

### THE CHILDREN'S COURT.

Bred in the bone, it would seem, and bleat in the red of their veins!  
 Branded in blossoming flesh and seated in their hearts and brains!  
 Sins of the fathers come down, aye, sins of the mothers and grandmothers!  
 The children are old in their ways—in years they are frightfully young!

Some are but innocent babes, coddled, misguided, untaught.  
 Some are but mischievous boys—trying until they are caught.  
 Some have the instinct of old, the rage of the beast in their breasts;  
 All are the victims of wrong—ignorant, human beasts.

Watch on their faces the hope! Dull eyes grow bright at a work.  
 Freedom is dear! Will he yield? See how each bosom is stirred.  
 No one has told them of love. No one has taught them of wrong!  
 Will the Judge send them away, or back where they rightly belong?

Glance from the baby face here! See you the mother who bore?  
 Has she a heart in her breast—a soft, pulsing thing that is sore?  
 Wanton and cruel her face, her attitude careless of aught.  
 Coldly she bids him "Away!" her child all unloved and untaught.

Bred in the bone it would seem! Swiftly you pale at the scene!  
 "Twixt human parent and child why should a court intervene?"  
 Who are the creatures that bear? What are the laws that they obey?  
 Shall there be more, more, and more, when these have passed on their way?

You who have smiled on a child beloved by a woman and man,  
 Watched o'er with tender care since its existence began,  
 Go all your eyes with this shame! This court by necessity planned—  
 Then say to me, if you can, that ours is a civilized land!

—Lurana W. Sheldon, in the New York Times.

### Youth's Respite.

By Adela Louise Kimball.

Like the sudden, unexpected stopping of a well-regulated clock, Barrett paused abruptly, then sat down to think. The fact that he was letting the world hasten by while he remained inactive seemed to pull down all the stable foundations of his life.

Why must he hurry? Why had he rushed, crowding and straining, for nearly 10 years? A whirl of questions surged down upon him, lashing in an open derision. What had he gained? A little wealth, a little prominence. What else?

He realized dimly that this was his first long breath for many years, yet knew that each moment of deep breathing must be followed by the quick, sharp pants of a runner straining for the goal.

He had let the car go by, the same car which he had taken for 10 years, then he leaned back and watched the clock. He checked off the moments as they flew, his mind performing the tasks which should have been allotted to each. His body was impassive, yet his brain remained active and alert.

He arose suddenly and paced the room, stopping abruptly as he faced his reflection in the mirror. For the first time in many years he looked upon himself with seeing eyes. He had given casual glances, sufficient for the straightening of a tie, but this was his first actual discerning look.

From 20 to 30 is a long leap in a man's life, it carries him to and beyond the full essence of his youth. To have lived it as a machine, working, grinding, grasping, was to have lost hold upon something fleeting and illusive.

In three days he would be 30. In but three days then he must grasp youth in its fulness, that it might be his, either to lose or to hold.

At first he was confused and impatient. He sought the essence of youth; but where should he bend his seeking? It did not lay within him, he must find it beyond himself and draw it into the warped, hardened walls of his storehouse.

He looked from his window, down upon the rushing of life beneath with a vague singing in his heart and the day became filled with a new, keen whirl and spent a long, breathless seat. He plunged at once into the day in the heart of the city. He dined luxuriously, attended the theatre, drove, danced and revelled. At night when he returned to his room he paused, wearily facing the clock. Eighteen hours! But he was no nearer youth.

The next day he remembered Vivian Cameron. He found her where they had last met, in the great stone house facing the park.

"Why, John!" she cried. "It's almost like seeing a ghost."  
 "Of what?" he queried.  
 "Of my lost youth."  
 Barrett winced; her words brought him nearer the great change which he found in her. He spent several hours by her side, watching the varying expressions flash across her face like a quick changing light. She seemed to envelop him by her charm, but at length when he reached home, dazed and weary, he knew that this surely was not youth.

house beyond and faced the day with a sense of exhilaration.  
 As he wandered in the orchard he was startled by the calling of a low, sweet voice.

"Will you come to dinner now?"  
 He turned to find himself facing a vision of youth, youth incarnate. She was exquisitely fair and sweet, with deep gray eyes which questioned in a half timid eagerness. Her hair was bound in a soft, golden mass beneath a broad band of ribbon, and her mouth, fresh as the morning, quivered with the repression of her smiles.

He assented in a hasty confusion, and moved by her side toward the house.  
 They were to dine alone. She explained that her father was busy in the fields and that she was his housekeeper. Barrett took his place at the table and watched the play of her hands among the dishes.

"This day has brought new life," he said at length, "and blotted out 10 misspent years."  
 "But it must be wonderful in the cities," she declared eagerly. "I have never been beyond this."

"It's infinitely more wonderful here," cried Barrett, "with the great sweet freedom and the peace."  
 "And yet," she mused, "I have longed for the big things, out there in the whirl."

"You must not!" he cut in sharply. "They're hollow. There's nothing that counts, I've toiled and strained for ten years to gain a little foothold, a meagre height, and it's only bursted bubble."

"Perhaps that's because you have failed," she suggested shrewdly.  
 He laughed in an almost fierce exultation. "I hadn't failed, but had won all that I sought. I was rich and had succeeded beyond my hopes. But what I've won, I toss aside for this, for the freedom of the great spaces and for—youth."

She was regarding him with grave wondering eyes and seemed in part to understand.  
 "I'm glad," she murmured, "to hear you say that. The vastness of the plains had frightened me a little. I feared that a life might be wasted here in so much space. I understand better now."

Barrett leaned forward, looking deep into her eyes, and knew that beneath their gray depths he should one day find the light of eternal youth.—Boston Post.

### GOLD A FAVORITE COLOR.

Much Used in House Decorations and Dress Accessories.

There is a revival of gold this season, not only in dress accessories but also in nearly every department of house decoration.

There are gorgeous gold slippers and stockings to match, gold embroidered veils and long shawls in net and chiffon cloth, gold turban ornaments and plumes, belt buckles and bags. The mesh chain bags are not new, but the bags composed of a mass of gold spangles are novel and decorative. Whatever the foundation material happens to be it is completely masked with the gold spangles.

There are stunning bags made on a foundation of brocaded satin, white and gold, the latter picked out in arabesques of gold cord and embroidery. Most of the designs are French and as ornate as the Louis XVI. models from which they are copied.

Old fashioned gold banded china has come in again, and to correspond other table decorations are ornamented with gold. A new French ware is shown in which the foundation of crystal or porcelain is set in baskets of French gilt. There are rose baskets for the centre of the table, individual almond and bon-bon dishes and fruit dishes, as well as card trays and other ornamental pieces for the drawing room.

Tollet articles in bright gold without other ornamentation than a monogram are superseding the silver and ivory goods for those who can afford them. Gold handled umbrellas both for men and women are in again and put the simple mission sticks in evidence for the last year or so into the shade.

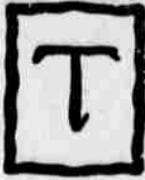
In the matter of antique rugs those having a body or groundwork as near to gold color as possible are the most favored and in all the line of fabrics and textiles for curtains and portieres wherever possible gold thread is interwoven. Gold or gilded paper and work baskets are seen, and in fact all down the line the gold revival is noted. It seems more or less barbaric, and it is expensive.—New York Sun.

Tuning a Church Bell.  
 No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true note. As a matter of fact, every bell sounds five notes, all of which must blend together harmoniously. If one is the least bit out the tone will be spoiled. The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the second by the vibrations a little higher up, and so on to the fifth, which is produced quite near the top. As the character of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal it is possible by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell to alter the five notes until they are all in harmony.—Montreal Standard.

No fewer than 1500 towns and villages in Germany still own, and have owned, down from the middle ages, so much common land that their inhabitants pay neither rates nor taxes.

## The Comet-Hunter's Emotions

By Professor Harold Jacoby



THE process of comet-hunting is perhaps the most fascinating branch of practical astronomy. If there still lives among us moderns one only survivor of the traditional astronomer, one patient expectant lover of the skies, seek him among the comet-hunters. For to-day, as of old, you will find him perched on some tower, scanning the heavens from dusk to dawn, sleepless, almost hopeless of success, yet ever supported by the thought that perhaps he, too, may add his chapter to the story celestial. Let us follow him at his work. Suddenly he sights a faint patch of hazy light; is for an instant uncertain, yet trusts that his eye deceives him not; another minute, and a larger telescope has made him sure; it is there. He hurries to his library; consults Herschel's catalogue of known nebulae. He finds the place in the book; down the page runs his eager finger; there is nothing recorded at that exact spot on the sky; it must be a comet. Yet even Herschel's careful scrutiny was not so very infrequently at fault. As yet there is no certainty; he must apply the final test.

The larger telescope is now brought into play. If this is truly a comet it must be changing its position with reference to the stars. Probably half an hour will serve to settle the question to an experienced eye. The minutes pass. Is there motion or is there not? He thinks there is. Now he is almost sure there. Yes. No man could remain impassive. His pipe goes out; he forgets to smoke. Another quarter-hour makes assurance doubly sure. Success is his.

But now he is seized with a new fear: Is he the first, or has some other anticipated the discovery? There is another tireless comet-hunter who lives in Vienna. Perhaps even now word is on the telegraphic cables. There is need of haste. The astronomer runs to the telephone, calls long distance, and asks for the Harvard College Observatory, which is the central distributing station for announcing new discoveries. They tell him calmly that they have heard nothing; that the discovery will be at once verified, and made known by cable and telegram in every observatory throughout the world before morning. Our astronomer goes to shut up his telescopes; he will work no more to-night; but he sways a little as he crosses the room.—Harper's Weekly.

## ..The.. American Girl Does Not Have to Marry for a Home

By Mrs. Gilbert Jones, Founder of the New York Anti-Suffrage Movement



DO not believe that any modern American girl marries for a home. There are too many other avenues open to her. She is welcomed in so many capacities. She can enter business or a profession or the arts and more than hold her own. Why should she—with all her talents and ability and beauty and charm, and with all the world ready to give her its best opportunities for success—why should she deliberately sell herself for the home she can earn so much more easily? She doesn't do it—she's not fool.

Her financial independence isn't going to stop her from marrying—not a bit of it. I have studied different classes of professional women, and I know the statistics. Take the case of women doctors. A great majority are married, and a good woman doctor is always financially independent. I think that it's the little god Cupid who makes most of the marriages—at least that's the way it should be. For the ideal marriage, there is a beginning of love and a development of the warmest, sweetest, firmest sort of friendship. People must be chums as well as sweethearts in order to stand constant association happily. My husband and I are perfect pals. He has his faults and I have mine, and each of us knows what they are—but we've always been so very happy. When we celebrated our twenty-fifth anniversary not long ago I said him, "How does it happen that we've always got on so well, dear?" And he said, "It's because we each know how to be tolerant." That just expresses it—and it's our combination of love and friendship which has made this possible.

## Six Children "Half-Dozen Batches" Are the Chief Cause of Poverty

By Lurana W. Sheldon



LITTLE more straight out from the shoulder talk to the poor creatures who will propagate their kind in half-dozen batches and then expect sympathy for their wretched conditions may some day awaken even the lowest to some sense of their own responsibility. For many years the writer has tried with voice and pen to teach that overproduction of humans was the source of most of the poverty, drunkenness and misery in the world, but it takes the school of experience to instill the lesson.

Live in the hospitals and see the mothers who come there! Live in the asylums for orphans, monstrosities, and incurables for a time and study the results of matrimony! Visit the millions of homes of poverty and hear the story of the cause of discouragement, poverty, and illness! It is once the voice of ignorance that still babbles of large families, and only the pen of the willfully blind that writes of environment as a more important factor in child raising than inheritance! It is a gratifying thing to hear one's long possessed theories on the lips of the wisest in the land, even though there is some exasperation over the bestowal of all the praise upon these tardy thinkers. Eugenics—the steppingstone to something better! Race culture—the beginning of the blessed end!

A little later on will come hygienics, common sense, and self-control for the masses, and then soon we shall have something like a civilized Nation!

## Our Responsibility for Liberia

By George Sole

AND so Liberia, the Black Republic of the Dark Continent, looks across the ocean to the rich and powerful nation out of which her national fathers came, after whose government her own is patterned, whose ideals and forms of thought singularly abide among her people, asking the aid of that nation's wisdom and experience in the solution of her problems. And the ground of her plea is all contained in the good Bishop's words, "We are here because you sent us here." All that is implied in this claim of the Bishop Mr. Root to President Roosevelt, on the basis of which the President asked for the appointment of a commission to investigate Liberian conditions on the ground, Mr. Root declares "that the conclusion reached by the State Department is quite clear, that Liberia is very much in need of assistance, that the United States can help her substantially, and that it is our duty to help her."—World Today.

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

To a Boy.  
 Dear boy, I quite admit your attitude is warranted by every fact and figure; I know 'tis with no thought of being rude. You emphasize with rigor. The simple truth, not quite so badly stated. That you are up to date and I outdated. You are the coming man and I the going. For I am middle aged, you in your teens. Mine is the ebbing tide and yours the flowing. With all that difference means. I must defer and listen to you humbly. While you explain what I have pondered dumbly.

To me the ways of life are mystifying. But they present no reluctance to you. I puzzled long, until I ceased from trying. But your unflinching view. Exports without the slightest hesitation. And points the finger of elucidation. You set me right in details when I stray. Correcting me with kindly condescension. And if I thank you in sarcastic way. You deprecate the mention. My subtlety irony can find no joint. In all your armor to insert a point.

Some men, it seems, are born to humbly. Some have it thrust upon them willy nilly. Your general tone enables me to guess. How much you think me silly. Yet your endeavor to direct me rightly. I must confess, is always done politely. So I must learn to take my proper cue. Owing that all my love is superseded. Effete and obsolete, I look to you. For guidance that is needed. It must not be that grudgingly or surly. I face the fact that I was born too early.

### Foolish Words.

"Now remember, children," said a teacher of a primary school, "that a compound word is composed of two simple words joined by an hyphen." Shortly after she asked the class what a compound word was. Little Jem, with an eager look on his bright little face, lisped out, "I know, teacher; it is two foolish words joined by a hyphen."—Christian Register.

### A Wreck.

Last summer we spent our vacation on Long Island at a place not very far from Long Beach. I suppose you read in the papers about the schooner Arlington which was wrecked off the coast of Long Island opposite this beach. One day a party of us decided to make an excursion to visit this wreck. We reached there about noon and after having lunch took a walk to see this large schooner. It looked very cold and desolate standing out in the water with the huge waves washing over it. The entire middle was covered with water, and only the front and back were visible. In a small store on the beach several things which had been on board the Arlington were displayed in the windows. There were books, chains, shoes and other things, also the hymnbook opened to a page on which was written the hymn "Rescue the Perishing." The sailors had sung this song in the last stages of despair. Helen M. Henderson, in the New York Tribune.

### An Odd Visitor.

A friend of mine who lives in an apartment house half a block from Mount Morris Park found when she returned from her summer in the country that she had a new visitor in the neighborhood. The first day after she came back she left a few chestnuts on the kitchen windowsill. Going into the kitchen a little later, she saw a squirrel comfortably eating his breakfast of chestnuts. The little animal didn't seem to be the least bit disturbed at her appearance and continued to nibble. She watched him until he scampered away down the fire escape, into the yard, up the fence and along its top until he disappeared in the direction of the park. The next day the squirrel appeared again, and was disappointed when he found no nuts waiting for him. He entered the kitchen, sniffed around a little, and then scampered out again. Since then my friend has placed nuts on the windowsill, and the squirrel has visited the apartment every morning.—Alma M. Lane in the New York Tribune.

### A Hunter in Trouble.

One day last autumn when I was at a friend's house and we had nothing to do he suggested that we go hunting, to which I readily assented. The guns were an old double-barreled shotgun and an old rifle that had been used in the Civil War. Both of them were muzzle-loaders. The meadows where we were going were quite a distance from where we lived, so we did not get there till about 4 o'clock. When we came to the factory pond my friend suggested that we had better load up, which we did. After waiting for about five minutes we saw a small flock of birds coming toward us. My friend raised his gun and fired, and sat down so quickly and so suddenly that his gun flew out of his hands to the ground. When I looked around he was sitting up rubbing his head, and when I saw him in that condition I laughed until my sides ached. The trouble was, he had put in too big a charge and had been knocked over. He had a sore arm for a day or two, but nothing more serious happened.—F. E. Woodward in the New York Tribune.

### Bargain Lemonade.

"Other day—a scorch—I was meandering down Tenth street a bit after noon, when a little voice piped up from the half-shade of a doorway, "Mister, won't you buy a glass of lemonade?" I stopped. The lemonade looked fine; I was dry as a covered bridge, and the little voice was very pleasing. So I drank a class and paid the advertised price—3 cents. Half a block further on another lit-

tle voice piped up. "Mister, won't you please buy a glass of lemonade of me too?"

"My dear child," I asked reproachfully of the very little girl beside the lemonade bucket, "do you imagine I have nothing else to do but wander aimlessly around the street lapping up lemonade like a dusty antelope or \$3 worth of Florida sponge? My interior mechanism is already sufficiently acidulous and chilled, and—but, never mind, give me a glass." And I poured another measure of the compound into my system and laid down another 3 cents.

The little vender looked at it longingly for a moment, then picked up one of the pennies and pushed the other two back toward me.

"It's only 1 cent a glass," said she. "Why, how is that?" I queried, curiously. "The little girl up the street is selling hers for 3 cents a glass and it isn't a bit better than yours." "I know, sir," replied the little girl—a conscientious kiddie, as you'll see—"but the St. Bernard puppy had a fit and fell in ours and we thought we ought to sell it at a bargain." And I thought so, too—after I had decided that the lemonade might stay put, after all.—Washington Star.

### A Happy Rescue.

Norman, Billy, and Lloyd were playing "express." Norman sat on the high seat of his big cart, and Lloyd and Billy were his horses. "Get up! get up!" he cried, flourishing his whip.

Only one of the horses obeyed. Lloyd was watching something across the street.

Prince, Norman's new puppy, had run out of the yard, and was being frightened. The older girls were to run, but the little one fell and began to cry.

"Prince! Prince!" called Lloyd, "come here!"

"Oh, let Prince alone!" cried Norman. "He won't hurt them. They're sillies to be afraid."

But Lloyd was already trying to slip the harness over his head, that he might go to the rescue of the children. Norman held the reins tight, however, and played his whip about Lloyd's shoulders.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Lloyd. "I'm scared almost to death!" He turned to the girls: "Don't be afraid! He won't hurt you!" Then he freed himself, and ran across.

The younger child was screaming, while the other was trying to put herself between the dog and her little sister.

Lloyd soon coaxed Prince, meantime striving to quiet the children's fears.

"He is only a puppy, and he wants to play, that's all. He won't bite anybody. He just loves little bits of girls—like your sister. He is only two months old."

"Is he your dog?" asked the older girl.

"Oh, no! But we are friends, aren't we, Prince? He belongs to Norman Stocker. I live across the street—in that house," pointing to a red cottage.

"Thank you ever so much," smiled the girl. "He ran after us yesterday, and we were so scared; but I shan't be afraid again."

Lloyd returned to play, with Prince capering around him, and the girls walked off down the street, stopping occasionally to look back.

"If you run away again, I won't let you be my horse," said Norman, crossly.

"All right," laughed Lloyd, slipping into the harness. He knew that his friend's anger wouldn't last long, and Norman was never quite so cross as he seemed.

A few days afterward the boys were going home from school together when a big automobile whizzed past them.

"Wouldn't you like to ride that way?" cried Norman.

"Guess I would!" answered Billy. Lloyd said nothing. He was watching the car. It was turning around on the brow of the hill just beyond—now it was coming slowly back. As it drew near, he recognized two of its occupants—the two little girls that had been so frightened by Prince. The car stopped by the sidewalk.

"Will you come for a ride?" asked the older girl, nodding shyly to Lloyd.

Would he! It didn't take him long to run home and ask mamma, and then hop in. The car started. He seemed to be flying through the air! How delightful it was!

"Papa's going to take us up to Hartford, to bring mamma home—she's up there visiting," explained the girl, "and we thought maybe you'd like to go, too."

To Hartford! As far as that? "Why, can we get home to-night?" gasped Lloyd.

"Oh, yes!" laughed the girl. "It won't take more than an hour or two." Then Lloyd settled down to solid enjoyment; and what a two hours the next were! Up in Hartford he was treated to sandwiches and ice-cream besides nuts and bananas; and Papa and Mamma Starr thanked him very pleasantly for having been so kind to their little girls.

"I'd have called Prince off if I'd known they were Major Starr's children," said Norman, when Lloyd told him about the ride.

"I didn't know," answered Lloyd, innocently.—Emma C. Dowd, in the Sunday School Times.