ter. The 47-mile haul across the isthmus by rail would be an insignificant item by comparison with the overland haul of its competitors.

The president has been informed that the Asiatic rates upon American manufactures and other products can, through economical operation of the Panama railroad, be cut at least 50 per cent. The railroads cannot make such a cut without destroying their capacity to earn dividends.

"BOYVILLE": CLEVELAND'S FARM FOR CHARACTER CULTIVATION.

J. B. Vining, Secretary of Charities and Correction Division of Cleveland's Public Service Department, in the Chicago Commons for Feb. 1905.

Two and one-half miles north of the quaint village of Hudson, O., there is growing up a unique home for Cleveland's unfortunate boys. Hudson's glories lie in the past. As a seat of learning since the establishment of the Western Reserve university, in 1828, she is proud of her record. Since the removal of the college to Cleveland, in 1883, and the closing of the Western Reserve academy, in 1902, the college buildings are falling into decay, the campus is grown with weeds. It would seem, however, that she is still not to be without distinction, for the building of the Cleveland Boys' Home, which is always spoken of as being at Hudson, the old town is again coming into prominence which will perhaps outshine her former renown.

"Boyville," as it is coming to be known, contains 283 acres of wood and meadow, hill and vale, of surpassing beauty. Giant maples are scattered along either side of Chapman road, which cuts the farm through the center from east to west. Living springs are abundant, and the creek which flows through the lowland is never dry. One large spring found in a maple grove, half a mile from any building, flows at the rate of 180 gallons per minute, winter and summer, standing at 48 degrees Fahrenheit throughout the year. The water in this spring is absolutely pure, containing lythia and other medicinal properties. In the past this water has been sold in the city of Cleveland for domestic use, and has the possibilities of a paying enterprise in connection with the home in case it is found advisable to put the water on the market.

The initiation of this school lies with Harris R. Cooley, for 21 years pastor of the Cedar Avenue Disciple church of Cleveland, and a man who has given social questions deep study, both at home and abroad. Coming into the position of director of charities and correction during the first term of Mayor Johnson's administration in 1901, he took up the establishment of this home with vigor, so that by the fall of 1902, he, with the help of others having similar views, secured from the city council authority and funds by which 123 acres of land were purchased. The same fall, a contract for the building of the administration cottage, now known as the "Washington," was let. This was finished the following summer.

On the 18th of June, 1903, Rev. A. G. Lohmann, with his family, took up the work, he having been appointed by the board of public service as head master. He entered upon a pioneer work, for the one cottage not being yet completed, he was obliged to live with his family in tents and barns until it was ready for occupancy. Through his devotion and untiring efforts, improvements of all kinds have sprung up as if by magic.

Later 160 acres, an adjoining farm, were added to the original plot, thus giving a farm one-half a mile wide and a mile long. There is now, besides the administration cottage in which the head master lives, called the "Washington," the "Adams," the "Jefferson," the "Madison," the "Monroe" and the "Jackson." All these are completed with the exception of the "Jackson," which will be ready for use during this month.

The farm contains, besides the maple grove in which the large spring is located, a tract of about 30 acres of forest, upon which all of the original trees are still standing, consisting of white wood, beach, hickory and oak, besides a sugar bush of some 1,200 trees.

A bakery and store room have been built; also an ice house, adjoining the pond, so arranged that the skid upon which the ice is gathered makes a fine toboggan for the boys in winter and a shoot-the-chutes for swimming time. This is on the edge of a pond, which was made by throwing a dam across the creek, and gives a body of water 200 feet at the widest part, from four to six feet deep, and extending up to the road some 30 or 40 rods.

The water from the large spring has been piped from the woods to a tank over which is built the engine, pumping and boiler rooms, and in which also is to be established an electric light plant. This spring will furnish water to a standpipe that is erected on a knoll overlooking the farm. The standpipe is nine feet in diameter and 36 feet high, and affords not only an abundance of fresh water, but also fire protection: A four-inch water main has been laid with fire hydrants at each cottage. Later a hose cart will be added to the equipment, and the boys will be organized into a fire company.

Back of the standpipe a gymnasium is under process of erection, containing two bowling alleys and a large room in which the boys can exercise during the stormy weather.

The place is well stocked with eight head of horses, a herd of 40 cows, 100 thoroughbred sheep, besides pigs, chickens, dogs, doves and other animals. The herd of cattle have been provided with a number of Swiss bells, ranging in size from a five-pounder to one weighing a few ounces. These are made to ring in harmony, and on the summer evenings make beautiful music for the ears of boys who have all their lives been accustomed to the noise and din of the dirty city.

After more than a year's trial this home is now beyond the experimental stage. It is universally acknowledged to be a step in the right direction, and meets with general approval.

The entire cost up to the present time of land, buildings, furniture, stock, implements and everything that has entered into the making of this home, is about $50,000 a little more than the cost of an ordinary building in any of our state institutions, and about one per cent. of the amount that is oftimes expended for the building of a magnificent jail. Considering the results, this is a small sum indeed, for here we touch boys at a time in life when they are easier helped and when more lasting good can be done them than ever again in after years.

After all, to get the true idea of the value of this work, it is necessary to learn something of the attitude and thought of the boy himself towards this home. A few days ago, when Judge Callaghan, lately of the Juvenile court, was laid to rest, 12 of these lads came in as a special escort at his funeral. These lads had last parted with Judge Callaghan in the court room when they were mingling their tears and lamentations with those of their parents. They had left him thinking he was a great and terrible man, who was banishing them to some forlorn country; and yet so touched by the new life were they, that in coming to his funeral they felt that they were doing honor to a friend whom they loved. Returning from the burial, Director Cooley said to me: "Those boys leading the march in Judge Callaghan's funeral made one of the most beautiful scenes that I have ever

witnessed, and I would rather have the honor of an escort such as Judge Callaghan's than to be the recipient of the greatest military procession that ever led the most honored soldier to his last resting place."

One of the lads, who had been a street urchin, coming and going through the offices of the City Hall, said to me not long since: "When I thinks how I used to bum around the streets and didn't know where I was goin' to sleep or when I was goin' to eat, it jes seems like a dream, and I couldn't stand for it agin."

The cottages are frame, plain but substantially built, costing from $2,500 to $3.000. They are grouped facing the road, and are back from 50 to 100 feet. A system of walks and drives connecting the various cottages is being laid out under the supervision of the Park Engineers. Each cottage contains from 10 to 12 rooms, a sleeping room being large enough to accommodate 15 to 20 boys in single beds, and a sitting room in proportion for a family of 20 to 25. Each have a suite of from three to four rooms for the occupancy of the Master and Matron—the cottages generally being in charge of a man and his wife, who live and work with the boys the same as parents in any large family. Some boys are assigned duties in the kitchen, dining room and bed rooms; others have charge of the cattle and cow stables and horse barns. Every boy is required to go to school at least half of each day during the nine months of the year; the younger boys going both morning and afternoon.

There are no guards nor restraint of any character whatever, the boys going and coming the same as children in any family. There is no attempt made toward military drill of any character; the boys are never lined up or counted. Of course, being distributed 12 to 15 boys to the cottage, the absence of a boy is as readily noticed as would be the case in any home group. The fear that to hold the boys would be one of the drawbacks of the School has been utterly dispelled, as very few have ever run away, and these generally boys who had been at the Farm for but a few days. After we have had a boy there for two weeks, the danger of his trying to leave is reduced to a very small percentage. A recent letter from a city official where they are discussing the question of a Boys' Home, asked Director Cooley if we kept guards to watch our boys, and if we had bars on the windows. Nothing could be more foreign to the general attitude of our Home than bars or guards.

Here, the most of these lads come for the first time in touch with Mother Nature; she knows them to be her children, as she does all of us, and her answer of motherhood can be read in their bright eyes and smiling faces, transformed from the dirty, grimy street urchin, not over attractive, to a clean, bright, lovable lad.

Building construction is under the supervision of Head Carpenter Sheehan, who, with his wife, lives in "Madison" cottage. No contracts are let for this work, the City buying its material in carload lots, and carrying forward the work with such assistant carpenters as are needed. In all of this, the boys are given every opportunity to learn, some being assigned to the painter, others to the carpenters and masons, and such other work as is being carried on. The Head Farmer, whom the boys call "uncle," has charge of the general farming. In this work, he is assisted by the boys, who do such regular farm work as the raising of corn, oats, potatoes, etc. During the formation period, the boys are used in all of the various kinds of work as they are best adapted. Later on, manual training and wood-working will be taken up, as well as dairying and scientific farming. A Head Gardener will be installed in the "Jackson" cottage during the month, who will teach the boys gardening and horticulture.

"Jennie" and "Dewey," a pair of donkeys, the fun-makers of the Farm, are fitted up with harness and wagon, and are used in light hauling and for the boys' play hours.

Regular elections are held, the government of the place being conducted upon the Federal Plan. This consists of a Mayor and his cabinet; also Police Judge and Prosecutor. The Council meets at regular intervals, and questions pertaining to the control of the Home are placed before the boys. Offenders of the law are brought before the Police Judge and punishment is meted out to fit the crime. With the growth of the Home, it is proposed further to introduce self-government in the form of a money and credit system. To this will be added the plan of pauper and citizen management, as used by Mr. Bradley in his Boys' School.

So far, 138 boys have been sent to the Home by the Juvenile Court. The highest number on the Farm at one time was 85; this was during the summer months, when about 20 boys were being lodged in tents. With the opening of the city schools, 30 were paroled last September. There are now 68 boys in the Home, and it is hoped, by the end of this year, to have room for 100. During the city school vacations, there will probably be a large increase, the same as last year, as it is then feasible to house the boys in tents, and they can then be paroled at the fall term of school.

In the management and furnishing of these cottages, an effort has been made to make them as near the average home as possible, believing that the most important idea that could be inculcated was that of a place such as they might some day aspire to for a home of their own—to give them a home ideal, which is often lacking in many city boys, and to divorce every idea of an institution or any sense of restriction, except that which comes to the ordinary home life.

One lad, thought to be unusually vicious and hardened, was found one day in the cow stables crying. When asked what was the matter, he said that the calf was sick and in pain and he was sorry for it. Later on, the same lad asked that he might have the privilege of feeding the pigs, "Because," he said, "you see the boys forget to feed them sometimes and I don't like to hear them crying, and if you give me the job I will be sure and feed them every time." Among them were several litters of sucking pigs. He came one day to the Matron and said: "Ma, I have been watching the little pigs, and they never get to the trough for anything to eat. Can't I have a small trough and some milk for the little pigs?" A boy who is thus mindful of poor creatures is prompt to respond to kindness and discipline, and this lad has proved that instead of being specially wilful and disobedient, he is one of our brightest and most trustworthy lads. In fact, the general kindness of the boys towards the animals about the farm is very noticeable. They go into the herd of stock running in the field and walk up to almost every animal.

They have some peculiar methods of naming animals. One cow, they have named "Sweetheart." On being asked why they did this, one lad answered: "I'll show you." He reached his arm around the animal's neck, and she licked his face. He said: "That's the reason we call her 'Sweetheart,' because she kisses us."

Our cow stable, holding 40 head, will be found to equal in neatness and order that of the best regulated dairy. This is entirely in charge of one of the former city waifs, who has a number of boys under him. I asked them one day if they ever had to hit the cows to make them mind. One lad spoke up and said: "Catch us hitting these cows, and uncle

would go for us." Another replied: "We wouldn't hit these cows even if uncle wasn't here, because we likes them."

During the harvest season a rabbit was caught. On explaining to the boys that it would probably die if they kept it captive, they were all ready to let it go, and stood in a circle while they "shooed" it into the pasture lot. Another rabbit which was killed by the mowing machine was placed in a coffin and tenderly buried, after which flowers were laid on its grave.

No more interesting sight can be seen than the gathering of these lads on a Sunday morning in the summer, beneath one of the large maple trees, where singing and Sunday services are held, and no more appreciative audience could be addressed than these so-called bad boys. A glint of sunshine, a bright cloud, the song of a bird, the bleeting of a sheep, the lowing of the herds—all join in making music and a picture which is food to the souls of these troubled lads. In the winter time, the coasting on the hillside, skating on the ponds, the game of "fox and geese," together with the work and study of the day, so unite in making happy hearts and sound bodies that within 15 minutes after the lights are out in the dormitory every lad is sound asleep.

I believe in the admission of women to the full rights of citizenship; womanly genius for organization applied to the affairs of the nation would be extremely economical and beneficial.—Theodore Parker.

With a novel written in the first person, there is the added comfort or discomfort, as the case may be, of knowing at once that the hero lived through it.—Puck.

BOOKS

OSCAR WILDE'S DE PROFUNDIS.

A book that tells the whole truth about a human heart, granted that the telling is straightforward and possesses that indefinable something which may be called art, is quite sure to be a book that will be read in many generations. Such a book is Oscar Wilde's De Profundis. (Putnam's, New York).

It does not matter that the revelations contained in such confessions shall make pleasant reading, or that the revealer shall be an admirable character. What the world values in this class of literature is the unveiled truth—something that it gets nowhere else. Rousseau's classic, for example, is sometimes disgusting, and reveals excesses of contemptibleness that could hardly be imagined, and yet the ingenuous truth of the book has put it among the hundred in the great lists.

The world values these records of confessions perhaps all the more because they defy it. They do defy it. They can be written only by those who are careless of the world or renounce its judgments. This is part of their power. For there is no doubt that a certain strength comes to one who has "overcome the world," in whatever way this be done; and these books, which set at naught the world's repressions and conventions, partake of this strength.

Oscar Wilde's De Profundis came, like the Ballad of Reading Gaol, out of his penitentiary life. He entered the depths during those prison years, and who can say that he did not come "through pain to gain?" He learnt the everlasting lesson; so that he was able to say, "I have got to make everything that has happened to me good for me."

There are many passages in this remarkable book that might be quoted in illustration of the author's new birth through disgrace, humiliation and sorrow. One at least must be given, which shows also how his own "revelation of suffering" brought to him a sense of the mystery of the life of the Supreme Sufferer. "His Miracles," thus he writes, "seem to me to be as exquisite as the coming of Spring, and quite as natural. I see no difficulty at all in believing that such was the charm of his personality that his mere presence could bring peace to souls in anguish, and that those who touched his garments or his hands forgot their pain; or that as he passed by on the highway of life, people who had seen nothing of life's mystery saw it clearly, and others who had been deaf to every voice but that of pleasure heard for the first time the voice of love, and found it as musical as Apollo's lute."

In another place he says: "People have tried to make him out an ordinary philanthropist, or ranked him as an altruist with the unscientific and sentimental. But he was neither the one nor the other. Pity he has, of course, for the poor, for those who are shut up in prisons, for the lowly, for the wretched; but he has far more pity for the rich, for the hard hedonists, for those who waste their freedom in becoming slaves of things, for those who wear soft raiment and live in king's houses. Riches and pleasure seemed to him to be really greater tragedies than poverty and sorrow."

To many, of course, this book will appear strained and abnormal, but none can deny that it is one of deep interest and peculiar power. When all shall have been forgot that Oscar Wilde wrote in his pride, men will still read his De Profundis. Such is the power and recompense of suffering to those who can yield themselves to its revelations.

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye heavenly Powers."

J. H. DILLARD.

PRISON INHUMANITY.

In Mrs. Maybrick's Own Story (New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company), Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick describes with dignity and pathos what she calls her "15 lost years"—the years in which she suffered as a convict in a British prison. They will not have been lost years, however, but, on the contrary, sorrowful as they were, they will have been the best years of her life if they result in impressing the public mind with the barbaric crime-confirming and character-destroying discipline to which convicts are subjected.

Whether Mrs. Maybrick was guilty or not is of secondary importance with reference to the first part of her book, the part which deals with her trial and punishment. She was evidently tried unfairly, cut off by the laws from any appeal, and brutally dealt with after conviction. This does not appear to have been from any vindictiveness against her. She was treated as all other convicts were. But that is the fact that makes her book valuable as an exposure. Had she been especially ill-treated the book would not have been an indictment of the system. But her case was typical and this makes one shudder at a penal system which is worse than the crimes it is established to punish or discourage.

Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of murdering her husband by administering arsenic. It does not appear that his death from arsenic was ever proved, nor that she administered it; but it does appear that he was an habitual arsenic eater. Yet the hostility of a judge afflicted with softening of the brain influenced the jury to convict her. She was sentenced to death, but life imprisonment, degrading and humiliating in its details of discipline, was afterward substituted.

That, however, was not the limit of her punishment. Her little children, renamed, were weaned away from her, and she knows nothing of them even now.

Every effort to secure her pardon was unavailing. Only at the expiration of the full term of 20 years (the period to which life sentences are usually commuted), less allowance for good behavior, bringing her imprisonment down to 15 years, was she released. This was in the summer of 1904.