

Her First School

By LOUISE HOFFMAN

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Malda Allington had passed her finals with flying colors and was a full-fledged teacher. This morning's mail had brought her appointment to the little district school in Swamp Mills and she was to begin work at once.

"What a dismal name!" she observed, as she chipped an egg, "and it sounds so lonely."

"Perhaps the name is the worst part of it," suggested her mother hopefully. "Your pupils may prove so interesting you will forget the unpleasant impression it made upon you at first."

"I hope so," replied Malda doubtfully, "but I suppose I must get my experience somewhere even at the expense of isolation."

"We'll drive down Saturday and see that you have a comfortable boarding place," encouraged her father. She rewarded him with a grateful hug.

Swamp Mills was aptly named from a practical point of view. An original swamp had been dammed to make a pond to furnish power to run the mills where excelsior was manufactured and shipped to all parts of the world.

Malda Allington was fortunate in finding a home very near the schoolhouse.

On the following Monday she dressed carefully in a neat blue serge. So much depended on personal appearance. She was not a typical teacher and never would be. She was tall and

slender with a wealth of fluffy golden hair and carried herself with dignity. The children ranged in ages from four to fourteen and represented the whole eight grades. It was considered a hard school, but Malda approached her work with enthusiasm and a strong determination to conquer. Her manner with the children was full of frankness and kindness, and the children realized that a quiet firmness lay in those dark blue eyes.

"At the end of the first day she felt she had won their hearts and with co-operation she felt assured of the result."

One day at recess she was startled to hear one of the oldest boys announced in awed tones: "Here comes Thatcher Ward, all torqued up to beat the band. Bet he's comin' to visit. Said maybe he'd come to school, too."

Malda declined from the tone and manner of the boy that an older ruffian was coming to try to stir up mischief.

"Who is Thatcher Ward?" she asked quickly, as glancing through the window she saw a tall, well-built young man, dressed like a woodsman, swinging along with athletic strides.

"Why, he ain't been round here long, but he works in the mill and boards to Miss Harley's," replied little Mary Kelly.

It was time to call school. Malda went to the door and rang the bell. She made an entrancing picture with the breezes blowing the curls that encircled her head into her face. The children lined up and marched in quietly, while Thatcher Ward came up and introduced himself.

"They tell me they ain't never had no teacher that could make them harn-scarus march in without a rumpus," observed Thatcher in a rich full voice, revealing a glittering set of white teeth. "An' they say you ain't licked one of 'em yet," he beamed.

"Oh, no, we don't use corporal punishment, only as a last resort," mechanically replied Malda, scarcely knowing what she said. Her Apollo had fallen. If only he hadn't opened his mouth! Evidently he was the result of the limitations of his community. Malda was in a whirl of conflicting impressions concerning her visitor. After dismissing the children, Thatcher Ward lingered.

"I ain't had much schoolin'," he began a trifle awkwardly, looking into Malda's eyes.

"His speech betrays the fact," thought Malda, but his manner is so strongly inconsistent.

"But I've been to see the trustee," he went on, "and he says if you're willin' I can come to your school. I seen

NOT AT ALL EAGER TO GO LAND OF QUANT BELIEFS

Old Jeff Had No Desire Whatever to Be Translated From His Comfortable Cabin.

It is commonly supposed that negroes fearing death will make all sorts of promises because of their dread of future punishment. But Prof. Ulrich B. Phillips in "American Negro Slavery" tells the story of at least one old hard-headed fellow who steadfastly resisted the hypnotic suggestion of the preacher, and even repudiated glorification on his deathbed. A Louisiana physician recounted to Professor Phillips the final episode in the career of "Old Uncle Caleb," who had long been a-dying. "Before his departure, Jeff, the negro preacher, gathered his sabbie flock of saints and sinners around the bed. He read a chapter and prayed, after which they sang a hymn. Uncle Caleb lay motionless with closed eyes and gave no sign. Jeff approached and took his hand. 'Uncle Caleb,' he said earnestly, 'de doctor says you are dying, and all de brethren has come in for to see you fo de las' time. And now, Uncle Caleb, dey wants to hear from your own mouth de precious words, dat you feels prepared to meet yo God, and is ready 'n' willin' to go.' Old Uncle Caleb opened his eyes suddenly and in a very irritable tone, rebuffed the pious functionary in the following unexpected manner: 'Jeff, don't talk yo nonsense to me. You jes knows dat I ain't ready to go and dat I ain't prepared to meet nobody... dis ole cabin suits me monstrously well!' And so he died.

ROYAL ROAD TO HAPPINESS

Much Depends on Making Proper Use of What One Is Fortunate Enough to Possess.

Upon the use we make of what we have depends in large measure not only our success in life, but what is more to the point, our happiness, remarks Charleston News and Courier.

It is because we do not appreciate the blessings that we possess that so many of us fail, because common sense tells us that if we have the ability to understand and appreciate the gifts and favors that are showered upon us we would, at the same time, possess the ability to make the right use of them. Of course, there are cases where circumstances for the time being at least prevent us from applying our talents to the best possible use, but such circumstances do not stand in our way all the time, and if we have sufficient determination and perseverance the chances are that we will in the end make good use of what we have, provided we thoroughly appreciate the latter. Our talents, fortunately, do not all lie in the same direction any more than our personal inclinations do, and those things that bring joy and gratification to one person will not satisfy the ambitions of another, simply because the latter's ambitions and abilities are of a different nature.

Clumsy Birds.

"How clumsily birds fly," said a boy seated, eying the rooks flapping their way home. The audacity of this criticism from a youngster staggered me (writes a correspondent); but, by Jove, he was right. High overhead, however, than one ever saw a bird, an airplane dived musically in its effortless, imperious way against the sunset, through the fleecy clouds and looping in sheer ecstasy of perfect command of power, swept down to earth in graceful curves. That was the twelve-year-old boy's criterion of flying. Hence his almost plying contempt for birds with their furry and visible output of energy. This lad and his contemporaries know nothing of the wonder with which men for untold generations have watched and envied the birds flying in the air. School children criticize the flight of the swallow, for they have grown up with airplanes, which are as little marvelous to them as a railway engine.—London Daily Chronicle.

Inherited Talents.

The Dumas, father and son, form a splendid example of inherited talents. Alexandre Dumas, called Dumas pere, was a great French romantic novelist, a strange embodiment of the mental and physical characteristics of his grandparents. He was a grandson of the Marquis Alexandre Davy de la Palleterre and a negro, both of Haiti; his father, Alexandre Davy de la Palleterre Dumas, was for a time a general under Napoleon.

The son, Alexandre Dumas, was one of the most distinguished of modern French dramatists. "BORN IN PARIS IN 1824, he was a prolific writer of romantic and chivalric passion. His "La Dame aux Camellias," which was dramatized in 1897, was one of the plays in which the divine Sarah scored her greatest success.

City of Amiens in History.

Amiens, which in 1914 was about the size of Springfield, Mass., was in ancient times known as Samarobria and was the capital of the Gallic tribe known in Julius Caesar's time as the Ambiani ("dwellers on the water"). It became a Roman stronghold and received special consideration at the hands of Marcus Aurelius. The Franks captured it in the fifth century. In the twelfth century it became an important commercial center, and 400 years later was one of the chief cities of the great textile industries in France. Up to 1790 it was the capital of Picardy, and is now the capital of the department of the Somme.

THE MEASLES MAN

By O. HENRY

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Nancy Barton was the most popular girl in Millville. Every one acknowledged the fact. "It's no wonder," said Lucy West, rather enviously it must be admitted, to Adm Cabot, as they walked down the street together. "It's not Nancy herself—it's her mother—she's so hospitable and entertaining. Every time there's a skating party, or a theater party or a Red Cross meeting, Mrs. Barton's sure to say: 'Now you young folks, all come back to our house when it's over and we'll have a so-called cup o' tea.' And then she always takes the crowd up to their summer place for week-ends. Why, the only way the boys can repay the obligation is by squaring Nancy around." You never hear or see anything of her father. Her mother's the whole family.

"There she goes now," exclaimed Ada excitedly, "with Phil Desmond in his roadster. I guess he likes her pretty well, but he could never take care of Nancy in the style she's been used to on his clerk's salary. Anyway," she added as an afterthought, "he's just been called to the colors, so I don't believe anything'll come of it for some time anyway. But Nancy Barton's certainly a lucky girl," and she looked again at the trim little car that was fast disappearing up the road.

Life was certainly "one good time after another," as even Nancy herself used to say.

Of course we are entitled to it. And we should take great pains to secure the fullest measure of it. So much may be taken for granted; the important question is, when and where shall we find pleasure? Sir Walter Bagehot gave his opinion that "Business is so much more amusing than pleasure." I suppose he meant that a man who is in love with his work will get more real "fun" out of it than was ever gathered in so-called "places of amusement." Many of our pleasures do little more for us than kill time. They do not kill care, for it comes back again the next morning. He is a wise man who more and more learns to get his amusement out of the serious work he is doing. Then if he takes an occasional hour or day for sport or the "passing show," he will come back to his real task in life to find his real entertainment. The other day I heard a scrub-woman singing at her work. I prefer to think that she sang because she was having a good time. At any rate, what finer art than that of having a good time in the thing which one has to do? Immensely wiser and more profoundly philosophical than the practice of planning for the good time afterward.—George Clarke Peck.

Would Take the Job.

Into the office of the West Street Journal there ventured a small boy, awed by the great adventure of getting his first job. Timidly he approached an editor and explained what he wanted.

"Hm," quoth the veteran to the would-be recruit, "it's too bad, but there are no vacancies now, unless you would like to be managing editor. How about that?"

The youngster began to back away. "Oh," he gasped, "I wouldn't like that at all."

Yesterday he came back, with desperation in his eye, and marched up to the veteran.

"I've changed my mind," he announced. "When do I start in?"

Nature Not to Be Thwarted.

About 200 years ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas, and planted the trees in their own possessions, so that they might have a monopoly of the trade. Despite this action, however, the islands were constantly being restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but finally it was solved. The doves of that region are of large size and readily swallow the seeds of the nutmeg tree. They traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours, and they deposit the seeds, not only ununjured, but better suited for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

Mutual Introductions.

The man who had made his pile was at last happy. He had managed to squeeze himself into a very exclusive golf club. On his first visit he looked around for a possible partner at the game, and approached a stout gentleman, whose department suggested social standing. "Certainly, sir," replied the latter, in answer to the newcomer's invitation. Then, as they approached the first tee, he went on: "By the way, I'm a four man. What are you?" The novice was startled, but after a minute's consideration, he said: "Foreman, are ye? Well, I'm a straw 'at manufacturer."

Oxide of Iron.

Oxide of iron, explained in simplest terms, is a combination of iron and the gas, oxygen. The rust that gathers on a piece of iron exposed for a length of time to the air is a form of oxide of iron. Iron is seldom found in a pure state. The iron ores taken from mines are ferrous compounds, that is, iron combined with other elements—with oxygen, sulphur, phosphorus, etc. In the manufacture of iron from the ore, these substances have to be got rid of. If iron ore contains a high percentage of iron, it is valuable.

ever getting her friend safely married off. And then she came home, devoutly wishing that she need not accept another invitation for a month—and all of a sudden she found that she had no home.

For her father had the measles—and the house was quarantined. It was quite the most spectacular thing that Amos Barton had done in his very week and uneventful life. Absolutely ruled over by his stronger minded and very clever wife, he had up to now merely furnished the background in the shape of funds to keep up the Barton reputation for hospitality.

But to go home was of course out of the question for Nancy. John Orth met her at the train and told her so, at the same time handling her no less than a dozen invitations from her various friends to come and stay with them during her father's illness. "Beth and the twins barely got off in time," he explained, "and your mother and a nurse are there to take care of him." Nancy stood on the station platform for a moment, undecided. Just then Phil Desmond rode by on his way back from lunch. Orth hailed him and the little roadster turned its gray nose in their direction.

In a moment Nancy's mind was made up. "John, I'm going home with you," she said quickly. "I'm going to stay with Beth and the twins—and help keep house."

"That's right," said John Orth heartily, for he was very fond of his pretty sister-in-law. "That'll be fine," and he turned to greet Desmond with a hearty grip—for the two had been in college together and were great friends.

"I'm just carrying Nancy off to my place, Phil," he explained. "You know there's a 'measles man' up at her house, so she can't go home. You must come out with me for dinner some night, and see Beth and the twins—and—ahem—" with a twinkle in his eye, "we'll make Nancy get the dinner. Eh, Nan?"

Nancy nodded delightfully and echoed her brother-in-law's invitation. The Orth household was indeed a happy one, and Nancy found plenty to do helping Mary, the one maid-of-all-work in the house, and then lending Beth a hand with the chubby twins. In the evening very often the little roadster stood in front of the door, and many a delightful walk and ride did Nancy and Phil Desmond have together through the smooth country roads.

"We're really just getting acquainted," Nancy confided to her sister when she returned from one of her walks. "The 'measles man' was better, but still Nancy lingered on at the Orth home.

"My I come again Sunday, Nancy?" asked Phil Desmond as he was taking his leave one evening. "You see I don't know how many more Sundays I shall be here!"

"Yes, do come," said the girl. "It's Mary's day out and I'll get that supper that I promised you that day at the station," and she waved to him gayly as he rode away.

Sunday came and it was a merry quartette that sat down to the evening meal in the Orth household. Nancy waited on the table, and Phil Desmond contrived to take hold of her hand every time she passed anything to him; but Nancy, demure, but with eyes shining, feigned never to notice.

Then she taught the two men to wipe the dishes, although John Orth declared that he had "served his apprenticeship long ago, so he and Beth would retire so that Phil might have a few private lessons." And very much to Nancy's discomfort they did so.

"I think you should have a clean towel," she said to Phil when she found herself alone with him. "You ought to know that much yourself," trying to be severe to cover her embarrassment. And she shook out a fresh towel with unnecessary force and held it out to him.

Phil Desmond took the towel and the two little hands that held it and clasped them firmly in his. "Nancy," he said, "you know I love you, dear, tilting her head until he compelled her eyes to meet his. "You've known that for a long time, little girl, but I hardly dared ask you before—you seemed so different in your own home. But I've wanted you so much, Nancy. Won't you cook my dinners for me always?"

"Well," said Nancy, blushing rosy red under his gaze, "if you'll promise to wipe the dishes for me always, perhaps I may consider it."

And although he did not promise in so many words, somehow his answer completely satisfied her.

"Do you know," said Nancy some hours later, when the four of them were talking it over, "I know it sounds like a dreadful thing to say, but since it has all turned out so well, I think that Phil and I will always owe a debt of gratitude to father for being the 'measles man' just at the right time."

Food Value of Pineapple.

Pineapple is wonderfully adaptable in combining with other foods and is highly recommended by physicians for throat trouble. Many have even found it very helpful in stomach trouble.

In fact, the adaptability of the pineapple as a food is equal to its delicious flavor. Pineapple may be served as a dessert or salad by itself, or combined with other fruits, will add zest to any fruit salad. Pineapple fritters are becoming popular. The crushed, ungrated pineapple, sold under the same reliable name as the best canned whole slices, is used in making pineapple ice cream and sundae and as filling for cakes and pies. Pineapple pie is a great favorite.

Tidbits, which are segments of the sliced pineapple, are most satisfactory in fruit cocktails and in salads.

laughingly acknowledged, but sometimes she had to admit that she even got a little tired of the continued round of pleasure and longed for a quiet evening at home with a good book or even a pleasant chat with just one friend at a time.

"I really hardly have a chance to get acquainted with some of my friends," said Nancy to herself, when Phil Desmond had brought the little car to her door and gone back to his desk at the bank. "Mother always manages to have such a crowd around the house all the time or else I'm just coming home to get ready to go somewhere else. Now Phil Desmond—but there, I know I'm an ungrateful wretch—mother just does all this to make things pleasant for me, and this is how I appreciate it."

And Nancy went upstairs to pack her trunk, for she was leaving that evening for the home of one of her school friends to be maid of honor at her wedding.

"I almost hate to go," she told her mother when she was all ready, "especially since Beth and the twins are coming tomorrow. I'd just love to see those darling babies."

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Barton, "we'll try and keep them till you come back, and if we can't, why you can arrange to pay Beth and John a little visit later on."

Beth was Nancy's older sister, who had married John Orth about five years before, and insisted on living in a very tiny house in a very unfashionable suburb because, as she very frankly put it, "we can't afford to be fashionable—and now with Billy and Bab to plan for—and she shrugged her shoulders expressively.

"But she seems mighty contented, just the same," was Nancy's opinion, for the first time she had seen Beth and her twins. "I'd like just that sort of life—even to having tw—" but there Nancy had flushed guiltily and looked about to see if anyone perchance could have overheard her unspoken thought. So Nancy was packed off amid boxes and bundles filled with finery, and the week of her visit she was gayer than



"I Ain't Had Much Schoolin'."



"I Guess He Likes Her Pretty Well."