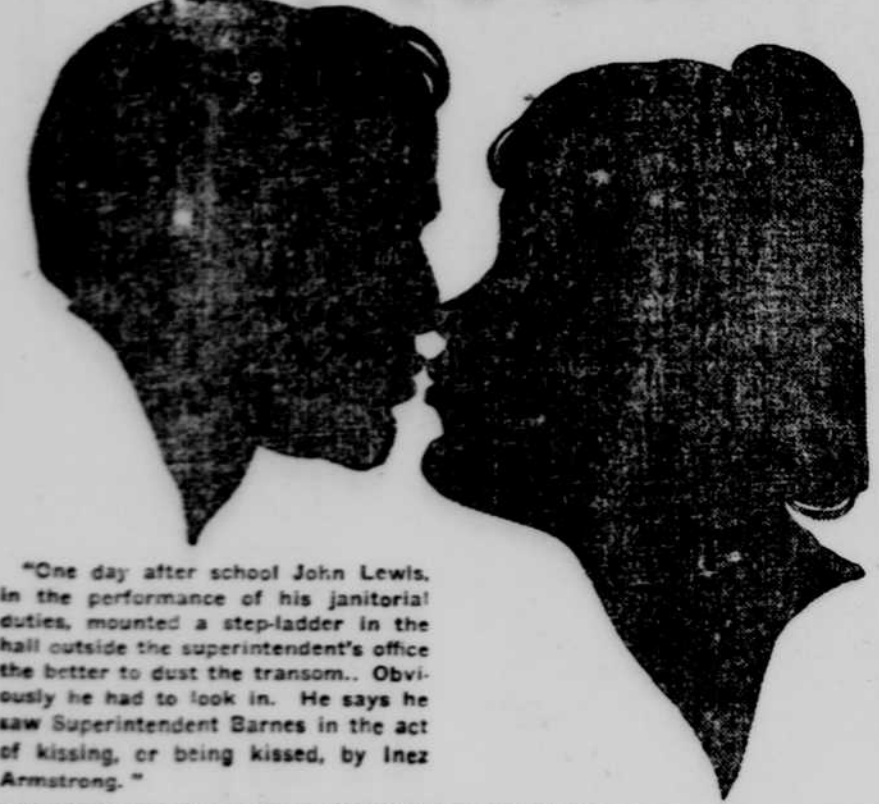


THE KISS THAT UPSET A TOWN



"One day after school John Lewis, in the performance of his janitorial duties, mounted a step-ladder in the hall outside the superintendent's office the better to dust the transom. Obviously he had to look in. He says he saw Superintendent Barnes in the act of kissing, or being kissed, by Inez Armstrong."

THIS is the simple story of the kiss that upset a town so concerned that, as Captain Dunbar says, that half the folks don't know whether they're foot or a brass-kick, which, coming from an officer of the law, carries weight. The town is the snappy little village of Freeport, L. I.

Since the primary incident, and as an indirect result thereof, the authorities at Albany have been appealed to twice, the police have been called upon to perform emergency duty, four men have lost their official jobs, there has been a strike, parades through the town, a placarding of fences and barns with statements and warnings, mass meetings of citizens, men and women alike, and a general condition of such persistent turmoil that no one would so much as think of predicting what's going to happen next, according to a correspondent of the New York World.

By starting with the kissing incident, it is easier to set matters down in something like order.

Arthur E. Barnes, a Union college man, tall, angular, red-headed and given to wearing stiff starched white lawn ties bow-knotted at his Adam's apple, as superintendent of the Freeport schools had offices in the high school. One day after school John Lewis, in the performance of his janitorial duties, mounted a step-ladder in the hall outside the superintendent's office the better to dust the transom. Obviously he had to look in. He says he saw Superintendent Barnes in the act of kissing, or being kissed, by Inez Armstrong, a demure and willowy little teacher. Now, this incident, which is no part of the high school curriculum and nowhere mentioned by the regents, was communicated to the school board. But the midsummer vacation was approaching and the school authorities, having in mind the gossip which naturally follows on the very heels of a story of an indiscretion did not take prompt action.

In the Role of Joseph. Barnes himself admitted the kissing, saying that he was the recipient thereof instead of being the kisser. He furthermore credited it to a hysterical outburst on the part of the young teacher due to her delight at having been successful in an examination for promotion in which he had aided her.

But it hadn't looked that way to Janitor Lewis or to his assistant, Eddie Smith. When the schools closed the young teacher went away from Freeport, and during the long summer drone the school board turned the matter over in its official collective head and finally decided that Superintendent Barnes admitted qualifications for school direction, coupled with his several years of service, should not be disregarded. So he was re-engaged for another year.

And Barnes came back with his white lawn tie to the scene of the "incident" at the beginning of the fall term. But the young woman didn't. Then some of the townspeople sought out Janitor Lewis and his assistant, and even at upper grade youth or two for a more detailed account of what had taken place within the superintendent's room. They got it. Smith confirmed Lewis. The boys confirmed Smith.

Trouble for Superintendent. The next move was the circulating of an appeal to the state superintendent

LEADER HAD NONE TO FOLLOW

Insurrectionary Movement Decidedly of Little Moment While Castro Was in Power.

"This talk about Castro having fought a battle the other day in Venezuela was without foundation. I learned in Washington," said a man who has spent much time in South America. "The fact is nobody seems to know where Castro really is. Anyhow, I'll bet there are some Venezuelans who are lying awake nights for fear he is somewhere near them. When he was lying ill at Macuto that time five years ago, and dispatches were being sent out under date of Willemstad, or Port of Spain, or Martinique every other day that he had just died or was just going to cash in. I was in Caracas. One night at the Concordia club, one of the famous social organizations of the Venezuelan capital, a lot of men sat up all night waiting for the telephone to give them the news that he had passed away. The next day none of them

The school board, of which Samuel R. Smith—the third of the name of Smith in the controversy—is president, dismissed Principal Smith, holding that his conduct in making public his letter was discourteous and—in-subordinate.

The board did not want to lose the principal, but it did want to preserve its own dignity. It urged him to withdraw the letter and make such an apology as the circumstances, as the board saw them, seemed to demand. But the principal couldn't see it.

On the morning of January 8, when Smith appeared opposite one of the two Spanish-American war cannons that stand on the high school lawn, his namesake of the school board appeared on the firing line and told the principal he must not enter the school. Some of the big boys and more spoiled girls, having heard this, decided that they, too, would absent themselves and thus protest against the removal of the principal. Certain of the louder instruments of the high school band were secured from the basement and the scholars started on a combined frolic and strike.

Enter Village Police Force.

Here Captain Dunbar of the village police force of fourteen brave and earnest men is introduced. He assumed the task of keeping the undergraduate body within bounds, which he did largely by moral suasion.

The parade swung round the corner by the house where former Assistant Janitor Eddie Smith, who, oddly enough, considering the happenings of the past year, is suffering with an eye trouble, sat fiddling at the window, and thence to the offices of the several board members.

Before nightfall they had bought all the tin horns in town and had secured banners upon which their ultimatum—"Prof. Smith or No School!"—was painted.

The next day the teachers found more empty desks than before. The strike had grown. Some of the parents were sympathizers with it.

On Jan. 10 Sigmund Opera House on Main street was the scene of a mass meeting which took the double form of a protest against the removal of Principal Smith and a demand that the school board resign. There was a ginger in the speeches. Almost as many women were present as men. That very night a dispatch came down from the state capital announcing the dismissal of Superintendent Barnes' appeal. It contained the official comment, "The rule of moral conduct on the part of teachers must be held to with absolute rigidity," which every one accepted as quite in line with the town's policy.

Petitions for Principal Smith's reinstatement were displayed for signatures in four parts of town and generously signed. They were presented at still another meeting.

Whole Thing Summed Up.

In all of the doings growing out of the removal of the principal the opportunity has not been permitted to pass without a dig at Barnes and caustic comments on the way he tried to explain his indiscretion by saying a hysterical little school teacher up and kissed him.

But with Barnes somewhere in the west and the little school teacher reported as happily married, and Lewis satisfied that he did his full duty in reporting the cutting up, and Eddie T. Smith getting another job, without as much as losing a day, but temporarily confined to the house with irritated eyes and a tenuous fiddle—with the characters in the controversy eliminated—the troubles will be straightened out by and by.

"Freeport people have not enough sense to handle the school question," observed Captain Dunbar, "but I'm not on the job of predicting when they'll do it. I'm a police officer. Police officers are paid for police duty, not for predicting."

Good Marksmanship.

A prominent American, traveling abroad, was the guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants, and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, the American alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty," replied the American, gravely, "the perfit of a marksman seems to lie in hitting nothing. So I fired between the birds."—Housekeeper.

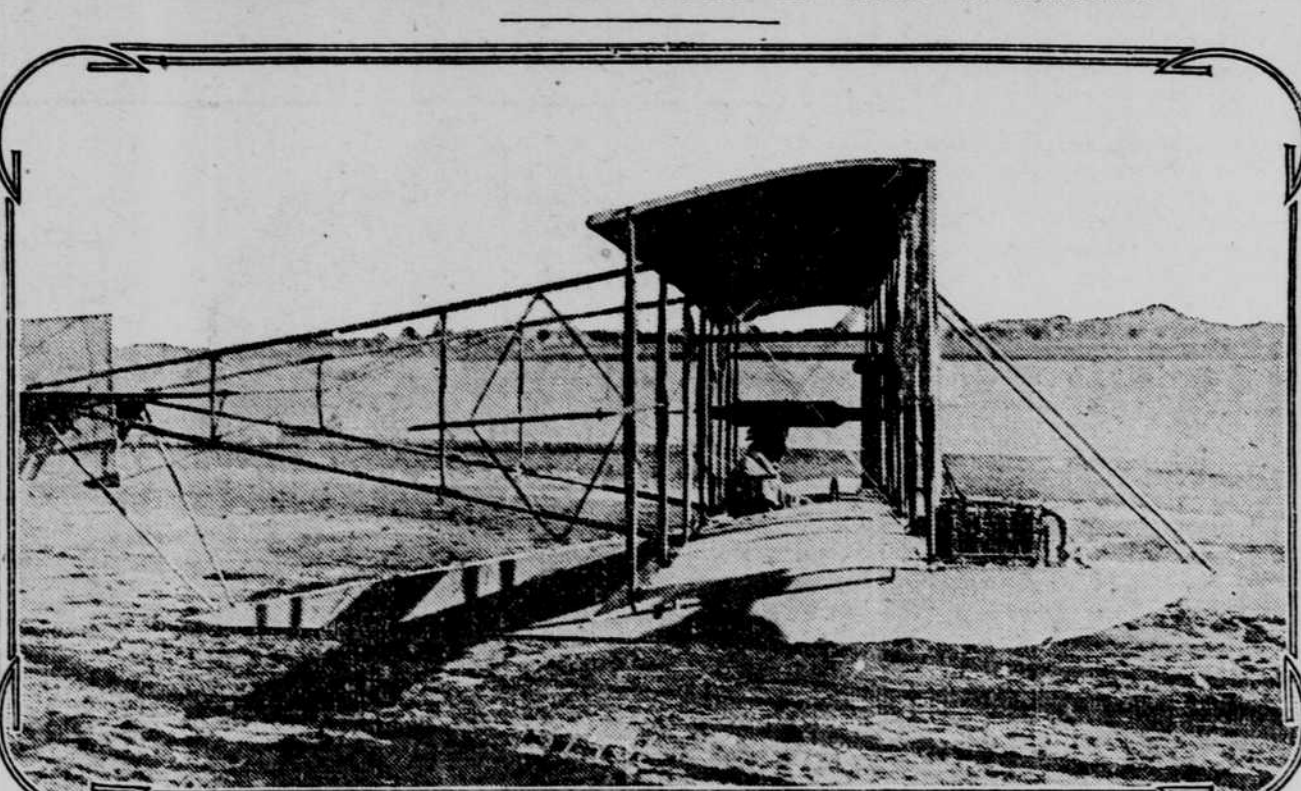
A Soft Answer.

A story is told of a landlord on the north shore. A guest, seldom satisfied, came to him and said: "Mr. Smith—that was not the landlord's name—'Mr. Smith, your coffee is rotten.' The landlord shook him by the hand. 'Thank you, sir; thank you. I haven't had my breakfast yet and I'll skip the coffee this time. Much obliged.'"

Feminine Mystery.

Another thing—if it is true that birds of a feather flock together, why does a pigeon-toed girl wear ostrich tips?—Galveston News.

FLYING BOAT WHICH GOES A MILE A MINUTE



THIS is the first photograph of a new amphibious craft built by Glenn H. Curtiss and just successfully tested at San Diego, Cal. It will swim over water at 50 miles an hour, or fly through air at 60 miles an hour, changing from one element to the other at the will of the operator. The "flying boat" is like the hydro-aeroplane only that it has two planes in its equipment. It is believed that it can easily be handled on board a battleship.

GUN MAN TO RETIRE

Bob Dean, Terror of Criminals, to Be Evangelist.

Arkansas Sheriff is Determined to Supervise Execution of Man Who Killed Marshal Before He Takes Up New Work.

St. Louis.—Bob Dean, known for years as a "bad man" and a dead shot, who has killed ten men in his time and has himself been shot thirteen times, who is acting now as deputy sheriff of Mississippi county, Arkansas, will soon lay aside his guns, give up his duties as officer of the law and go forth into Mississippi, his native county, and preach the gospel of peace and good will to the rough men who have known him hitherto only as a man ill to trifle with.

This change of life and front Bob Dean decided on Sunday night, December 17, at the close of a three weeks' revival service conducted by Rev. Chambers Manning, who converted Dean early in the meetings. It was during the closing of the services that the deputy sheriff arose and said that he intended to lay down his pistols and take up the Bible.

There is only one reason for the delay. He is not ready to assume his role as preacher until he has closed his career as an officer of the law by officiating at the hanging of Henry Coates, now in jail at Osceola, Ark., awaiting execution. Last April Coates shot and killed Marshal R. L. Ferguson of this town, and so seriously wounded Bob Dean himself that he lay in a Memphis, Tenn., hospital for three weeks, his life hanging by a thread. By a special dispensation of the governor, at the request of Sheriff C. B. Hall, the latter official will relinquish his duty as sheriff on that occasion and allow Bob Dean to do the hanging of the man who wounded him.

So soon as his "ancient enemy" is hanged Dean will take up his ministrations. Coates was discovered a few miles from Osceola in the act of trying up his boat and taking on a cargo of whisky. Upon the officer's demand to give himself up Coates had the boat push off and replied with a volley of buckshot from his shotgun. Both officers returned the fire, their shots going wild. The second volley by Coates, however, felled Dean, and another instantly killed Ferguson, whose body pitched headlong into the river.

Five days later the dead body of Ferguson was found 25 miles down the river, and on the following day came the news from the Tennessee side that Coates had been captured.

The declaration of Dean that he will renounce his former life after springing the gallows on which Coates will hang has awakened much local curiosity, and that there will be an immense crowd present in Osceola when the hanging comes off is a certainty.

Steals Burglar Alarm.

San Francisco, Cal.—Betrayed by a burglar alarm he had stolen, Joseph Sullivan was captured by detectives attracted by the clanging of the gong, and was sentenced to three months in jail. Sullivan purloined a suitcase belonging to T. L. McGovern, inventor of a burglar alarm. In his haste to get away, Sullivan did not stop to examine the contents of the grip, and was about to make his escape when the delicately balanced alarm went off. The clanging could be heard for a block.

DOCTOR HAS 80,000 PATIENTS

He Boasts of Having the Largest Clientele of Any Physician in the World.

London.—A physician with eighty thousand patients, according to his own statement, is unusual even in these days of big enterprises. He is Doctor Jelley, who practices in Hackney and its vicinity, where he is known, as he is throughout London, as "the threepenny doctor."

Music-Loving Cows.

Milwaukee, Wis.—J. Gilbert Hlcox, bank director and farmer, producing milk of quality, has discovered that the use of a cheap phonograph has increased the producing value of his herd of seventy blooded cows two quarts each a day. As the milk sells to the exclusive set at 12 cents a quart, this makes his music worth \$1,000 a year to the farm. He tried the experiment on the music that came at milking time would make the cows less inclined to be nervous. He was right. Bossy, under the soothing influence, yielded all the milk she possessed. Waltz music proved the most satisfactory from the cow standpoint. Rag time agitated rather than quieted the bovine nerves.

NEW ORDER FOR TROLLEYS

Massachusetts Commissioners Will Compel Cars to Carry Lifting Jacks to Lessen Fatalities.

Boston.—Half of the street railway cars operated in Massachusetts must be equipped with lifting jacks of 15 tons capacity by July 1, according to an order issued by the railroad commissioners. Distribution of these jacks is expected to provide a speedy means of relieving injured persons caught under the wheels of street cars and to hasten the clearing of tracks in breakdowns.

Bit Her on the Ankle.

Media, Pa.—After deliberating an hour and a half a jury awarded Mrs. Elizabeth S. Snowden of this place, \$25 in her suit against Dr. Morton P. Dickson, a neighbor, whose pet monkey, Timmie, climbed into Mrs. Snowden's house and bit her on the ankle while she was taking a bath. The monkey was declared to be vicious.

CANCEL NUPTIALS BY TURNS

Sweetheart and Lover Have Similar Ways to Get Even—Third Attempt Refused.

Washington, Pa.—Miss Louisa Timmins, seventeen years old, of Mount Hope, started for this place with her relatives to wed Sherman Webb. Webb disappeared from the train at Arden station, and there was no wedding.

Thanksgiving day was the day set for their wedding, but Miss Timmins, who was visiting at West Alexandria, sent word she was having such a good time that the wedding could wait. Webb became angry and declared the engagement off.

The two became engaged again and set the wedding day for Friday, but this time Louise was fooled. Some person suggested a third attempt to get married to Louisa, but she said there would be no third time.

DISOWNS CHILDREN TO WED

Eastern Widow Ships Four Little Girls to Idaho Foundling Institution.

Boise, Idaho.—Rather than miss a chance to remarry, a widow somewhere in the east put a shipping tag on her four little girls and consigned them to the Children's home foundling institution in this city.

The name of the mother is withheld by Superintendent Christian of the home, but he learned after an investigation that she had spent \$1,800 life insurance and \$1,600 left to the children by their father, and wished to be relieved of their care, that she might get another husband.

"To the Children's home—Please care for these children," she wrote, and pinned the note on the dress of the oldest girl, aged 11, as she bundled them onto the train. The youngest was four years old.

Find Bullet in Appendix.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.—Stricken with appendicitis while on a hunting trip, Benjamin Kramer died before help could reach him. Surgeons found a loaded cartridge in his appendix.

CITY IS BOOK CENTER

Chicago Is Greatest Distributing Station in America.

Competition Not Only in Selling But Buying School Publications Has Caused Many Scandals in This Business.

Chicago.—Chicago's supremacy among cities in most branches of commercial utilitarian production it underlies is so well known as to overshadow whatever excellence it may have in pure intellect. The municipality has had to struggle to extend its reputation of being artistically inclined, but even with the comparative success it has attained in that direction few persons know that Chicago has erudition to scatter about the country. Yet this city is known, in fact, as the greatest distributing center of educational books in America.

Publication of school books is a mysterious process, as far as the general public is concerned. In this business there is competition, and fierce competition, too, not only in selling, but in buying as well. Competition in selling has more than once occasioned scandal and formal investigation; in buying it is another thing entirely.

The Three R's company, for instance, persuades the authorities in Jonesville that the Alphabet company's school readers in use there are inferior to a new publication of the "Three R's." Therefore the latter gets the opportunity of selling its own readers in Jonesville, taking old and

dog eared Alphabet company readers in exchange, making therefore a discount of perhaps 20 per cent. on the price of the new books. At the same time the Alphabet company has ousted Three R's company's histories from the Smithfield schools, receiving the students' old textbooks in partial payment.

These two deadly rivals here find a common basis in protection against their enemy, the second hand dealer. Rather than have these books, acquired by exchange, sent through the dealer's hands to undersell new books in other cities, each company is willing to exchange with the other and to buy at a good price any copies that may be left over after the exchange. This price may be much larger than the discount given for the books in the first place.

But the second hand dealer is not to be put out of business in this way. Hundreds of thousands of new and used school books are brought yearly into Chicago by the five firms engaged here in that form of trade. They are acquired from retail dealers whose market has failed through a new decision of a local school board and from the smaller publishers who have taken books on a discount basis and have no exchange agreement with the original publishers.

30 Below, Man Wears Straw Hat. Minneapolis.—While the thermometer hovered between 25 and 30 below, R. W. Ricketson won a wager of 25 cents by wearing a straw hat. Ricketson was born in Alaska.

PECULIAR LINE OF COMFORT

Most People Who Have Been Afflicted With Colds Will Recognize This Type of Human Hyena.

Binks—Got a cold, I see.
Jinks—Yes, a little one.
"You ought to be very careful. That cold needs attention."
"Think so?"
"It has a regular graveyard sound."
"Good gracious."
"Awfully dangerous time for colds, influenza, pneumonia and quick consumption everywhere."
"Eh?"
"Yes, a friend of mine took a cold, not half so bad as yours, last week, and in three days he was dead!"
"My stars!"
"Fast. The doctor said my friend might have pulled through if he hadn't worried so much. Take my advice and try not to think about it."

Unjustifiable Suspicion.

The colonel had caught Rastus red-handed, coming out of the hen coop with three fat pullets under his coat. "So," he said, "I've caught you at last stealing my hens, have I?"

"What, me, suh?" replied Rastus, in pained surprise. "Why, Mars Colonel, suh, I hain't a-stealin' no hens, suh."
"Then what are you doing with them under your coat?" demanded the colonel.

"Why, Mars Colonel, hit look to me so like it war gwine to snow, suh, dat ah went out to de coop to bring dem hens in by de kitchen fraze, suh, to keep 'em from gittin' froze, suh," said the old man, with a deep sigh, to think that his honor had been suspected.—Harper's Weekly.

Certainly.

Guide—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphinx stands for—whom it represents!
American Tourist—"That's nothing! We've got a lot of congressmen home the same way!"—Puck.

Smokers find LEWIS' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

There never was a man as important as a bride expects her husband to be.

Anyway, a spinster can pretend that she would rather be her own boss.

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