

HOW WE SAVED FOR A HOME.

Amelia, we could buy a home, if we should try real hard. So don't use butter any more, we'll spread our bread with lard.

SAVING THE CHILD.

"James Hennessy!" calls the clerk. Jimmy stands there beside the big policeman who dragged him out of a dry-goods box some time between midnight and dawn.

"The story is told in the usual stolid police way. There are a few formal phrases about 'expedited' and 'neglected' and 'improper guardianship,' but, of course, this is beyond Jimmy's ken. He is simply a concerned, cowering young animal.

Then a man in a black gown, who sits up in a big chair, begins to talk to him. The startling thing to Jimmy is that he is neither being cursed at nor reviled. This man, who is looking so earnestly at him, is speaking quietly, kindly. Jimmy knows little of church but this, maybe, is the priest.

Into this court crowds more of human interest than in any other court of the world. Before its bar is constantly passing a great procession of human incongruities, scenes vibrant with pathos and humor.

He who sits in judgment here is charged with great responsibilities. He knows that often on his decision rests the blighting or making of a life.

In fact, here the judge is a big father in time of greatest need to the multitude of small boys, fearful or sullen, and small girls, hysterical or oddly indifferent, who are haled before him each day to answer charges of lawbreaking—charges that run the gamut of the Penal Code from the ordinary mischief of irrepressible youth to burglary and attempts at self-destruction.

Between the appearance of Jimmy and that of the smartly dressed youngster in knickerbockers whose case is next called, there is a striking contrast. This young defendant and his father have wheeled up only a few minutes before in a big automobile, for the boy has been released on bail after having been arrested the day before for breaking a street lamp while playing ball. The charge is read by the judge who, in this common sense court, is prosecutor, judge and jury combined.

Drive address engraved upon it. The judge casts the card aside in disgust. "Your boy has been manly enough to tell the truth, and yet you, his father, think so little of him that you would have him come into a court of law and tell a lie. You are not fit to have such a son!"

Robbie's elder gloweringly pays a fine and as they walk out of court to the waiting automobile, Robbie looks deeply ashamed for both. Robbie's handiwork is his father. This man's sin is only a little less grievous in the eyes of the Court than the criminal neglect of the father of the boy who was found sleeping in the dry-goods box, for Robbie's father should have known better and Robbie is being raised in luxury.

A passive, slovenly dressed woman drops into the witness chair. She, so the report goes, is the "lesser" of half a dozen crowded tenements in the sweat shop district. That is, she applies the screws to the helpless tenants for the real owner, who perhaps lives in a fine house on one of the avenues and moves in high society. Her thirteen-year-old son is charged with being an habitual truant.

"The school records show that your boy has broken the law by being absent from school for more than a year," the Court informs her. "When the sentence is interpreted to her, she shrugs her heavy shoulders and mildly replies: 'Maybe he wasn't feeling well.'"

Her indifference, however, suddenly disappears as her boy is led away to the transient school. "Oh, my Izzy! My Izzy!" she cries; but the cry comes from no maternal impulse,—her Izzy has helped in the collection of the rents.

A freckle-faced adventurer of burling the worst districts is accused of hurling a brick through the window of a Chinaman's laundry. I did it, Chodge, but de Chink ain't got no provers" is his ingenious answer to the charge.

Aloysius, for so his name has been written in his baptismal lines, is made to understand that he will fare better by a straightforward plea than by trying to dodge behind the technicalities of the law. He is led to an understanding, also, before the lesson is over, that even Chinamen have rights, and he is obliged to humble himself so far as to take the reluctant Chinaman by the hand and beg his pardon.

This, too, after his father has agreed to pay for the glass. To teach boys and girls to respect the rights of others is the ground-work course of our children's courts.

Aloysius is released on parole, which means that the hand of the Court rests over him and that for any transgression of the strict line of conduct that he laid down he may be brought back at once and committed to an institution. There is not to be a "single day of 'hooky,'" and the report of the Parole Officer, on the day that he is to reappear in court, must show that he has been an exemplary little citizen. For the Children's Court is often called "the court of one more chance," and little boys and girls are not packed off to institutions unless there is absolutely no other prospect for reformation, for there is always the danger that they will be turned out automatons or if they go to the old barrack reformatories, that they will suffer by contamination.

It is ever remembered that the child is the creature of environment and of opportunity. The court is often a potent factor in improving both. Frequently one of the conditions of the release on parole is that the parents shall move into a different neighborhood to give their children another chance in better surroundings. Eighty-five per cent of these paroled children do so well that their commitment to an institution is not necessary.

An afflicted robin of ten, who ran off with a pair of shoes that were hanging in front of a store, climbs up in front of the bench. An anxious, worn mother, who sees him now for the first time since he was taken into custody, lays a trembling hand on his arm. Care and the marks of drudgery are on her face. She is a sorrows woman and has a family of five that the father has deserted. The little fellow's eyes fill.

"Judge, I took 'em for me little sister," he quavers. The sister is there, two years younger than the defendant. She shows her sympathy by holding his hand and passing him on the cheek. The stolen shoes are produced and, sure enough, they are about Emma's size, and Emma's toes are showing. A pains-taking inquiry proves the boy's story true. From some unknown source the price of those stolen shoes is dropped into the complainant's hand and he leaves court, grumbling in his beard. An agent of a charitable society becomes interested, and, following the boy's arrest and arraignment, things will look up in that home.

An unkempt Italian mother shuffles in with a child, placid and unwinking, in one arm, while she leads a reluctant youngster, not at all bad-looking, with the other hand. She says Tony is a bad boy, oh, a very bad boy. Tony, who is all of nine, gazes at his mother in wonder as she would swear him into an institution—"the collegio," as it is known to the Italians of this class. To them, putting their boy away into a reformatory is sending him to college and oftentimes the parent who is able to do this is looked upon with envy by his neighbors. For they reason that there the children will be fed, clothed and taught a trade, at public expense. Of course, when Tony is big enough to help in the breadwinning, his parents will want him back.

The baby, who has been staring with round eyes at the policeman who hovers near, begins on a sudden to wail. Poor little Tony, Tony the culprit, the malefactor, then patiently draws a feeding-bottle from the pocket of his jacket and puts it into the baby's hand. The cries cease and the mother's impeachment of Tony's character flows volubly on. The judge is used to all this.

"Stop!" he commands. "Yes, I'll send your boy away, but your husband will be placed under an order to pay the city each week the full amount of this child's support. If he fails to do this he will be sent to prison."

might be expected. One youngster who has dropped into a policeman's arms as he scrawled from the faint light of a grocery he has robbed coolly tells the judge that he'd "heaps rather be put away" than go back to the place that fate gave him for a home.

"Coffee Sobinsky" is the euphonious name of a youth who is charged with the belious offense of using a sling-shot in a public park. He, in fact, had aimed at a sparrow and his peddler, and naturally the latter was wroth. The judge explains how dangerous it is to throw missiles in a public place. Again it is the lesson of the rights of others, and that the bigger the crowd, the less are the rights of the individual. So often is this lesson told to the youth that the city would suppress and repress.

"How did you come to do it?" the Court finally asks. Now "Coffee" belongs to that large class of boys who in their eager search for information devour everything readable that comes within their reach. Neither his father nor his mother could read or write English, but "Coffee" is rapidly making up for any deficiency in that direction. "Coffee" squares his little shoulders and looking the judge straight in the eye asks: "Didn't I read in the papers that the bird season was open?"

A thin, white-faced little girl of eleven is brought forward by one of the officers of the Children's Society. "Mother and father drank most of the sum," says the officer, "while three of them live in a little dark hall-bed-room,—cook, eat and sleep there. No fit place for her."

The judge asks for the parents, who shuffle forward. The man tries to assume a bravado bearing, but he soon weakens before the judge's merciless questions. Yes, he does drink—once in a while—he confesses, and then, with pathetic shame, acknowledges that his wife drank "pretty often." He admits that he earns from six to eight dollars a week—when he works. The judge turns to the unkempt, blarney-eyed woman, whose shaking hand, as she takes the oath, betrays her pitiable condition. After a few questions the judge says that he will send the child to a home where they must pay a dollar and a half a week towards her support.

"Oh, judge, please don't take her away from me! I swear I'll never touch another drop—don't take my little lamb from me." The woman's voice rises to a hysterical wail. The little girl begins to cry and presses close to her mother's side. "Mamma, mamma," she sob; and there is love, the real heart-yearning for the mother, in her voice and earnestness.

Something suddenly clouds the judge's spectacles; he has to wipe them with a hand that trembles. But he knows that he is right; this child must be saved, for there are other details in the officer's story that show the horror of such a home for the girl. The mother's oath will be broken within twenty-four hours; it does not mean true repentance. So the Court rules that the little girl shall go to the Protectors, and the pitiful little group moves away from the desk, the child clinging to her mother until the last moment.

The case of a girl of fifteen, whose face is darkened with evil knowledge prematurely and who is called "The mother," a foolish-looking creature, stands indifferent to the whole wretched recital. As her unfortunate daughter is led past her on her way to a reformatory institution, the mother is heard to whisper in her ear:

"Never mind, Florence; the lower you fall, the higher you'll bounce."

An extreme case. Yes, perhaps, but there are constantly being revealed offenses of parents against their children that are little less startling. There are, of course, offenders plainly and typically criminal: the hardened young Dick Turpins, the trained and skillful pickpockets and other children who have been raised in a generation of criminal habits, boys of ten piping up to confess men's sins. But even in these cases all hope is not lost, for in it all environment rather than heredity has been the controlling force.—By Ernest K. Conlter, in the Delinquent.

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—It's lucky to have a rabbit's foot. At least the rabbit thinks so.

—"A busy man is never too busy to tell you how busy he is."

—In some circles a gentleman is a man who gets drunk with a dress suit on.

Given Nine Months For Manslaughter. Hartford, Conn., Oct. 5.—Engineer Jerome Wilson and Conductor David C. Maroney, charged with manslaughter, were found guilty in the criminal superior court and sentenced to nine months each in jail. Wilson and Maroney were in charge of the passenger train which on June 23 collided with a work train in this city, killing 10 persons and injuring 40.

Hammered Dynamite; Head Blown Off. Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 7.—Benjamin Formato, foreman of a gang of laborers, was blasting slag at the Union Furnace company's plant. While driving a 25-pound dynamite cartridge in to a drill hole he decided to hammer it in with a sledge. Formato's head was blown off. Anthony Tomillo also was killed and five other men were injured.

Child's Assassin Killed by Father. Newton, Mass., Oct. 8.—William Bender, a negro, who attempted to assault a 6-year-old white girl, was killed by the child's father, Benjamin Coker, a planter, who came upon him while he was attempting to make his escape, and fired a charge of buckshot into his head.

Two Fatally Injured in Duel. Pittsburg, Oct. 7.—Levi Jones, 63 years old, and William Carpenter, 34 years old, are dying in a hospital from injuries received in a duel with a knife and an ice pick as weapons. The fight was prompted, it is said, by jealousy.

A POTTSVILLE EPISODE.

It was at the fall elections that the feud began in Pottersville. John Grant, the village blacksmith, a big, rawboned fellow of enormous muscle, whose family had hailed from Nova Scotia, had dared to oppose Judge Weaver, candidate for the legislature. From the judge's point of view the worst feature of this presumptuous antagonism was its success. Judge Weaver had been defeated by the narrow margin of one vote, and bitterness was ever thereafter to rankle in his heart.

Another source of vexation for the judge was the attachment which he could not fail to see existed between his daughter Nellie, a girl of pretty face, medium height, plump person



HE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO FIGHT THEM, and many suitors, on the one hand and Willis Wenham, son of the first selectman, who was in the midst of his course at one of the big eastern universities.

Selectman Wenham was another of Judge Weaver's political opponents; but, though the judge never forgave one who crossed his will, this was not the reason for his opposing the match between his daughter Nellie and the selectman's son Willis. The judge was a man of means, while Selectman Wenham, though possessed of a moderate competency, could leave but a small sum at his demise to each of his numerous family, of which Willis composed exactly one-thirteenth.

With young Wenham absent at college, the judge was able to give his undivided attention to the village blacksmith. He was willing to bide his time, for he knew John Grant to be one of those men who with unflinching regularity get themselves into a beastly state of intoxication just once every twelve months. For a full week it was the blacksmith's custom to wrestle with John Barleycorn, quite willing to be overcome.

The only article in the warrant for the last town meeting over which there had not been more or less contest was that which called for the erection of a town lockup. It was generally conceded that Pottersville had reached that stage in a town's progress where a jail is demanded for the preservation of peace and order. An outsider might have objected that there had been no arrest made in the little village excepting of boys on truancy charges since the convening of the last town meeting, but this would have been regarded as a Machiavellian attempt at impeding the wheels of progress. So the new structure had risen triumphantly, with not so much as a hint of graft, under the supervision of the selectmen, and, although the suggestion of building had come from the mouth of Judge Weaver, none sang the praise of conception and execution more loudly than the village blacksmith.

It was at the fall elections, as we have said, that the feud started between John Grant and Judge Weaver. It was not until the approach of the following spring that the latter found the sought-for chance to "get back" at the smith. One morning in early February the blacksmith failed to show up at his place of business. A line of six or more impatient teamsters set out to look up the reason. At Henry Come's hostelry, known as the Come Inn, they finally found it. Red eyed and maddened, most oblivious to the cares of this world, yet occasionally bursting into tears and hiccoughs as he expostulated against the hard fate that had carried an uncle of his away on the wrong side of a log drive thirty years before, was the village blacksmith, leaning for sympathy and support against the rose colored, reeking bar over which the liquors of the Come Inn were served.

John Grant refused to do the work the teamsters desired of him, but generously offered to fight them, either one at a time or all together. His tender was courteously refused. This time, however, John Grant was not to enjoy his parting from the path of sobriety without paying the penalty thereof as provided and laid down in the statutes of the state. Judge Weaver forced the unwilling constables, after considerable goading, to action. The blacksmith, snoring in slumber, was dragged out of the woods and cast into the new lockup. On the following morning he had sobered up sufficiently to appear before the court, which in Pottersville meant Judge Weaver.

Two of the constables swore to having seen John Grant very drunk and disorderly at the Come Inn. There was no defense. The blacksmith even pleaded guilty with a certain amount

of elation. Apparently the one uncomfortable feature of the affair to him was the long and maliciously worded arraignment which, behind the dignity of the law, Judge Weaver delivered to the prisoner, closing by sentencing him to sixty days in Pottersville jail and fining him \$6.76 costs.

There was a beatific smile on the highly colored face of the prisoner as he was led off to the lockup, closely guarded by quite unnecessary constables, after offering to work out the fine by shoeing the yoke of oxen kept to aid the paupers in their work on the town farm. The proffer had been refused with a great show of dignity.

It would have required no great effort for the busy prisoner to tear down the bars which covered the windows of the jail and which were rather more for decoration than for anything else, but other thoughts were in his mind. He was, for the first time in his life, a prisoner. It was the duty of the town to which he had paid poll and property taxes for more years than he could really remember to provide him with bed and board. The experience was not only novel, but also distinctly pleasing, vesting him with a sense of new importance.

It was easier than working, this jail life, and after the first week in the well warmed lockup he began to look forward with regret to the time when he must leave it.

With the passing of the first fortnight of the sixty days' confinement this state of affairs, however, began to pall on him. He found that a vacation may be of too long duration. He began to pine for work. Furthermore, his pride was seriously affected. On two or three occasions Jailer Gibson on leaving the lockup after bringing in the blacksmith's supper had forgotten to lock the door after him. The prisoner remonstrated in forcible language at this inattention to duty.

"I'm goin' to be locked up nights hereafter, Jim Gibson," he said, knitting the red skin of his forehead into a mass of frowning wrinkles, "an' I want you to understand it. Think of me stayin' in jail without bein' locked up! Ain't I got a right to be locked up?"

"I'll put a spring lock on the door tomorrow, John, an' then if I go away an' forget to lock the door you can close it an' lock it any time you want."

"Well, Jim, all I ask's to be locked up like I ought to be," answered the mollified prisoner. "That's all I ask."

"Yes, an' I'll do more than that," continued the constable. "I'll have that lock so's you can open it from the inside with a nail. Nobody but us need know, an' you can step outside any time you want to. I'm doin' this," he went on hastily, "cause I don't want you to get sick while you're in my charge. Prisoners get all the exercise they want in ev'ry well regulated jail, an' I ain't goin' to have no one say the Pottersville jail's behind the times."

"No, nor I neither!" agreed the blacksmith heartily. "Have some tobacco, Jim?"

Jailer Gibson took a pipeful of the contents of the blue and tinsel package extended to him, and, rolling it in the palm of his hand, sat down to have a further chat with the prisoner.

"See here, John," he began, "the boys aroun' Pottersville are gettin' mighty hard up f'r a horseshoer. They don't want to go out of town f'r one thing. 'Sides, they couldn't get nobody nearer nor Spencer, an' that's most forty mile away. We've been a-talkin' it over at the grocery store, an' we decided to ask you if you wouldn't like to do a little work here. We could fix up a place where you could do shoelin' real slick."

"I don't know's I'd object to it, Jim," deliberated the blacksmith, "providin' the boys didn't think 'twas lettin' me down on my sixty days."

"No one would think that, John," interpolated the constable. "Why, 'twould be just a favor to you, if you'd do it. It's mighty slippy on the roads, an' it's hard on the horses' feet. There's more'n fifty on 'em need sharpenin'."

"'Twould be just a stroke of common humanity on your part, John, if you'd do it."

"Well, you go ahead an' fix the things up," agreed the prisoner, "an' I reckon 'twill be all right."

The next day a portable forge was obtained, and a huge pair of bellows set up. The smith donned his apron and did a rattling business. On the day following he shod Judge Weaver's trotting horse Kelleck, 2:18, who had earned his record at the county fair the previous year. The blacksmith also shod the yoke of oxen from the town farm. For a week he was forced to turn away trade daily and even before to talk of hiring an assistant.

People who lived midway between Pottersville and Spencer who had been in the habit of going to Spencer now came to see the strange spectacle of a jail prisoner doing horseshoeing. John Grant had more business than ever before. He offered, if the town authorities would arrest and send to jail some tramp who knew something about the work, to hire him as assistant and even to pay the town for his keep. The constables, though enjoined to be on the alert, failed to find such a personage.

ry her to the aforesaid Wrangle instead of to young Wenham.

The crisis was reached early in April. There had been an ice storm during the night, making the roads as slippery as glass. Unfortunately indeed was the horse that with unsharpened shoes had to venture on them. Trade was brisk at the improvised blacksmith shop, and John Grant had all the work he could handle. Judge Weaver's trotter Kelleck was late in getting into line, so that it was nearly nightfall, with a bitter wind blowing from the northeast, when the prisoner blacksmith at last stripped Kelleck of his shoes and commenced with his usual expedition the task of reshoeing. Three shoes had been nailed to Kelleck's prancing hoofs when an exclamation from the judge drew the attention of the waiters and loafers to a couple dashing by at high speed in a familiar sleigh. They were Willis Wenham and Judge Weaver's daughter Nellie. As they turned up the road where, two and a half miles distant, the house of the minister was situated, it dawned on the company that they were witnesses of an elopement.

There was ample time for the angry judge to overtake the couple, provided John Grant drove the nails of the fourth shoe with his customary quickness. The judge commanded him to hurry. Instead of doing so he laid the shoe down and said that, as he was a prisoner, working only to oblige folks, he'd be hanged if he'd do another tap of work for a man so low down as to swear at him. The judge pleaded and apologized in vain. It was only when the young couple returned and rendered Judge Weaver speechless with rage by the announcement of their marriage that John Grant would consent to put on the other shoe.

The very next day came an April thaw. The traveling was so bad that the prisoner's only visitor was Jailer Gibson, who brought him his meals. In the night when the blacksmith retired the rain was pouring down in a monotonous drizzle. The Pottersville jail was situated on the bank of a small but deep river, and the waters of this stream were yellowed and swollen by the freshet.

In the early hours of the morning there was a slide and a fall and a splash. Over into the river went a section of banking, the Pottersville jail and the prisoner therein. The structure did not float far, but grounded on the shelving shore opposite the blacksmith shop where John Grant had practiced his trade prior to his latest departure from the narrow path of sobriety. As John Grant forced



A COUPLE DASHED BY AT HIGH SPEED IN A FAMILIAR SLEIGH.

open the conveniently arranged door it occurred to him that at midnight the sixtieth day of his imprisonment had been completed. His face wore a satisfied smile.

His equanimity was undisturbed the next morning when Judge Weaver drove over, furiously accusing him of stealing the jail and demanding that he return it to the place he had taken it from. The easy grin on the features of the blacksmith grew to broader dimensions.

"I whipped you at 'lection, Judge," he drawled slowly, "an' you sent me to that place," indicating the floating jail, "when you had your turn. Then I wouldn't put the shoe on your horse so's you could stop your daughter's marryin' young Wenham. Now you say I stole the jail. Judge, it's this way. I've got a chance to sue the town of Pottersville f'r false imprisonment. I ought to have been let out o' jail at 12 o'clock last night. More'n that, the jail's mine!"

The judge's face grew blank and purple with amazement.

"Yes, sir-ee! The jail's mine. I didn't go to see f'r nothin' when I was young. Pottersville jail is flosam-F-L-O-T-S-A-M-an' if the town wants it back it'll get it by payin' good money. An', Judge, if you should want Kelleck shod in a hurry don't frget I'm doin' business at the same o' stand!"

Dishwasher An Heir to \$80,000. Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 7.—Thomas Yeakle, who has been employed as a dishwasher in hotels in Indianapolis, sees a fortune of something like \$80,000 in sight and has left for Chicago to try to obtain it. Edward A. Warfield, of Chicago, administrator of the estate of George T. Cline, who died in Chicago some months ago, leaving an estate of \$2,000,000, found Yeakle in Indianapolis after a long search and sent for him. Yeakle is a nephew of the late millionaire.