

THE CRADLES.

Lapped in the ether, and wrapped in the silk, A cherub watching her beautiful rest, Carven from ivory as white as milk, The little princess lies in her nest; And the upstretched wings hold the drift of lace That floats like a cloud round the flower-sweet face, While jeweled ladies wave to and fro Great plumes that perfume the winds they blow.

Folded in fleece, and swinging aloft In the rough-rolled sheet of her lock bark, The pioneer baby sleeps as soft, 'Tho' round her the forest frowns vast and dark, Where the axe rings clear and the bird sings high, And the beast with a crash is leaping by, And the shaft of sunshine comes and goes, And the wild bee fancies her cheek a rose.

Long, long ago, in the misty gleam Of that elder day where the ways divide, Their little ancestress dreamed her dream By the spear-heads' glow and the camp-fire's side, While the blood of battle across the night Yet sang of the awful joys of fight, And with all its darts of fray and field, One rocked her to sleep in her father's shield.

A DECENT CRIME.

"SPEAKING of odd cases," said Captain McCarty, "the queerest I ever worked on was a justifiable crime—and there are such things—and the guilty man was forced not only to murder but to confession of the deed by motives that none of us could be ashamed of."

"It must have been about 2 o'clock in the night that Grinnel street station was called up by telephone and a man's voice announced that there were burglars in a house at No. 753. I was finishing a report about an incendiary fire, but as the available men at that hour were scarce, I jumped into the patrol wagon with the others, and went to the house mentioned. The family were all in the hallway, or in the front parlor, waiting for us, and they said that the burglar or burglars had been locked in the middle bedroom on the second floor.

"The daughter of the house—their name was Taulby, and the girl's name was Janice—had found a man under her bed, and without making any commotion till she was in the hall, had locked the door on the outside and awakened her mother and brother, who slept in the front and back rooms respectively on the same floor. That's as far as we got before running up stairs and opening the door. There were three of us policemen, besides the driver, and Toole held the light, Griffin the door, and I, always fooldrily, went in with my gun ready. I had a pistol in my right hand ready for business, but as there was not a sound nor a stir when I entered the half-lighted room, made bold to strike a match with my left hand and lighted the gas. The drawers of the dresser were opened and tossed, the closet door was open and the contents were scattered, but there was no sound nor sign of life.

"I looked under the bed, Toole turning on the lantern, and saw a man lying at full length. I ordered him to come out, and Griffin began to pull off the mattress and bedding for a safer command of the situation. The intruder never stirred. We took off the mattress, lifted out the wire spring frame, and saw that the robber's eyes were shut and his face ghastly. The minute I touched him I knew he was dead. We dragged him out then and saw that his skull was dented as by the mighty stroke of a narrow, dull-edged weapon. We called the Coroner, and he said it was a murder, or that the robber had been caught in the act of searching the room and had been killed by one of the inmates of the house. As the latter supposition seemed preposterous, I searched the building for an open window, a door that had been left open, or any kind of aperture that might have given egress to the dead man's confederate and slayer. There was none. The windows and doors were all locked or latched on the inside. In the yard I found a blackjack, or 'billy,' which seemed to give color to the Coroner's theory, but only added to the mystery.

"Mrs. Taulby, the mother, was a widow, gentle, aristocratic, wealthy and inordinately fond of her two children. Miss Janice, I soon discovered, was the flower of all girlish tenderness and virtue. She hadn't even a sweetheart to whom a thread of investigation might be reasonably attached. Randal Taulby, the son, was, I discovered, a lawyer by profession, but not by practice. In fact, he was only recently from college, and was living in a pretty well-sown field of wild oats, a care and even a menace to his mother, submissive only to his sister Janice, whom he loved, and—very much in debt. Upon the slim prospect of connecting him with the killing I had the nerve to search his room, his clothing and all his belongings before I left the house that night. I found nothing incriminating.

"Miss Janice explained that she had been awakened by a scream, she thought, but in terror had lain quietly for many minutes before rising. Then she struck a match, and, seeing nothing, with feminine instinct stooped and looked under the bed. She saw a hand move and a face stare, and, dropping the match, took out her door key, ran into the hall, locked the door behind her and gave the alarm. It was Randal who had called the police. His conduct was very calm and deliberate. He had seen on one, heard nothing, till his sister's cries aroused him. Then he had run down stairs and telephoned. The mother, prostrated with

grief and understanding nothing was, I knew, incapable of any connection with the singular affair. Somebody in the house had killed the burglar. Of that I was certain. But who? And why did he or she refuse to admit it? I gave them to understand that no crime was done by killing a house-breaker, but they all stuck to their stories.

"The dead burglar was a common looking, square-built, cheaply dressed man of about twenty-six. That he was a burglar we had no doubt, for we found the household jewelry, or most of it, stowed in his pockets. He had no keys nor any of the tools which housebreakers use; no letters of identification, no marks upon his clothing. I couldn't figure out how he effected an entrance, for, as I said, the doors were all locked on the inside, the windows latched, and there were no signs of a violent entrance. Among the papers, the letters and memoranda which I had taken from young Taulby's room was one letter dated Haverhill, Mass., and signed Kent Howard. It was evidently from an old college mate, and I would have ignored it if I had not also found in one of Taulby's pockets a postal card addressed to this same Kent Howard, and sent by one of those Greek letter societies they have at universities. That gave me a vague hint, for I couldn't understand why Taulby should have Howard's postal card in his possession. I made a grand bluff then, just for a flyer, you know. I got Randal in a corner one evening, and told him that I had discovered that the dead burglar's name was Kent Howard. I thought if my guess was right he'd flush up, or shake or show some sign, but he never batted an eye, and I concluded I was on another bad steer.

"I started some letters east to the college that Taulby had graduated from, and then resolved to keep a close watch on him. I couldn't find him that day at all, nor the next, and I was commencing to get rattled when I got the following letter:

"Dear McCarty—You are too cute altogether. I don't know how you found out it was Kent Miller, and I don't care now. Find me if you can. It was no murder, anyhow. I let him into the house. He was a born thief, and was on the high road to the pen, any way. I owed him money all right, an old score, but he was trying to blackmail me. I'm pretty bad myself, but I couldn't rob my own people. I let him in at the front door and turned him loose to rob the house as he pleased. I had to do something for him, and as I had no money I did this. Janice was sound asleep when we got into her room. I couldn't stand what he said then—about her. I struck him with his own billy and shoved him under the bed. Then I dropped it out the window and went to bed. Please drop this thing if you can. If you bring Janice's name into it I'll kill you; don't forget that. That's the decent side of me. I won't stand anything against her. R. T.

SHOULD WATER BE FREE?

One Western City Thinks So and Puts It Cost in the Tax Budget.

The city of Santa Rosa, Cal., has been supplying its 7000 inhabitants with water free for the last five years and charging the cost in the tax budget. J. W. Keegan, one of its Councilmen, is anxious that other cities should follow Santa Rosa's example, and he gives these reasons for declaring it to be the only equitable system of supply:

"It is more economical because the cost of accounting and collecting is abolished; it saves to the consumer the annoyance of the rate collector's calling; it is a strong incentive to beautification of the city, for householders no longer grudge water for lawns and gardens; it is not wasteful, because the consumer never believes that his payment is fixed by his consumption, and it benefits the very poor and by encouraging them to be cleanly keeps the community free from disease.

"The only man who may be injured," says the Councilman, "is one who pays taxes on personal property, and he is no more injured than by a free sewer system. If he be a householder, he has free water, and if his personal property is merchandise which he sells, he can shift the burden of taxation upon the purchaser and the purchasers of the goods pay the merchant's taxes, just as they pay the merchant's clerk hire."—New York Sun.

The Man of the Village.

The population of Shelley, Suffolk, is seventy-five. There is no resident parson, no resident squire and no public house. Neither is there any school, but there is a school board. The parish consists of four farms, two of which are occupied by widows and the other, two by one man, who is consequently the Man of Shelley. The Man of Shelley is clerk to the school board, and practically all parish officers in one. When he wants a meeting of the influential ratepayers he calls himself together, communes with himself, takes the general opinion of the meeting, declares the proposition carried or not, thanks the chairman and instructs him to carry out the will of the assembly of notables.—Tit-Bits.

Preventable Suffering.

It is conservatively estimated that there are now in New York City 20,000 cases of well-developed pulmonary tuberculosis. All the suffering and death consequent upon the prevalence of the disease are, in view of modern scientific knowledge, largely preventable by the careful observation of simple, well understood and easily applied measures of cleanliness, disinfection and isolation.—New York News.

Pluck and Adventure.

Narrow Escape From Death.

Of the quarter of a million British troops in the South African war the narrowest escape from death was that of a soldier named Stanley, in the Forty-seventh Company of Royal Engineers.

And strangely enough the chief danger that menaced the sapper, as those in the engineer corps are always called, was not bullets, but deer. The affair is described by A. W. Northover, who was in the same company with Stanley, and it occurred at Klerksdorp, Transvaal, on April 3, 1901. They with two of their comrades were trekking around the Klerksdorp neighborhood for forage for horses. They had to exercise great caution, for it was known that Boers were in the vicinity. They had been searching for the best part of a day without success, when upon rounding a kopje, which they nicknamed Gibraltar, they came in sight of a group of springbok grazing about three-quarters of the way up the kopje.

They decided to relinquish the quest for forage in favor of deer hunting. "The place where the deer were grazing was about 400 feet above the yeld level," said Northover, in his narrative, "and the sides of the kopje were almost as vertical as the walls of a house. To get there from where we stood would require a great amount of skill in climbing as well as nerve, and to go around in front of the kopje would require too much valuable time. So rather than risk a long shot we came to the conclusion that the best thing to do would be for one of us to ascend the kopje and come upon the deer unawares with a charged magazine.

"We tossed up to see who should make the climb, and the choice fell to Stanley, who, 'grousing' at his hard luck, commenced the ascent and after some narrow escapes from slipping was successful in reaching a practically close position to the deer. We could see him taking dead aim, and at last, after a period of suspense, heard the report of the shot and saw one of the deer fall to its knees, while the others made a stampede straight for the place where Stanley was lying. We could see him frantically seeking for a way of escape, but there was none to be found.

"Directly behind him was a clear drop of 400 feet, and in front the deer dashed at terrific speed straight at him. His only course was to meet the deer with another shot, and trust to this either to stop or turn them. This he did, but instead of turning them as he anticipated, it merely gave force to their already great terror and fury.

"Two big bucks made a rush at him simultaneously, but, being blind with terror, collided with each other a few yards in front of where he was. The result of this was that one of them came crashing down to within a few feet of where we stood. The other, a larger one, soon recovered itself, and, seeing Stanley in front of him, made a terrific charge, catching him square in the chest and sending him over the side of the kopje.

"We all expected to see him smashed in full view of our eyes, but—marvelous to tell—what we considered a real miracle happened, for as he fell backward his legging strap by some means came unfastened and caught by the buckle between two rocks. The deer could not stop its rush and went over our chum's body down to rejoin its mate at the foot of the height.

"We all made a run to help Stanley, but stopped suddenly on hearing a shot and seeing one of the remaining deer drop to the ground, but not to die, for it rose again suddenly, and, followed by the remainder of the group, which were too terrified to see where they were going, charged straight for the edge of the height, where Stanley was hanging head downward.

"Too late! They tried to save themselves going over, and went crashing down, taking the rocks that held Stanley with them. Of course, directly the rocks went that held him suspended Stanley followed, but had not gone far when his handkerchief caught on a bush, checking his fall slightly, but proving fortunate, as before he had gone much further he brought up on a projecting rock which, but for the bush checking his fall, would have dashed him to pieces. This had all occurred in a minute, and when we got over our fascination we had time to see who had fired the last shot at the deer.

"We were soon assured as to the riflemen, for bullets began to strike around us, and before we could realize it two of us, myself included, were wounded. We then saw a party of about fifty Boers, who I have no doubt were there for the same purpose as ourselves.

"It was absolutely useless to fight in the circumstances, so we reluctantly surrendered and at once called our captors' attention to our comrade down the side of the height. By knotting tether ropes together we were enabled to let one of our party down, and quickly had Stanley up. He was a pitiable sight, and was violently vomiting blood, besides having three ribs and his left leg broken.

"The Boers released us, and we found our way to camp, with Stanley on an improvised stretcher. Thanks to a strong constitution and a good doctor, he has survived his illness, and is at this moment as well as ever he was."

How a Plucky Woman Saved an Army. The Canadian Historical Society has recently erected a monument at Beaver Dams, Niagara Falls, to commemorate the heroism of Laura Secord in the War of 1812. This remarkable

woman, of Huguonot descent, who was never known to have shown fear, won fame throughout the British possessions by a daring night walk that saved a garrison from a surprise attack by the American forces.

It was in June, 1813, and a few days after she had found her severely wounded husband on the battlefield of Queenston Heights, that word reached the Secords through spies that the Americans had planned an attack against Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon's force of 250 men at Beaver Dams, on the Niagara River, twenty miles away. Against the solicitations of her husband, who said that a trusted messenger with a letter would answer the purpose just as well, Mrs. Secord herself determined if possible to warn the British of the prospective attack.

She left her house toward evening in her ordinary dress, not even changing her light slippers for stout shoes, or in any way giving indication of a long and perilous journey by foot. At first she strolled along leisurely and enjoyed an American squire into letting her pass with a tale that she was looking for a stray cow. As darkness fell she began to walk rapidly, taking the most unfrequented and roughest roads, and occasional short cuts through belts of forest. She walked all night of the 24th of June, 1813, and arrived early in the morning in a state of exhaustion at Beaver Dams. The first people that she saw were Indians. They conducted her at once to Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon, who had heard nothing of the danger that threatened. He instantly prepared himself, and that very day, after a slight skirmish, he captured many Americans and two field pieces. Mrs. Secord once got the better of 100 Indians, led by the great warrior, Tecumseh, who had come to her house to carry away her fourteen-year-old daughter for the purpose of making her Tecumseh's wife. She was alone in the house and without a weapon of any kind when the Indians marched up and halted before the front door. But without showing any signs of fear she opened the door, and, lifting up her hands as a warning, exclaimed, "Small-pox here!" This disease had been so fatal among the Indians a few months before that even Tecumseh shuddered at Mrs. Secord's words. Then, after a moment of hesitation, he silently turned away and led his followers along the way they had come. The daughter, thus saved by her mother's ready wit, afterward became the wife of a British Army officer.

When the Prince of Wales, now King of England, visited Canada he called on Mrs. Secord and presented her with £100 in acknowledgement of her heroism. The old lady, in her fervent loyalty, would fain have knelt before the Queen's son, but he would not permit it and gently replaced her in her chair. She died in her house in Chippewa in the late 60s.

Thirty-five Days on a Raft; No Food. The eight survivors of the wreck of the British steamer Elingamite, who were picked up on a raft by the British sloop-of-war Penguin, were rescued November 13, sixty miles from West King Island, New Zealand, the scene of the wreck.

They had been drifting since October 9, without any food except two apples. Each apple was cut into sixteen pieces, there being fifteen men and the stewardess on the raft when it left the wreck.

Three of the men became maddened by drinking sea water and leaped overboard. Four others and the stewardess died of starvation and exposure.

The survivors suffered agonizingly on the raft. This was twelve feet long by seven feet wide. It was half submerged and every sea swept over it, drenching its occupants.

On the night of November 11 the castaways saw the light of a steamer and shouted frantically. The steamer lowered a boat, which passed within fifty yards of the raft. Then, although those on the raft continued shouting, the boat turned and went back to the steamer, apparently not having heard the cries for help.

After this despondency seized the occupants of the raft. One of them tried to appease his hunger by chewing his handkerchief.

When the Penguin's boat went alongside the raft only one of the shipwrecked men was able to stand. All of them were in a most emaciated condition, and their faces, hands and legs were raw from exposure to the sun and water.

All hope of finding the remaining forty persons from the Elingamite has been abandoned.

Fights For Life With Wolves.

Sam Isaacs, a tall, athletic young Indian, about twenty years of age, was out with his rifle in the township of Freeman, near Moon River, Canada. He was alone.

Suddenly five wolves in a pack appeared on the scene and made straight for the young Indian. They had wounded him, and were trying to run him down. Sam waited until the foremost was within twenty-five yards of him when he raised his rifle and sent a bullet into his head squarely in the middle and a little below the eyes. The pack kept on, and were within thirty feet of him, when again the rifle sent a bullet through another head. Then the remaining three turned tail and fled. Sam brought in the heads and hides on Tuesday, and made affidavit before the police magistrate to get the bounty allowed by the Government for the destruction of the two wolves.

The leader of the pack measured six feet six inches from tip of tail to nose. He was an old veteran, and had been in many fights, as his head was scarred and seamed all over from old wounds, one ear had been at some date completely chewed off, and the other pretty badly lacerated and torn.

The hardest woman to please is the one who doesn't know what she wants

Athletics in Great Britain.

They Arouse Intense Enthusiasm and Produce Some Strange Trophees. By Arthur Duffy.



ATHLETICS attract much more attention in England than in America. The people are more enthusiastic, and it is not unusual to see 15,000 or 20,000 people attending the games. There are sports three and five times a week, so that an ambitious runner can fill his trophy room with any number of suitable prizes. An American champion has no idea of the reception that awaits him. The many sports committees attend him, and he is shown the hospitality of the cities.

It is no extraordinary thing to be invited to a dinner in your honor, or to stay a few days with the Lord Mayor of the city. All of these affairs, one must admit, are a great handicap to his training.

The prizes abroad are, as a general rule, very valuable, much more so than in America. They are not wholly confined to silverware, such as cups and the like, but it is nothing extraordinary to see an athlete departing from the races with a sewing machine or hat-rack, and in some cases I have seen orders for beds. The lucky competitor, as a rule, can have any article he desires, and as many British athletes are married, they generally take the most serviceable article. My prizes last year consisted mostly of diamonds, watches, silver tea services and cutlery, altogether worth nearly £200.—From the "American Sprinter in Great Britain," in Outing.

Happiness in Democracy.

The World's Influence on the New Way of Living. By Dr. Felix Adler.



HERE are many inventions which multiply the means of living, but is the world really the happier? How about those who possess more wealth than they require; does it make them any the happier? The chief source of pleasure or happiness, after all, is derived from man's social relations with his fellow men. If man were cut off from intercourse with his fellow men he would become like a musical instrument laid aside.

How will it profit you if you get all the possible wealth of the world and are cut off from the chief source of happiness with your fellow man? Because of their success in life some people in this country find democracy so little to their taste that they go abroad to associate with the foreign aristocracy, disdaining the association with democracy.

Democracy does not mean that all men are equal, because it is not true in the sense that all are equally developed. True democracy contains three elements of reverence—reverence for our superiors, for our equals and for our inferiors. The spurious democrat is the man who believes he is the equal of a Lincoln or anybody else, only he has not had the opportunities to polish his abilities.

All great men are reverential. Oh, the pity of that carping, spiteful, malicious social set where they are ready to tear each other's character into shreds and consider the doing of it a mark of cleverness. And yet that is the attitude of a large part of what we call the world. The social set which considers all who belong to it as persons of distinction is characterized by malice, hypocrisy and grossness.

The Real Saratoga.

As the Great American Sporting Resort, It Resembles Nothing Foreign. By Jesse Lynch Williams.



UT there is nothing fashionable or ponderous in the way the people take their pleasure at Saratoga. Of "among those present," especially during the polo season, there might be made a moderately long list of names which might appeal to the most critical American Yellowplush; but he would be disillusioned at the spontaneity of the possessors of the names. That is what they are there for, to get away from the routine stupidity of self-conscious Newport, which not a few of them can stand for only so long at a time; just as Billy Banker is there to get away from the stupidity of his routine existence—and both mingle freely in the paddock and swap tips in the ring, to the horror of Yellowplush, who has come to worship.

It was to be expected that the establishment of a place of this kind would be hailed as the creation of an "American Ascot"—by these who get an added zest by such mental devices—just as the moralists have amateurized it, as "the Monte Carlo of America." It is, to be sure, the one place in the country where fine horses and fine people may be seen without much touting to interfere with either; and it is the one example of really regulated gambling in the United States. But it is not very much like Ascot or Monte Carlo, though enough like both, possibly, to call to mind the rollicking old days of a previous and very different century at Bath—if you have a mind to liken it to something foreign.

To me it seems quite interesting as a great American sporting rendezvous. "The greatest all-round" resort of this sort we have yet evolved,—though, to be sure, we are still rather young at concentrated frivolity.—From "Saratoga and Its People," in Outing.

Home Should Help the School.

By Caroline T. Haven, Principal of the Ethical Culture School Normal Kindergarten Training Class.



HE emphasis placed of late years upon improved hygienic conditions in the schoolroom has greatly increased the teacher's responsibility in regard to the physical well being of the children committed to her care. She is now expected not only to attend to the general question of temperature, ventilation and light, but to recognize the individual peculiarities of her charges and to discover means by which defects of all kinds may be remedied.

Now, it is manifestly impossible for any teacher, however willing and capable, to gauge accurately and speedily the physical and intellectual disabilities of a new class of pupils, and time is lost and harm done before adequate tests can be made for conditions that vary more or less from normal standards.

If the school is to do its best work it must have educative services from the home, and it will have that only as parents are alive to the situation and are ready to further its ends.

First of all, the child should be sent to school with a well-nourished body, the result of a diet that is simple, easily digested and eaten at regular intervals. It should be provided with clothing that will not interfere with the free movement of any part of the body and will give the suitable amount of warmth and protection.

The parents should insist on the maximum number of hours of quiet sleep, should teach the child habits of personal cleanliness, and should see that it has a proper amount of exercise in the open air and a plentiful supply of fresh air within doors.

The full value of proper food, exercise, sleep, etc., upon resistance to disease, upon the nervous system, upon general disposition and even upon conduct can hardly be overestimated, and the teacher's work is greatly lessened when these matters receive systematic attention in the home.

The mother who has made a real study of her child knows the condition of his eyes on entering school and will be quick to notice any failure that will occur later. So, too, defects in hearing may be more readily detected in the home than in the school, where they prove a more barrier to the child's mental progress. Many a child so afflicted has been called stupid, inattentive or stubborn, until a physician's skill has overcome the physical defects which alone were responsible for his mental state.

It requires much time and patience on the teacher's part to overcome indistinct and faulty enunciation as well as ungrammatical forms of speech and mispronunciation. Much of the faulty enunciation observable in very young children is due to the use of "baby talk" by parents in addressing them. The little ones are imitative, and a repetition in their presence of the wrong forms of speech day after day finally results in fixing them indelibly in their minds.

The questions of nervousness, undue restlessness, signs of fatigue, loss of nerve force, are problems that confront the teacher at every turn—problems which she cannot solve unaided. So much in these conditions depend on the home and are beyond the control of the school that, unless the mothers recognize the difficulties and are equal to the demands, the child must continue to suffer and the work of the whole school is impaired.

Is the school responsible when, through excesses in the emotional life of the child at home, his vigor is wasted and he is made unfit to meet the general requirements of the classroom? Shall the teacher be charged with neglect when the ambition of parents forces the child to endure exertion in order that the next promotion time may not find him behind his companions?—New York News.