

# The Farm Colony Bill

Why It May Be Considered as a Measure of Self-Defence.

By Edmond Kelly.

WELVE years ago a farm colony bill was drawn by a committee appointed by all the charitable societies in New York; but it did not secure Albany a moment's serious attention. We are told by our legislators that poverty is not a crime. When we answered that our bill did not make of it more of a crime than the penal code, but only proposed to substitute for the expensive and degenerating system of the misnamed workhouse, inexpensive and regenerating work on a state farm, and that the plan had operated effectually in Holland and Belgium for over a hundred years, we were told that the plan might do in Holland, but it would not do here. So also in the archives of the French senate may still be read the report made by Thiers, when appointed by Louis Philippe on a committee to investigate the first railroad ever built, which concludes as follows: "Railroads may serve a purpose in England, but they are not suited to France."

A similar bill, improved by borrowing from late experience in Switzerland, has been drawn once more by a similar committee, to which was added our Commissioner of Charities, Mr. Hebbard. This bill is likely to receive a better reception at Albany than the previous one because it will be introduced and supported by the great railroads of New York state; for the railroads have discovered that the tramp is an intolerable nuisance. Col. Pangborn, of the Baltimore and Ohio, has lately estimated that the damage occasioned by tramps to railroads in the United States amounts in a single year to \$25,000,000. For the tramp in America does not tramp; he rides on railroads; he sets fire to freight cars and freight stations; he obstructs the lines, wrecks trains, and is a fruitful cause of action for damages. The measure, therefore, which was thrown out by the Assembly when proposed from motives of humanity, will be passed as a measure of self-defence. And self-defence thus constitutes an element of the power always at work on the side of progress that neither ignorance nor interest will be able to resist. Just as cholera forced from the British Parliament in 1830 hygienic measures which up to that time the landlords had been able successfully to resist, so every evil carries within itself the agent of its own destruction, and the very men who now resist progress will one day awaken to the fact that they themselves, even in their moments of bitterest resistance, have all along been the unconscious instruments of this very power which some of them today affect to despise.—From the Century.

## Model Heathen Marriages

By Maud Churton Braby.

THE more one studies the problem of marriage the more plain does it become that many of the heathen ideas on the subject are infinitely superior to ours. One of the dreams of Socialist reformers, for instance, is the endowment of motherhood. They regard it as a Utopian vision of the far future not likely to be fulfilled for years to come. Among the Mohammedans this dream is a reality. The maintenance of children devolves so exclusively on the father that the mother is entitled to claim wages for nursing them! The importance of her services to the state in rearing healthy citizens is thus recognized in the most practical manner.

We hear a good deal of agitation nowadays about making the conditions of divorce equal to both sexes. Among the Shawanes this is already done. An unfaithful husband can be turned adrift by his wife, who retains all his property. They go one better and make drunkenness also an offense for which divorce can be obtained.

The savage tribes whom we strive to convert have apparently a much clearer idea of the real basis of marriage, the end for which it was ordained, than we, who seem to marry for almost every other reason than the desire for children. With savages the offspring is the main purpose of wedlock. Married couples in some tribes do not live together at all until shortly before or sometimes actually after the birth of the first child, and in some cases the marriage is not binding until a child is born. Among others a childless wife can at any time quit her husband, but may not marry again. Westernmark is authority, but I cannot recall the names of the tribes from memory. These poor heathens recognize, it will be seen, that children are the chief tie—the only real bond—that unites a man and woman permanently—in short, that "marriage is rooted in family rather than family in marriage."

## The Corporate "We"

By the Rev. Dr. Robert Mackenzie, of the Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, New York.

CORPORATIONS, they say, have no conscience, and this is true, for there is no longer the personal "I" but the corporate "we." The church has no conscience, the college class has no conscience. Conscience cannot be distributed any more than a suit of clothes can be distributed among a hundred men. It is like the seamless robe of Christ. You can cast lots for it, but you cannot distribute it. Conscience is personal. Hence there is nothing more lawless, inhuman, brutal than a company of men who have sunk the "I" in the corporate "we." This is the central issue, as it is the central danger of this day. manifold drifts of opinion are setting toward all that is corporate, collected, communal, to the threatened submergence of the personal self.

But whether you are one of four hundred or of two, let not the artificial corporate body blind you to the natural responsibility of self. The wrong will be shared by all. The responsibility will be shared by each. It is the very task of legal science so to make a combination of many as to evade the responsibility of each.

We have, therefore, to wrench away the self out of the entanglement of the many. As men in a mob are suffocating we elbow our way to the edge that we may breathe. "Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin as self-righteousness."

## Judges Must Not Be Swayed by the Mob

By Judge J. Otis Humphrey, of Illinois.

THERE are many citizens whose action is such that they at least allow us to believe that they expect the judicial department of the government to be run in accordance with public sentiment. When the day comes—let us trust that it may never come—that the judicial branch of government is swerved from its official duty by the clamor of the populace, the end of the government is not far distant. No government can long survive whose judiciary yields to the popular frenzy that follows for a moment the mere clamor of the unreasoning, uneducated, in that particular case, opinion of the public or even of the press. Law is not the arbitrary creation of a majority's will or of any will, but it ought to be, as we trust it may ever be, the well-rounded, well-considered justice of the state, enlightened by the reasonings of the court which enforce it. You would have little respect, I think, for a court who curbed its views to meet the popular clamor

## THE CATFISH.

When de nights is warm en de moon is full,  
You kin catch mo' eats dan you cares to pull.  
No trouble 'bout bait;  
A grub'll do or a lit' fat meat,  
Fer all he ain't in supp'n' to eat,  
En he ain't no han' to wait.  
Ner dar ain't no trouble 'bout luck wid bin,  
You kin tie yo' line to a swingin' limb,  
En when you goes to look,  
You'll fin' dat limb a-doggin' 'round,  
En bubbles risin' en floatin' on down,  
En a catfish on yo' hook.  
—John Charles McNeill, in "Lyrics From Cotton Land."

But I choaset to take a pole in mine  
En git in a splotch er bright moon-  
shine  
En fish dar wid my han';  
I knows, den, when he hits his lick  
(He swallows de hook; you needn't be quick),  
En I lets him show his man.  
When I slings him out on de good dry grass,  
He don't complain, but he's full er sass;  
He kicks a little while,  
Den lays dar, wid a pleasing look,  
En, while I's rippin' out de hook,  
He takes it wid a smile.  
—John Charles McNeill, in "Lyrics From Cotton Land."

## Conscience, the Conqueror.

By REINA MELCHER

Sylvia was fast developing a Conscience. The moment when she had admitted that she wanted Christopher, a Boy, to kiss her was for her a moral crisis that had shaken her sensitive being to its core, and had left her morbidly on guard against every weakness of the flesh. The house that was Sylvia's home looked a promising place for a Conscience to prosper; the stateliest old homestead in the town it was, where dwelt Sylvia and Madam, her grandmother, with only each other for company amid the many empty rooms.

Sylvia's mother and father had died in the height of their youth and their love, leaving none but the old lady and the little lass, who were now the last of their family. Across the gulf of years these twin clasped hands, and entered into a comradeship more loyal and more sweet than life can often show. They were, indeed, comrades of the spirit, for beneath the child's quick ardor and the woman's quiet peace burned the same tireless flame. So dear they were, one to the other, that Sylvia scarce realized the loss of even closer affections, and the grandmother, who was by temperament both blithe and brave, let no gloom cross their threshold.

Despite its lonely chambers, there was not a house of grief, nor even of memories, but its atmosphere was different from that of other homes, nevertheless; a romance, a mystery brooded over it; one felt that fairies probably danced behind its closed doors, and that such an ethereal visitor as Conscience might well show there a palpable presence.

Sylvia did cherish the fancy that Conscience walked with her, an imperative hand in hers, now leading, now restraining; she seemed almost to see a slender shape beside her, as like to hers as her own shadow, and a wistful little face that resembled the face she herself might wear in heaven.

Her quickening mentality caught fire, and led her far into a mystic realm that children seldom tread. She found it a fair country, but she traversed it in silence, for her newly awakened imagination was strangely shy, and would pause at a breath of doubt from her own soul. Conscience alone fared onward with her, unafraid. During these days Sylvia suffered an outward change. Her pretty cheek followed almost imperceptibly, but not too slightly for Madam to see. Her eyes became too large, and her alert step lagged, signs that Madam noted with alarm.

"The brain is outgrowing the body," said Madam, but she kept her thoughts to her own heart, and waited for the right way to be shown to her. For she herself was of the same spiritual fiber as her granddaughter, and relied much on her intuitions, intuitions which had been tempered by time and a sane and cheerful intelligence, and which were thereby wise counselors that she did well to trust. She remembered a season when she had first seen with the eyes of the mind, and she knew that though she had not always seen true, she had invariably looked at beauty. She had walked, in a glad trance, through a land so lovely that not all the following years had dimmed her fond remembrance.

"And there," said Madam, "is my Sylvia walking now. It is well for her to go a little way, but unless she be an angel in disguise—which I vow she is not!—or a poet—which nothing so merely feminine could ever be—she must not tarry long. I cannot have her sentimental and thin."

So while Sylvia spent a morning in school, Madam put the volumes of poetry on the topmost shelves, and then betook herself to the shops to buy a frock and a hat that should tempt a little maid into the normal paths of vanity.

Through the succeeding week, Sylvia watched Madam's nimble needle work magic on a flowery stuff, and insensibly she drifted more and more frequently to Madam's side.

"What is it, Grandmother?" she asked, on an occasion when Madam shook out the dusty folds with exceeding ostentation.

"'Twill be a frock," answered Madam, non-committally.

Such reserves were not usual between them, and Sylvia hovered curiously near.

"And who is the frock for?" persisted she, after an interval of discreet hesitation.

Madam only smiled, but she drew Sylvia close and took a measurement round her waist with a practiced hand.

"It's for me!" announced Sylvia, triumphantly. "It's for me, Grandmother, dear!" And the "Lady of the Lake," which had somehow escaped confiscation, fell from Sylvia's grasp and lay unheeded on the floor.

"She will not be a poet," thought Madam, with blended regret and relief. "'Twould have been a great

destiny, but I am quite content to have her just—charming."

When the frock, with all its allure of lace and frill, was finished, and the rose gartered hat was brought forth to complete it, Sylvia's rapture was so genuine and so engaging that Madam did, indeed, feel content to have her just—charming.

"Dearest," said Madam, "you shall wear these to church, next Sunday."

And Sylvia's one protest was, "But Sunday is so far away!" If Constance stood by, witnessing her downfall, she was happily unaware. No voice of warning against a flower-sprigged muslin reached her now.

When the Sabbath morning dawned, Sylvia rose to greet the sun with the elation that naught but vanity inspires. The weather looked like a background painted especially for a flower-dotted frock, and Sylvia gave a joyous courtesy to it from her window.

"How old Martha Haynes will stare!" exclaimed she. "Bold thing! She's always making eyes at Christopher. Before I'd run after a Boy!" And then she smiled slyly, as if she might have added that she had no need to run after a Boy—because the Boy ran after her.

So pleasant were her reflections that she forgot her companion, Conscience, who cowered in a corner, neglected and sad and more wraith like than ever.

"Grandmother," questioned Sylvia across the breakfast table, "shall I wear pink ribbons or white?"

And Madam lent herself to the discussion with a seriousness befitting the affairs of nations.

Later in the morning, as Sylvia marched proudly down the church aisle and past the eclipsed Martha, she caught a glance from Christopher's eyes. Airily she fluttered her ribbons and founesses for his further undoing, and when she slipped into the pew it was with a gratified consciousness that she was still in the range of his vision. For though she had suffered a deep moral humiliation on probing her weakness for a Boy, she was none the less willing to be fair in the Boy's sight.

Fair she was, after the fashion of a slim young seraph; her hands folded themselves demurely on her lap; her face lifted to the minister's with an earnest purity of gaze.

"What wonderful concentration in a child!" thought the minister, looking down on her, and never dreaming that Sylvia's pose, like her frock, was designed to enslave a small member of his unsuspecting sex, and to drive one of her own to envious despair.

But presently, at a single word from the sermon, Sylvia sat erect, and her assumed attention changed to an interest painfully real. The arresting word was Vanity, for the minister was young, and felt youth's hot intolerance for the frailties of humanity and the snares of the world. His face glowed with enthusiasm while he proclaimed his ascetic creed, and if the older folks among his congregation failed to respond as ardently, it was not so with Sylvia. He had stabbed her to the soul with the sword of his righteousness.

Beneath his words her complacency shriveled like a burning leaf; suddenly she saw her frock as a thing accursed, a lure of evil, and herself as one lost forever in the ways of sin. The bar of sunlight that slanted across the church seemed to redden as if with the Wrath of God, and the familiar scene and faces took on a terrible menace. The sword of righteousness had smitten her down.

She did not know how the awful and impressive service came to an end, nor how she dared rise from her seat and start out with Madam, quite as if nothing remarkable had occurred.

Poor Christopher, who was sheepishly hanging about the church door as she passed, appeared to her in the baleful guise of a tempter, rather than one tempted as he veritably was, and she vouchsafed him neither look nor word.

He trailed disconsolately down the street in her wake until he reached his own gate, where dignity demanded that he enter; but in the garden he halted, still staring after her, pondering sadly on this latest vagary of

Woman, and wondering wherein he had offended.

Sylvia knew that he was watching, and once she would have carried herself accordingly, but her bearing, to-day, was unpretentious to the point of weakness, for Sylvia was a Sinner. She had trodden the forbidden path of vanity, and she was awaiting her punishment.

So certain was she that punishment must be her portion that she would not have been surprised had a shaft of lightning descended on her, or a fiery cloud caught her up from the earth and borne her to a judgment as merciless as the minister had predicted. Yet she at last found herself safe beneath her own sheltering roof. She even sat down, with her grandmother, to dinner, silent and trembling, it is true, and with only a pretended appetite, but still unharmed.

Madam perceived her pallor, and plied her plate with dainties, but when Sylvia left them almost untouched, and fled to her bed chamber, the grandmother did not follow.

"Not yet," Madam told herself patiently. "Young souls have to suffer their own birth pangs. Ah, Lord," she murmured, remembering the youthful minister's stern creed, "how many of Thy creatures deny Thy sunshine!"

The afternoon was long to Madam. Its hours wore by so wearily that even her wisdom, which was greater than is common to women, was sorely taxed to endure the strain, but she was finally rewarded.

Twilight had fallen when a somber figure crept into the room where Madam was waiting. The figure was Sylvia, but a Sylvia so unlike her of the morning that none but the unerring sight of love could have identified her. Her eyes were swollen and dull from weeping; her bright, soft hair was strained tightly back from her forehead and temples to avoid the curls of vanity; and she wore an old and faded frock, resurrected from a box which Madam had intended for charity. Beside her, though invisible to unsympathetic eyes, strutted Conscience, the Conqueror.

Madam fetched a startled breath, and instantly held out her arms. Sylvia came to them, shamed and dumb, but once in their blessed embrace, her silence gave place to sobs, and at last to articulate speech. Slowly Madam soothed her, drawing from her the while, in discontented fragments, the story of her transgression and her repentance.

"Oh," cried Sylvia, when she gained courage to raise her head from the shoulder that had harbored it so tenderly, "oh, Grandmother, if it is wicked, why does God let me want to be pretty?"

And then, in defiance of her church, Madam undertook to interpret the Divine Will.

"Sylvia," she said, and her voice was like a harp that her many years had stored with noble harmonies, "Sylvia, look at yonder rose in the vase upon the table. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes, Grandmother," assented Sylvia.

"It is fashioned," Madam continued reverently, "by the Hand of God, for His glory and our joy. If the rose, of its own accord, defaced itself, it would thwart the purpose for which it was created." She paused to let her words bear fruit, and finished gently, "Sylvia, you are just a human rose. Be beautiful, dear, not for your own selfish pride, but that you may carry loveliness and light into dark places, and rejoice heavy hearts."

"Oh," exclaimed Sylvia in rapt tones, "it is nice to be good, after all!"

And Conscience, the Conqueror, indulged in a fleeting smile.—From Uncle Remus's—the Home Magazine.

### Painful Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness is sometimes painfully acquired. It's frequently like the man at the photographer's. This man, sitting for his portrait, said impatiently to the artist: "Well, have I got now the pleasant expression you desire?" "Yes, thank you," said the photographer. "That will do nicely." "Then hurry up," growled the man. "It hurts my face."—Argonaut.

### A Woman's Chance of Marrying

(If She Wants the Man.)

Woman's Age.	Chances in 100.
18 to 25.....	100
25 to 30.....	100
30 to 35.....	100
35 to 40.....	100
40 to 60.....	100
Widow, any age.....	100,000

—New York Evening Sun.

### Happier Loser.

"Well, Bobby, how is your sister?" asked the parson.

"Oh, she's sick in bed; hurt herself terrible," replied the youth.

"I'm sorry to hear that. How did it happen?"

"We were playin' who could lean farthest out of the window—and she won!"—Lippincott's.

TO PRODUCE BEAUTIFUL WORKS, the sole condition necessary is that which the great Goethe indicated: "Fill your mind and heart, however large, with the ideas and sentiments of your age, and the work will follow."—H. Taine

—From the Printing Art Sample Book.



**THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY.**  
The novel reader cried:  
"I'm sick of the beauties of Enid and Fair,  
And proud Lady Gwendolen gives me a pain.  
Paint me a freckle-faced girl with red hair;  
Write me a novel of plain Mary Jane."

So the novelist wrote.  
But the novel read:  
Like roses bedewed with gold was her face,  
A halo of flame-colored tresses had she;  
Though a duchess, she waived all her rights  
to "Your grace."  
And said, "To my lover, I'm plain  
Jeanne Marie."  
—Judge.

**FEW SPEAKING PARTS.**  
"All the world's a stage."  
"Yes; and the majority of us are  
billed as 'citizens, villagers, populace,'  
and the like."—Houston Chronicle.

**ONE EFFECT.**  
Knicker—"What would women do  
if they could vote?"  
Bocker—"They would always look  
cool in a convention hall."—New York Sun.

**A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.**  
Stella—"I suppose you have had  
many hairbreadth escapes?"  
Knicker—"Yes; a woman's coiffure  
was all that kept me from seeing a  
play once."—Harper's Bazar.

**HER INHERITANCE.**  
Jeannette—"Does Miss Boardman  
get her lovely complexion from her  
father or her mother?"  
Gladys (sweetly)—"From her fa-  
ther. He's a chemist."—Tit-Bits.

**WOMEN IN POLITICS.**  
"Mrs. Wardheel is making trouble  
for the organization."  
"As to how?"  
"Declares she'll wear no bosses'  
collarlette."—Washington Herald.

**MUST BE.**



She—"Is he such a credulous  
chapp?"  
He—"I should say. Why, he carries  
an umbrella if the weather man  
predicts snow."—New Orleans Picayune.

**WHAT SHE WANTED.**  
Captious Customer—"I want a  
piece of meat without any bone, fat  
or gristle."  
Bewildered Butcher—"Madam, I  
think you'd better have an egg."—Sketch.

**ONE GOOD FEATURE.**  
"I am not adroit. Every day I do  
something that makes me worry."  
"That's bad."  
"Well, each new worry makes me  
forget the worry of yesterday. It  
might be worse."—Washington  
Herald.

**IT IS.**  
"The vaudeville people seem to  
think the old jokes go best."  
"That's a mighty comforting  
thought," declared the press humor-  
ist, as he tried to arrange some new  
angles to an ancient jest.—Washing-  
ton Herald.

**THE EXTREME OF STRENGTH.**  
"When I see what Barlow accom-  
plishes I am forced to admiration,"  
said Busting. "He has great physical  
endurance."  
"Yes," replied Gargoyle. "That  
man has the constitution of a debu-  
tante."—London Telegraph.

**A SCHEME.**  
"To what do you attribute your  
success?"  
"To taking people at their word,"  
answered the Polonius with chin  
whiskers. "Take a man at his word  
nowadays and it surprises him so that  
he never fails to live up to it."—  
Houston Chronicle.

**NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS.**  
A struggling author was once  
dreaming of the time when magazine  
publishers would come to him and  
fight for the exclusive rights to his  
writings at \$1 per word.  
"But I shall spurn them," mur-  
mured he, at the same time lurching  
a vigorous kick, which wrecked his  
typewriter.  
It cost him \$2.35 to get the instru-  
ment repaired.—Louisville Courier-  
Journal.