

The Candy Evil and the Capitol Kids

The bane of too much candy afflicts the Capitol school.

Three classes of people suffer from it—the children, the teachers, the parents. And there seems to be no remedy. It appears that nothing is possible to be done unless somebody can suggest a way to rid the youngsters of an innate yearning for sweets.

Surely the grocer across the street is not the person to suggest treatment. He is a happy man. He has sufficient reason.

Has the grocer ever whispered of his intention to install a candy kitchen at the rear of his store? It really might not be a bad plan. Certainly there is little fear of his trade leaving him.

There is not a school in town where the little folks have more easy, pleasant access to the candy counter. Unlike any other school in town the Capitol was built right across the street from a groceryman who was wise enough to see his opportunity and reap a rich reward therefrom. He enlarged and extended his candy counter and, in fact, quite specialized in that line. There are no alarming evidences that he is disappointed in the venture. Perhaps he would be pleased to see another school rise up near-by and bless him.

Morning, noon and night he opens his doors to trooping boys and girls who shortly depart with crackling paper sacks in their doubled fists. It is not long ere they are munching. The grocer has enriched his cash register to the number of some nickels and dimes; the school teacher, like as not, has been doomed to intense exasperation; the children have taken another step in the ruination of their tender stomachs, and the parents have worse than useless cast away some small coins.

When a child stays at home from the Capitol school it is pretty certain

to be because of sweetmeats eaten in excess; when it soils its books more than common be sure it is because of sticky fingers. And be sure always that it is to the enrichment of the jovial grocer who keeps his counters supplied with the newest and most attractive novelties in sweetmeats.

Perhaps worse than all is the fact that some of the young folks are learning the arts of the unscrupulous in their mad desire for bits of money. They have been known to reach into the purses of their mothers without compunction. Sometimes they bring forth their hands laden with a coin, the value and significance of which, they have only the vaguest apprehension. And then they are rushed by mates who love "something good."

Certain it is that the punishment is made to fit the crime but the very existence of the crime is evidence of the lengths to which the passion excited by the grocer leads his little tradesmen. It is O and alas that the children love candy, and O and alas that they must go to a school so near a candy market.

Can a body think of something to do? Statistics might be compiled showing that candy at the Capitol school is doing more damage to stomachs and purses and dispositions and attention to study than liquor is doing to the drinking element. If matters do not improve the teachers are likely soon to begin taking nerve medicine, one dose to each stick of candy, in order to withstand the inroads of petulant children on their patience, good will and steadfast regard for discipline.

It is very annoying to hear the rattle of paper bags during school hours. It is racking to catch a pupil every now and then chanking candy. It is very irritating to have to keep a constant eye for pupils who incline to the concealment of candy in their desks. It is bitterly agitating to find books and papers and desks daubed by untidy small folks who had not the instant means, even if the will were handy, to clean smeared fingers. But what can the dear women do?

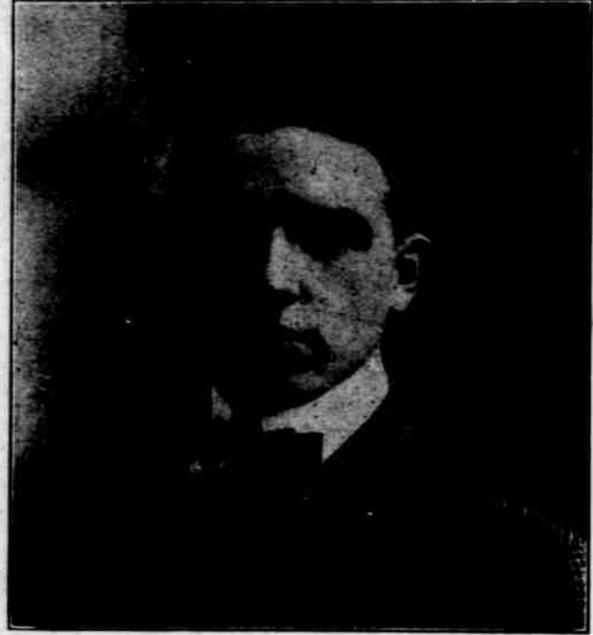
A year ago the store burned par-

tially. In fact it was quite a mess of charred ruins. A mystery enveloped the blaze. May it not be that instead of "mice and matches" some somnambulist teacher, thinking of the candy evil— But of course no teacher would do a thing like that. And still you can't tell.

No one doubts that teachers are human. When they see an evil difficult to cure by ordinary means why shouldn't they resort to something un-

usual? They had been made aware that the grocer was paying a steep rent out of his profits on candy alone and laying aside some besides. It takes a good number of candy sales to pay out of margins about \$40 a month rent for two store rooms. Separate the whole sum into nickels and dimes and then consider that there are no more than twenty-two days in a school month. Where are you at? And what would you do?

APPOINTED A WEST POINT CADET



BURKE S. HALL.

Burke S. Hall, a student at the state university and son of the late Judge Charles L. Hall, is scheduled for a West Point cadetship a year from next June. At present he is pursuing his studies in the state university, where he holds the captaincy of company A and is ranking officer of the university battalion.

Mr. Hall was born in Lincoln in September, 1881. After taking a high school course he entered the university four years ago. In 1899 he took the competitive examination for a cadetship and was chosen as an alternate.

In Lincoln the young man is well known. He has at times held various situations in the city and is popular with his acquaintances.

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