

PASSING RICH

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"But, you forget, gentlemen," began Miss Lichum, aroused by their conversation, "that we're now living in the present age. Why girls can now take a two years' course in book-keeping and stenography and start off at fifteen to twenty dollars a week—seven hundred and eighty to ten forty a year—and paid for their holidays.

"Moreover, you don't know what teaching includes. The nearest boarding house I can get is one and a quarter miles from school. That means two and a half miles a day—five hundred and five miles in the course of the teaching year—with a daily cold lunch thrown in. Why, I've worn out three pairs of ten dollar shoes and five pairs of rubbers since last September.

"I've got to be at school at 8.45 a.m. I seldom leave before 4.30 and often not till 5 p.m. Even then I usually bring some test papers and exercises home with me to mark.

"I've not only got the children, but you, the people of the section, and the inspector, to contend with. I've got to act just so all the time, or t-t-t-t-'isn't that terrible.' I've got to go out for tea, attend box socials, and look wise all the time whether I feel like it or not. I've got to talk crops, weather, babies, baking, fancy work, books, religion, current events and every other thing—but never dare I pass a bit of gossip.

"And as though that weren't enough," she sobbed—"but I've got to listen to a bunch of hard-shelled, old tight-wads, like you, discount my work. (Ow-ough.) I won't stay! Keep

your increase! Keep your dirty twenty-times-handled five hundred dollars!—I don't want it!—I resign! (boo-hoo) I resign! Hear me!"

"Miss Lichum!" they chorused.

"We didn't mean to hurt your feelings," explained Hiram. "You've done good work. Excellent work. The inspector's reports have been very good. We don't want you to go. We'll have to see if we can't keep you. What about a raise, boys?"

"Yes, she's right," said Hec. "A teacher's life is none too easy, I guess—and things are rather high. What do you say to a raise of twenty-five dollars?"

"Done!" said the other two.

And the raise, when she gets it, will almost pay for a pair of shoes, and her transportation home for the summer.

A Warning.

Charming girls, do not teach
Until your hair is gray,
Until old age you reach
And men look t'other way.

An ignorant person is dangerous. It is among the ignorant men of Canada that Bolshevism thrives. While we are holding the present generation of Red agitators and sympathizers down we should educate, by law if necessary, their children. Education more than anything else will eradicate Bolshevism.

If some of the teachers at present studying agriculture at the College don't sympathize with the block heads whom they later have occasion to supervise, it won't be because they have never undergone the sensation of being one.