

HELP THE FALLEN TO MAKE GOOD

Chicago's "New Man Factory" That Is Do- ing Work of Real Worth.

AIDS UNFORTUNATE'S

Story of One Man Reclaimed and Made Good Citizen—Earnest and Self-Sacrificing Men De- voting Their Lives to Uplift the Fallen.

By **ROLLO H. M'BRIDE,**
Manager of the Parting of the Ways Home.

CHICAGO—In the year 1900 there lived in Bristol, Belgium, a poor, hard-working widow by the name of Remmers and her only son, Emile, aged 19, a bright, manly boy, to whom she was very much attached. Unfortunately for Emile, his mother married a second time and the stepfather did not take kindly to the boy. Therefore, he became a trouble-bearer. It was decided that Emile should be sent to the United States. The father then proved extremely kind to him and bought his ticket to Chicago. Believing that America was a wild and dangerous place—and Chicago in particular inhabited chiefly by Indians and cowboys—he presented Emile with two revolvers, saying: "Take care of them; you will need them when you get there."

Sailing from Liverpool via the Allan line, he encountered unusually bad weather, passing through a blinding snowstorm—the waves mountain high and the ship rolling and tossing in the gales. In fact, the passage was considered to be one of the most stormy ever experienced by even the most hardened seafarers.

In the course of time Emile arrived in Chicago and, calling upon the French consul, he was able to secure a position as porter in one of the finest restaurants. He took the little money he had left and paid for a room. This done, his means were exhausted.

The second night, going home from work rather late, he was attacked by two toughs, as he passed under the "L" tracks. They pounced upon him, gagged him and threw him upon the ground. He realized his danger, drew one of the revolvers his father had given him and fired several shots. The toughs promptly took to their heels. The shots attracted the attention of a detective, who, rushing to the scene, saw two men running away and one upon the ground. He therefore grabbed the only one he could find, and Emile, thinking him another hold-up man, commenced to fire wildly again.

Law's injustice. It was necessary for the policeman to blow his police whistle for help—and the upshot was that Emile landed at the Harrison street police station in the patrol wagon. This station is famous for having housed many of the world's most notorious criminals. It has since been torn down, but was then a dark, gloomy jail—enough to strike terror into the heart of an innocent young boy—alone and friendless in a strange land—unable to even speak our language.

He was brought up before the judge the next morning and, not understanding our customs or ways of language—and little realizing the drama enacted about him—sat patiently in the prisoners' dock, listening to the testimony—yet unaware of the evidence given against him. The detective swore to three charges—disorderly conduct, carrying concealed weapons and resisting the law. On the first he was fined \$50, on the second \$50 and on the third \$150, or a total of \$150. Having neither money nor friends, he was committed to the House of Correction to work out his fine at the rate of 50 cents a day. It seems incomprehensible that a judge could pass so severe a sentence as this on the mere unsupported word of a police officer and not learn the other side of the story.

The famous Black Maria, with its capacity of 70, backed up at the Harrison station and took its load of human driftwood, among them a trembling, frightened boy—Emile. The

RAISE TURTLES AND PEARLS

Japan Possesses Old Farms—Rich Though Peculiar Harvest is Gathered From Them.

Japan possesses two of the oddest farms in the world. From one she goes out each year a crop of tens of thousands of snapping turtles. This farm has solved the problem of preserving the supply of what is to the Japanese as great a delicacy as diamond back terrapin is to some Americans.

This queer farm, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, consists of a number of ponds. Certain of them are set apart as breeding ponds. Once a day a man goes over the shores and with little wire baskets cover up all new egg deposits. Sometimes thousands of these wire baskets are in sight at a time, marking the place where the eggs lie and preventing the turtles from scratching the earth from them. Hatching requires from forty to sixty days, according to the weather. The young, as soon as they appear,

doors clanged shut and they started for the House of Correction. Here the doors were unlocked and the men unloaded. They entered the large receiving room, with its shower baths, barber chairs, benches and the bags in which the prisoners leave their own clothes when they are stripped. The bags are then sealed. The men go first to the barber chairs, then to the shower baths, and then don the uniform of the House of Correction—picked from the clothing piled on the benches along the walls, perhaps discarded by some unfortunate discharged in the morning. They are then taken to the cells.

In a Felon's Cell. Locked in his cell, Emile realized at last the full and bitter meaning of his conviction. His heart was broken—his manly spirit crushed. He fell upon his knees with the tears running down his face. He murmured brokenly some little prayer his Christian mother taught him. All night he rolled restlessly upon the little, narrow bunk—thinking, thinking, thinking—wondering what would be the outcome. Early in the morning, with the rest of the prisoners he was called to go out to work. He had no privileges other than those granted by any penal institution—no clock, no calendar, no newspapers. He was permitted, however, to draw a magazine or book from the library.

Emile was a model prisoner and Superintendent Whitman was attracted by his manly face and strict compliance with the rules. I might say, in this connection, that Mr. Whitman is considered by all of the criminologists of the world to be the most humane—and yet the most practical—and the farthest advanced in the knowledge of the proper care and handling of prisoners of keepers of institutions of his time. He is greatly beloved by all the guards and prisoners under his care. This, then, was the type of man that too often interests in Emile and did so much for him.

Notwithstanding the dirty work and the soiled clothes, as day after day Emile pushed his wheelbarrow to and fro, Mr. Whitman saw through the unprepossessing exterior into the heart of the innocent, unfortunate boy. He saw that Emile "as or" of his element and ordered him to his own home. He was given a bath and a suit of spotless duck and assigned as a waiter and houseman under Mr.



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS HOME

Whitman's direction. Mr. Whitman says that it was wonderful to note the change in the boy—out of the noise and dirt and discouraging surroundings of the institution into the peace and quiet of the superintendent's home. He asked innumerable questions of all with whom he came in contact and gained a knowledge of English most unusual, considering the short time he was there. Mr. Whitman, after a great deal of trouble, had two of the charges against Emile dismissed and he was discharged when he had served only 108 days of his sentence.

Small Chance for Unfortunate.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitman gave him a warm handshake and told him goodbye with a great deal of good advice. They also gave him fifty cents and when he passed out of the House of Correction he was handed a card to one of the charitable institutions for the aiding of discharged prisoners.

Upon his arrival at this place they took his record, gave him a lot of advice, handed him fifteen cents with which to get something to eat, and told him he had better try the hotels and restaurants for a position like he formerly had. He started out and asked for work everywhere in his broken English. No one seemed to want him or to have any interest in what became of him. Hour after hour passed and at last—discouraged and weary—he went back to the charitable institution. They then gave him a card to the Chicago municipal lodging house, which nightly houses 600 or more unfortunates from the underworld. He remained there three days. The last night he was informed that he could not come back there.

He was in despair. He had no home—no friends—no money—no where to go. He had made a fruitless effort to join the United States army, but they informed him that he

are put in separate small ponds and are fed with finely chopped fish. They eat this during September and October, and late in October burrow in the mud for the winter, coming out in April or May.

Most of them are sold in the market when they are from three to five years old, at which time they are most delicate.

The island empire also contains a pearl oyster farm. In the bay of Ago there has been established a plantation from which a rich harvest is obtained.

In May or June stones weighing from six to eight pounds are sunk in shallow water and in August the tiny oyster shells begin to appear on them. Here the stones remain for two months, but since the young oysters cannot stand cold, in November all rocks in less than five feet of water are moved farther out, where the temperature is even. At the end of three years, when the shells are about two inches across, they are taken from the water, nuclei for pearls are inserted in them, and they are put back again, thirty of them to

was too small. Then he tried the navy, but was told that he could not speak English plainly enough. He had spent the fifty cents Mr. Whitman gave him in cheap meals—merely existing from day to day. He had reached the point where he concluded that there was nothing left for him to do but go back to the Bridewell and ask his good friend, the superintendent, to keep him, for he felt that no one wanted him and that no opportunity of any kind awaited him.

After hearing the boy's story, Mr. Whitman called up the Parting of the Ways Home and asked me if I could not use a bright, neat, careful boy. He scrubbed, cleaned and assisted me in every possible way to get the home ready. This was just before the opening of the Home. At the expiration of nine days I was able to secure a position for him in Memphis, Tenn., as storekeeper in a prominent hotel at \$40 a month, room and board. Surely there was no one in Chicago more happy and contented than the bright, smiling boy I put on board the train for Memphis that night. He shook my hand again and again, vowing to "make good."

Now a National Asset.

Several letters had passed between us, and one day this week, much to my surprise, the door opened and in walked, all smiles, a neat, nicely-dressed, prosperous-looking young man—Emil Remmers. Throwing his arms around my neck in his impulsive, foreign fashion, he said: "Oh, Mr. McBride, how I love you! How I love this Home! For if it had not been for the Parting of the Ways Home and you, I might have become a thief or worse—and I don't want to do anything wrong!"

After telling me his experiences during his absence, he produced a pocketbook, well filled, and a bank book, showing that within less than twenty months he had saved more than \$265. He is very ambitious and his one object and aim in life is to have a restaurant of his own and become a successful business man. At the present time he is employed as storekeeper in a first-class hotel in one of the largest cities in this state.

About this time, Old Charley went into the House of Correction "to serve his two hundred and ninth sentence. It is said of him that if he should leave there today he expected half day after tomorrow. He has a regula-

lar job on one of the gates and when he is released his position is only filled temporarily.

If, when Old Charley was released the first time, there had been a Parting of the Ways Home to receive him—to feed him, clothe him and assist him to employment—the city would have been spared the cost of arresting and re-arresting—and the House of Correction that of feeding and re-feeding. This would have been enough to have operated the Parting of the Ways Home for years to come. Not only this, but Old Charley—like Emile Remmers—would have become a successful and prosperous business man—a useful and respected member of society.

A Restful Life.

We sent our reporter out to Geauga county last week to interview an old codger who was celebrating his 104th birthday.

"How do you account for the fact that you have been able to attain this remarkable age?" asked our bright young man.

"To the fact that I have never worked a lick before breakfast," answered the centenarian.

"This is a fact worth remembering," muttered the reporter, making a note of it.

"There's another thing that pa failed to mention," a son-in-law whispered in the newspaper man's ear.

"What is that?"

"He never done a lick of work after breakfast, neither. Git that in your story, too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Domestic Demand Satisfied.

Blueboard explained.

"They always wanted more closet room, and now they have it," he cried.

Thus the forbidden chamber was accounted for.

Aerial Law.

England has succeeded Germany among European lands in legislation on aerial navigation. Germany prohibits any aeroplane from running on any pretext over a city, town or village and the police closely supervise flights over open country.

The English parliament had first before it a bill imposing heavy penalties on anyone who navigated an air craft "recklessly or negligently in a manner which is dangerous to the public." Discussion showed that this regulation was not enough. The penalty, however heavy, would come only after an aeroplane had dropped on a roof or in the street.

Besides penalties for the misuse of air craft, the English act as passed recently gives the home secretary the power to prohibit flights over any given area for any time specified. During the week of the coronation flights over London were prohibited while the streets were thronged. Since then the English authorities have permitted flights over cities and this is at least in France, though under regulation.

Tactless Suggestion.

Mrs. Stockbroker—Oh, Louis, come out and see the hired man watering the stock.

Mr. Stockbroker—No, Rachel; I came out here to forget business!

Try For Breakfast—

Scramble two eggs. When nearly cooked, mix in about a half a cup of Post Toasties. It's immense!

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

New News of Yesterday

By E. J. EDWARDS

Chat With David Dudley Field

Great Law Reformer's Rules for
Living Simply and Wisely and
Reaching a Ripe and Happy
Old Age.

Probably the foremost law reformer of modern times was David Dudley Field, brother of the Field of Atlantic cable fame and of Justice Stephen J. Field of the United States Supreme Court. For forty years of his long life—which began in 1805 and ended eighty-nine years later—he devoted the greater part of his time to the reform of the law. Today his system of civil procedure is in force in most of the states of the Union and is the basis of the reformed procedure established in England in 1873. His influence in the law of today is as great as the influence of his brother Cyrus in the field of world communication.

Mr. Field was in his seventy-ninth year and had just returned from England, where he had been showered with distinguished honors by reason of his work as a law reformer, when I had the pleasure of an informal chat with him.

The name of his brother Cyrus came up. "One of the lessons I have learned in my long life," said the great law reformer, "is that it requires more ability to stick to a great thing than to plan it. This was the kind of ability Cyrus showed to best advantage in the case of the Atlantic cable. It was this sort of ability, and his ability to keep around him a group of men into whom he instilled his own confidence in the ultimate success of the cable, that really has brought him his fame. His work in promoting and perfecting the cable was of secondary importance; yet the public looks upon him largely as the promoter of the cable, paying no attention to the greater side of his achievement."

"Mr. Field," I said, "the ability you have just attributed to your brother may also very properly be affirmed of yourself, for it is universally recognized now that your codification of laws was a stupendous undertaking and that your persistence in the work has been regarded by American lawyers as one of the most astonishing of all professional achievements."

Mr. Field smiled faintly. "What you have said reminds me of another les-

son which I have learned," he replied, "and that is if you rejoice in your work, take pleasure in it so that it becomes really a mental recreation, then it is no longer work. That is the feeling I have had since I first contemplated my code, and it is a feeling that has helped to keep me in perfect health at my age."

Here was a man who was approaching eighty and yet was as active, mentally and physically, as a man of forty.

"Won't you tell me the whole story of how you have been able to maintain your health so perfectly, despite the great burdens you have carried for so many years?" I asked.

"In the first place," was the reply, "I think it is essential that if old age and accompanying mental and physical vigor are to be attained there must have been an inheritance of a good constitution from parents and from ancestors who have lived simply and wisely. And simply and wisely a man should live himself. For myself I believe that I have lived simply and wisely—I use the dumbbells a little every morning, just enough to set my blood in circulation after the night's sleep; I am careful in the use of beverages, though I have never practiced total abstinence;

Gratitude of Famous Actor

How E. L. Davenport, Finding His
Old School Teacher, John E.
Lovell, in Poverty, Provid-
ed Him With Home.

Although the late E. L. Davenport (1816-77) was for nearly forty years regarded as one of the greatest of American actors, especially in tragedy parts, and although he gained international fame through his portrayal of the character of Bill Sykes in a dramatization of Charles Dickens' novel, "Oliver Twist," yet he is now almost forgotten. His reputation was only second to that of Edwin Forrest and until the latter years of Edwin Booth's life upon the stage, E. L. Davenport was regarded by many competent critics as the superior of Booth, at least in certain parts. When old age

I eat plentifully of plain food, and I have always found that there are numerous very attractive and appetizing dishes which come under that head.

"I have also kept my mind active, and now, as I look back on my life, I am convinced that constant mental and physical occupation are absolutely essential if one wishes to live to old age and then to be in good mental and physical condition. The idle life, my friend, is rarely the long life. In my own case I find my mental faculties are as acute today and as capable of sustaining prolonged labor as they were forty years ago, when I was in the prime of life, as it is termed.

"But, after all, the chief rule to be followed if one wants to live to a green old age and be a burden to no one, I can express in five words—

"Always have a good conscience." If a man has that, he will not worry, and I believe it to be a true saying that worry has killed more men than strong drink. These are the rules which have made it possible for me to do a man's work at seventy-nine, and a man's work I confidently expect to do for a number of years to come."

For another decade Mr. Field did a man's work daily; and then he was gathered to his fathers.

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came upon Davenport he sometimes said to his friends that if there were any memories or memorials of his career as an actor, those would be preserved through the artistic triumphs of his daughter, Fanny Davenport, and it might also be recalled that he was one of those who took part in a tribute of acknowledgment to the great service that had been done them by a teacher, John E. Lovell.

"I was once playing a portion of my repertoire at New Haven," Mr. Davenport said, explaining the part he took in the memorial to Lovell, "when I was told that my old teacher was in great poverty. It had been my habit a few years earlier, when upon professional visits to New Haven, to call upon Mr. Lovell, but for some years my visits to New Haven were rare and of short duration, so that I had not been able to see him. But as soon as I heard that he was in pecuniary distress, I searched him out, and I found that the story had not been exaggerated. But the little man, for he was of very diminutive stature, would not complain. He insisted upon talking about my professional career, of which he had been very proud.

"At last I told him that if he were as proud of my career as he said he was he was justified in that, for I owed very much of my success to him.

"I said that he had taught me how to use my voice, and that he had first impressed upon me the fact that the speaking voice is as admirable an organ as is the singing voice. I recalled how many times he had told his scholars that it was a sin to neglect the voice—how he had frequently said to us that it was more important to speak distinctly and in tones that were free from a nasal twang, than called a Yankee characteristic, than it was to speak with grammatical correctness, even.

"These were the instructions which I received from my old teacher to which I owed much of my success as an actor, for whatever other criticism may have been made upon my acting I had never heard any but words of commendation for my enunciation and the manner in which I used my voice. So I told Mr. Lovell that I was going to try to repay him for what he had done for me. And I went out and found some of my old schoolmates and we began a plan for a subscription sufficient to buy or build a home for Mr. Lovell, having in mind also a fund from which he could receive an income sufficient to care for him.

"Many and hearty were the responses to this appeal. The money was raised, a house and plot of ground in the suburbs of New Haven not far from East Rock were bought, and the little school teacher received it as a tribute from the men who, even in their schooldays, had learned to respect him greatly and afterwards to look back upon their experiences at his school with affectionate recollection.

"As for my part in this testimonial it was simply a repayment of some portion of the debt which I owed to John E. Lovell."

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Luck of a Theater Manager

A. M. Palmer's Story of How He
Came to Produce "Alabama," in
Desperation to Bridge Over
a Crisis.

"No one who has not actually experienced all the trials and faced all of the emergencies which are the lot of a dramatic manager can begin to realize what a difficult work his is," once said to me the late A. M. Palmer, who for many years was one of the most successful dramatic managers of the United States. Under his management such great plays as "The Banker's Daughter," "The Two Orphans," "Diplomacy," Bartley Campbell's "My Partner," and, later, the first successful dramatization of DuMaurier's novel, "Tribby," were produced.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Palmer, "that if I have had better luck in dealing with actors and actresses and in meeting and mastering sudden emergencies than some other dramatic managers, it has been due to the fact that I began my career in life as a politician, for I was actively associated for some years with the Republican party organization of New York county, an association, in fact, which resulted in my partnership arrangement with Sheridan Shook, who was also a very active politician. A politician, you know, must know how to handle both people and emergencies.

"Shook and I had some very close calls at the time we were managing the Union Square Theater at New York. We were at our wits' ends several times because actors upon whom we relied had disappointed us, or because some of them felt that we had not cast them for parts which were worthy of their abilities."

"But I think the narrowest squeak I ever had was after Mr. Shook and I had dissolved partnership and when I was the sole manager of a theater in the vicinity of Madison Square, New York.

"I had decided to put on a play at this theater, and, in fact, had partial-

ly cast the parts when, of a sudden, the author withdrew the play. Fortunately I had not announced the play. But what was I to do, nevertheless? I had at hand no play which had been tried and found satisfactory. I had, however, in my drawer several manuscripts of plays, not one of which had been examined. In my desperation I took these manuscripts for reading to my home in Stamford, Conn., upon the bare chance that I might find one of them good enough to serve as a stop gap until I could get my hearings again.

"There was only one among them which deserved a second and more careful reading. I did not know the author, except in a most casual way. He had no reputation as a playwright. I had been told that he had done some literary work somewhere in the west. I knew, therefore, that the name of the author would serve in no way to advertise the play. And yet this was the only possible chance I had of keeping the theater going until I could make ready a play which I knew would at least pay for its production. Therefore, I decided to put this play on and it went fairly well at rehearsals, but every experienced manager knows that rehearsals are no criterion of the success of a play.

"I went to the theater on the night of the first production, prepared to announce at the close of the last act that the play had been withdrawn. But, to my astonishment at the end of the first act I saw that the audience was disposed to be pleased with the play. At the end of the second act I felt certain that the play would go for a week or more; and when the curtain came down upon the last act, I said jubilantly to myself, 'Al Palmer, you went it blind, and fortune has favored you.' The play proved to be a great hit. It was called 'Alabama,' and it ran the season out. And yet but for that great emergency and embarrassment in all probability the play and the author would never have been heard of."

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Radium in Mineral Water

Scientist Has Found That Emanations Have Something to Do With Benefits.

It is now generally believed that a part, at any rate, of the benefit derived from a course of mineral waters is due to the radium emanations in the same. And this explains why such a course is less beneficial if taken at home, for, in bottling, such waters lose their radium emanations.

In an article in Die Umschau, of which an abstract appears in the Scientific American, Dr. Bickel shows how the advantages of the mineral courses due to radium can be obtained at home. He finds that water impregnated with radium emanations may be taken with good results. The effects last longer if taken after a full meal, which is also inhaled in an "emmanatorium." But to prevent loss of the emanations such an apartment cannot be properly ventilated. To obviate this difficulty Dr. Bickel

has invented an apparatus for inhaling them directly from a solution in water. Into a large bottle the solution of radium emanations is allowed to fall drop by drop as required from a smaller one. From the former the emanations are inhaled by the patient.

Artist With Horse Sense.

Friend—What on earth are you doing to that picture?

Great Artist—I am rubbing a piece of raw meat over this rabbit in the foreground. Mrs. De Shoddlie will be here this afternoon, and when she sees her pet dog smell of that rabbit she'll buy it.—New York Weekly.

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TROUBLE WAS OUT.



"At last, Miss Millie, I can say something that I miss being burning to ask you for some time."
"What is it? What is it?"
"Has your cousin Erna enough money to marry on?"

When the Minister Scored.

In a contribution to the Christian Register, Thomas R. Slicer tells this: "Some men the other night, in conversation with me, knowing I was a minister—and it is the spirit of this time to put it up to a minister in terms of at least of gentle satire—said: 'We have been discussing conscience,' and one of them said, 'I have given a definition of conscience; it is the vertical appendix of the soul,' and they laughed. And I said, 'That is a good definition in your case; you never know you have it until it hurts you.' Then they heyed it laugh."

Efficiency in the Forest.

The Babes in the Woods were lost. "There is no hope," they cried, "they will try to find us by a filing system."

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Post Toasties

and serve at once—seasoning to taste. It's immense!

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