"THE CRACK IN THE BELL"

A STORY OF POLITICS IN PHILADELPHIA

BY PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

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THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

JERRY ARCHER, who, with his elder brother Paul, is actively continuing the business of the Archer Tool Works, is clubbed into unconsciousness and arrested by Patrolman Strongburger when the young man, outraged at the policeman's brutal treatment of Moritz Rosensweig, comes to that prisoner's assistance. Rosensweig has been taken into custody as the final step in the petty persecution arising from factional differences in the "Bloody Fifth" Ward. Jerry is released from jail, his case dropped and Strongburger "broke"—that is, requested to retire before being "fired"—as the result of the intervention of a family friend.

WILLARD H. BUCKINGHAM, financial genius and the most powerful man in Philadelphia. At his nod political bosses as well as their underlings, move, and move fast. When Buckingham's daughter,

RUTH BUCKINGHAM, tells her father that Jerry is missing, the great man calls **EDMUNDS**, an "unofficial official," on the long-distance telephone at Atlantic City. Jerry's release is one to the effective work of Edmunds. Buckingham's "push button" is from

MICHAEL KELLY, a Carey division leader. Jerry, while resting in the Lafayette Club before returning home, gets his first lesson in practical politics. He learns that the "organization's" primary object is "dealin' out jobs" and that just so long as it performs its part of the pact with big business and turns over Republican majorities in all legislative and national elections it will not be interfered with locally.

SYLVY AURENTSKY, a beautiful young Jewish girl, stops Jerry on the street as he is about to leave the club for his home and thanks him for his manly defense of the persecuted Rosensweig. When she learns him Jerry's politics a matter hardly following the girl. Kelly informs him that the person is

JOE MALDONO, a thug, pickpocket and gunman. As Sylvy is about to enter her home the Fifth Ward gangster stops her. When she refuses his invitation to attend a dance he threatens her and is about to employ force when Sylvy's father interposes a pistol. Maldono, injured and revengeful, has Aurentsky arrested on the charge of receiving stolen goods. While this is going on Jerry and Ruth, safe in their Overbrook homes, have formed a "Save-Philadelphia" party with the watchword, "For Sylvy Aurentsky." In a discussion with his father and brother just before this Jerry learns that

JIM RAND, a Councils lobbyist, has demanded $5000 to put a franchise for a spur track across Howard street through the municipal legislative body in forty-eight hours. For weeks Councils have refused to act upon the Archer's application, and Government work is seriously tied up.

After Aurentsky has spent a frightful night in jail, tearfully prevented from seeing his wife or a friend, he is made the victim of a deal whereby he must sell his store and virtually all his belongings in order to raise approximately $1,000 with which to propitiate Maldono and to have the Magistrate dismiss the case for "lack of evidence." The thug, the supposed guardian of the law, and the vicious shyster lawyer, Isaacs, divide the money between them, and Aurentsky is set free, a pauper.

Jerry goes down to the Third and Dauphin streets station for his hearing and learns that the case against him has been dismissed. In conversing with the Magistrate, "Judge" Parry, Jerry learns that the "Judge" was formerly a dock foreman who has been rewarded for having turned over a division regularly to "Jimmy" Carey and given the important $3000 a year job. Disgusted, Jerry goes to see Rosensweig, whom he finds now protected as a result of the apparent connection between the two victims of Strongburger's club. But Jerry finds that Moritz, in open defiance of the law, is running a "blind tiger." Once more in the open air, Jerry finds Kelly, who tells him what has happened to Sylvy and her father. At a loss, the young man turns to

VICTOR ROLLINSON, a young attorney and a close friend. He tells Victor his story and solicits his aid.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)

VICTOR looked a mild reproach, as if he thought his friend were pressing him too near. In truth the two stalwart men, with neither of them confessing very much of what was going on in their hearts, were getting very close to each other, and into Rollinson's meditative silence Jerry poured a further stream of his recent experiences, going into details about Sylvy, the petite, trustful and beautiful, and the things he feared for her. He added also the story of Rosensweig, an embryo citizen, who, under the very shadow of Independence Hall, was already morally stunted and hopeless.

"We kind of owe it to old William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and Jefferson and Washington, and all those great patriots who gave themselves to building the past of Philadelphia, of which the city is so proud—we rather owe it to them to clean things up a bit, don't you think?" Jerry concluded, with his question delicately poised and pointed.

"Somebody does," Victor admitted, thinking deeply.

"They risked their lives, as well as their business prospects," suggested Jerry rather ar'dently. "If we don't hang together——"

"We'll all hang separately. Yes, yes, I know," broke in Rollinson with an eagerness which showed that he began to take the bit. "Of course the present situation isn't quite as desperate nor the appeal as heroic as that——"

"If it was there'd be more volunteers, no doubt," said Jerry. "You know, Victor, somebody's got to make the fight. Miss Buckingham and I are agreed on that."

"Miss Buckingham?" Victor looked up sharply.

That Jerry should have made mention of Ruth, thus inevitably bringing out the story of that recent compact between them, half play and half earnest, but whether play or earnest, rather a sacred thing, showed how frankly he was laying all his cards on the table with the man he was asking to join with himself in a great sacrifice for a great cause.

"We're—we're pretty friendly," Jerry explained, and then he went on and told Victor about the Save-Philadelphia party with at present only two members. "I haven't consulted her, but I'm sure she'd agree with me that you're the next man to have in our party. It's a big contract, I begin to realize," the young man concluded with a sigh, as he lifted his eyes to gaze at the pigeons circling that architectural pile known to Philadelphia as its City Hall.

"Do you know what bites me?" inquired Victor gravely. "It isn't any spread-eagle appeal to patriotism. It's that little girl down there."

Jerry laughed for pure joy.

"Then you are with us?" he said.

"For Sylvy Aurentsky?" declared Rollinson, standing up.

"Two good fighters," chuckled Jerry. "We ought to be enough to trim 'em."

"Two good fighters and one innocent bystander," laughed Victor.

"Miss Buckingham's not the bystander type," declared Jerry loyally, "though she may be innocent."

"But how long will she remain innocent? **Buckingham's the king-pin of it all," declared Rollinson. "The last battle will be fought right in front of his castle."**

"I can't believe it," declared Jerry, "I know Mr. Buckingham."

Victor laughed ironically. "But if the trail does lead to him?"

"Why, we'll fight right on," said Jerry grimly.

"But we'll have to let the lady step out."

"And yet," hesitated the lover, "I don't look for Ruth to do that. I'd rather expect she'd go inside and lead the old man out."

"Which is wild enough to remind me that we've both been talking pretty crazy," broke out Rollinson, too sophisticated to be caught long in a heroic pose. "Send Aurentsky to me the minute you get hold of him, and I'll get going on your Maldono. The way to get busy is to get busy. So long, Jerry."

The two friends clasped hands and stood for a moment without speech, looking level into each other's eyes, a fighting scion of the blue-steel aristocracy and a man of the fighting plebes.

"Under-stand you have been having a little trouble about a franchi-se," Mr. Rand began urbanely

CHAPTER IX

The Traffic in Franchises

JERRY went down in the elevator, greatly elated. He had felt the need of alliance with some one who knew, who was sophisticated, who possessed accurate knowledge of the devious ways of the machine, of its wide ramifications and the subtlety as well as the brutality of its methods; some one who would both instruct him and work with him. In Victor Rollinson he had enlisted such a man. There was so stancher, surer figure of a fighter in all Philadelphia than he. Plans were as yet inchoate; but that did not matter. Circumstances should guide them in the beginning. The first thing was to aim a blow at Joe Maldono.

"To the works," said Jerry, to his chauffeur, and arrived at his desk at about 11 o'clock, where he found various matters demanding his attention. One was a new set of specifications from the Government for cutting tools for the Watervliet Arsenal. Another was a hurry order from an arms manufacturer at Bridgeport, working on a war contract. There was a report from the chemist on the new process steel and a report from the testing shops as well. The two were contradictory. The tools from the new steel did not perform as the chemist's report indicated they should. This necessitated conference and a re-examination of the whole subject.

Jerry was feeling very fit this morning. He set the time for the conference at 3; he galloped through his correspondence; he settled a detail about the position of the heavy forging machines in the new plant; and next went for the daily hop through the factory. This was a function of Jerry's day which he seldom omitted.

Beginning at the top of the works, he took a swift cantering walk over the entire building, descending from floor to floor, stopping here and there for a question or a glance at what was being done; generally pausing at the desks of assistant superintendents and foremen to glance at progress reports or to answer an inquiry from one of them, and, as he moved, seeming to inject some of his own splendid vigor into the very machinery about him.

Jerry prided himself upon knowing each of his workmen personally. This probably was an exaggeration, but he knew most of their faces, and liked to nod to the men as he passed. It built up a feeling of personal interest, and of cordial relationship—it bound the workmen of the Archer Tool Works into one great family, did this smile of Jerry's, so that now as, with his quick, snappy walk and his ready smile, the young man passed along, it seemed as if an electric ray of good feeling made its way into every nook and cranny of the entire six floors.

When this peregrination was complete Jerry turned to the office, feeling a pleasurable glow of satisfaction in the consciousness of hammers falling, wheels turning, forges glowing and production marching steadily forward.

Glass partitions separated the main and the private offices of the Archers from each other.

"Hullo, Paul," Jerry sang out, entering his brother's door. "Who's the heavy party in with dad?"

"Rand," said Paul. "Jim Rand. They are coming to terms on the franchise."

"Terms? We'll never come to terms on that!" exploded Jerry. "Look here, Paul, we're not going to buy that franchise; we're going to get it right. I want you to stand by me on this."

"Stand by you? Man, you're crazy."

"I'm so crazy you depend on me to run the works, don't you, and to organize the new plant, as well?" There was something almost fierce in Jerry's demeanor as he lowered his face to confront Paul, who was sitting.

"Why, of course, old man; but——"

"Then I'm crazy enough to know what I'm about now."

"But listen, Jerry, old man!" and Paul struggled to his feet. "I'm going to surprise you. Here's something I didn't mention Sunday when you were pulling that long-haired talk out at the house under the influence of the crack you got over the head. The fact is that at first I felt the way you do about this franchise hold-up; and I tried to get the permit from Councils in the regular way—the way we ought to get it—but they've held me up for seven weeks, just laughed at me, and a week from Monday we've got to begin to lay that track or it won't be ready to handle the materials for factory construction."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Jerry, listening at first with gratification; then he frowned.

"Makes me all the more determined," he declared. "Paul, I warn you now, that if you pay Jim Rand one cent for that franchise, I never turn over a hand in these works again. Do you get me, brother?"

Jerry's voice was low, but every muscle of his face was tense, and the steady light of his eye told how deeply he was in earnest. For a moment Paul was stunned by such an ultimatum. His dreams of huge profits in the new factory were as much built on Jerry as an organizer and production engineer as they were on faith in his own abilities. Without this taciturnly younger brother, every prospect faded except one of confusion and failure.

"Why—why——" stammered Paul, the weaker character yielding quickly and inevitably to the stronger. "I never knew you felt that way about it."

"Well, I do," declared Jerry. "Come on in—there's not a minute to lose. You sprung this on me so suddenly there's been no chance to talk it out with father, and I've got to put it over by main strength. Come on."

The two brothers stepped into their father's office.

"This is Mr. James F. Rand—my sons Paul and Jeremiah," said Mr. Archer.

Mr. Rand acknowledged with a nod, but did not stir to arise. He appeared as a man in whom physical strength had once been the most striking attribute, but the muscular development had been overlaid and rounded and festooned with fat. The cheeks were jowled and the chin was pendant, the lower buttons of the figured waistcoat were pressed into very great prominence as the specialist in franchises leaned back in his chair and the visible expanse of that waistcoat was rotund and considerable. This primitive largeness of Mr. Rand was heightened by his jewelry; his seal ring was like a lump of gold upon the large finger it encircled, the links of his watch-chain suggested forgings for an anchor line, while the brightness of his diamond stud violated the dimming law.

This coarseness, however, was overlaid with polish—none of which was natural, as, for instance, on the dome of the head, which was bald and gleaming; the patches of black hair upon the sides were also glossy and had been barbered into waves that were almost marcels. The gentleman was closely shaven and massaged till his abundant features wore a sheen. The small eyes twinkled brightly and the wide lips smiled easily. Finally a certain oiliness exuded from Mr. Rand's manner and dreaded from his speech. The total effect, therefore, of the picture presented was of something smooth. The discerning would even say of something slick.

To Jerry, however, the sight of this highly lubricated and extremely self-satisfied person in intimate discourse with his father was like an affront. He saw in Rand a materialization of the machine he proposed to fight, a huge, carnal creature, which managed to present a fair exterior but was innately vulgar and now gross and overgrown from battening on the poor and helpless.

The bland suavity of this, in view of his recent experiences, irritated Paul, and made it easier to play the part his brother had demanded of him so unexpectedly. He snatched at the remark like a challenge and responded with accusing directness.

"Mr. Rand," he said, "we want a perfectly legitimate franchise that is to the interest of the city to grant us, and we cannot get any sort of action out of Councils after two months of persistent effort."

Mr. Rand smiled benignly, thereby making another contribution to Paul's fund of unpleasant feeling on the subject.

"Mr. Rand was just saying that he can guarantee us the franchise within forty-eight hours at any time the move is made—for the consideration already understood, of course," observed Mr. Archer, by way of making progress.

Jerry was ready enough to speak, but looked to Paul. As the older he should announce their decision, and the young man after only two minutes of Rand was quite ready enough to do his part.

"Jerry and I have been talking that feature over, father," he began, rather hesitantly, as wishing to show the consideration due to a father, "and I don't think we'll take our franchise that way."

"We meant to go over it with you, father," interrupted Jerry, "but I did not understand Mr. Rand was coming round so soon."

To say that Henry T. Archer was amazed was putting it rather mildly; but the respectful manner of his sons made it impossible that he should take affront. The new factory was really the boys' enterprise and they had a right to the determining voice in every decision which concerned it. Now he questioned only their business judgment; but to a man like Jim Rand no sign of dissension between the members of the corporation must be revealed. Besides, Henry T. disliked Rand personally and had been made very uncomfortable by the man's coarse self-satisfactions and vulgar assumptions. However, the boys must be prevented from rushing into anything so rash as this without realizing there was another side to the case.

"We've been at it virtually two months by ourselves," he reminded, "without getting very far."

"So Paul tells me, father," exclaimed Jerry, "but we must not surrender. I've been thinking pretty deeply the last few days, and with all respect to you, I simply cannot be a party to this transaction.

"The whole city is rotten with this habit of purchasing privileges. That's the trouble down in the 'Bloody Fifth.' Justice, rights, laws are not dispensed or administered in the courts openly and fairly to all. They are for sale at private bargain. A man buys protection—he buys the right to violate the law, and by that he gives himself into the power of the machine and adds to its capacity to wrong somebody else.

"The franchise we are asking for is in the interest of commerce, of manufacture, of the general prosperity. If we consent to pay this—this tribute, it rivets the shackles more tightly upon ourselves, and we are just as culpable as the little Jew on South street who sells his vote in exchange for the privilege of keeping his store open on Sunday."

Mr. Rand's expansive features assumed an expression of distress, and for some seconds his benevolently uplifted hand had pleaded that he might have entry to the conversation.

"You've got it all framed up wrong, Mr. Jerry—excuse me for saying so, but you have," and the small dark eyes of the trafficker in franchises looked unutterable regret that he and his occasion for existence could have been conceived so erroneously by one so worthy as the younger son of Henry T. Archer. "You're confusing two different things, I assure you. Your business, whether it's makin' tools or getting franchises, is a mere matter of knowin' how. You didn't get that franchise because you didn't know how. I do know how—and I'm sellin' you my knowledge, just like any other expert."

The bland effrontery with which this statement was made, together with his perception of the lie that lay behind it, maddened Jerry.

"Bunk!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Mr. Rand, I have seen the teeth of the beast at work in the last few days, and I tell you frankly that we will never consent to put a bribe in exactly the way the City Councils that which really belongs to us."

"A bribe!" Mr. Rand did not breath out in anger. Gentlemen of his profession are neither so disheartened nor so undiplomatic as that. He merely looked another installment of sin—sorrow and grief at being so continuously misjudged.

"The five thousand dollars is not a bribe, I assure you, Mr. Archer," he drawled, "and I overlook in your remarks, Mr. Jerry, anything which might be construed as an unpleasant intimation toward that which I am sure is entirely irrational. I repeat that the money is merely a fee for putting my professional skill as a lobbyist at your disposal. It does not, I assure you, in any single part to the members of the committee who will approve this franchise, nor to the members of Council who will vote for it. It goes to pay the costs of keeping my own office and of keeping me. A part of my legal business is specializing in Councils. I have known some of those men for twenty years, and I helped some of them to get into Councils and to stay there. They come to me for advice. I do no favors. They learn to trust me, to have confidence in me—I have never misled them. They are—I may say it to you—they are not exactly superintelligent men. They don't understand you nor your language. Some of them are even suspicious of you and of your motives."

"They do understand you, I suppose?" Paul put this question and kept the suspicion of a sneer out of it, which Jerry would not have been able to do.

"They do, yes. And I ask you, Mr. Archer"—Rand had turned and was addressing the father now—"I ask you if it is not perfectly legitimate and natural that such a profession as mine should grow up in a city like this, and if my services are not entitled to remuneration? It is as legitimate for you to employ me as for you to secure the services of an expert chemist, or a physician. My practice is legislation. That is the only difference; and I exist in response to a popular demand."

"The reasoning is smooth, father, but false," intervened Jerry. "It is totally undemocratic. It is utterly subversive of free government. If his fee is not a bribe direct, it is a bribe implied. If it does not corrupt Councils for us to pay you, Mr. Rand, it corrupts us to pay you for that to which we are legitimately entitled without paying. If it is true that my father and I do not speak the language of the men who make the laws of this city, it is time we learned that language, time we taught them that as reputable business men, employers of labor, and as wealth-producers we are entitled to trust. Or, if we are not worthy of trust, it is time we made ourselves worthy. And I tell you frankly what I told you before, we will never submit to pay one cent of tribute to the corrupt political machine of which you are a part."

Mr. Rand flushed, but he held his peace, waiting for Henry Archer to speak.

"We must have that franchise within two weeks," declared the father, addressing his two sons. "With all that we have at stake, and all that the Government, now at war, has at stake, I think, boys, we shall have to come to some sort of terms on the matter inside of ten days."

"That's another point, father," remembered Jerry, standing up in his earnestness, "the very work of the Government is being held up by the impudence of this band of thieves down at the City Hall that will not do their duty to the Commonwealth until somebody crosses somebody's palm with a bribe."

The face of Mr. Rand grew redder, but he still controlled himself, only remarking sarcastically:

"It is not very politic to call the men thieves whom you are asking for a franchise."

"Jim Rand," exploded Jerry excitedly, and menacing the lawyer with a quivering forefinger, "I do not propose to get that franchise by being politic, but by being right. Father," and he turned to Henry T. Archer at the head of the table, "I know how you feel about this thing. You see all that is at stake in our contracts and new undertakings; you feel that we should consider the more important issue. To you that seems, naturally enough, the construction of the new factory and the enlargement of production. **But to me, with the disconcerting glimpses I have had into political conditions here in the last few days—to me, the biggest issue is incorruptible government in Philadelphia.** I propose this to you: This is Wednesday. Dismiss Mr. Rand; ask him to call again one week from Monday. If a franchise has not been granted to us before that, Paul and I will leave the matter to you."

Rand, at first both resentful stood with his own face slowly returning to normal color while he watched the flush of moral earnestness that to him was like fanaticism grow upon the countenance of the younger man. Eventually a gloating smile appeared upon his coarse features and he flung a taunt as he said:

"Whatever course you may to pursue, Mr. Archer is naturally to be congratulable on the fact that Jerry had this interview has been unexpectedly embarrassing to me and that your franchise will cost you ten thousand instead of five."

"And you can charge the extra five thousand solely to my account, if you have to pay it to Jerry, interjected Jerry Archer, "but I'm a chance to look the displeasure this imputed threat had made him feel.

"No charge half of it to mine," directed Paul, "that is too raw."

"It will go into miscellaneous expenses, in case we have to pay it, declared Mr. Archer quietly but firmly, and with a slight note of defiance in his tones, for thereby he took ground with his sons, and served notice on the representative of the machine that the Archers stood or went down together in whatever they undertook.

At this the veneer fell off from Mr. Rand. It cracked and peeled like chunks of custard from the face of a moving-picture comedian, and he arose and slouched forward, with chin thrust out, eyes beady and mean, and an ugly leer on his face.

"You people must a turned into a bunch o' nuts," he bellowed coarsely. "Nod, by Christmas, I'll see that you never get your damned franchise. You'll soon come to me on your hands and knees. Good day, gentlemen, good day." Mr. Rand gathered to him his hat, his gloves, his cane and walked out, slamming the door behind him.

"Father!" exclaimed Jerry, rushing at him joyfully. But Mr. Archer was not particularly responsive.

"You put me in an embarrassing position with this mad impermanents of yours, Jerry. I am not sure but that you've involved us in no end of trouble. I don't want to hear anything more from it now till you're ready to acknowledge you've failed."

Henry T. Archer took himself off to luncheon, but Jerry refused to be depressed by these signs of his father's displeasure.

"Dear old Dad!" he exclaimed. "He thinks we're going to fail, to involve ourselves in an awful mess, and yet he stands pat."

"I'm afraid you're going to shower myself," confessed Paul.

"You? You're against me, too?" demanded Jerry, a note of disappointment in his voice.

"Not against you. No! I stood for you a minute ago all right, didn't I?"

"Happily, Paul. Awfully white of you, and the more if you——"

"I'm just hopeless. That's all. I don't see the way out."

"The first thing," answered Jerry, "is to have a couple of bowls of bread and milk sent in here, and while we lunch you tell me all about your experience with Councils. Then leave the rest to me."

"By Gad, Jerry," You take the load like a man," admitted Paul, with more of enthusiasm and admiration in his face and speech than he was wont to betray. Before the luncheon was over Paul had narrated his experiences and Jerry had announced his plan.

Paul was captured by its very audacity, and the gleam of victory he saw in prospect.

"Aggression, that's the thing," he declared. "Go over the top at 'em with every weapon we've got."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

OPERATIC SOCIETY ELECTS

Ernest T. Trigg Named Head of Philadelphia Organization

Officers of the Philadelphia Operatic Society were elected at the meeting in the Parkway Building. Ernest T. Trigg being made president. Mrs. Celeste Heckscher retired from the position, which she has held for four years. She was made honorary president.

Other officers elected are: Vice president, John Luther Long; secretary, William J. Parker; treasurer, J. S. McCullough; director, Wassill Lepo; members of the board of directors, Henry E. Drayton, Miss Nina Lea Frank G. Tallman, William C. Benkert, W. H. Jackson, C. A. Knable, C. A. Kratz, William Mayer, Frank G. Ritter, E. J. Brown, Charles F. Bower and William O. Miller.

UNITARIANS REVIEW WORK

Women's Society Meets in Germantown and Elects Officers

Reports from committees and churches showing a great increase in membership during the last year were read at the annual meeting of the Women's Society of the Unitarian Church in the Germantown Unitarian Church, Green street and Chelten avenue.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, Vineland, N. J.; vice presidents, Mrs. E. J. Forbes and Mrs. Frederick R. Griffin; recording secretary, Mrs. D. A. Frost; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Charles Simons, and treasurer, Miss Eleanor Zwissler.

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MOTHERS' PROBLEMS

For the Children's Year

By MARY L. READ, B. S.

Director of the School of Mothercraft War Service

Stages of Development—Adolescence

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Group spirit and teamwork are strong during this period. Whether it shall be used in "gang" adventures or in debating societies, musical clubs, profitable athletics, civic betterment, depends upon the ideals and the associates that the home has fostered. This group of the Boys' Cabinet, West Side Y. M. C. A., New York city, shows the better side

Have you special problems with children? Send them to Miss Read, in care of the Evening Public Ledger. Write your questions distinctly on one side of the paper only. State age of the children in months and whether boys or girls.

ADOLESCENCE is the stage from about twelve to eighteen years in the life of girls, and from about thirteen to twenty-one for boys.

This is usually a time of trial, of body and spirit, for the boy or girl, and for the family, especially if the older members of the family do not realize that this is a time of many changes, of lack of knowledge or understanding of oneself of strong development of one's own self-reliance, and of great aspirations and ideals.

In the course of this stage there is the period of awkwardness, inevitable because the hands and feet, arms and legs have grown suddenly larger or longer. There are new and strange feelings and emotions. If the diet is not well supplied with milk and vegetables and fruits there will be strange appetites to supply the minerals, the alkalies, the acids, the energy, that are so much needed. Mother wonders why her child, who before has been so happy and blithe and reliable, is now whimsical, fitful, restless, depressed. Much exercise, much sleep, much outdoor life are essential; some academic and social customs in some high schools to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mother sometimes wonders also why her child no longer confides in her so much, but seeks confidants, companions, advisers outside the family circle. It is difficult to realize that this little child of yesterday is now almost a man or a woman. If mother could realize it and grow with her child there might be less of a break in confidence. What man or woman with intelligence, self-respect or gumption is willing to be talked to as a little child, punished as a little child, treated as though he (or she) had the judgment or the dependence of a little child? And during the teens there is often more of a sense of grownupness than after twenty-one.

If mother and father have given high ideals before this time, if they have carefully fostered acquaintances and companionships with desirable boys and girls, men and women, if they provide space and welcome at home now for social life, and encourage the bringing of associates into the home; if they have learned not to scold and nag or to make fun of the sensitiveness of these youngsters; if they know how to sympathize with their ambitions and are willing that these boys and girls shall have a choice in their own lifework if they do not attempt to pry into the soul, but guard every expression of development and aspiration with honor, as a trusted confidence, then they need have little fear about the present or the future, and they may be rewarded with an unusual degree of personal confidence and of opportunity to offer advice.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

May not a child have a little coffee or tea—just enough to give a flavor to its milk?

MRS. J. A.

Who tempt providence? Good milk needs no flavoring. It is less often the child than some older person who tires of the simple food that is the best for the child. If a child asks for tea or coffee it is, in the first instance, chiefly a matter of imitation, of wanting to do what he sees his elders doing. Even a child can understand that there are some things that adults do which he cannot be allowed to do. Children at four or five years may begin having a little cocoa or cocoa nibs added to their milk occasionally. Some of the cereal coffees may be given them (a list will be sent on request). Ordinary coffee and tea are injurious. The habit of taking "just a little" is injurious and a weakening of the will for them, and even more for their parents. The whole attitude is wrong—that is, the idea that doing a little harm does not count. The attitude should be, instead, doing the best possible, to make the strongest, best possible life.

Is there any way that I can make my little girl's hair curly? She is about two years old. Her hair is naturally straight—does not curl in the least. I have always wanted curly hair for myself, and I should be glad to do anything that would make her hair curly.

MRS. F. V.

There is a difference in structure between straight and curly hair. An oak tree cannot become a cucumber vine, and no more can straight hair be turned into curley. Hot curling irons injure the hair. Doing the hair up in curlers overnight is uncomfortable, and may be injurious to the hair. There are curling pins that crimp the hair in a few minutes, without heat. But why not study the possibilities of beauty in straight hair?

(A reading list on this period will be sent on request if accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope.)

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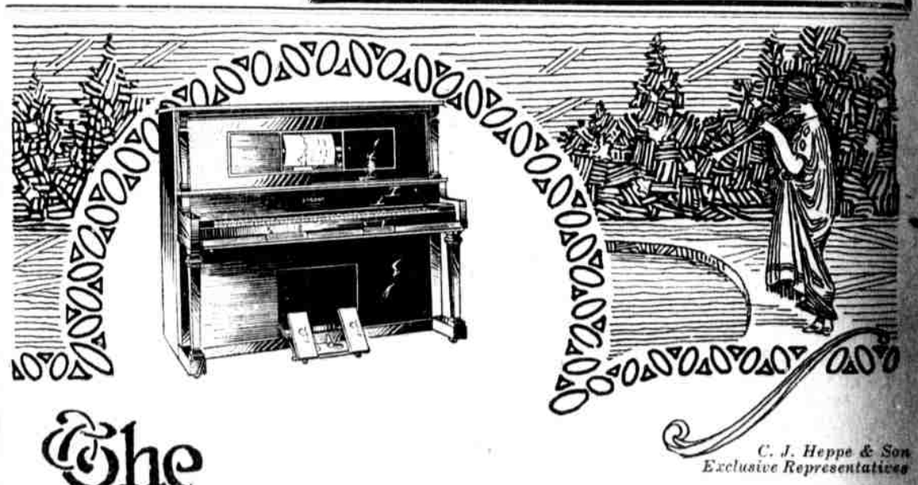

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