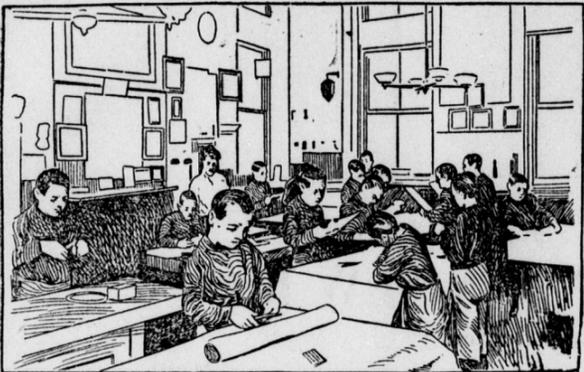


NEW YORK'S LITTLE TRUANTS.

How the City Tries to Reform Them.

BOYS and girls in the upper walks of life rarely come into close contact with the attendance officer of the truant school, but among the poor, where every non-earning mouth is a drag upon the other, the attendance officer is a person of importance. The work of looking after truants is under the general supervision of Mr. Valentine M. Collins. His corps of assistants embraces twenty-one attendance officers. Mr. Collins is very earnest and thorough in his work. He contends that in a country where citizenship means so much every young man is under the obligation of becoming a good citizen.



KINDERGARTEN—TRUANT SCHOOL.

"The young men of the city of New York," says Mr. Collins, "are its glory and hope. Any work or influence that tends to elevate and strengthen them in character and intellect deserves the support and encouragement of all good citizens. This is what the truancy department seeks to do."

The Compulsory Education law applies to private schools and parochial schools, as well as public schools, and all come under the care of the depart-

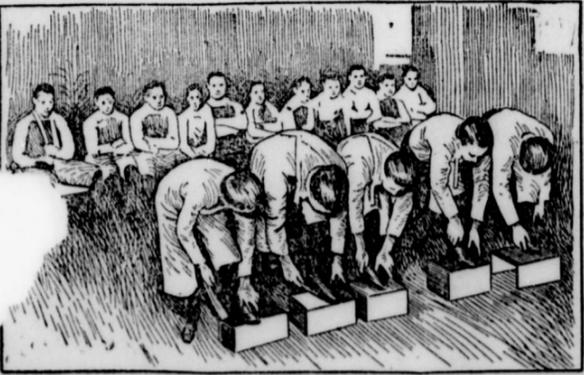


TRUANT OFFICER ARRESTING A BOY ON THE STREET.

ment of truancy. A boy or girl of fourteen whose parents are in such a position that the money he or she would earn is vitally necessary may apply to the Board of Health, obtain an employment certificate and go to work. Any factory, mercantile house or business firm of any description employing child under sixteen without such a certificate is amenable to the Truant law.

The New York Truant School is established at No. 215 East Twenty-first street. Complaints are lodged here with Mr. Collins. A child committed to the truant school can only be held until the expiration of the school year. However, a child sent to the Catholic Protectory or the Juvenile Asylum is confined until the end of his school instruction.

Mr. Collins by committing a boy to the truant school reserves to himself the right of paroling him in the course of the scholastic year. Mr. Collins never holds out hope of such a pardon, but it always comes without previous announcement. For the sake of good discipline the parole is never given without the consent of the principal to take his former pupil back and the knowledge of the attendance officer, and the whole school is made to feel that the pupil has won the prize by his own efforts. A probation card is given, with which the discharged prisoner has to present himself at the truant



TEACHING TRUANTS TO BE NEAT.

school for inspection, first weekly, afterward semi-monthly, until finally he is wholly released.

Mr. Collins is looking forward to the erection of a truant school in the country, with grounds and buildings ample enough for a well appointed training school for manual and indus-

trial instruction. The present building will be used as the receiving house for the new school. The plans for this new truant school have been submitted by C. B. J. Synder, Superintendent of School Buildings. Although the institution will be distinctly reformatory in its object, every effort will be made to avoid the appearance of a reformatory or a place of confinement.

The course of study in the truant school is the public school curriculum. The ages of the inmates run from eight to fourteen years, but there are a few at fifteen years. The sleeping arrangements are on the dormitory system. A man sleeps in each room occupied by the boys, and a watchman patrols the whole night. The discipline is firm, but mild. Under the law no corporal punishment may be administered.

One officer, a woman, has been so efficient in her gathering in of truants that the boys all over the city hold her

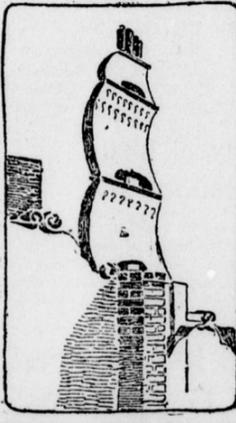
in terror. For a long time she wore a gray felt Alpine, with a long white wing at one side. Like the password of a secret society this peculiar head-gear was described, and became so well known that she was forced to buy a new hat. The boys she was after would spy this white wing at a great distance and would then take to their heels. As the attendance officer, owing to her skirts, was not very fleet of foot, her truants generally got away from her.

The boys in the truant school are happier than one would suppose they would be, and the majority give little trouble, as they are on probation, and if the rules and regulations are observed their time is shortened. So each boy has an object in view, for which he works hard, and the boy whose time is shortened is rather a "big bug" with the rest of the school, and the boys who remain behind are spurred on to greater efforts to be as big as he was.—New York Herald.

STONE SAILS.

A Curious Monument at the Village of Guadalupe.

About two miles to the east of the City of Mexico is the village of Guadalupe, writes a contributor to the Strand Magazine, where, at the foot of the hill of Tepeyacac, is a handsome church in honor of the Virgin of Guadalupe. On the summit of the hill,



THE STONE SAILS OF GUADALUPE.

to which a series of stone steps leads, is a chapel named "The Chapel of the Little Hill." Half way up to the chapel is a most remarkable monument in stone and mortar, representing the foremast of a full-rigged ship. The monument was erected by a sailor, who, being caught in a storm at sea, vowed that, if he reached land safely, he would build a stone ship to the glory of the Virgin. Either his

to which a series of stone steps leads, is a chapel named "The Chapel of the Little Hill." Half way up to the chapel is a most remarkable monument in stone and mortar, representing the foremast of a full-rigged ship. The monument was erected by a sailor, who, being caught in a storm at sea, vowed that, if he reached land safely, he would build a stone ship to the glory of the Virgin. Either his

Faster and faster sweeps the glistening cave-man to and fro; lower and tender grows the crooning song. Dazed with the motion of her head from side to side to watch the ever-changing love-play, she does not heed the player's gradual approach, when with a sudden spring he dashes in upon her, seizes her with his strong arms, and drags her screaming, struggling down the sloping path.

But the glamour is dispelled, and, alive to the instinct of self-defence, the woman bites and struggles, and in her young strength proves no easy conquest. Driven to desperate measures, the cave-man seizes from the ground a stone, stuns her with a sudden stroke, and as she throws up her arms to fall, seizes her about the waist, and, casting her lightly across his shoulder, hastens down the path.

Down through the leafy, sunlit glades he strides, bearing the warm and yielding burden of senseless flesh, the nerveless arms adown his back, and the yellow hair streaming to the ground; and the forest, with its green depths, closes about them.—Dr. Merrick Whitcomb in "New" Lippincott.

The Fashions of the Century.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE PAST ONLY ARE LACKING.

LOOKING back through the history of clothes from the year 1801 to the year 1901 it is easy to see that while different phases have repeated themselves from time to time, the fashions of to-day combine the beauties of the various stages of the past, omitting the eccentricities. The graceful, clinging skirt of the beginning of the last century, almost the same bolero, find a copy in the gown of 1900. The graceful fieu of 1858 serves as a model for our day while the voluminous skirts are happily passed by. Though expensive, it was not yet the crinoline, but the petticoat that was responsible for this particular feature. It is said that the skirts widened themselves to balance the width of the shoulders for this was the time of the pelerine. Sleeves, too, were larger, of necessity. Early in the '30's was an interesting epoch in the manners of the mere man, for then he was settling down to the simplicity of the present-day attire and dispensing with his elegant knee-breeches—this, however, only after a struggle between the practical and the ornate that had lasted since the close of the eighteenth century.

By 1842 all gowns were trailing again. This was the time of the lace mittens and of the odd little parasols with long fringes and double handles.

Majuba Hill at East. This illustration furnishes convincing proof that the British have at least reached the great goal of their desires—Majuba Hill—for here is the



picture of one standing on its summit. He might be taken for patience on a monument, so rigid and erect he stands, but, no, he is only a plain, every-day adjutant of the Nineteenth Hussars who attained to this proud eminence by the skillful use of his legs.

But what a memory to Britishers is Majuba Hill, where General Joubert, leading an undisciplined mob of Boers, broke a British square and at the same time almost broke the British heart. Here it was that independence was won, though it has since been lost, and here the "embattled farmers"



OUTDOOR FASHIONS OF THE LAST CENTURY

By 1860 the tide had turned, the skirts were wide and the shoulders narrow. By '68 the crinoline had ceased to exist, and the revulsion from width resulted by about 1876 in the peculiarly monstrous costume of that day. In the crinoline our grandmothers could scarcely sit down. In '76 their daughters could neither walk nor sit with any ease.

Even so late as 1895, the huge overbalancing sleeves put to flight the ideas of grace and symmetry. The accompanying illustration is from the Gentlewoman.

In men's attire, 1840 was the age of the gorgeous waistcoats, while at that time the tall silk hat supplanted the beaver, the new species coming from Paris and very rapidly becoming a permanent institution, though abused during all these intervening sixty years.

A Prehistoric Elopement.

Faster and faster sweeps the glistening cave-man to and fro; lower and tender grows the crooning song. Dazed with the motion of her head from side to side to watch the ever-changing love-play, she does not heed the player's gradual approach, when with a sudden spring he dashes in upon her, seizes her with his strong arms, and drags her screaming, struggling down the sloping path.

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of the Transvaal drove the British soldiery like sheep before them. Much has happened down in South Africa since that time, and despite their sharpshooting, which won them the victory at Majuba, the Boers have in the main been defeated, and at last Majuba has been "avenged," though the memory of its disaster can never be effaced.

Quaint Customs in Shetland.

The only part of the United Kingdom in which the old style of reckoning time is adhered to is the archipelago of Shetland, and there Sunday, January 15, was New Year's Day.

But Sunday being with the natives a strict day non for business or for pleasure, the next day witnessed the high jinks incident to the occasion. These included processions of "guisers," or mummers, and the drinking of various strange toasts, such as "Helt to man and death to da grayfish," and the health of the twelve apostles. In Shetland the remnants of the old Norse language linger to such a degree that the dialect is almost a sealed book—even to Scotsmen. The last specimen of the great auk whose eggs are now valued at something like 100 guineas apiece, was done to death there, but the little auk still retains a precarious footing on the lonely islet of Foula.—London Daily Mail.

At!

Mrs. Greene—"Notwithstanding Mr. Suanler is a man of good judgment, I notice that everybody is going into ecstasies about that picture of Mahlistick's, and you know Suanler said it was a perfect dabb." Mr. Greene—"I didn't say his judgment was good. I merely said he was a distinguished art critic."—Boston Transcript.

A new electric railway is under construction in Germany. One hundred and sixty miles an hour is the maximum of speed which, it is hoped, will be attained on the road.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: The Ministry of Tears—If Our Misfortunes Are Borne in the Right Spirit They May Prove to Be Advantages—Soul Chastened by Sorrow.

(Copyright 1901.)

NEW YORK CITY.—A vast audience crowded the Academy of Music in this city to hear Dr. Talmage. Discussing on "The Ministry of Tears" he put forth the misfortunes of life in a cheerful light, showing that if they were borne in the right spirit they might prove to be advantages. His text was Rev. vii, 17, "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

What a spectacle a few weeks ago when the nations were in tears! Queen Victoria ascended from the highest throne on earth to a throne in heaven. The prayer more often offered than any prayer for the last sixty-four years had been answered, and God did save the Queen. All round the world the bells were tolling, and the minute guns were booming at the obsequies of the most honored woman of many centuries. As near four years ago the English and American nations shook hands in congratulation at the Queen's jubilee, so in these times two nations shook hands in mournful sympathy at the Queen's departure. No people outside Great Britain so deeply felt that mighty grief as our people. The cradles of many of our ancestors were rocked in Great Britain. Those ancestors played in childhood on the banks of the Tweed, or the Thames or the Shannon. Take from our veins the English blood, or the Welsh blood, or the Irish blood, or the Scotch blood, and the stream of our life would be a mere shallow. There are over there bones of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. It is our Wilberforce, our Coleridge, our De Quincey, our Robert Burns, our John Wesley, our John Knox, our Thomas Chalmers, our Walter Scott, our Bishop Charnock, our Latimer, our Ridley, our Robert Emmet, our Daniel O'Connell, our Havelock, our Ruskin, our Gladstone, our good and great Victoria.

The language in which we offered the English nation our condolence is the same language in which John Bunyan dreamed and Milton sang and Shakespeare dramatized and Richard Baxter prayed, and George Whitefield thundered. The Prince of Wales, now King, paid reverential visit to Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon, and Longfellow's statue adorns Westminster Abbey, and Abraham Lincoln in bronze looks down upon Scotland's capital. It was natural that these nations be in tears. But I am not going to speak of national tears, but of individual tears and Bible tears.

Riding across a Western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine, and I thought what a beautiful moment is this! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storms, but rain on panned prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight.

You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears and Mary's tears and Paul's tears and Christ's tears and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them; God rounds them; God shows them where to fall; God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born and as to the place of their grave.

Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander in his sorrow had the hair clipped from his horses and mules and made a great ado about his grief, but in all the vaults of heaven there is not one Alexander's tear. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time!

In summer you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away, but you know from the vases of heaven there is not one Alexander's tear. I speak of the tears of God's children. Alas, me, they are falling all the time!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not come this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chimes each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow and the hard crust, and hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear.

What will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts, but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the vinegary sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is, and how it is made, and how it is used, while I discourse of the ministry of tears or the practical uses of sorrow:

First, it is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to stay, or, if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvest chimes each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow and the hard crust, and hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success or a congratulation, but come now and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions and help me explain a tear.

After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof does not leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no little tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my best friends, I would like to go there." He uses to read the first part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah, he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In

the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as the new story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. The book of Revelation is a prospectus now of the country into which he is soon to immigrate, the country in which he has lots of land and lots of money and avenues opened and mansions built.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the world falls to pieces. It is contemptible in us that only when trouble is nothing else to take hold of we catch hold of God. Why, do you know who the Lord is? He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way. No; He is a father, willing at our call to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life. I make me think of you business men in his business. He has to raise a good deal of money and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house; after a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture; then he makes over his life insurance; then he assigns all his property; then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help. Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything; now help me out of this financial trouble!" He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort.

A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth, but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes into a hotel, gets a job and gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is, "If you do not pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building, no help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father; no relief. Saturday night comes, and he is moved to the hospital. Getting here, he is frenzied with grief, and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and gets it down, and he writes home: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is twenty minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the door, gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why the train that can go forty miles an hour cannot go eighty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why did you write to me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I would and could help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat your mothers as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel, you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help then you go to God. You say, "O Lord, I come to Thee! Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is in the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for me before? As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon God that we have this ministry of tears.

Your troubles are educational. I go into the office of a lady and see her work in precious stones, and I see him at work on one precious stone for a few minutes, and he puts it aside finished. I see him take up another precious stone, and he works on that all the afternoon, and I come in the next day and still find him working on it, and he is at work on it all the week. I say to him, "Why did you put only twenty minutes' work on that one precious stone?" "Oh," he says, "that one upon which I put only twenty minutes' work is of but little worth, and I soon got through with it. But this precious stone upon which I have put such prolonged and careful work is of vast value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet." So God lets one man go through life with only a little work of misfortune, for he does not amount to much, he is a small soul and of comparatively little value, but this other is of great worth, and it is cut of pain, and out of bereavement, and out of persecution, and out of all kinds of trouble, and through many years, and I ask, "Dear Lord, why all this prolonged and severe process?" And God says: "This soul is of infinite value, and it is to flash in a king's coronet. He shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

You know, on a well-spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chance of heaven. Let the King's cupbearers come in. Oh, says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" His answer, "Have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next and while she was laughing you saw the tears still on her face?" And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resounding glee and wiped off those delayed tears. So I think after the heavenly raptures have come upon us there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while these tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea God will wipe them away. How well He can do that!

Friends, if we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for our every-day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put my hands a magnetic attraction stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me! And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitude of our redeemed ones. We analyze these aerolites and find them crystallizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven! "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here! It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port.

Everything depends upon what side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river, you mourn that they go; if you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Do you not this morning catch a glimpse of the towers? Do you not hear a note of the eternal harmony? Some of you may remember the old Crystal Palace in this city of New York. I came in from my country home a verdant lad and heard in that Crystal Palace the first great music I had ever heard. Jullien gave a concert there, and there were 3000 voices and 3000 players upon instruments, and I was mightily impressed with the fact that Jullien controlled the harmony with the motion of his hand and foot, beating time with the one and emphasizing with the other. To me it was overwhelming. But all that was tame compared with the scene and the sound when the vanguard shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south, and sit down in the kingdom of God, myriads above myriads, galleries above galleries, and Christ will rise, and all heaven will rise with Him, and with His wounded hand and wounded foot He will conduct the great music. We may hear the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches and honor and glory and power, world without end."