

The Other Side

"CHAR'CTER FEX."

The superintendent of the city schools sat tilted back in his revolving office chair, his feet upon the corner of the curtain-top desk, reading the proceedings of "last-night's school board meeting" in the morning paper. The door opened suddenly and a tin dinner-pail grasped firmly in a big grimy hand was thrust inside, followed by the owner. To the superintendent's polite "good morning" was the response "mornin'," and the man and the pail stood very stiff and still.

"Do you wish to see me?" inquired the superintendent, folding his paper and wheeling round with his back to the desk.

"I want tuh see that there man what we taxpayers gives two thousand dollars a year tuh run thish schools an' expect 'em tuh run 'em."

"I am the superintendent of the city schools. What can I do for you? Won't you sit down?"

The visitor did not move.

"I hain't time tuh set down. Work-in' men hain't es much use fur fine churs es some folks hez. Whut I come fur is, ef you're thuh superintendent, I want yuh folks tuh understand 'ut I won't hev my boy goin' tuh school whur youngsters is larn't tuh disrespeck thur parents, an' that's what they're bein' larn't mostly now-a-days—near's I cun make out."

"Who is your son's teacher?"

"Why, that high-flyin' teacher yuh got hwer frum th' un'vers'ty—hez 'em standin' on thur heads what time they ain't writin' insultin' stuff 'bout thur folks an' talkin' 'bout proper vittles an' scrubbin' up ev'ry day, an' readin' fool stuff 'bout 'seed-babies' an' 'water-babies' an' Injuns wuth outlandish names sech us nobody never hurd uv before."

"Now, I'd hev yuh understand that I mean whut I say. I ain't a man az meddles wuth whut ain't my business an' I wouldn't be hyar now only ut I won't stand hev'in' my boy lurn't tuh disrespeck me un' his mother. Waut I want yuh tuh do is tuh see tuh et that sech proceedin' is stopped."



Mr. P. (shortly after the death of Frank Norris): "Miss B., did you know Frank Norris died last week?"

Miss B.: "Goodness, no; who was he, anyhow?"

Mr. P.: "Why, the author of 'the Octopus.'"

Miss B.: "Oh, yes! that Populist paper."

That's what we pay yuh fur, tuh run thuh schools right."

"But, are you sure your son is taught these things at school?"

"Sure? Reckon I know. Whuh-ever heard o' 'char'cter fex' an' 'mood fex' un' thuh Lord only knows whut uther 'fex' 'ceptin' that thur new teacher? Ev'ry body's talkin'. I ain't thuh only one whuh won't put up wuth sech stuff much longer."

"What is there in the study of 'character effects' and 'mood effects' that you object to? It may be that you are mistaken as to the nature of the work. The terms may need explanation."

The man drew a greasy, crumpled paper from his pocket and handed it to the superintendent. Looking him full in the face, he added:

"Read that un' see how yu'd like tuh be sized up that way by yur own boy. That's whut yur brag un'vers'ty teacher hez thuh scholars doin'."

The superintendent unfolded the paper and read:

"Carcter Fex On pap—tuk to slices of Bread to wunst—shoze hes Hogish—won't give Me 10 cents to by a Ruber ball—shoze hes mighty stingy—shoze he lize to cos he sed he had-dent no money when I no beter. He makes me cary his diner sum days when he cood do it hisself. Show hes lazy and dident wan't to and sward cos ther wuzzent no spun to eat the berys. Shoze hes a mighty meen man."

The superintendent's head remained bent an instant after he had finished reading the paper, then he looked up and said:

"I shall show this paper to Miss Bell. She will then understand what influence her work is having upon her school. I am sure she will give you no cause for complaint in the future. I am very sorry this has occurred and if at any time hereafter you have occasion to talk over school matters, I hope you will feel perfectly free to come to me with them. I regret exceedingly that parents and teachers do not get to know each other better. I hope the time is not far distant when they can work together for the good of the children."

"I'm 'bldged tuh yuh, Mr. Superintendent. I reckoned yu'd do thuh squar thing when yuh knowed. G'd mornin' tuh yuh," and the door closed before the visitor had time to hear the superintendent's reply.

H. S.

It was just before 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. With half a dozen books under her arm and heavily bundled from ankles to chin against the cold, she had just reached the Uni. gate. After pulling her way for a dozen blocks through snow a foot deep with drifts upwards to four feet, she was panting nervously, and fatigue was hanging heavy on her limbs as she drew her feet out of the snow behind and planted them as deep again in that ahead.

A husky, six-foot medic, kicking the snow head-high before him as he plowed his way along, hesitated as he stepped up behind the faltering co-ed.

"Excuse me, Miss, but you're about to drop a book," he said with a humanitarian sympathy, known only to medics.

The lady turned, drew another long breath, and wath a coy smile struggling through the lines of fatigue and complaint on her pretty face, said: "Yes, well I'm about to drop dead."

H. H. L.

Life is full of trials—and the lawyers are glad of it.—Drake Delphic.

THE FIRST OF THE MONTH.



Will it come?



Anything in it?



Hooray!

—Purdue Exponent.

FOOTBALL MAN.

The wild young man of Borneo has come back to college.

He isn't keen on culture; he isn't stuck on knowledge.

Book "ologies" and "isms" are built, he knows, to cramp

So elects the football course and takes it on the campus,

He isn't long on intellect; he's rather short on classes;

But he's a perfect wonder on tackles, kicks and passes.

For Grecian roots in dusty tombs he doesn't go a-hunting,

But you'd forgive his ignorance if you ever saw his punting.

He doesn't like professors, mere book-worms and cockroaches;

He has a special trainer and gets his lore from coaches;

He takes that coaches' word for law and even heeds conjectures,

And when the coach yells, "Hold the ball!" it's just as good as lectures.

His cap and gown are on the wall, his books beneath the table;

To serve football and learning the wild man isn't able.

Shin pads, nose guards, spiked shoes and such like gearing—

These are his academics, in aspect from cheering.

With him the pallid cast of thought is not the proper fashion;

Black eyes and broken noses and hair a la Circassian,

A Fiji, a chrysanthemum, a bogie man, a savage,

And the earth looks on and trembles when he begins his ravage.

For midnight oil he has, we fear, most ignominious uses—

A balm for kicks and cuffs and knocks, a liniment for bruises.

He knows a think or two about reducing a luxation.

But that's about the limit of his higher education.

His college course is innocent of matters too scholastic;

He gets some wholesome exercise, not mental, but gymnastic.

He isn't much on reading, and he's not to spry at thinking.

But he learns to take a lot of bumps without as much as blinking.

—The Western Fellow.

Columbia, Mo.

First Junior (on way home after the Prom.): "You have a pensive look. What did she say?"

Second Junior: "Wrong that time. It's an expensive feel I have. Got just fifteen cents left."



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