

PRAYER.

At times I wonder if I ought to pray Beyond the greatest prayer, "Thy will be done;" For less than this I would not, dare not, say: And all my prayers are gathered in this one.

A COUNTRY Y. M. C. A. STORY.

(Published at Request of the State College Y. M. C. A.)

Bob whistled gaily as he finished splitting a generous pile of kindling wood. He felt the muscle of his right arm and tried to dent it without success. "Some strong man," he said aloud, smiling at his own conceit.

A voice came from the door of the house. "Robert, you'll be late for that train if you don't hurry. It's due in ten minutes."

"All right, mother," he called back. "I'm just ready to start." He gathered a big armful of the wood and carried it to the woodbox in the kitchen, where he dumped it with a crash that made the family cat dozing on the hearth, jump for her life. Then, grabbing his cap from the hook where for once he had actually hung it, he bounded off down the road toward the station.

Bob Reynolds was a dark-haired, well-built lad of about fourteen, well-liked by all in the little village of Crestfield where he lived. He was expecting on the train, his cousin, Paul Adams, a boy of his own age, who lived in a large city several hundred miles distant. Paul was coming for a two-week's visit.

The train whistled just as Bob reached the station platform and presently the cousins were awkwardly greeting each other with mutual pleasure. A clean-cut, athletic-looking man of about thirty, who had also alighted from the train, paused a moment to greet Bob, who showed his delight.

"Oh, Mr. Clayton! We didn't expect you tonight. You're coming to the meeting, of course?"

"Yes, Bob," was the smiling reply, "that is just what I came for. I want to find out how you fellows are getting on with your Y. M. C. A., this month."

"You can see for yourself, to-night," Bob said. "We've planned a mock trial. Good! Your leader is certainly keeping things humming. See you later." With a wave of his hand, Clayton walked briskly up the street.

"Who's that fellow and what's all this talk about Y. M. C. A. and mock trial?" asked Paul, as the two boys started off, each carrying a suit case. "You don't have any Y. M. C. A. in this burgh, do you?"

"Surest thing you know," Bob replied, proudly. "We've got a dandy. That's our county secretary I was just talking with. There are sixteen members now—only one boy in town who hasn't joined and he's got the scarlet fever and can't yet."

"Do we pass the building on our way home?" queried Paul. "Have you got a swimming pool and a gym?"

Bob threw back his head and laughed. "The trouble with you is," he explained, "that you don't know what a Y. M. C. A. is. You just wait till to-night."

With this statement Paul was forced to be content, Bob smilingly refusing to make any further explanations.

After supper that evening, Paul inquired, "What time are you going to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"Meeting begins at 7.30," Bob answered. "Better start pretty soon, now."

As they walked down the street, they overtook a group of other boys and greetings were passed. All were aiming for the same place it seemed. Laughing and joking they moved on. At length they came to a small building, from the windows of which streamed a light.

"Here we are, Paul," said Bob, as they entered.

Paul's amazement showed itself all too plainly as he surveyed the interior. "Why, this is a school-house," he said, wonderingly.

"You bet," replied Bob, "and it's also the Y. M. C. A."

"But where's the gym and the—?" "Haven't any of those trimmings," his cousin answered. "This is just a country Y. M. C. A. You mustn't expect us to rival your city. We just go as far as we can with what we've got to work with."

"But what do you do?"

"Oh, you'll see; we have a good time, all right."

Other boys were coming in meanwhile and finally the man whom Bob had called the county secretary, entered, accompanied by a pleasant faced man, somewhat older in appearance. They were greeted with whoops of delight by the boys.

"That other man is Mr. Atkins, our leader," explained Bob to his cousin. "He's superintendent of the creamery. Mr. Atkins caught sight of Bob and

came towards him. "Is everybody here?" he asked, after a hearty handshake.

"Everybody except Art Wood," answered Bob, "and he never was known to be on time. Let's get started, fellows," he said, raising his voice.

"I've got to sit at the table, Paul," he whispered. "You don't mind staying here, do you?"

"Of course not," Paul answered. "Why didn't you tell me you had a job?"

Bob walked up to the little table and seated himself beside Mr. Atkins. "The meeting will come to order," he said, rapping for silence.

To Paul the evening was full of surprises not unmixed with pleasure. He listened with interest to the responsive exercises as they were read by the boys. It was the first time he had ever fully realized that the Y. M. C. A. was not necessarily a big well-equipped building, but could be a group of fellows banded together to help themselves and others.

Bible study was announced and he covertly looked around to see how many of the boys looked bored. Instead he found them all keenly expectant. He understood this later, after Mr. Atkins had gotten into the lesson. For they were studying about the heroes of the Old Testament and the boys entered into discussion and asked questions with the utmost freedom. In fact the twenty minutes allotted for this part of the evening went all too quickly and it was with genuine regret that Paul saw the lesson brought to a close.

Then came the mock trial. Of course Paul knew they had such things in his own Y. M. C. A. Boys' department, but he had never paid much attention to anything but the physical activities, and thus he had never witnessed one before. The boys themselves carried through the entire program, except that Mr. Atkins acted as judge. There was a lot of fun. Some of the witnesses got tangled up in their testimony, a fact of which the lawyers took quick advantage. Other witnesses would throw out humorous replies that made even the prisoner smile.

After the verdict was brought in and the prisoner was sentenced with due solemnity, the county secretary was called upon to address the group. Paul was much impressed by his remarks. He congratulated them on the fact that they were going along so successfully and paid a tribute to the leader for his interest and ability.

"I was over to Delham yesterday," he continued, his voice deeply earnest, "and the leader there told me of an incident which happened at the baseball game last Saturday when their team played yours." He turned to Mr. Atkins, "probably what I am going to relate is news to you, as you weren't present. But this gentleman, who was umpiring, told me that on a close play at home plate, he called one of his own players out and your catcher, Bob Reynolds, immediately stepped up and said that he didn't touch the runner. Consequently, the decision was changed and Delham finally won the game by a score of 7 to 6."

He paused and looked around at Bob whose face showed his embarrassment. "That's the spirit the Y. M. C. A. aims to put into a boy. Winning a game is a fine thing, but losing one under those circumstances, is a million times finer. I'm proud to know such a boy as Bob. But I also believe there isn't a boy here but who will agree with me that Bob's act is the kind of thing we stand for and believe in." He sat down amid loud applause, the beaming young faces around him aglow with pleasure.

Paul and Bob walked home by themselves, the former secretly a trifle awed by the honors which had come to his cousin. At length he queried, "Do you always have such good meetings as you had to-night?"

Bob chuckled. "Better, from my standpoint," he said. "We really do have some peachy times. And no gym, either," he added, teasingly.

"What are some of the other things you do?" asked Paul.

"Oh, debates, spelling matches, game tournaments, 'eats,' free hand drills, boxing, social evenings, any number of things. Once a month we have a talk by some business man. Last week Mr. Spaulding, the Methodist minister, gave us a dandy talk on his western trip. He had a lot of pictures, too."

"How often do you have your meetings?" Paul inquired.

"Regular meetings once a week and generally one or two special meetings every month. Then, of course, Saturdays we generally plan a hike or some games. Mr. Atkins has the afternoon to be with us. And we have a baseball league and are going to have a hockey team next winter and—"

"Enough!" shouted Paul. "You make me dizzy. Why there's no end to the things you can put over, without a regular building, too. You bet I've learned some things to-night."

"There's one thing sure," said Bob, as they reached their home and turned into the path, "we fellow's wouldn't know how to get along without our Y. M. C. A. now. And the funny thing about it is," he continued, "that we have always had everything here that there is now. It just took that county secretary to get us moving."

"The very sound of some people's voices is exasperating."

"Quite sure, especially when they say 'Move on!' or 'Pay up!'"

—Assume in adversity a countenance of prosperity and in prosperity moderate thy temper.

CHILD LABOR LAW.

The defeat of the Walnut Child Labor bill in the Pennsylvania State Senate last June, was a bitter disappointment, not only to the Child Labor Association, but to hundreds who were watching the efforts of the Association in their fight for the children. The responsibility for the defeat is placed on the Senate according to the President of the Association, who says that after its almost unanimous passage by the house, the bill went to Senator Snyder's committee on April 15, and although one of the most important measures of the session, a hearing was not granted until May 14. After a hearing, when a great fight was made on the part of the friends of the Child Labor cause to consider this bill upon its further merits, and without the slightest excuse for delay, the committee refused to report it out until June 3, thus cutting down to a minimum the time allowed for the necessary conferences between the two Houses. Before the bill came to a vote it had been saddled with so many objectionable features that the sponsor for the measure in its original form, Representative T. Henry Walnut, who is a director of the Child Labor Association, voted against it. Among the backward steps contained in the mutilated bill was the introduction of a vicious and universally condemned exemption for canneries, of an exemption hitherto unknown in this State, to permit children to be worked 2 1/2 hours over time for three days in a week as a penalty for a holiday, also a new and special unlimited exception for the stoppage of machinery during the same week; and the removal of all restrictions from the employment of children by their parents. Furthermore the clauses providing a reasonable protection for messenger boys against the immoralities of night work in cities was largely destroyed. As to the great and vital principle in the reduction of hours for young children the Senate was content to strike out the eight hour law, and to restore the present ten hour limit with exceptions.

Far from being discouraged the Association immediately began a new campaign, and with public opinion, regardless of politics, united as never before in the cause of the children, they have no doubts for the future. It is very evident, when one carefully considered the conditions which lead up to the necessity of child labor, that there are good reasons for the opposition of laws excluding the child from the industrial world, and until there is some way of overcoming those conditions, the necessity will always remain. The awful fact of poverty,—a fact which the children are forced to recognize as soon as they are old enough to feel the bitterness of hunger, and the lack of sufficient clothing, makes their small earnings a seeming necessity. From their point of view they cannot see that, if it were impossible for children to enter the ranks of the workers, there would be more room for the fathers, whose duty it is to take care of the children. They feel the need of money and it is no wonder that they are anxious to take their place in the industrial world, and earn something to relieve the present wants.

Parents who are willing to work and support their children, but who find it impossible to meet expenses because of low wages welcome the chance for the child to have an opportunity to help them out.

Employers who find competition driving them seas in the cheap labor of children, the solution of the problem. These three are most intimately concerned and they are too closely concerned to be able to give the subject a fair investigation. And so all over this United States the little children are taken from schools and put into factories, mills, stores, and other industries, and great armies of unemployed men in every city are trying to get work. It is not difficult to understand the manufacturer's interest in Child Labor, or their opposition to all efforts to legislate against it. Cheap productions is the maxim of success in industry, and a plentiful supply of cheap labor is a powerful contributor to that end. It is an axiom of commercial economy that supply follows demand, and it is certain that the constant demand for the cheap labor of children has had much to do with the creation of the supply. The system of production for profit must be held responsible for child labor. We read of manufacturers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania getting children from orphan asylums, regardless of their physical, mental or moral ruin, merely because it pays them. When the glass blowers in New Jersey went on a strike in 1902, the child labor question was one of the most important issues. The exposures made of the frightful enslavement of little children attracted wide spread attention. There is very little in the history of the English factory system which excels in horror the conditions which existed in that little South Jersey town at the beginning of the 20th century.

When the proprietor of the factory was asked about the employment of young boys ten and eleven years old many of whom fell asleep and were awakened by the men pouring water over them, and at least two of whom died from over exhaustion, he said, "If two men apply to me for work, and one has boys and the other has none I take the man with boys. I need the boys." In actual practice that meant that no man could get work as a

glass blower unless he was able to bring boys with him. A regular system was developed in consequence of this, whereby men wishing to keep their own boys out of the factory, secured children from orphan asylums, or took the little boys of Italian emigrants, boarded them, and paid the parents a regular weekly sum.

There seems no lack in the supply in our own times, for when the public schools opened in Philadelphia last September, a small army of boys and girls who had been compelled to start to school, applied for permits to work instead of going to school. During the first three weeks of September, 933 children took out working papers, and left school to wedge their way into the industrial world. In one day working certificates were issued to 135 children. That means that 135 children, without any knowledge of working conditions, without any equipment for life, with an imperfect knowledge of English, and little or no solidity to their education have deliberately chosen the store, the factory, the workshop the mill or the household instead of the class room.

While the department of the bureau of compulsory education puts whatever barriers are legal in the way of the child's retirement from school, the authorities are not empowered to offer any suggestions as to the future of the boy or girl who leaves the office armed with working papers. It can hale the child back into school until he is sixteen years old if it discovers he is not working, but nothing is being done to stop the flood of Child Labor into the market in which skill is at its lowest ebb, and wages are so low as to be the subject of continual investigation.

A brief study of the returns published in the bulletins and reports of the various Bureaus of Labor, and the Labor Unions will show that child labor tends to lower the wages of adult workers. Where the competition of children is a factor, wages are invariably lowest. The Labor Unions have always opposed child labor for the reason that they know from experience how its employment tends to displace adult labor, and to reduce wages. Such competition as that, if extensive, must result in the gradual displacement of men, and the employment of children, accompanied by the reduction of the wages of the men fortunate enough to be allowed to remain at work. In their turn, the unemployment of adults and the lowering of wages are fruitful sources of poverty, and force the employment of many children.

The Pacific coast was the scene of a great mass meeting of the unemployed on Christmas day. In Seattle, Washington, 1300 men applied to the city for employment on work specially provided to aid the destitute. Out of this number only six were members of Labor Unions. In Los Angeles a meeting of the unemployed was broken up by policemen only after a vigorous fight in which the leader was shot dead by a policeman, and twenty were arrested. When men are fighting and pleading for a chance to work, does it seem necessary for children to be taken from school, and put into shops and factories, where their growth, physically, morally and mentally is stunted, in order to produce wealth sufficient for the needs of society? When there is not an unemployed man, when there is not a man employed in useless, unproductive and wasteful labor, if there is then a shortage of the things necessary for social maintenance, child labor may be necessary and justifiable.

Children have always worked, but it is only since the reign of the machine, that their work has been synonymous with slavery. Under the old form of simple domestic industry even the very young children were assigned their share of the work in the family. This form of labor was a good and wholesome thing. The child was kept under the influence of its parents, and its work constituted a major part of its education. And it was no mean education either, which gave the child, generation after generation of glorious craftsmen. The seventeenth century glass blower of Venice, for instance, learned his craft from his father, and in turn taught it to his son. There was a bond of interest between them; a parental pride on the part of the father infinitely greater and more potent for good than any commercial relation would have allowed. On the part of the child, too, there was filial pride and devotion, which found its expression in a spirit of emulation, the spirit out of which all the rich glory of that wonderfully rich craft was born. In that age child labor was child training in the noblest and best sense. The training of hand and heart and brain was the end achieved, even where it was not the purpose of the child labor.

With the coming of the machine all this was changed. The craftsmen were supplanted by the tireless, soulless machine. The child still worked, but in a great factory throbbing with the vibrations of swift, intricate machinery. In place of parental interest and affection, there was the harsh, pitiless authority of an employer or his agent, looking not to the child's well being, and skill as an artificer, but to the supplying of a great, ever widening market for cash gain.

The Child Labor Association is up in the heights as it were, where they can look at the subject from all points of view, and they are trying to bring about legislation that will work for the betterment of the child, the parent and the employer. Their efforts are recognized and approved by Women's Clubs in all the

States, and our Club should be one to stand by them, when it comes up in the Senate again, as it is bound to do. Only those who have made a thorough study of the subject can suggest remedial measures. It is a problem which must be worked out step by step—so many arguments against it must be met and settled. The Utopian condition would be where every man was employed at wages which could comfortably support his family, and every child could have the chance of an education which would fit him for the battle of life. Pennsylvania provides the education, free of charge, and compels the child to accept it, but makes no provision for the children who have not sufficient clothing or nourishment in the way of food to take advantage of the wonderful chance. In some cities philanthropic societies are furnishing meals for children who are too poor to get a midday lunch. In some countries such lunches are provided by the government, and the result is, little bodies are well nourished and the brain more readily absorbs the instructions given in school.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written this suggestive little poem.

"In this boasted land of freedom; are bounded baby slaves. And the busy world goes by and does not heed. They are driven to the mill, just to glut and over-fill. Bursting coffers of the Mighty Monarch Greed. When they perish we are told it is God's will. Oh, the roaring of the mill, of the mill!"

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE, Bellefonte Woman's Club.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Its Relation to Working Women and Children.

BY FLORENCE KELLEY.

Never before in the history of the human race have children and young women formed, as they do to-day, an important part of the working force of great industrial communities wholly apart from their parents and the family life. In the telephone and telegraph service something like a revolution would be caused if suddenly all the young people under the age of twenty-one were withdrawn. In retail trade the cash children, bundle-girls, wrappers and junior clerks are an extremely important part of the whole working force.

Every improvement in machinery and in industrial organization tends to summon to the ranks of industry an increasing number of young recruits.

How long these young workers shall be employed in a day may be literally a matter of life and death for them. Within my own acquaintance more than one woman girl has died of pneumonia, rheumatism, tuberculosis, due directly to overtime work with the accompanying exhaustion and loss of power to resist disease.

Now the health, morals and intelligence of the rising generation are peculiarly objects of solicitude of women. To determine the laws for these young workers is to give cruelly unequal power to sordid employers.

In manufacture, older men form a larger part of the total working force than in retail trade. And the older men are voters. Factory laws are obtained, therefore, with greater ease than workable laws for safeguarding the health and welfare of children and young girls.

A sinister chapter to which too little attention has hitherto been paid is the failure of our Legislatures and courts to afford to young girls protection from seduction, assault and enslavement in industrial houses. The difficulty involved in obtaining the conviction of malefactors is known only to the few faithful souls who have attempted to obtain due punishment of these grave offenses. Mothers in any community are more deeply stirred by these offenses than by any others, but judges and juries vary beyond belief in their treatment of criminals guilty of crimes against girls.

In one Western State a woman worked fourteen years to obtain the enactment of a workable statute to punish crimes against female minors. At last such a law was passed and rigorously enforced. Fourteen criminals were sent to the penitentiary. Then a young lawyer offered his services to one of the criminals to free him by showing that the law was unconstitutional, because the title should have read "to define and punish crimes against female minors;" whereas in fact the two words "define and" were missing from the title, the necessary definition being contained in the body of the statute. Upon this frivolous ground the Supreme court of the State held the statute invalid, and nine of the fourteen criminals were forthwith freed. The remaining five were too poor or too ignorant to obtain counsel and remained in the penitentiary. The patient woman whose litigation. The Legislature, after great effort on her part, re-enacted the statute with the title complete. But the nine criminals could not again be tried for the same offense, and remained at liberty. It is hard to believe that such weary effort would be needed if the mothers and the teachers were a part of the voting constituency upon whom judges and legislators depend for their political careers.

It is the children of the poor who form the working contingent in retail trade. It is the daughters of the poor who chiefly fall victims to the basest crimes. Poor, young, ignorant, unorganized, they depend for protection upon laws framed and enforced by persons older than themselves. It is safe or sane to exclude from a full share of power and responsibility the mothers and teachers, the older women whose first care is for the welfare of the young?

—Woman's Club, Publicity Committee.

You take a bath for the outside of your body to remove accumulations and dead matter. Does not the inside of the body need an occasional bath think you, to help rid it of clogging and effete material.—Nature's waste which has lodged in some canal of the body and is poisoning the blood current with its corruption? Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cleanses the inner man, purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, builds up the muscle. The same invigorating results which follow a bath, follow the use of "Golden Medical Discovery." Don't suffer with constipation. Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and be cured.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. Commemorating the Death of a Saint. Christmas Day at Benares Was Warm and Dusty.

JHANSI, DECEMBER 25th, 1912. Dear Home Folk:

On Friday afternoon the Y. M. C. A. secretary came in and I borrowed a wheel and down the street we went, through crowds and crowds and crowds, all fantastically dressed, in the various rainbow shades; this time green, for mourning, of the emerald hue, predominated. Orange, yellow and royal blue held their places, but red was lacking. The streets were so full that finally we had to dismount and walk; we were a bit too late for the parade but saw the folks coming back.

Along the edges of the road were sellers of all kinds of sweets, toys, and instead of balloons were birds stuffed, made from paper and fastened on sticks. I could readily imagine I was seeing a crowd at home returning from a circus. They were a happy, good natured lot of people. All had on some sort of cap and nearly all the men had on their white shirts, tail outside, "cloths" of white, bare legged, but nearly all with shoes of some sort on their feet. They had silver buttons on their shirts; plenty of older, fat men had big, gold beads, bigger than the end of my thumb, in strings, about their throats and nearly all wore the gold embroidery on their caps. That means money, for it is made in Delhi by the jewelers and is very beautiful. These are holiday clothes and only worn on such days as Friday.

There were ox-carts with wheels higher than I am, with dozens of gaily clad children on them and in nearly all instances I saw the cart had a double-decked arrangement and in the under part (that made me think of the way the hucksters carry chickens at home) one saw peeping through the meshes of the rope many more little bright-eyed gaily covered heads, while the top bunch sat with their feet planted firmly upon these self-same heads, and all looked happy. I admired their courage for I remembered my attempt at being happy while on an ox-cart.

There were whistles and small drums and then along came four men with what looked like a headless pony, balanced on a platform on their shoulder. This pony had two great ears where his head should have been and on its back was a big double-decked affair that looked like a Chinese pagoda made of brilliant colored paper stretched over a frame and made a shade more brilliant by an immense amount of tinsel. All of this was crude, so much so that it looked like a child's work, but it represented the cradle or bed in which this particular saint happened to be murdered, and was looked upon with great awe.

A little farther on I saw a seller with white woolly monkeys on a stick, but with faces as black as ink could make them; then more ox-carts and more green "sauris" over the women's heads, then a big camel carrying his burden of children, plodded silently and indifferently past us. More cradles, then a tomb almost like the cradle, perhaps a trifle more elaborate, and with sides so closed you could not see inside. All were carried back to be used again in next year's pageant.

This was the end of the ten days set aside for this particular saint and last night the drums were silent. The dust was so thick I was almost choked and over head the sun shone hot and brilliant from a cloudless, indigo blue sky. How can one get the Christmas spirit under such circumstances. I want snow and fir trees, brilliantly lighted store windows and cold hands and feet, to make me rush around and get busy.

My guide and I turned away from this noisy, jolly crowd under a broad, beautiful old gate-way and came down a wide road edged with trees, with great hedges of cactus, shutting off the green grass behind. Riding for a short distance past this loveliness we came to the railroads, where we dismounted and walking across an elevated bridge found ourselves within a very short distance of home. I shall try to see it all next year if I can manage to do so.

BENARES.—London Hospital, Christmas day. Truly this is a strange Christmas day. It is night and I am going to dress for dinner. I came down here yesterday and although but an eighty-four mile journey, I started at six-thirty in the morning and reached here at eleven, so tired and feeling so much like ship-board I had to spend the rest of the day in bed—my first day since coming into India. I got up at seven o'clock in the evening, and helped to tie strings on dolls, cards, boxes of beads, etc., until eleven o'clock when I went back to bed and to sleep, but the nurses belonging here started some Christmas hymns at five o'clock in the morning and having a drum for the day the noise began early, and how could any one sleep.

At eight-thirty I went to service, which was held in the Church of England edifice and said in Hindustani. The place was very nicely decorated with some stuff that looked like laurel and chrysanthemums, but oh, the services were long and when the nurse, with whom I had gone, decided to come home it was exactly two and one-half hours later. But woe me, we had to trim the Christmas tree, since the Christmas festivities at this house were not held until four this afternoon. I wish you could have seen

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