choose their oppo Well, did you do that?"

"Yep. She lived right across the

from the Emerald Isle before the drumbeats of St. Patrick.—Stray Stories. Extravagance Rebuked. Two bachelors live together in a

conqueror Pizarro is said to have found

snakes of Ireland, we are told, fied

drums in South American temples. The

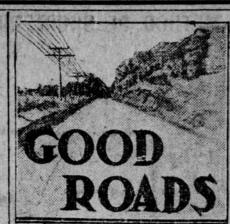
flat on East Nineteenth street. They kid themselves into thinking that they save rent and board and clothes and gain freedom and a lot of, other things by so doing. But the collector comes to them the same as he does

to married folk. The other morning one of the bachelors awoke from a sound sleep "What was that noise I heard?"

"A shot," replied the other, from

"I killed a bill collector."

"You extravagant pup! When pow er costs as much as it does now, it es seem to me as if you might



SENATORS FAVOR GOOD ROADS

Growing Belief That Government Should Concern Itself With Construction of Highways.

National roads come in for repeated reference in the senate debate relating to the post office appropriation way. But I'd never been to school, and bill. It is evident that there is a I imagined it a place where a child constantly growing belief that the and muscles more responsive to the was helped to develop itself. I thought federal government before long will, thus diminishing the resistance teachers were trying to show the pu- should concern itself with the con- produced by fatigue. These experipils the best way to be what they were struction of trunk line roads, thus encouraging and making more convenient the great flood of interstate During the debate in the senate

Senator Swanson of Virginia made teacher, or a milliner, both must learn this comment: "We are now confronted with the proposition whether away for good, because, of course, I the federal government shall or shall improvement and construction of highways. The time has arrived, or will very soon arrive, when the peomust be inevitably met, and one that cannot be shirked. When a government comes to extend aid for roads king fun of education when I find fault there are two ways by which it can with your school, any more than I be done: It can turnish the money show irreverence to my mother's God and construct the road itself, or it

Senator Heyburn of Idaho believes: When the government enters upon this class of work it should be for the construction of roads up to the hem up in a quaint little gesture of standard of the highest use, not all at one time, but continuously and gradbook. I feel lost-so out in space. I ually; not roads one part of which would be worn out before the other was constructed, but a system of progressive construction that would result within a reasonable time in a

> Senator Williams of Mississippi is a contender for first class construcroad good, then you must make an other good, and then a third and then a fourth. There must be some scheme whereby they could be done with fairness to the states and the several sections of the country."

contends: "If we are to enter upon the policy of federal aid in good roads it will involve an expenditure of more millions than the Panama canal cost, and it ought to be done only after most careful consideration and on a broad, well understood, well arranged plan, so that for the millions future children, of whom there were expended we may get value in the return we desire in good roads."

Senator Bourne, of Oregon, who is chairman of the senate committee on postoffices and postroads, said: "I am heartily in favor of good roads. My opinion is, however, that we have not sufficient information to take intelligent action as to the best method of know his father's name?" procedure."

POOR ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Inefficiency Costs Southern States \$300,000,000 a Year to Cart Cotton to Railroads.

The cost of bad roads is strikingly set forth by Wm. C. Redfield, secretary of commerce in President Wilson's cabinet, in this manner:

The inefficiency arising from bad roads makes it cost something like \$300,000,000 a year to cart our cotton erop from the fields to the railway station. I think few people realize the immense tax put on us all by bad roads and inefficient handling.

I have said that if our farmers once realized the awful tax that bad roads impose upon them public opinion would sternly demand the mak ing and maintaining of good roads everywhere. It now costs the farmer twelve, yes, twenty or more, times as much per ton mile to move his goods to the railway station as it does to move them on the railway after they leave the station. The farmer, indeed, in bad cases and at certain seasons may have to pay as much as \$1 a ton mile, while the railroad carries the freight, when it once gets it, at an average of threequarters of a cent per ton mile.

Among the factors which bring up the cost of living there are few which stand ahead of the useless cost of transportation, due to poor and often impassable roads. Poor roads not only make the consumer pay more for produce, but they rob the producer of that which should be added to the price paid him for his produce. There are few subjects on which the public is so unanimous as this one of the cost of poor roads, and yet at the same time few subjects on which it is harder to make people agree as to the remedy and where the initiative should be taken.

Producing Pork. At the lowa station corn and soy

beans hogged down produced 15.7 pounds of pork per bushel of corn. At eight cents per pound that is \$1.23 per bushel for the corn.

Should Add Zest.

Sheep-feeding is a business in which the hope of profit and the certainty of making the land more fertile should add zest to the business.

Respond to Care. We need more small flocks on welltilled farms. Such a flock and farm rarely disappoint its owner.

More Small Flocks Needed. Sheep respond to good care. The etter the care the better they reHOW COCA COLA REFRESHES.

The remarkable success which has attended the sale of Coca-Cola has been explained in many different ways. Some have attributed it to "good advertising;" others to "efficient management," others, to its "delicious flavor" and still others to the fact that it was the first in the field of "trade-marked" soft drinks In this connection, the opinion of a

manufacturing chemist who has analyzed Coca-Cola and studied its history for many years, will prove interesting. He attributes the popularity of the drink in large part to its quality of refreshing both mind and body without producing any subsequent depression. He points out the fact that the chemical composition of Coca-Cola is practically identical with that of coffee and tea (with sugar added) the only material difference being the absence of tannic acid from Coca-Cola. He points to the laboratory experiments of Dr. Hollingworth of Columbia University and of Dr. H. C. Wood, Jr. of Philadelphia which prove conclusively that the caffeine-containing beverages (coffee, tea, Coca-Cola, etc.) relieve mental and muscular fatigue by rendering the nerves ments also demonstrate the fact that the caffeine group of beverages differ from the stimulants in that the use of the latter is followed by a period of depression which calls for more stimulation, thus resulting in the formation of a "habit."—Adv.

Remembered Thrifty Teachings.

A woman who was left to the task gan early to train them to consider necessities above all else. They could always look back to a home brimming with comfort, although the the good big world is enjoying itself strike out like you did, I'd wait till I you afford to despise knowledge in this that the federal government shall exhad warm clothing in winter and thin clothing in summer, and as they associated with the children of wealth they must have been thoroughly presentable. Habits are strong, but sometimes they can be broken. The son was the first to go out into the big world and he easily learned new when I question what some people call can aid, stimulate and lend induce ways of spending. The daughter pre-'religion.' It's the connection to life ment to the local authorities to do served her sensible, thrifty ways to that makes facts of any value to me; the work of road construction and the last and she is drilling them into children of her own by teaching the value of a bank book in addition to what she learned in her own child hood.

Even in the Child Mind.

This incident was related by Mark Twain with great glee about a certain little girl friend who "shone as an authoress." One day she handed her devoted sympathizer the sheets of a story which read thus:

"A man was seated in a chair by the fireside brooding over his troubles. He was sad because his wife was dead. Suddenly a specter appeared before him, and it was his wife. She said: 'Dear, I could not bear to see you so sad and discontented, so I have come to comfort you. You must not be sad. You must be bright and happy. It was best that I should leave you when I Senator Lodge of Massachusetts did, because I was going to get a divorce.

> Too Far in the Future. Of a favorite child comrade Mr. Clemens related that they once conversed together gravely considering the little girl's plans for rearing her girl, naturally enough, was to be named after her mother. Asked what would be the boy's name, the child answered, "a reproachful look in her

brown eyes": "Why, Mr. Clemens, how can I know what I shall call him until I

He Picked Them Out.

"Oh, Harold," cried the small boy's mother, surveying the bedraggled figure of her darling, "why do you always manage to slip in the muddy places?"

"Because, mamma, the dry places aren't muddy."

The pen is mightier than the sword when it comes to getting a fool man into real trouble

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c a bottle. As Smile and the world smiles with

you, unless you are in a prohibition

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for LEWIS' Single Binder eigar, 5c. Adv.

A man plays the game of love for pastime; a woman plays it to win.

Can't be Done"

It is impossible to maintain health and strength if you allow the stomach to become weak, the liver sluggish and the bowels constipated, but you can guard against such troubles by the daily use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



EAROLD SOMERS, 180 Defails Ave., Brooklys, N. Y.



W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 29-1913.

Man Who Makes Good Is One Who

The man who makes good is the man who can shut out of his mind all but one thing. An unsuccessful principal of a school once said that every teacher ought to be able to do three things at once. Of course, he was wrong. The teacher who does one thing at a time and does it well is giving the pupil the best possible object lesson in concentration. We have to learn to think clearly amid distracting noises, to go forward on a strait and narrow way without diversions and excursions that waste our time and our substance, and to keep at work regardless of the "tired" feeling, the "spring" feeling, and whether the fishing is good or not. When the soft breeze comes in at the window we stiffen the moral fiber against its not penetrate to every part of a room; tion firmly to the turgid and dry

blur the salient outlines of the matter in controversy.-Philadelphia

Fran with humility; "the name of it's to make her proud and happy. . . .

M. Augustin Rey, a Persian architect, has described his ideal school in a recent paper. He said that the beneficial effects of the violet rays were so well known that it was criminal to build in such a way that they could it was doubly important that this should be possible in schoolrooms. If geometry of a legal brief, or the serthere was a choice between heat, ventied figures of the daybook, or the tilation, and sunshine we should see Stray Stories.

this was his ideal school he preferred the open air school.

Other Countries Will Follow France in Discarding It as Part of Military Equipment.

It was some time ago that, acting upon the recommendations embodied in a report by a military commission the French government reached the conclusion that the drum was no longer a necessary article of military equipment.

The report set forth that the drum was a serious encumbrance in marching; that rain impaired its usefulness: that its calls could not be distinguished in time of battle; that it consumed a period of two years to turn out an effi- and called to the other: cient drummer; and that by abandoning the use of the drum many thou sands of youths and men would be re-

government other European powers ave followed its example in decreeing that the "drum must go."

employed it, and the Greeks ascribed Plain Dealer.

the hall. "What did you do?" eased for active service.

The history of the drum is both choke those fellows, even if it does ancient and honorable. The Egyptians take a little muscle!"—Cleveland

Since the decision of the French