

AN EXTRA TURN.

Daniel Monroe, M. A., M. D., Sc.D., and so forth and so forth, sat pondering with a deep frown on his brow, scowling at a recently opened letter which he held in his hand.

It was, in fact, the private office of the Professor of Physical Culture, pertaining to the University of Wisconsin which as every one knows is the third largest community of students west of Chicago.

Dr. Monroe was a Scotch Canadian who had graduated at Toronto University, had taught school for a while in his native land, then had drifted across the border with an ever-increasing salary, until he reached the position he now held, and of all the instructors in Wisconsin, he was the most popular and the most respected.

In personal appearance Dr. Monroe was as mild-mannered a man as ever knocked an astonished ruffian into the gutter. He was so well built and so finely proportioned that although one could not but admire him few realized that his muscles were like tempered steel.

Dear Dan: I hope you won't allow this letter to worry you, but I must confess, at the outset, that I am a failure as a schoolteacher.

A great, hulking, ill-natured giant named Tom Scott was the person who put me out of commission, but any one of half a dozen would have done it sooner or later.

I suppose there will be no school in Pinknet until the New Year, when another victim will be found.

"Well, then, keep your feet out of the way, confound you," cried Scott, truculently, casting a glance at the teacher which said, plainly enough: "What are you going to do about it?"

Scott hailed the newcomer with obvious gratification, because there had been a good deal of grumbling at the incident which had closed the school, not from any sympathy with the stricken teacher, but because numerous children were left at home and in mischief.

Within a few days Dr. Monroe was as popular with the young women that attended, and with the small boys and girls, as he had been at the Western University.

The young ruffians saw they had to deal with one who turns the other cheek, also, and said among themselves, and in their own graphic language, that this was a soft snip.

To his amazement, as the school session prolonged itself into December, it was Sam Perkins, and not Tom Scott, who achieved the proud position of being the worst boy in the school, and a dozen times a day Sam qualified for an excellent thrashing that never came.

Bill Patterson and Jim Macpherson also committed deeds which, if done by Tom Scott would have brought vengeance on his head, and at last Dr. Monroe saw that it had been resolved that someone else than young Scott should be chosen to attack the teacher.

All the elder pupils had qualified for punishment, although they were blissfully unaware of the fact. In a little private memorandum, book Monroe set down hour and date of offense with the name of the offender in case he might forget when the time came.

One of the duties of the larger boys was the bringing in of wood from the shed outside to replenish the large iron box stove which heated the schoolroom.

In those days and in this district, the schoolhouse was of rather a primitive description. The windows were small, and situated in a row just under the ceiling on either side.

One day, when it was Scott's turn to bring in the armful of split beech and maple, he allowed, with deliberate cruelty and pretended clumsiness, the load to fall on the toes of some of the little chaps seated on the low bench beside the stove.

"Well, then, keep your feet out of the way, confound you," cried Scott, truculently, casting a glance at the teacher which said, plainly enough: "What are you going to do about it?"

"The little fools are always in the way."

The teacher bowed without comment and went back to his desk.

"Put up your books and slates," he said, a request which occasioned some surprise, for that was the order of dismissal at twelve o'clock or at four.

Some of those who remained laughed outright, some sniggered, and some smiled. They were all quite ready to discuss discipline or anything else with "Molly," which was one of their names for the new teacher.

"Boys," he begged, "put those benches out of the way against the wall. I wish a clear floor space. If you desire a bench to sit on, put it at the other end of the schoolroom.

He was very promptly obeyed, and now the seven seated themselves at the further end of the room. All laughter and talk had ceased, and each face wore a look of expectancy.

"Scott, come here," he said in a voice so low that only the tense stillness of the room made it audible.

"Are you going to try to thrash me?" he said, in a voice more controlled than any he had ever used in that room before.

He relinquished the hickory stick, abandoned his position behind the desk, and stepped from the platform to the floor.

Every boy was now standing up. Tom Scott helplessly beat the floor, twisting and turning his body, trying, without effect, to wrest himself from the iron grip of the schoolmaster.

"Do keep quiet, Tommy," pleaded his gaoler. "You are making me feel as if I held the shafts of a turbulent wheelbarrow going over a corduroy road. Please oblige me by keeping still."

"You may think it un-British for a combatant to kick, but I should like to say this in Tommy's favor. What he has done would be considered in France and other Latin countries, entirely justifiable.

"No, it wa-n't," replied Scott, defiantly.

shed astronomer of Stonyhurst College, will soon go to the South Sea Islands, commissioned by the British Government.

The master easily prevented any of the blows from reaching him, but made no effort to strike back, watching rather for the expected kick, which at last came.

"That," said the master, "is the most terrible movement of the savate. In using it you run the chance of breaking the neck of your opponent, but I knew Tommy's bull-neck was as thick as his head, so I risked it.

"Ah," breathed Monroe, with a sigh of supreme contentment, as he retreated until his back was against his desk; then, with the airy grace of a dancing master teaching a new quick-step, he sailed into the crowd with fist and foot, and before five seconds had elapsed, a row of boys lay on the schoolroom floor, several bleeding from the nose.

"My dear lads," he said, "I am beginning to love you. You have generously given me an unexampled opportunity of showing you the beauty of the savate, which comes into play whenever one man is attacked by a crowd.

"And now, my dear chaps, get up and sit upon the bench, which has become a penitent stool. Scott, how is your head? Still on your shoulders? Well, it is a marvel. You seem a little stiff in your movements. Come this way if you please."

Scott did so, and first on his right and then on his left, received without perceptible wincing as severe a punishment as that schoolroom had ever witnessed.

The late President Montt of Chile, who lately visited this country in company with his wife and chaplain, was a happy solution factor in bringing to a happy solution the dispute between his country and Argentina.

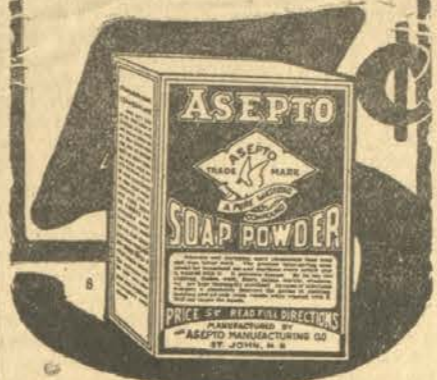
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