

SPOILS MANY LIVES

"BEST" TEACHER SCHOOL EVER HAD A FAILURE.

She Refused to See the Opportunities Near Home and Created a Spirit of Unrest and Discontent Among Pupils.

The "best" teacher we ever had in our old district school had a distinctly bad influence in the community, says a writer in Farm Life.

Born and raised in the country, she longed for the town with her whole soul.

She despised the rural life. She thought all the wisdom of the world was printed in books, and that all the worthwhile opportunities of life were to be found in distant cities.

She did not openly deride and mock our parents, of course, but we knew without being told what her feelings were.

She was full of enthusiasm, and she found it easy to inspire us with her own top-lofty ambitions.

Most of the girls in the neighborhood wanted to be Jenny Linds and Florence Nightingales. All the boys wanted to be heroes—great soldiers, poets, judges, statesmen.

None of us, of course, wanted to be great in his own neighborhood. Each thought he had to get away from home in order to have a chance in life.

Teacher could not, in fact, see the neighborhood.

The eyes of her soul were afflicted with that disease which the oculists call hypermetropia. She could only see distant objects.

The girls in the neighborhood, feeling the impulse toward "wider horizon," drifted away to the towns and cities.

They escaped the "deadening monotony" of rural life by becoming waitresses in hotels and workers in factories.

Some fared a little better and some a great deal worse—but none of them became a Jenny Lind or a Florence Nightingale.

The boys, too, were full of the grand unrest. They turned their backs scornfully on the old homesteads.

Each was "the architect of his own fortune," and teacher had taught him to believe that all the building materials were to be found in distant places.

After they had failed as architects, many of them came humbly but gladly back to the old district and succeeded as farmers.

Now as never before in the world opportunity is found on the farm, and every school teacher should know that.

There are more statesmen of real worth and more genuine poets coming from the tall grass than from the tall buildings.

The wider horizon is the privilege of youth, but it is visible to everyone who lifts his head at home, while it is too often obscured by clouds of smoke to the sojourner in the cities.

Do not let teacher fill the minds of your children full of cheap romance while she ignores all the beauty and dignity that should make rural life so satisfying.

Paid \$5,000 for a Colt.

Those who had the mistaken idea that the day of the horse is passing must have received a rather severe jolt when Walter Cox paid no less than \$5,000 for an undeveloped yearling of standard-bred trotting blood.

While higher prices have been obtained for yearlings in other days, there has always been a record attached to the natural breeding attractions of the youngster in question.

In this case, however, St. Frusquin, a son of the noted San Francisco-Mellandee, has never been driven against time, and thus the price establishes a new record on the sales market.

It seems rather a pity that the name St. Frusquin should have been chosen for such a promising colt. It will inevitably be confused, possibly at a disadvantage, with the great running horse St. Frusquin—owned by Leopold de Rothschild—which was the winner of the classic 2,000 guineas and was beaten only by the sensational Persimmon, when owned by the prince of Wales, in the derby of 1896.—The Spur.

The First Lady Barber.

Samson snored peacefully in the chair while Delliah snipped at his locks.

"Do you want it cut round or square on the neck?" she asked.

No answer.

"Would you like a sea-foam or shampoo?"

No reply.

"Hair is getting a trifle thin on top. Would you like a little tonic?"

Silence.

"Have your whiskers trimmed?"

More silence.

"Next!"

Whereupon Samson climbed out of the chair, gazed into a mirror, then rushed into the street and pulled down a temple.

The "Maiden's Prayer."

An elderly bachelor and an equally elderly spinster sat in a concert hall. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when the wedding march of Mendelssohn was begun he pricked up his ears.

"That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "But I'm not strong on those classical pieces. That is a good one. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the Maiden's Prayer."

That of the Present Day Cannot Obliterate Grandfather's Memories of His Youth.

Memory goes tracking back through the years to the old swimming hole. This one was on the "current side" of a great river, and the nadir of one of its majestic bends. Huge elm and oak trees grew on the bank and shaded waters whose limpid depths held such delights as nowhere else have been experienced.

The smooth rock bottom of the river was ever washed clean, while the white sand of the bit of beach along the shore was firm and grateful to the foot. This ideal spot was not easy to access, but the enterprising youth of the village found ample recompense in its joys for any exertion, even on the hottest day, required to reach it.

Those who swam there, now grown gray, look at the homes that have lavished their happy land with some thoughts of sorrow.

The old swimming hole is only a cherished memory, remarks the Omaha Bee. Its wonderful freedom, in all ways appreciated by a healthy boy is contrasted with the modern swimming hole, provided by a great city mindful of the needs of its growing citizens.

In this case it is a huge tank, set on the slope of one of the fine hills in a city park, surrounded by beautiful trees, a well kept lawn and provided with all the appurtenances needful to the complete enjoyment of the holdest swimmer or most graceful or daring diver.

It is a wonderful pool and the shouts of glee that come up from its surface these hot evenings testify most forcefully to the appreciation of old and young of privilege.

The new swimming hole is typical of the newer life into which the race is merging its existence, the urban rather than the rural. It is a regular step in the orderly progress of man's evolution, but its well appointed and equally regulated delights will never take the place of that splendid swimming hole nature provided for the use of boys, many of whom are now grandfathers.

A Chivalrous Judge.

"One of our judges, famed for his chivalry and uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, was trying a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be a local actress of unusual popularity," said Col. Biker of Harrodsburg, Ky.

"Her evidence was such that the usual question as to her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his honor instructed the court clerk to suspend action for a moment; then he addressed the lady.

"Madam, how old are you?"

"Twenty-five," promptly returned the witness, who was plainly thirty-five or over.

"Very well," said the judge, politely. "I asked you that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked you when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And, now, that you have told your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Everybody's Magazine."

Interesting Instrument.

When a German aeroplane on reconnaissance duty over the French lines was recently brought down by the allies, an aerial camera of an odd type was recovered intact. The instrument is described with illustration, in the Popular Mechanics magazine.

It proved to be a splendid instrument and has attracted much interest among members of the flying corps.

At the rear of the case a handle and trigger like those of a revolver are provided, the latter being used to operate the shutter. It weighs about twelve pounds and has an additional handle near the front end so that it can be held with two hands when in use.

The lenses are in universal focus and tests have shown that faultless photographs can be obtained with the instrument at heights varying from 100 to 1,800 yards.

Importance of M.

An artist should consider facts about the masters of his profession calmly and thoughtfully. He may reach valuable conclusions about himself. A certain musical composer of much talent—we will call him Smithkins—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know. So highly does he appreciate the compositions of Smithkins that one of his friends was much startled the other day when he said gravely:

"Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with 'M'?"

"M?" ejaculated the astonished hearer.

"Yes, 'M,'" said the composer. "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski and Me!"

Passing Muster.

"I can," said the bashful young man to the director of the film company, "swim, dive, run an auto, fly an aeroplane, fence, box, shoot, ride a horse, run a motorboat, play golf, fight, make love, fall off cliffs, rescue heroines, play football, die naturally and kiss a girl."

"But," interrupted the famous director, "can you act?"

"Alas!" muttered the would-be screen hero, "I never thought of that."

"Bagged," growled the director and another screen star was born.—Life.

The Exception.

"Faint heart never won fair lady, you know."

"I don't know about that. Many widows are fair ladies."

Christmas Joy

There are various brands of this much sought for article. The vain person finds it in display. The depraved person finds it in dissipation. But the person of good common sense finds it in the solid comfort and good cheer of himself and his family. Chief feature of this cheer is

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