

**Sunday Reading.**

America's Pioneer Child Tribunal.

Copyright, 1901, the Christian Herald, New York.  
The Juvenile Court of Chicago, the first child-tribunal of America, is attracting world-wide attention. Not only Illinois sister states, but foreign countries have sent representatives to study its workings; and copies of the law through which it came into existence, and under which it operates, have been sent upon request to the four quarters of the globe. This law, under the title: 'An act to regulate the Treatment and Control of Dependent, Neglected and Delinquent Children,' went into force July 1, 1899. Men and women of all creeds and political affiliations had been instrumental in planning it. The Bar Association of Chicago, assisted by societies interested in children, prepared the bill, and lent its powerful influence to its enactment. The chairman of the Special Committee which framed it, was Hon. Harvey B. Hurd, who has been called 'Father of the Juvenile Court Law'; the secretary was Dr. Hastings R. Hart, Superintendent of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, and one of the world's best known specialists in work for children. The purpose of the law is to prevent children under sixteen years of age from being classed as criminals, from treated as such, from being arrested and kept in confinement in police stations, from being in any way associated with old and hardened offenders; it seeks to save the child from carrying through life an ineffaceable stigma because of the misdeeds of irresponsible years and evil environment, or because of a condition of vagrancy or dependency, which is its misfortune and not its fault, but for which, under the old law, it could be tried along in the same crowd with thieves and cutthroats, and sent to jail in company with them. While thus giving the 'dependent,' 'neglected' or delinquent child a chance for its life, the responsibility is assumed of helping the child to take advantage of opportunities provided. In the last section of the Act this occurs: 'The care, custody and discipline of a child shall approximate as nearly as may be that which should be given by its parents.' The state seeks to raise up out of children of the streets good citizens to serve her, not leaving them to become criminals who shall do her hurt.

The work of inaugurating the Juvenile Court, devolved upon Judge Richard S. Tathill, by virtue of the choice of his brother judges of the Circuit Court of Cook county, and he has been the presiding officer ever since. There are six general probation officers appointed by the court, one of whom is a colored woman, into whose care all the colored children are given. The law made no provision for their salaries, and the Women's Club of Chicago, other feminine organizations, churches and charitable persons have, by their generosity, remedied this shortcoming. The city of Chicago also came to the rescue when Mayor Harrison detailed as probation officers a number of fatherly and humane men from the police force.

The duty of the probation officers is to investigate cases; to appear with children in court; to be their monitors, friends and guardians. In the case of a delinquent child, the court may continue the hearing from time to time, permitting the child to remain at home subject to the visitation of the probation officer; or he may authorize the officer to board it out, subject to similar oversight. These officers spend whole days visiting their boys, getting reports from their teachers and employers, encouraging and helping their parents. Parents, careless and unworthy, are reasoned with, put on notice and given opportunity to do better by their little ones; if they do not heed the warning for the sake of society and the child, the latter is placed in more conscientious hands. The first year's record of the court shows the advantage of its system. Of 1,096 boys paroled from the court (that is, allowed to return to their homes under the guardianship of a probation officer), only 203 were again brought up for offending; of 256 released from John Worthey School (only 33 were returned. What court, where children are committed to jails with adult prisoners, could show such statistics of reform? The most frequent causes of delinquency are petty thefts, larceny, peddling and begging. The probation officers are on the alert now for the junk man who purchases from children articles he knows they should not have in their possession, and also for parents or guardians who send children into saloons to beg. Among dependent children, drunkenness of parents was by far the most prolific cause.

Court is held Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in a room of the Court House set aside for the purpose. Monday morning the dependent cases are heard. The visitor sees a motley group of men, women and babies seated near the door, many nationalities being represented. In front of the desk sit six men on the jury. At their right is a raised platform with two tiers of chairs, occupied by poor, neglected children. At ten, Judge Tathill takes the bench. Witnesses are called, cases are heard, sorrowful little stories come out. Some of the children have been found with only a single garment on their backs, hungry, friendless, deserted. Sitting side by side, with these will be a child, pretty, refined, well dressed, homeless through the bickerings and quarreling of parents as to who shall take care of it. Children used to make money in evil ways are there. Parents are present.

If the judge decides that a child should be declared dependent, it is adopted by some family, or it is sent directly to some suitable institution, or is given into the custody of the Children's Home and Aid Society, if Protestant, or the Visitation and Aid society, if Catholic, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoons delinquents are tried.

When cases are called, the little fellows, sometimes two or three at a time, go to the judge's desk, and he talks to them in a kind, fatherly way, that ought to win the confidence of any child. Some of the boys are but nine years old, and only the tops of their heads can be seen above the desk. When Judge Tathill calls a frightened boy up beside him, pats him on the head, and asks: 'Why did you do this, son?' the child usually melts into tears and the truth comes forth. If it is the first offence, the lad may be sent back on parole and under the supervision of a probation officer. If the judge thinks this disposition not best, he will be sent to John Worthey school. Very serious cases are committed to the State reformatory. The judge always talks to the parents or guardians, advising and admonishing them. Very few girl delinquents appear. They are usually sent directly to some good institution for the care of female offenders, the charges being, as a rule, such as are best not disposed of in public.

Movements looking to the establishment of similar courts to this are under way in several other cities.

**An Answered Prayer.**

Mr. Jennings had passed his threescore and ten, and had come to a time of enforced inactivity. A long illness kept him for months in bed, and when he recovered he had dropped out of the procession; every one recognized his breakdown as the unmistakable sign that his days of work were over. Mr. Jennings was not altogether happy. He almost resented the fact that the church and the community could get on so well without him; and it seemed hard that his manly vigor, carried so finely into old age, should waste in unwilling idleness, with nothing to look forward to but final helplessness and death.

'I stay at home and pray,' he said, 'but I can do nothing to answer my own prayers. I can't get out to meeting, and I have little chance to influence any one for good. The world has gone on while I have been resting by the way, and I can't catch up.

Mrs. Jennings comforted him, and the aged pair sat down together, making the most of each other's companionship, and daily praying for the Lord's work, which was going on without them.

One morning the two old saints finished their breakfast, read their chapter in the Bible, and knelt down, according to their custom, to thank God for their blessings, to ask His guidance and care for the grown-up and scattered family, and His benediction on the work which others were doing, and in which they no longer had a share.

While they were on their knees, a ladder rose against the open window, and a man began to ascend. The old couple were a little deaf, and prayed on. The carpenter, who had come to repair the roof of the bay window, ascended two rounds and stopped. He stood for a minute, at least, undecided whether to go up or down or to stay where he was; then he descended quietly and stole away.

A little way from the house the carpenter sat down in the shade and waited. The prayer was not a short one, and its tones still came to him. He recalled the words which he had heard on the ladder, and his eyes filled with tears; he brushed them away, but they came again; he thought of another gray-haired old couple, now dead, who never failed, while they lived to pray to God for an absent son.

He remounted the ladder, at length, but the accents of that prayer rose and fell in his ears with the tapping of his hammer; and when Mr. Jennings came out and leaned on his staff and inquired about the

repairs which the roof needed, the carpenter felt as if he had received a benediction.

All this was eight months ago, in Chicago. A few days ago Mr. Jennings's door bell rang, and a man entered and said: 'I am the carpenter who repaired your roof last spring. I had godly parents, but I entered the army and led a hard life. I had not been to church nor heard a prayer for years. I heard your prayer when I put up the ladder. For eight months, by the help of God, I have lived a new life.'

Then Mr. and Mrs. Jennings knelt down again, and thanked God for an unexpected answer to their prayer.

Sincere goodness is never 'out of work.' Its Employer finds triumphs and trophies for it in retirement and rest as well as in strenuous activity.

**Theodosia Burr.**

Aaron Burr's daughter Theodosia was the delight of her father's heart. He gave her an education very different from the ordinary feminine training of the day. Almost in her infancy he began to inure her to courage and fortitude. As for her, affection for her father became the absorbing passion of her life. She once wrote to him:

'I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence and love and pride, that very little superstition would be necessary to make me worship you as a superior being. I would rather not live than not be a daughter of such a man.'

Theodosia's mother died when the child was but eleven years old. Such a grief naturally had an effect in maturing a character which was always inclined to serious issues. At fourteen the little girl was the dignified mistress of Richmond Hill, and her father sent Brant, the Indian chief to her from Philadelphia, with a letter of introduction.

She gave a dinner in his honor, and invited her father's friends to meet him. The little hostess presided over the occasion with exceptional grace and a womanly charm peculiar to herself.

She was well fitted for such duties, for through the forethought of her father she became a very accomplished creature. She had studied Latin, Greek, French and music. She had the lighter accomplishments of the day. Her fluency in French added much to the charm with which she presided over her father's home, for he frequently entertained Frenchmen there. Louis Philippe, Jerome Bonaparte, Talleyrand and Volney were all, at various times, his guests at Richmond Hill.

So absolute was Burr's confidence in this womanly girl that he wrote to her when she was but seventeen:

'Many are surprised that I could repose in you so great a trust as that of yourself; but I knew you were equal to it, and I am not deceived.'

This filial and paternal friendship lasted, in all its beauty, to the very end of Theodosia's life! She married, but her husband did not push the father from her heart. During the tragic events which had begun to disturb the course of Burr's life she bore herself with queenly dignity.

It was in going north to see him that she was drowned when the Pilot went down off Cape Hatteras, with all on board, on December 30, 1812.

After months of despairing silence, the husband and father gave her up; and Burr acquired, during this period of suspense, the habit which clung to him to the end of his life; that of wistfully scanning the horizon for ships while he walked on the Battery in New York.

**A Boy's Invention.**

One of the most interesting exhibits in the model room of the Patent Office which was described in The Companion a few weeks ago, is its collection of miniature steam engines. Models of the engines of Hero of Alexandria, of Newcomen and of Watt illustrate the successive steps in the development of what has become the giant of our modern industry.

An attendant shows the visitor a model of the early engine upon which boys were employed to turn the cocks that, alternating let the stream on and shut it off. One of these boys, Humphrey Potter by name, instead of settling down like a machine to the monotonous work, kept his eyes open. He discovered that a certain beam above his head worked in unison with the cocks which he opened and closed. He accordingly connected the two, and after seeing that the device worked properly, ran off to play.

His employers began to notice a much greater regularity in the movement of the engine than before; this led to the discovery of his secret, and to the subsequent adoption of his device everywhere.

As one looks at the model of the engine to which the scoggan was applied, the wonder is not that the boy thought of it, but that anybody before him should have failed to do so. This is the 'afterthought'

of a great many notable inventions. Opponents of the patent system often raise the point that all great inventions are 'in the air,' that the same suggestion sooner or later will come to a great many different men, and hence that the patent is simply a reward to the one who happens to arrive first.

Patent experts acknowledge considerable basis for this contention. They say, also, that the lament often seen in the newspapers, 'His invention died with him,' referring to a secret process, is rarely borne out by events.

The thing that only one man in the world can discover are few. But this does not lessen our indebtedness to the person who discovers things first.

**A FATHER'S STORY.**

**HE TELLS HOW HIS SON REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH:**

Had His Spine Injured, and for two Years Was Unable to do any Work, and for Most of the Time was Confined to the House.

Mr. M. D'Entremont, a well known farmer living at West Pubnico, N. S., writes:—'I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak; and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned, the pain has left his back; he has gained flesh; is able to ride a bicycle, enjoy his life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 for addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**The Lady and the Tiger.**

'Tiger-Hunting,' says the victim of the ancient story, 'is great sport so long as the tiger does not take it into his head to hunt you.' Isabel Savory has had both experiences, and she relates them in 'A Sportswoman in India.' Having baited a tiger with a bullock, the party of hunters took positions in trees, seated each in a machan, a stout, hard, stuffed leather cushion, with straps and buckles on the four corners, by means of which it is fastened up in the branches about fifteen feet from the ground. Here the sports-woman and her companions awaited the tiger.

Suddenly there was a sound—monkeys trooping through the jungle, high in the trees, grasping the plant branches and shaking them with rage! A second, the jungle grass waved and crackled, and out into the open emerged and advanced slowly—a picture of fearful beauty. A tiger seen in the zoo gives no idea of what one of its species is, seen under proper conditions. On he came, his cruel eyes blinking lazily in the sun.

I sat with my rifle at full cock, but he went straight to Captain F.'s tree, looked up, saw him, gave a fierce growl, and then stood still about ten yards off. A loud detonation followed; but Captain F. must have made a poor shot, he hit the tiger behind, much too far back, the bullet going almost down to his hock. The tiger looked magnificent still—he stood on a little knoll, lashing his tail and looking vindictively up into the tree.

At one and the same instant Captain F. and I fired; somehow we both missed him. This was rather too much. In one moment like a flash, the tiger darted around, galloped at the tree, sprang about half way up into its lowest branches, and swarmed up to the machan as quickly and easily as

a cat. It was a terrible moment, one of those of which we pray that they may be few and far between. Most of us can lay a finger on two or three such moments in our lives.

Poor Captain F., both barrels empty, had in desperation sprung to his feet, his hand on the side of the machan. Either the tiger's teeth or claws tore his finger all down the back of it to the bone, but the action took place so quickly that it was impossible to say how it was done.

In my mind's eye, as the great body flew up the tree. I pictured a ghastly struggle, a heavy fall and a sickening death. At the same instant, a moment's intuition suggested a difficult but not impossible shot at the tiger's back as he clapped the tree. With my last barrel I fired. There was no time for a long and steady aim; but as the smoke cleared away—what relief!—the tiger had dropped to the ground. With nine lives, catlike, he was not dead; he walked off and disappeared.

We dared not look for him then and there, dying and savage in such rough and dangerous cover; but the next morning we found him cold and stiff. He was a magnificent male, very large and heavy, with enormous paws and mustache—a splendid 'great cat.'

**Contrast Between the Poles.**

Mr. Arctowski, the geologist of the Antarctic expedition in the steamer Belgica, calls attention to the difference in the distribution of ice around the two poles of the earth. The floating ice of the north, he says, comes from true glaciers which are pushed down through valleys until they reach the water, but the glacial caps themselves do not meet the sea. At the south, on the contrary, perpetual snow is encountered at the 65th degree of latitude, and it is probable that the floating ice of the Antarctic originates from a layer covering the whole polar crown.

**Contaminating Gases Turned to use.**

An instance of the transformation by scientific means of a deleterious into a useful substance is furnished by a process recently invented in Germany in connection with the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizer where apatite is used. The large volumes of hydrofluoric acid that are given off seriously contaminate the atmosphere, but by the new process these gases are recovered in the form of fluosilicic acid, which is used in the manufacture of artificial stone for hardening soft limestone and sandstone, and for other purposes.

**Flexible Sandstone.**

Among the curious exhibits in the British Indian section at the Paris Exposition were some specimens of flexible sandstone from Kalib in the Punjab. Slabs of this stone between three and four feet in length were exhibited which bent under their own weight, giving forth a creaking sound resembling that made by a strip of tin. Placed in a box with only their ends supported, the slabs assumed a curved form.

IMITATIONS ABOUND, but insist upon getting the genuine 'The D. & L.' Menthol Plaster. 'The D. & L.' has stood the test of years. It cures. Its imitations are impotent. 'The D. & L.' is made by the well known Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'I wonder why it is that poets so delight to sing about the joys of springtime?' 'I suppose,' said Mr Sirius Barker as he took a dyspepsia tablet, that it's because poets seldom settle down and experience the terrors of housecleaning.'

A LONG RECORD OF SUCCESS in curing cuts, burns and bruises, as well as all bowel complaints, is held by Pain-Killer—over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'What is that sound like a rainstorm that I hear from the floor above?'

'Why, that's our patent rain apparatus. It's for the convenience and satisfaction of umbrella buyers who want to test their purchases.'

'THE D. & L.' EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL taken in cases of general debility and loss of appetite, is sure to give the best results. It restores health and renews vitality. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

'Nonsense! How can anybody know the sex of the dove that brought the olive branch to Noah?'

'It was a male according to the story. For otherwise it would not have kept its bill shut long enough to carry it to the ark.'

THE IMMENSE PINES OF CANADA furnish the basis for that peerless cough and cold remedy, Pny-Ralsam. It cures quickly and certainly. Of all druggists, 25c. Made by proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Miss Heaviette—Oh, I think Lent is just lovely.

Miss Wunder—You do?—'Indeed I do. Just think—one can be religious and at the same time reduce flesh.'

She—What! You never wear a watch with a dress suit?

He—No; it is impossible for me to wear both at once.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE...**  
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blowed free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.