

A RESOURCEFUL LEGISLATOR.

"It will be impossible for us to transact any public business tonight," said the president of the city council, "because of the lack of a quorum."

HIT BY STREET CAR.

ABERDEEN, Oct. 1.—J. B. Partridge, a driver in the employ of the Johnston Transfer company, was struck by a car in South Aberdeen about 2:30 this afternoon, and was quite badly hurt.

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JUVENILE TOWNS

Reform Schools in Pretty Surrounding.

TAKING CHILD OUT OF GUTTER

New Order of Things Vast Improvement on the Old Time Methods of Helping Street Boys—Training and Care is Exercised.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Including several now being built, twelve villages have been established within the vicinity of New York within the past few years to serve as homes for children. The New York Juvenile Asylum is the first of the reformatory institutions in this city to move out into the open country where its young charges could live in pretty cottage homes, surrounded by gardens, farm lands and playgrounds.

The new order of things is a vast improvement on the old time methods of helping the street boy. And, apart from the change in his surroundings, the asylum boy of today also benefits from a better understanding of his case by those who have his in charge. Time was when it was thought that any ruffian was fit to be the keeper of juvenile offenders, but happily better counsel now prevails and it recognized that special knowledge and training are required in dealing with the boys if the work of reform is to succeed.

The novice is immediately "up against it," as the boy himself puts it, since only the merest baby of the slum, too young to talk intelligently, is unable to "size up" the stranger. Older children are so "wise" that they instantly discern lack of experience on the part of the questioner with disastrous results to him. Suppose that, with a desire to show kindness and sympathy you should ask "How old are you, little boy?" or "do you go to school?" of some precocious infant of seven engaged in the paper vending business. The imp, covered with a degree of accumulated dirt which caused Owen Wister to exclaim of a London street boy on a similar occasion, "How is it possible in the short span of seven years?" very likely would answer your inquiry with "Aw, go on you Joisey, wai'tcher think I am?"

presence of the one he calls the "wise guy," the man who knows all about the street boy and the way to his heart, the gamins is not abashed, though to be sure his impertinence is then a mark of favor rather than derision. A little story in point is told by Mr. Charles D. Hilles, superintendent of the New York Juvenile Asylum, who devotes all his time and energy to saving street boys from shipwreck upon the rocks of crime everywhere present in the slum life of the greater cities. Each boy sent to the Children's Village of the Asylum is taken before Mr. Hilles to be questioned as a means of learning his individual traits and as a method of establishing amicable relations. This particular boy has come into collisions with the law upon numerous occasions but with the cleverness of his kind had long eluded attempts to bring him before the Children's Court. When asked by Mr. Hilles what offense he was charged with he replied:

"I was playin' a game of checkers wid the cop, and it was my turn to move and I didn't move and so he jumped me, see?" His address he said was 23 Lemon Street.

If not according to the ethics of good were at least friendly and only unconsciously impudent from the specialist's point of view. In fact, the boy specialist who sets himself the task of dealing with delinquent children of the city's manufactory muse, realize first of all that the gamins is in all ways abnormal having lived an abnormal life, and that he is to be judged and weighed by no common standard.

Even with the most modern sort of plant for making good citizens, such as that of the Juvenile Asylum—with its widely spaced cottages built to accommodate no more than twenty boys each, its hospital, farm, school, trade teaching shops, merit system of marking which incites to personal endeavor because it provides personal rewards, its huge playground and its many acres of woodland—the whole, to be effective must be vitalized by the "personal touch," by the knowledge of the boy specialist. According to Mr. Hilles—and experience will doubtless convince each of us of the correctness of his statement—no two boys are by any chance exactly alike in mind or body. Opportunity is given the boy specialist by the cottage type of reformatory to study each boy, so that each may be treated as an individual.

"We regard each of our charges as a separate problem," says Mr. Hilles, "and from the very first use every endeavor to merit not the boy's fear, which might be easily achieved through strictly enforced arbitrary rules and accompanying punishments meted out by keepers, but his love and confidence."

Something is almost invariably accomplished during the first interview between the delinquent and the boy specialist, though often not without difficulty. A boy recently admitted to the Children's Village had not only been deprived of the guidance of both mother and father in his fight with the world, but had also suffered the loss of one leg in a ride stealing episode upon a freight train. He had lived by begging, and was so successful because of his affliction that he earned much more than enough for his needs. The surplus which he had accumulated had drawn him into evil surroundings. His home had been a house of unsavory reputation and his companions criminals of both sexes. Upon his arrival at the Children's Village he was called into the superintendent's office in no very amiable frame of mind. To a long list of persuasive questions he answered only with surly monosyllables until Mr. Hilles had almost despaired of making a friend of him.

"Have you any pets?" was asked finally.

"Yes," the boy replied with his first show of interest, "I had a dog and a pigeon."

"Where are they now?" Mr. Hilles asked.

"Aw, I don't know," the lad said rather huskily, "but—and this was said very fiercely—I'd paid my room rent for a week, and they got a right to keep them that long. But wat's de use?" he continued with a suspicious quiver about his lips. "I won't never see 'em again."

"How would you like to have them up here?" was the next question.

"Aw, stop your kiddin'," came the surly reply, and then as an afterthought and altogether incredulously, "do you really mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"Say, mister," the boy said with tears in his eyes, "if you bring dem tykes up here dere ain't nothin' I won't do for you."

"All right," said Mr. Hilles, "up they come." And thereby was cemented a bond of friendship between the specialist who knew how and the boy who hitherto had felt that every man's hand was against him. He is working now at his studies and is regulating his conduct in such a manner as to win the approval of "de head guy" and to ensure his getting the greatest good from the new system.

There are two ways to deal with the

street Arab, the specialist has learned, one good, one bad. The first, or old method is to "break" him as the cowboy "busts" a broncho. The second is patiently and painstakingly to train him as a thoroughbred is trained, substituting love and individual treatment for routine handling. But to do this successfully, you must be a boy specialist for, though sympathy and love are essential in the work, so is the knowledge of the time when discipline is necessary. Misguided kindness the preternaturally sharp gamins would instantly employ to "work" his benefactor. The boy specialist is fully equipped to detect shamming and to be firm where firmness is required.

"Edgar Rodman" says Mr. Hilles, "was one who required firm handling. For a considerable period before his advent here and after the death of his father he had been utterly intolerant of his mother's control and had become firmly convinced that he was a law unto himself. When he came to us and was told to sit down he replied with a defiant 'No,' becoming profane and vicious when we remonstrated with him. It required thirty-nine consecutive days in which to teach him that the first letter of the alphabet of life is obedience. After that he learned many useful things, including printing, and is now working in New York earning two-thirds of a man's pay and with a prospective of life in which the old injurious stubbornness has no place."

Edgar might have been subdued in short order if flogging or other corporal punishment were believed in or resorted to at the Children's Village. But it is flogging would awake in the breast of the typical street boy a feeling of resentment and hate which would effectually militate against reform and the spirit of self-respect and self-reliance which it is sought to instill. What is done in extreme cases is to sentence the refractory boy to the drill squad, where he is compelled to perform light gymnastics which though healthful are terrible monotonous when long pursued. Taken in connection with the fact that a boy in the drill squad is denied all privileges of pleasure and play enjoyed by all the other boys, this method is quite sufficient and leaves no smoldering sense of humiliation and enmity.

SEN. CURTIS AND "CRAZY HORSE."

United States Senator Charles Curtis of Kansas is the only person with Indian blood in his veins who ever sat in the United States Senate. His mother was a quarter-bred Kaw and his father an officer in the United States Army, who saw considerable service during the early days of the frontier.

Senator Curtis, in his unique career, has been much in the public eye, but probably his first appearance showed the kind of stuff of which he was made. It was about thirty years ago in the days of the old Kansas Interstate Fair. The great attraction of the week was a ten-thousand-dollar running race. Mr. Curtis, then sixteen years old, was a black-eyed, black-haired, swarthy lad, straight and silent as any Indian who ever lived. Among the speediest horses in that part of the country was a raw-boned outlaw colt known as "Crazy Horse." The mare had a peculiar habit of balking just before the finish line. Curtis knew this, but being in need of money, calmly announced his intention of riding the colt in the race. "Crazy Horse" showed the other ten starters clean heels for three-quarters of the distance. As the lad came down the home stretch, a clear winner by five lengths, the crowd along the track, for they had no grandstands there in those days, shouted in frenzy. The roar reached the ears of "Crazy Horse" who promptly dropped back on his haunches. Curtis was hurled through the air like a meteor and landed on the roof of a training stable, far away, with a crash. He was badly hurt. For a time his life was despaired of, and he bears the mark of the accident to this day in the shape of an ugly scar.

Curtis' first words when he recovered consciousness were, "I'll ride 'er, Doc, I'll ride 'er!" And he did. Swathed with bandages, he sneaked out from his little cot in the racing stables a week later, so sore he could hardly move. But he won the biggest race of the day on "Crazy Horse." It was that gritty performance that stamped him a man in the eyes of his associates.—Success Magazine.

Quinsy, Sprains and Swellings Cured.

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If Peary and Wellman keep this sort of thing going much longer, the President will get disgusted and simply go up and nail the flag to the North Pole himself.

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