

# Music the Cure for Crime

By M. Marcel Sembat,  
Member of the French Chamber of Deputies.

It has been said that music softens habits and customs, and we are surely in need of learning gentler habits. You can hardly open a paper without reading things that send shivers down your back, articles about the growth of crime, but when you have read that crime grows and you look for a remedy it is condensed into five or six lines. And still five or six lines are too much to express a thought when the thought is anything but clear, as is mostly the case. The remedy suggested is often very vague. It is sometimes said: "We shall stop the growth of crime by police." Now the police are sometimes necessary, but I doubt if it be an efficient remedy against such a plague.

It is very important to them and to us that the young man chooses the good road, because if he chooses the evil he will himself only reap sad and cruel results, and we ourselves run the risk of finding ourselves face to face with the young man who has gone wrong on some dark evening and if the young man holds a knife in his hand the papers the next day will tell of the latest crime of the apaches.

To counteract this I see only one means, for the young man is not really lost to society, and those who really understand how to rule would not give him up as lost. No, he would have said: "Those people are the ones who are to make my best soldiers." Have we not seen many of them in our African regiments give the most splendid proofs of courage and heroism? No, they are not lost, but it is our duty to show them another way, and I repeat, a way where they are sure to meet with approval, sure to please.

A new spirit must be infused into the people, and it is in this connection that the idea of music forces itself upon me. In all the big cities, in all the large towns we must have musical schools where young girls and young men are to be taught to sing together. Here they will be taught the value of solidarity in the most efficient, the most practical, way. In each of these orchestras, in each of these choruses, the absence of one or two performers will leave a hole which the others will endeavor to fill, and thus they will all go to work together toward a common artistic goal.

# The Manly Art of Self-defense.

By Ed. A. Goewey

ENGLAND was one of the first of the civilized countries to take up boxing as a serious matter, and the Briton with the ready fist in time of need has been the center of news and story for hundreds of years back. There were prize fights there of the brutal type, but the Englishman appreciated the good points of sparring from the first, and went out of his way to perfect and elevate it to the plane of recognized athletics. It soon lost its title of "boxing" and was given that of "the manly art of self-defense," because it was realized that a good boxer could take care of himself on most occasions without resort to the cowardly knife or the revolver. The British seamen were taught to box, and they carried the art to the four quarters of the globe.

The trouble is that in this country boxing has been too often made a brutal sport, because, like most everything else here, it was promoted, until recently, solely as a commercial proposition. Some great boxing contests were held that were between men perfectly trained and evenly matched, and when the battles were over and the cleverer men had won, none was much the worse for the struggle he had gone through.

The bad feature was that men who would "promote" anything that promised financial returns gained the upper hold of the boxing game and held it for years. They took advantage of the fact that Americans love an athletic contest, and they overted us. They cared not whether the men who boxed were evenly matched or were in good physical condition. All they wanted was "the dollar," and they so abused their privileges that boxing was stamped not only as brutal, but oftentimes as crooked. Then the public in all parts of the country rose up and put the boxing game almost out of commission. It was solely the fault of the money-mad promoters, the men who ruined racing, wrestling and every other professional sport in this country except baseball—and they'll kill that, too, unless the fans are vigilant.—From Leslie's.

# Boys Are Bad Nowadays

A Graceless Generation Chargeable to Careless Parents

By F. L. N. Quastely

OUR boys and youths act very bad nowadays. Wherever you travel they are in evidence, breaking the laws and ordinances of the city, and breaking the laws of God also. "Why is it?" My conclusions are that parents are at fault. Boys are not cautioned against evil and law breaking; they are allowed to have their own way, to follow their own sweet wills. The result is a crop of selfishness, and acts that are vicious, criminal and un-American.

No one checks the boy who puts his feet all over the car seat; no one says "stop" to the boy with the fiendish and shrill whistle; no one calls a halt on the boy who fights and yells in the streets. Who says "don't do it" to the boys playing baseball, tip cat, pitch pennies, craps, etc., in and on our streets?

No one. Why not? Because the parents of these angels, these mamma's and papa's darlings, are up in arms at the least reproach to their offspring. No! They will do what is needful in the way of punishment for their spoiled chicklets; they will bring up their young as they please; the laws be hanged; no law must antagonize their darling's inclinations.

Any such law is wrong and must be nullified, and the result is a lot of misfit men and women, undesirable citizens of all sorts later on, the kind that fill our jails and prisons and add to our taxes and the cost of living.

# Food Paints From Germany

By Rutledge Rutherford

GERMANY is the greatest producer of coal tar dyes. None of them is used in German foods, but America, the largest consumer, bought 659 tons from Germany last year. You and I have helped to consume them in the colored jams, jellies and other painted foods we ate.

America's importation of chemicals from all nations for use in food products and patent medicines last year reached the bewildering sum of \$85,000,000, or just about twice what it was ten years ago or before the National Food and Drugs act went into effect. This is to say nothing of the enormous consumption of chemicals of home manufacture.

American food reactionaries say making foods pure would make them more expensive. Well, our food supply today, generally speaking, is the most expensive. Germany's foods are the purest of any, and they are the cheapest.

And Germany is now sending her foods everywhere, because people of other nations have confidence in her food laws and their enforcement. The same would be true of America if our State laws complied with the national law and all were more vigorously enforced.—National Food Magazine.



## TALES OF ADVENTURE

### A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

Of all the soldiers of fortune who have helped to make Latin America interesting in recent years, none was more picturesque than young Harper Lee, who nearly lost his life in the bull ring at Guadalajara the other day. Whether he will get well and take up bull fighting again, the Mexican dispatches have not yet made quite clear. It wouldn't be surprising if he did, for it isn't the first time that he has been reported dead.

Last October the papers told how he had been badly gored while saving the life of a fallen picador, and it was supposed that the young daredevil would retire then. But he recovered, only to add still more daring performances to those which had already made him a hero to the crowd which follows bull fighting in Mexico.

He was very popular down there, both with Mexicans and Americans, both with those who flock to the Plaza de Toros, as our crowds flock to the polo grounds to see the Giants beat the Brooklyn, and with those who, perhaps, considered bull fighting a cruel and barbarous amusement and kept away from it. That meant a pretty all-round popularity. To novelists tired of Herzegovina and unheard-of little European courts and the Zenda scene, we commend this tall and agile young man, standing, sword in hand, awaiting the charge, in the dazzling sun of the Mexican bull ring, with the señoritas and soldiers and politicians and promoters—all that curious, vivid crowd—watching with bated breath.

She raised up the dark veil, fumbled at something concealed in her lap and started to lift her hand to her face. The conductor rushed forward. But he checked himself just as he was about to detain her hand and went on up as if to speak to the motorman. For all the woman had been firing to do was to apply her powder rag for a moment to the shiny part of her nose.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### DOG DIES SAVING BABIES FROM BEAR.

Three little children of S. B. Waite, who lives on the mountain near Tyrone, Pa., the eldest of whom is but nine years old, were saved from an infuriated female bear by a faithful pet dog, which was torn to ribbons in their defence.

The children, accompanied by their canine pet and playmate, were strolling through the woods, intending to visit an aunt, who lives a short distance from the Waite home. Passing a piece of dense brush, the oldest child, a girl, saw three young bear cubs at play. The children stopped, and she ventured into the brush and picked up a cub not larger than a kitten and began to stroke it.

While the younger children watched, half afraid to approach the other two cubs, who began to whimper, the mother bear came crashing through the brush and charged. The little dog, not one-tenth the size of the bear, leaped to the rescue, tackling the animal and distracting her attention while the three children dropped the cub and fled back over the train to their home.

Arriving there they told their father of the occurrence. Mr. Waite promptly summoned neighbors and, armed, went to the spot, hoping perhaps to find the brave little dog alive, but the faithful little pet had fought the bear and given the children time to escape safely and died in the task.

The body of the dog was carried home and buried, the parents of the children and their playmates acting as chief mourners. Over the grave a marker was placed with the inscription: "He was only a dog, but he died for his little friends."

### PLUCKY ENGLISH DOCTOR.

A young Flamborough egg gatherer named Joseph Major, while working on the cliffs near the North Dunes Dyke yesterday met with an accident which may cost him his life.

He and his brother started gathering early in the morning, and the second time Joseph went over a stone apparently became displaced and caused him to fall and cut open his head. When his companions did not receive his signals they became alarmed and went over to see the cause. They found the youth lying on a grassy slope, bleeding badly from the wound.

With the assistance of other egg gatherers two men were lowered over the cliff edge and placed the unfortunate man on a ledge of rock below. The tide was coming in at the time. A York visitor, H. Brown, who is staying at Flamborough, ran to his apartments some four or five miles away, and then cycled to Bridlington, another six miles away, to fetch Dr. Wetman.

The doctor was lowered over the precipice, a distance of about 400 feet an exploit that is dared by few who are not experts—and he bandaged up the young fellow's head. The rocket life saving apparatus was taken out, and one of the men, Robert Barnes, descended and brought up Joseph Major in the breeches buoy. Afterward Dr. Wetman was hauled up, and a cheer was raised as he reached safety.—Westminster Gazette.

### Joyous Mental Exercise.

A lot of people nowadays are planning perfectly grand summer vacations they know very well they are not going to take.—Washington Herald.

side, her foot caught in the chain, and she fell backward into the water, head first.

The shock of immersion revived her, and once more she was able to clamber into the treacherous bucket. Safely above ground again, she gave way to exhaustion, but only after her task was done.

### DISAPPOINTED CONDUCTOR.

Here's another one about a woman. She was one of the three or four passengers scattered over a Shaker Lakes car the other afternoon. Also she wore a dark, spotted veil that gave an air of mystery to her appearance.

The conductor, when he looked up casually from his work of jotting down the trip statistics on a heavy manilla card, saw her watching him furtively, stealthily. From him she would turn her glance toward the other passengers to make sure she was not observed. After he'd returned to his bookkeeping the conductor, keeping tab on her out of the tail of his eye, saw her reach into a little black satchel and take something out. Then her supple form became almost rigid as she cast a searching glance in his direction to ascertain if there was danger of him seeing what she was about to do.

He became really alarmed. Perhaps this woman was wrestling with a great secret sorrow and was about to commit suicide? Was it a small dagger or a vial of poison that she was taking from her satchel? He went ahead jotting down figures on his card, so that she wouldn't know he had guessed her awful plan, but he held himself in readiness to spring upon her in time to prevent her deed of self-destruction. He had never had a suicide on his car.

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# For the Children

THE BAT'S DISGRACE. The battle raged 'twixt the beasts and the birds, And the bat looked on, though he spoke no words. Until the beast were winning the day, And then the victors heard him say: "I belong to your ranks, for who e'er knew A bird with two rows of teeth, did you?"

At last the birds had the best of the fight, And the bat, with manners quite polite, Then joined himself to the winning side And in their ranks he tried to hide. As he said: "I have wings, and 'tis quite absurd To think that I can be-aught but a bird."

But the beasts and the birds thought it was base To agree with all sides—a real disgrace— So neither would own him, and to this day He keeps carefully out of their way. He hides in caves, far, far from their sight, And comes out only 'neath shadows of night.

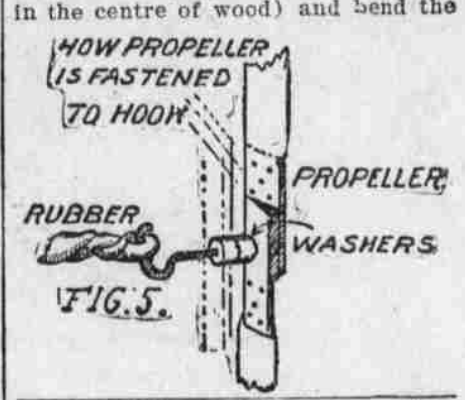
—Emerine S. Rees.

### HOW TO MAKE AN AEROPLANE.

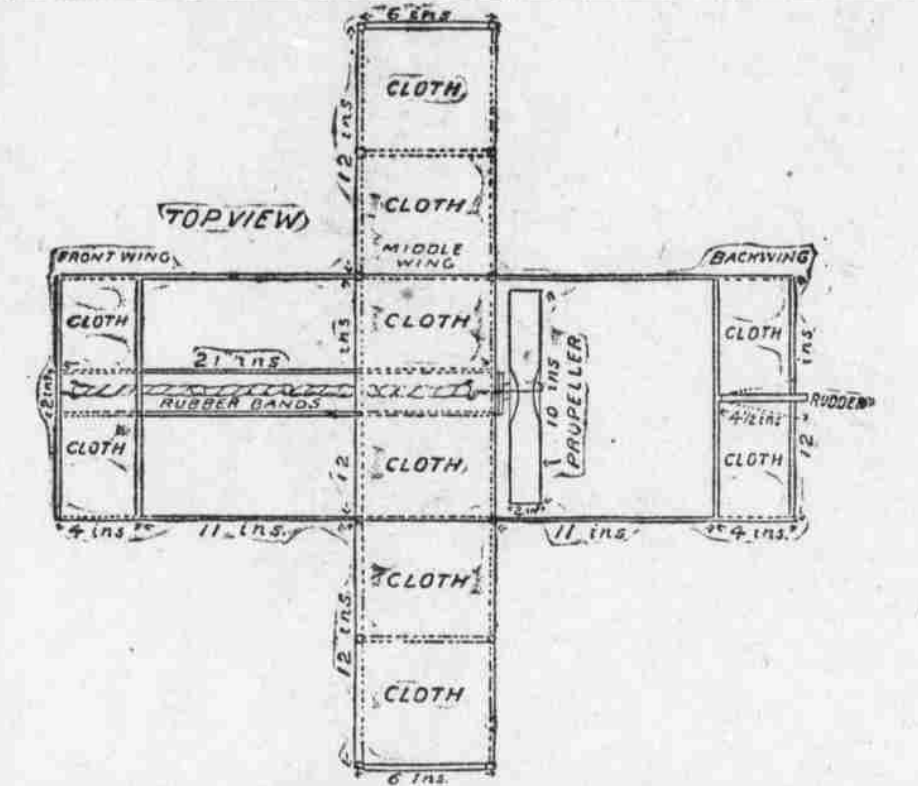
By William G. Bertram.

Get a piece of wood (white pine) thirty-six inches long and cut eight sticks one-quarter inch square, or you can buy at any hardware store thin round sticks thirty-six inches long, called dowels, at one cent apiece, which will do very nicely. If you use the dowels measure off four of them in six-inch spaces and cut, making twenty-four six-inch uprights, which you nail top and bottom

Fig. 3. Now get a thin piece of tin and cut as in Fig. 4. To make a propeller shaft take a piece of steel wire, or a hair pin will do, and put through the wood of propeller (be sure it is in the centre of wood) and bend the

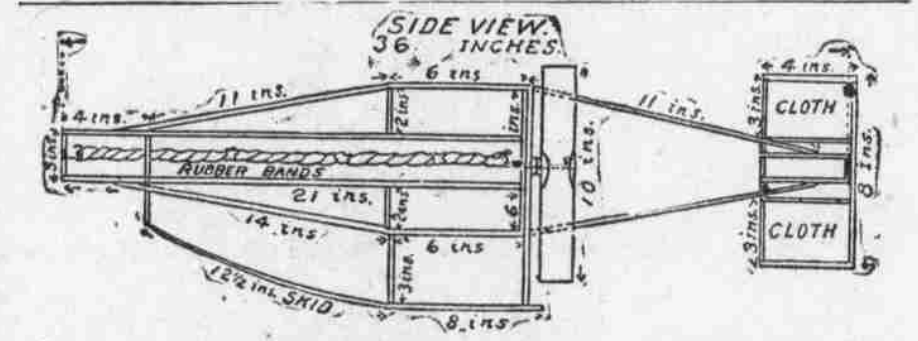


wire as in Fig. 2. Get some washers or a small nut and put on the steel wire as in Fig. 5, and put through framework as in side view or top view. Fasten a piece of wire to the front of machine and get some very heavy rubber bands (four large ones will do). Knot them together and run them through the machine as in side view. Then wind up the propeller, from left to right, about seventy-five times. Now let the machine go. It will fly some distance. The more rubber bands you use the longer it will fly.—Woman's World.



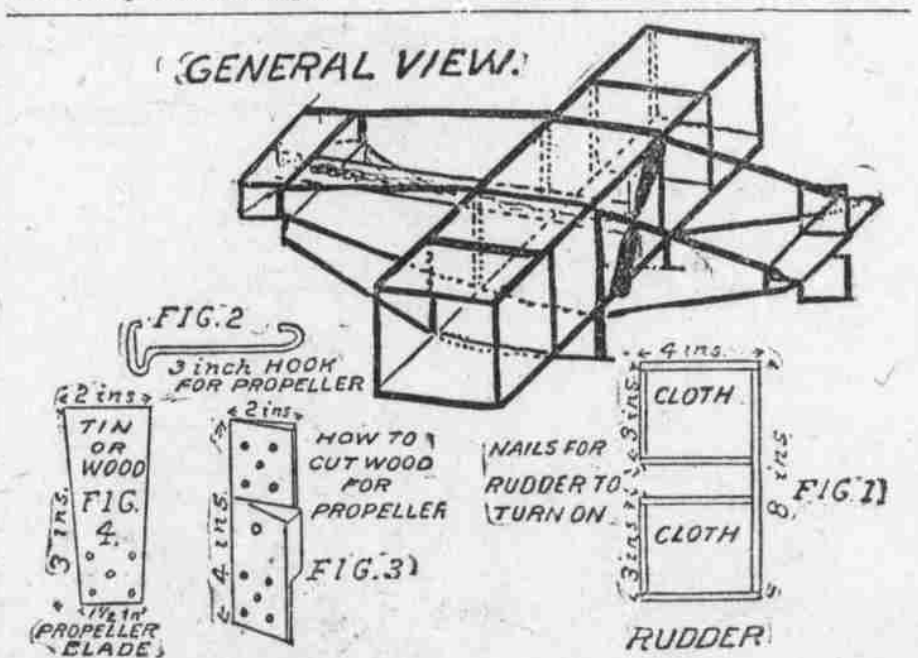
and sides every six inches apart to four of the thirty-six-inch dowels, until you have a long frame box. Now take four of the dowels, which you bend two at the top and two at the bottom, as in side view drawing. Then cut eight twelve-inch dowels, which you nail as in top view; then take four twenty-one-inch dowels and nail to three-inch uprights at bottom of machine, as in side view, to make the

GROWING A NAME. Little Luke Hays brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make. "Would you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother. "I never saw a name grow," said Luke. Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point and made him



skid for the machine to light on when falling. Cover front wing, middle wing and back wing with cloth or paper as in top view. Cut four twenty-one-inch sticks, which the rubber bands run through, and nail from front of machine to back as in side view or top view drawings.

write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth; then his mother sowed mignonette seed along the letters. "Now," she said, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet. Luke went away the next day to



To make the rudder cut one eight-inch stick and four four-inch sticks and two three-inch sticks and nail as in Fig. 1. Take two nails and cut the heads off and hammer into frame to make a hinge for rudder to turn on. The propeller is made of a piece of wood four by two inches, cut as in

visit his grandmother, and, when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.—Christian Register.

### A Novel Crib.

A combination crib and baby carriage has been invented by a Michigan man. The whole is of metal tubing and the body more closely resembles a crib than a carriage. Head and back rest arise from both ends, however, and make the device convertible into a carriage. The body is supported on a track which is detachable either at the bottom of the body or at the axle, making it possible to have the crib either on wheels, on a

stand or to rest flat on the floor. If the combination is to be used as a crib without detaching the wheels there is a locking device which will prevent them from turning and keep it stationary. In flats or in other quarters where there is not much room to spare, this invention will be found convenient, as it will save the space either a crib or a baby carriage would take up and answer the purpose of either equally well.—Baltimore American.