



VICTIM OF HIS CLOTHES
 BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.
 "I don't know," he muttered, burying his face in his hands. "It's a hard question. I must be in love."
 He fixed his eyes on the ground and wondered why he didn't find a half dollar there. No doubt there were coins enough buried in the dust of New York streets to pay his way to Kansas City. Why couldn't he find one? He began to accuse his guardian angel of serious neglect of duty. She ought at least to throw enough in his way to get him a breakfast. He poked around in the little heap of rubbish at the ends of the bench with the toes of his de-lap-dated shoes; but his guardian angel apparently had no change to spare. He didn't find a penny.
 The only article which differed from the general collection was a piece of pasteboard which looked like a theater check. It had evidently been dropped very recently, for it was scarcely soiled at all. He remembered, with a sudden start, that restaurants sometimes sold tickets that were good for a meal. With a hasty hand he snatched the piece of pasteboard from the ground and read:
 "This ticket entitles the bearer to one Turkish bath at Hubbard's, No. 99 West Twenty-seventh street. An extra charge for alcohol or electricity."
 This is the way that Fate takes advantage of a man's position to insult him. It was not Drane's fault that he had not washed his face, and it was aggravating to have a hint like this thrown out by fate to embellish the results of her own doing. Drane was on the point of tearing the ticket in rage and disdain when his better judgment checked him. A Turkish bath-house was a nice, quiet place to rest. It offers the greatest luxuries on a hot day. True, a severely thorough bath is not a good thing to take on an empty stomach; but still he felt any more hollow than he did without it. He arose and began his search for West Twenty-seventh street. It was not far away, and in less than half an hour he stood in front of No. 99. A handsome building it was; perhaps a little too ornate, but eminently suggestive of luxury. Drane entered and presented his ticket at the desk. The attendant stared at him.
 "How the dickens did you get this ticket?" he asked.
 Then Drane saw that he would have to lie. He was determined to get inside the bath now, and a small matter of falsehood should not stand in his way. His moral sense had been gradually weakened by the evil companionship of his clothes and he was in a condition to stretch the fabric of truth's spotted robe till he split it up the back.
 "Look here," he said. "I am quite a regular patron of this place. You don't recognize me because—well, to tell the truth, I've been on a hard spree for a week and have got pretty well worn up, as you see. I'd like to sober up here in the bath and then I'll send out for a suit of clothes in which I can begin an era of reform by going home to dinner."
 "What's your name?" asked the attendant, hesitatingly.
 Drane looked over his shoulder as if to make sure that nobody could hear him declare his real identity, and then bending over the desk he whispered: "John H. Smyth. You remember the name, don't you?"
 "Well, I've heard it before," the clerk admitted, "but I can't place you."
 "Am I so changed by a single week of debauchery?" said Drane sadly; then, in a still more confidential tone: "You must recall my name. I spell it with a Y."
 The clerk smiled.
 "I guess it's all right, Mr. Smyth. Shall I take care of your valuables?"
 "You're too late, my young friend," said Drane. "Somebody else is taking care of them in a way that beats the safe-deposit vault out of sight."
 The clerk laughed and gave Drane a little key strung on a rubber band designed to go about the latter's wrist.
 "Number forty-one," he called to an attendant, who immediately conducted Drane to his dressing-room.
 What a delight it was to lay aside the rags of poverty! When Drane emerged from the little room clothed only in a sheet, he felt as good as his neighbor. Even his hunger relented for a time, and he enjoyed his bath thoroughly.
 It was two o'clock by the magnificent time-piece which stood among artificial flowers in the great hall of the bath, when he returned to his room and his rags. His soul and body rebelled against them more strongly than ever before. They contrasted painfully with the luxury by which he had been surrounded. He sat in his chair with his head in his hands and groaned aloud. Faintness had followed the bath, and had been aggravated by the sight of men enjoying rolls and coffee, while they reclined upon the divans in the hall. He almost made up his mind to order breakfast, and trust to luck to get away alive without paying for it.
 "Here you are, sir, number forty-two," said a voice; and Drane heard an attendant usher a man into the next dressing-room.
 "Thank you, sir," he heard the fellow say a minute later. Then he knew that the man in the next stall had tipped the attendant. They talked together a minute, while the visitor inquired about the bath and the restaurant which was connected with it. Then he tipped the fellow again, and got more thanks.
 "He has plenty of money," of course, groaned Drane, "why shouldn't he give some of it away? Why shouldn't he lend me some? Why shouldn't I climb over the partition and negotiate the loan myself while he's out of the way?"
 The rags were corrupting him. They seemed actually to talk, to suggest envy, malice, and theft.
 "Get thee behind me," garments of Satan," he said, smiling bitterly; and he arose and walked out again into the hall. An obliging attendant prepared a divan for him and he had no sooner stretched himself upon it than he fell asleep.
 Drane was awakened by the voice of the man who had occupied the dressing-

Beside him lay the remnants of the lunch. Drane would have been glad to stay and watch the fellow when he waked up, but he had decided to go out and find a policeman to take the thief into custody.
 There was none in sight when he stepped to the door. He stood there a [To be continued.]

SCHOOL DEPARTMENT.
 Managed by the Polk County Teacher's Association and devoted to the advancement of the Public Schools.
 EDITED BY PROF. T. A. HAYES, Independence, Oregon.
 All communications relating to this work must be addressed to the editor of this department.

Progress or Fall out of Line.
 In this age of progress, when there is so much competition in all lines of work, there is an increased demand for live, energetic, progressive men and women. There are persons in every calling who have no special liking for their work but who are clinging to it until something better "turns up"; but unfortunately for them, a d sometimes for their profession, that something rarely ever turns up.
 The time is coming when the public will be rid of such croakers. The law of the survival of the fittest will turn them down and their places will be filled by those who are thoroughly in earnest and who are ever striving to improve. The farmer, merchant or teacher who is not satisfied with his calling, who is not thoroughly interested in his work, will be surprised by those who are striving to become more proficient in their different lines of work. The teacher who does not intend to remain in the profession long, who does not read school literature nor attend teachers' institutes, who thinks such things "dry" or "prosy" had better step down and out. The place will be filled by some one willing to devote all their time and energy to the work.

What can the institute do for the teacher? It can help them in many ways. The observing teacher finds every day, questions of method and government that are not answered in any books on teaching. Different teachers are troubled in different ways. What appears difficult to one does not trouble another. At any rate, discussions on these questions would be mutually beneficial.
 It is true we need practical work in our institutes. Nearly every paper on methods of teaching any subject or part of a subject should be followed by a model recitation, conducted by the party who reads the paper. And in all cases the individual's own class should be taught, if possible, or one with which the teacher is well acquainted. We have entirely too much of the theoretical and not enough of the practical. We are all good imitators; we can do things better after having seen them done than we could by being told how to do time.

At the present time the subject of "Nature Studies" is being discussed, but aside from a few schools in the large cities it is all discussion. How many teachers are able to give lessons on plants, soil and rocks? How many are interested in such things? If you are interested, if you want to advance, don't fail to attend the association in Portland next week. The best teachers in the state will be there. If you attend and keep your ears and eyes open you can't fail to get new ideas. Don't satisfy yourself with the excuse "it will cost too much." If it does cost you will be repaid for your trouble and expense by renewed energy and enthusiasm and by increase of knowledge. Remember that these things are your "stock in trade." Every teacher in Polk county ought to attend the state association, and then if all would attend the county association in Independence on Jan. 5, 1895, we would have one of the most interesting sessions on record.

This is examination week in the Independence schools and the closing of the first term. All the examination papers will be kept on file, and parents especially are requested to call and examine them.
 The President of a Great University on Boys Who Smoke Cigarettes.
 His watch and a considerable sum of money were there too. He wondered at this because prudent persons leave such things at the desk, but then he reflected that a thief distrusts everybody, and hates to hand over his plunder when he doesn't know who may be watching.
 Drane was never so eminently satisfied in his life. The clothes restored his brain to its proper balance almost at once. He wondered how he could have been brought to the point of entering another's room, and he was shocked at the thought, though delighted at the result.
 He strolled through the hall and noticed that the thief was still sleeping.

in after life because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins cigarette smoking before he is fifteen never enters the life of the world. When the other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker.
 There is one grim argument to be made for the use of cigarettes by boys. It helps on the survival of the fittest. The manly boy does not take to such things. He has life in him, plays football, steals watermelons, goes swimming on Sundays, hunts ducks—does anything but deaden himself with narcotics.
 DAVID S. JORDAN.

DALLAS NOTES.

Term examination this week, close of the first three months. Visitors are few and far between except some of our old students who are attending the academy.
 Some of our pupils are cramming for examination, hoping thus to atone for three months idleness by a few days' hard work. It can not be done. The careful teacher can tell the results of the examination beforehand.
 We have now 21 eighth grade pupils, and a more quiet, orderly lot of pupils are hard to find, or who are more punctual in their attendance.
 W. I. REYNOLDS.

MONMOUTH NOTES.

The lecture in the Normal chapel, Dec. 18, by Hon. H. B. Miller, of Grants Pass, was undoubtedly the best lecture Monmouth has had since the lecture in "Father Time." Mr. Miller's subject, "The Law of Nature" was handled in a practical way, so that every person who heard him might be benefited. "His ideas," he said, "were measured out by sawlogs and lumber before he gave them to use." He thinks that our value, or the value of anything, is not governed by the law of supply and demand, but by the cost of production. It is a mistaken idea that what comes for little can be worth much. We cannot create anything but we can discover natural laws and use them for our benefit. Self government and national governments are only the working of nature's laws. Government must begin in the heart. If we wish to improve the government we must improve the individual, for ignorance in the individual means bad management in national affairs, but a wise man is a government unto himself.
 Wealth is not, as has been supposed, created by physical powers but by mental ability. Our physical abilities are being cultivated beyond our mental and spiritual. The cry has been and is now that too many of us are mental invalids.
 We need more economics and ethics. Few people know the elementary principles of economics. Business men complain that our schools do not teach enough economics to show a man his position in life but that he must learn it by hard knocks. A noted ruler has said that we want more English, Germans and Americans, and fewer Greeks and Latin men.
 A poet's business is to please the ear, the artist's to please the eye, but our business as teachers is to prepare our pupils for the economic problems of life.
 LEO L. SWANN.

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 A stands for Answer. The answer to the first question is, at Frazer & Son's. The answer to the second question is, at Frazer & Son's.
 P stands for proof. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The proof of the above assertion is in the fact that our trade this year considerably exceeds last year's.
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