

The Crystal River News

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MEN TEACHERS.

Recently there has been much discussion in educational circles of the need of men teachers in the higher grades, and some effort has been made to attract them to the work, without any appreciable results. There must be something about the calling of the teacher—either its pecuniary rewards or its range of opportunities—that is inadequate to attract and hold men who might take up this calling as a life work. The average man teacher uses his position as a makeshift, a stepping-stone and means of livelihood while he studies for the law, the medicine or some other profession, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Usually the man teacher leaves at the earliest opportunity for more flattering and lucrative fields of endeavor. It would seem that teaching would be the most enjoyable work for the student of books and of human nature, but the fact remains that men as a rule do not so regard it. It must be admitted that the profession of teaching does not hold the financial attractions of men that are offered in other professions. The years of preparation required, the constant study necessary, the investment in books and other expenses make a severe drain on the teacher's income, which is small at best. If it be true that there is a real demand for more men teachers, the chances are that the demand will be supplied when the compensation is made commensurate with the services rendered.

The statistics of the fire department of New York show that at least 25 per cent of the fires in that city are caused by the careless use of matches and of lighted cigars and cigarettes. Is it not time that this awful risk to others by careless smokers should be taken account of by the law? It is not a trivial matter. The tossing aside of lighted matches and cigar butts without seeing where they land should be as much of a penal offense as bomb-throwing or incendiarism. A careless cigarette in Baltimore, one of the biggest in the world's history and wholly preventable. A careless match caused the recent fire in New York, with its loss of valuable life and much loss of property—also wholly preventable. The careless user of a spark of fire is an enemy of the public welfare and ought to be treated as such. We are as yet primitive in our outlook upon vital facts.

A very pleasant prediction has been made by a college sociologist that the United States is due for war in 1930 and that this nation will be in the wrong, as probably by reason of its wealth and importance, it will have become an international bully. He bases this assertion on the evidence of history. But to offset this are the facts that the direct rule of the people is becoming more and more the national ideal of government, and that with the people as a whole vitally in control, the peace sentiment will be stronger than ever. It is upon the masses, not the classes, that the horrors of war chiefly fall, and the element of self-interest will then be more engaged in the preservation of peace than ever before in the history of the world. In the meantime, potential academic wars need not seriously affect the national peace of mind.

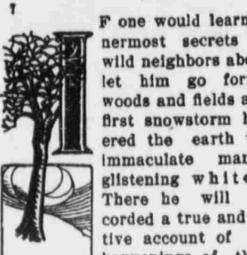
Professor von Wasserman has informed the Berlin Medical Society of an amazingly successful experience in treating cancerous ulcers in mice with injections of a preparation containing cosin, tellurium and selenium. He says that after the fourth injection ulcerous affections almost entirely disappeared, and at the end of ten days some of the animals were entirely cured. But he is not certain, he says, that similar results would be attainable in the case of human beings.

A Harvard professor says that divorce is symptomatic of a disease which he calls Americanitis and has something to do with nerves. He is probably right, for there is never a divorce unless one party gets on the nerves of the other.

If, as a French physician charges, a man can get rid of his superfluous flesh by eating five liberal meals per day, are we to infer that an emaciated person can make himself fat by starving?



TRACKS OF THE BIRD



FOOT MARKS IN SNOW

One would learn the innermost secrets of the wild neighbors about him, let him go forth into woods and fields after the first snowstorm has covered the earth with an immaculate mantle of glistening whiteness. There he will find recorded a true and exhaustive account of outdoor happenings of the past twenty-four hours.

Across the snow-covered field at the edge of the woods you trail the familiar tracks of the little cottontail rabbit. By their side, and occasionally joining and obliterating them, are the accusing foot-prints of that mischievous pointer pup, who should have been tied up in the barn. About a small clump of swaying weed-stalks are the four-barred prints of such hardy birds as juncos, red-polls, and the larger blue-jays and crows. A powdery mass of loosened snow comes sitting down from the topmost bough of an evergreen at the forest edge, as a large snowy owl flies noiselessly back into the silent woods. Driven from his summer hunting grounds at the far north, by the icy hand of winter, he will levy toll from squirrels, grouse and rabbits, before taking his departure for more congenial climes at the coming of spring. His hunting is methodical and constant. With set, silent, wings, he swoops suddenly down upon his victim, like some great white specter of the forest. Little round pellets of hair, feathers and bones found on the snow beneath his favorite perch, indicate the fate of his unfortunate prey. Fierce, rapacious and insatiable, he flies over the fields, and through the forest, ever ready to fall like a meteor on some unsuspecting

his kind, this bold assassin from the arctic does not confine his hunting excursions to the night time alone, but flies abroad during certain hours of the day as well; thereby proving even more destructive and dangerous than his ally in crime, the northern goshawk.

Beneath the snow-laden branches of the balsams, the round cat-like imprints of the lynx show forth. Bold and prominent, they form an easily followed trail through the woods. The half-buried top of a fallen tree, a cavity left by the roots of an upturned stump, a thick-grown mass of rhododendrons, have all been carefully examined by this soft-footed prowler in his relentless search for food. Slightly further on, his trail joins that of the varying hare, or "white rabbit," and his tread becomes measured and careful, as he creeps forward on the hot scent of his intended victim. About the edge of a dismal swamp the disturbed snow shows where, coming on the unwary hare, he has made his leap and secured his prize. The line by the side of his trail marks the drag of his prey on the snow as he has carried it to the top of an open knoll. Here are displayed all the evidences of his savage feast. Having satisfied his hunger he has circled about and several times walked to the point of his commanding elevation. One can almost hear his weird, piercing scream, uttered in bold defiance from his prominence. Evidently satisfied that nothing is to be gained by tarrying longer in the vicinity, his restless feet have been again turned toward the denser forest in which direction his trail disappears.

By the side of a gently-murmuring, ice-encrusted brook, appears the sinuous hunting trail of the blood-thirsty mink. The little footprints in sets of two and two, register in the snow along both shores of the stream, for the mink in his hunting, crosses and recrosses on the ice many times in the course of a mile. Keenly alert, he travels swiftly along, watchful for anything with which he may satiate the pangs of hunger. A disabled or careless grouse, a trout, trapped in some shallow, isolated pool, an unwary muskrat, a venturesome wood mouse, abroad from its shelter, or even the remains left from the repast of some more fortunate or powerful marauder, will suffice in his time of need. Up into the wind goes the slim, pointed head, with the little bead-like eyes; the tiny nose twitches, apprehensively at some scent borne on the uncertain breeze. Every nook and crevice beneath the shelving banks is thoroughly explored; into each air-hole of the

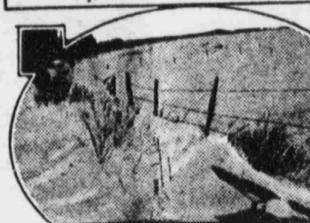
ice-coated stream, is thrust the rat-like head, to peer intently into the depths of the black pool beneath. Through one of these openings the long, slender, brown body slips, to turn and twist with lightning-like rapidity in the icy current. Emerging from the chilling water, its wet coat glistening, its eyes flashing triumphantly, the agile little animal has its jaws fastened across the body of a luckless trout. Beneath the shelter of a fallen pine, the prize is placed and closely guarded by the suspicious mink. After many little patrols about the near vicinity, made for the purpose of discovering any hidden foe, if such there be, the crafty hunter has partaken of his well-earned meal. Some telltale evidences left behind on the trampled snow proclaim all this, and then the tracks lead on down the stream.

At some distance from the brook-bed, farther back in the forest, winds the clear-cut, well-defined tracks of the red fox. The footprints are distinguishable from those of the lynx even at first glance. The imprints themselves are narrower, and placed more nearly in a straight line; while the stride, from the track to track, is half again as long as in the wider lynx trail. The drag of the bushy tail is duly recorded, as the sharply outlined footprints lead up to and over the brow of a hill. From the clean, sharp tracks left on the snow, one can readily imagine the sly, red fellow daintily placing those tireless black feet. The trail leads into an old wood road along which the fox has trotted. At one place, evidently frightened by something he has jumped far to one side, then gone on at a mad gallop. Down to the edge of an ice-covered, snow-coated pond, the tracks lead. Evidently recovered from his unexplainable panic, he steals stealthily to the cover of the bushes that fringe the frozen lake. His trail proceeds to the outskirts of a frozen marsh, along which it follows. About several muskrat houses his wayward footprints circle; at one particular dome-shaped habitation the impatient fox has scraped away the snow and seemingly endeavored to scratch through the impenetrable, frozen mass composing the roof. Having probably caused the terrified inmates to abandon the grass-lined living chamber, and to plunge into the black, chilling water beneath the ice, he has turned and made his way leisurely across the swamp to a hemlock grove. Cautiously he has worked his way under the drooping branches, his keen nose searching for some promising scent. He has alarmed a torpid grouse, as recorded by the disturbed area of snow, showing the bomb-like flight of the startled bird at the near approach of the silent stalker.

WINTER TRAILS

BY ELMER RUSSEL GREGOR

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TRAILS OF THE BOLD COTTONTAIL



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Certainly Not.
Mrs. Styles—Don't you think this new hat improves my looks, dear?
Mr. Styles—I suppose so.
"But what makes you look so cross?"
"I'm thinking of the bill for that hat. You can't expect that to improve my looks."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wonderful Control.
"Do you believe in hypnotism?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox, "there must be some such thing. Every now and then I hear of some one who manages to get a cook to stay in the country."

FAR BETTER THAN QUININE.
Elixir Babek cures malaria where quinine fails, and it can be taken with impunity by old and young.
"Having suffered from Malarious Fever for several months, getting no relief from quinine and being completely broken down in health, 'Elixir Babek' effected a permanent cure."—W. F. Marr.
Elixir Babek, 60 cents, all druggists, or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

His Flowerlike Way.
Mrs. Givem—How do you shovel off the snow?
Weary Willie—I stick me head above it like the crocus, mum.

For HEADACHE—HICK'S CAPSIDINE.
Whether from Cold, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsidine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c., 25c., and 50 cents at drug stores.

The better half of the family never knows quite so much about how the other half lives as she would like to know.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take. Do not gripe.

Hope is a good thing to have, but you can't hang it up with the three ball merchant.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GIBBY'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Many things may come to the man who waits, but better things come to the chap who waits on himself.

Some married men look upon home as a place to rest—and some other get anything but a rest while there.

There's no fool like a bold fool.

WANTED AT ONCE A MAN

To Make \$100 Per Month Above Expenses
About 2000 Men are now making big money with our Medicines, Extracts, Spices, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Stock and Poultry Preparations, Polishes, Etc. Our Company fastest growing, most progressive, most successful. Established over 17 years. Capital and surplus over \$2,000,000. Big Branch Warehouses at Memphis, Tenn. and Chester, Pa. make low freight rates and quick service. Total floor space in factories and warehouses, over 10 acres.

We Now Want men in each unorganized locality to take full charge of all deliveries to farmers and others from a wagon similar to the one below. In short, a man able to take full charge of everything pertaining to our business in his district. Not every man can fill this position nor can we afford to contract with one who is too extravagant or too old or too young. We want to hear from men who have been fairly successful—honest, industrious men who will be satisfied to make not less than \$100 per month clear profit above expenses the first year, \$1800 the second year, and \$2400 the third year.



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GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that positively contains OIL. Blacks and Polishes ladies' and children's boots and shoes, shines without rubbing. Etc. French Gilt Edge. GILT EDGE combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of metal or tin shoes. Etc. "Dandy" also known as QUICK WHITE (in liquid form) with a sprayer quickly cleans and whitens dirty canvas shoes. Etc. and Etc.

BABY ELITE combination for gentlemen who take pride in having their shoes look A1. Restores color and lustre to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 10 cents. "Elixir" also in cans.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, send in the price in stamps and we will send you a full size package charge paid.

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