

# Victoria Cross Stories

by Allen Stephens

## THE BORROWING HABIT.

Humanity is afflicted with some exceedingly bad habits, one of the worst of which is that of borrowing money in small sums. It is as demoralizing as intemperance. Indeed, it is often an accompaniment of that vice, perhaps the cause of it or perhaps the effect. A man who lacks business perception, who is deficient in the matter of making adequate provision for his needs, who does not calculate carefully, who does not spend unwisely on luxuries, starts to raise funds by appealing to his friends. The lending of money is one of the vital factors in business, which is largely done on credit. But the lending of money individually, without security, without interest, just as a personal accommodation between friends, is one of the most unbusinesslike and demoralizing of practices. At first those loans are repaid conscientiously, says the Washington Star. Then the time goes by and the borrower is slow about refunding. After a while he grows accustomed to asking, loses his shame, gets callous to the thought of non-payment and thus drifts into the habit of petty borrowing. Now it is perhaps a quarter or a half dollar, or some other trifling sum that the lender would be perfectly willing to give in a good cause to meet a real emergency, without hope of return. But there is always the suspicion that the money is not really needed, save for some self-indulgence. The average man will hesitate about giving in this way when he feels that the money is going for drink, and that is why organized charity has come to be so generally supported in these times.

In New England, New Jersey and some other thickly settled sections of the eastern part of the United States what are known as farm colonies are multiplying. These agricultural colonies are generally made up of foreign-born peoples who come from the same district in Italy, Russia or Hungary. Farming areas of 1,000, 2,000 and sometimes 3,000 acres are purchased and divided up into ten and twenty acre allotments. On each of these small farms a family settles and engages in the growing of fruits and garden vegetables for the supply of the larger eastern cities, says the Baltimore American. Many abandoned New England farms are thus being restored to productive usage. Quite recently a 1,000-acre tract of land in Cecil county, located along the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, near Chesapeake City, has been purchased for a Polish farm colony. This land is to be cut up into ten-acre allotments, or into about one hundred small farms, upon which as many families will locate. The colony, it will be observed, is about midway between Baltimore and Philadelphia, and is in easy communication with both cities by water route, as well as by rail. Maryland has inviting inducements for many such colonies. In southern Maryland large areas suitable for cutting into small farms may be obtained at comparatively low cost. This land, in most instances, is splendidly adapted to the growing of fruits and vegetables. The soil is of far better average quality than the sandy soil of New Jersey. Upon ten acres of land farmed intensively not only a living can be made, but ultimate affluence may be attained.

A woman in Philadelphia is being sued for breach of promise, her loss being appraised at \$5,000. When it is known that she is an exceptionally good cook, particularly of the dishes so loved of the Fatherland, it is not to be wondered at that the jilted one's anguish is not to be assuaged at a lower figure in these times when good cooks are so expensive, not to say rare and hard to keep.

The shaving of pet dogs and cats in hot weather by solicitous owners, as reported to be a fad this summer, will doubtless bring the usual storm of sarcasm and protests from the critical contingency who think that consideration for animals is logically incompatible with sympathy for human suffering.

"A widower of sixty-two with \$5,000 seeks a bride of twenty, with blond hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks." Being a widower and therefore wise, it will be useless for any of the chemical variety to apply.

It may have been noticed that with the usual courage of masculinity attacking a feminine stronghold the broadsides on the hobble skirt opened up fire after it had been announced that the target itself was going out of fashion, anyhow.

In spite of the advance of science, it will be some time before flying as a means of travel becomes general. The average citizen does not relish flirting with the undertaker.

Judging from the diet in a British newspaper they have "coppers" instead of "bobbies" in London, which must be getting awfully Americanized.

More than twenty metal articles were found by a surgeon in the stomach of a California woman. That's marrying the souvenir fad too far.

Among other irritating products of the summer are the swimmers who live before they look.

It is simply a bit of bronze, cast in the shape of a Maltese cross, one and one-half inches in diameter, and worth about nine cents in our money—ribbon included. And yet, up to date, five hundred and fifty-two British subjects have coveted what seemed to be certain and sudden death in order that they might wear one of these bits of bronze and become privileged to append the letters "V. C." to their names; and of these, fifteen never lived to enjoy their honors—they died to win.

When Queen Victoria instituted the Order of the Victoria Cross by her Royal Warrant of January 29, 1856, it is more than likely that she was inspired by the immortal Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava some two years before. At any rate, she felt that a new naval and military order was necessary in order to distinguish those brave men who, by their valor, particularly signalized themselves during the Crimean war.

Nothing save "the merit of conspicuous bravery gives claim for the decoration, and it must be evoked by some signal act of devotion or valor in the presence of the enemy."

It would be a hard matter to decide which particular deed of the five hundred and twenty-two was the noblest. In fact, in some instances the cross was awarded for a series of gallant actions on the part of a single individual, each act worthy of a V. C. itself. This fact tends to complicate the difficult if not impossible task of making a selection. True, some of the deeds which won a cross have been more spectacular than others. Thus the lancers, Hussars, and dragons who earned a V. C. during the brief but memorable Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava will, in all probability, be better known to posterity than the civilian clerk "Lucknow" Kavanagh the brave Irishman who earned a Victoria Cross by his wonderful daring in leaving Lucknow with dispatches and plans, picking his way through a country infested by 60,000 vigilant, murderous Sepoy troops, that aid might be summoned to the besieged city.

The Indian mutiny was in full swing. Early in 1857 the mysterious chapatis of unleavened bread had been passed from village to village, together with the sinister message, "Everything will become red." Misled by treacherous and designing native princes, the Sepoys had turned upon the English.

Fresh from Hongkong after the news of the outbreak at Meerut, H. M. S. Shannon disembarked a body of bluejackets at Calcutta and all haste was made to the relief of the English garrison at Cawnpore. Sir William Peel, who had gained distinction and a V. C. during the Crimean war, was in command of the bluejackets; and among the latter was one William Hall, a negro captain of the foretop who had seen service in the Crimea.

Pulling their 24-pounders over the rough roads, the naval brigade joined Havelock's relieving column, and every nerve was strained to reach Cawnpore in time, for it was known that about six hundred Europeans were cooped up in the city, including many English women and children.

Cawnpore was reached upon the 16th of July, and a crushing blow dealt the bloodthirsty hosts of the un-speakable Nana Sahib. But the effort was wasted in the main, for scarcely twenty-four hours before, while Havelock's column was within a day's march, the massacre which started the civilized world had been perpetrated. Four hundred-odd men had surrendered, owing to the blunder of a senile and weak-kneed general, and more than two hundred women and children had been left to the mercies of the fiendish foe under Nana Sahib.

The men of the garrison had been cruelly decoyed to their deaths—wantonly shot down in cold blood after the surrender, several weeks before the arrival of General Havelock and his men. The women and children had been triumphantly inspected by Nana Sahib and then locked up in a gloomy chamber. There they were kept for some time, during which their numbers were swelled by the arrival of fresh prisoners to a total of two hundred and eighteen. The Nana had been in no hurry to slaughter them, but the civilized world had been perishing forces hastened his action, and on the 15th of July his edict went forth for the massacre.

The Nana commanded the Sepoys to shoot through the windows into the closely packed masses of women, but even his men, hardened as they were to their leader's atrocities, could not bring themselves to murder the women and children in cold blood. They contented themselves with firing a single volley over their heads. But other less scrupulous instruments were quickly found, and five brutal-looking natives, each armed with a glittering tulwar, entered the crowded chamber and closed the door behind them.

lingered, but living and dead were remorselessly cast together into the pit. The horror of it! With Havelock barely a score of miles away! Scattered like chaff before the wind, the followers of Nana dispersed before the onslaught of the avengers; and upon the afternoon following the battle, the negro Hall and a group of his bluejacket shipmates heard the horrible story as related above, from the lips of a half-caste woman convert who spoke English fluently. Hall and his friends gazed upon the floor of the death-chamber, fully two inches deep with blood and gore and tufts of hair. They noted tulwar gashes in the walls the height of a woman's neck. Then they turned away, sick at heart, but swore to be avenged.

Forty-five miles away another desperate siege was being conducted. At Lucknow, one of the most beautiful cities in India, a handful of Englishmen were holding out against the fierce hordes of Sepoys who hemmed them in on every side.

Havelock set out for Lucknow with the greater part of his force, leaving Cawnpore in charge of Colonel Neill. Among others left behind under Neill were Hall and some of his shipmates. Quite naturally they were furious at not being permitted to accompany the first relief, but it was necessary to leave guns and men to hold Cawnpore.

They relieved the monotony of their situation and vented a part of their pent-up vengeance by forcing a number of high-caste Brahmin prisoners to clean up the blood-stained death-chamber. Men were set over them with whips to see that they did not shirk their task. The Brahmins, thus ceremoniously defiled, were then hanged and buried in a ditch.

As the world knows, General Havelock and his command reached the

sheltered angle to drag back his gun. He called upon them to remember the bloody room at Cawnpore. He seemed to bear a charmed life.

After an hour's perilous work, during which the detachment of bluejackets was all but wiped out, the 24-pounders succeeded in hammering a hole in the wall about three feet square. A bugle call sounded. The infantrymen sprang to their feet and rushed at the little hole in spite of the fact that certain death awaited the foremost.

The enemy, having been driven out of the courtyard by the intrepid English aided by the loyal native troops, made for the gateway of the main structure. As they attempted to close the heavy doors behind them, a Punjabi Mohammedan, Mukarrab Khan by name, thrust his left arm between them. As a tulwar nearly severed his hand at the wrist, he withdrew the wounded arm and immediately thrust in the other!

By this time, other men had reached the spot and torn the doors open. For this brave act, Mukarrab Khan was decorated with the Order of Merit, the Indian equivalent of the Victoria Cross.

Meanwhile other serious work had been cut out for William Hall and the other bluejackets, for a thousand yards away, in the direction of the Residency, loomed the frowning outlines of the Shah Najaf, a white-domed tomb, surrounded by high walls of solid masonry. While the Highlanders tore off the roofs of the surrounding huts and drove the Sepoys before them like sheep, other troops were "remembering Cawnpore" while attending to the enemy in the Sikandarbagh, and the naval detachment dragged their guns into position before the Shah Najaf.

A solid shot from the enemy struck a naval ammunition wagon, exploding



WOUNDED THE FLAG OFF OF HALL NEAR

Residency at Lucknow in due time, after having been obliged to fall back upon Cawnpore by reason of the extreme heat and the dreaded cholera.

The gallant Neill was with him when he finally succeeded in cutting his way into Lucknow, but the negro Hall and other bluejackets were not present. Their opportunity was to come later.

Havelock and his men, though strong enough to reinforce the besieged troops in Lucknow and save the English garrison from destruction, were not strong enough to cut their way to safety, hampered with women and children and wounded amounting to 1,500 souls. Thus the siege continued upon a larger scale.

Meanwhile, Sir Colin Campbell had arrived in India. He was to assume the chief command of the forces in India, and his first task was to rescue the garrison at Lucknow. Upon the 9th of November he led an army of five thousand men and thirty guns out of Cawnpore, and among these was the naval brigade under William Peel.

The Sikandarbagh, a formidable-looking structure about 130 yards square and surrounded by a thick brick wall about twenty feet high, was the first nut to crack before Lucknow could be relieved. It sheltered upward of two thousand well-armed Sepoys, who poured a galling fire into the English from the flat roof of a pavilion on top of the structure.

Little could be done until a breach had been made in the wall, so the infantry lay down and sheltered themselves as best they could while the men of the naval brigade dragged their guns up under the wall. Across the deadly zone of bare ground the negro and his shipmates dragged their guns as coolly as if laying alongside an enemy's frigate. Man after man dropped under the cruel fire until each gun was short-handed.

Once up under the wall, the gallant men were in a measure protected, but as the 24-pounders kicked back after each discharge, it became necessary for the men to enter the danger zone to drag them back into position. At each recoil the Sepoys concentrated their fire upon the little detachment, and each discharge cost a human life.

Encouraging his shipmates by his fearless example, the negro was always the first man to dart out of the quality of her voice. He offered to teach her for nothing, but told her that she would one day be famous. Unfortunately, her mouth was too small to emit a sufficient volume of sound for certain notes, and she began to despair of ever becoming a great singer. But her master found a way out of the difficulty.

its contents. Hall, with the blood streaming down his face where a piece of shell had grazed him, stood by his gun and urged his fellow bluejackets on by word and deed.

Throughout the long afternoon the men hammered away at the twenty-foot wall. Gun after gun was abandoned as their crews were shot down, but the negro hero was game to the last. Shortly before dark the commander gave the order to collect the killed and wounded and retire for the night, but Hall had to be peremptorily ordered to retire by his superior before he obeyed.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Salmon of the naval brigade had climbed a tree and discovered a small aperture in the wall. The enemy saw him and volleyed at him. Badly wounded, he fell into the arms of his men and reported what he had seen. For this brave act he was rewarded with a Victoria Cross.

The English were quick to take advantage of the information, and among the first men to rush the breach was William Hall, wounded, but hacking right and left with his cutlass. Early upon the following morning, the Residency was relieved and a second massacre averted.

In due time, Hall received his Victoria Cross, as both his commanding officers and shipmates were agreed that his gallantry had been the most conspicuous event of a day memorable for its many brave actions.

Hall lived to take part in the bombardment of Alexandria many years later, and was awarded the Egyptian medal and its inseparable companion, the Khedive's Star. With his Crimean and Egyptian medals, his Victoria Cross and Khedive's Star, this brave negro finally retired from service and took up his residence in a small Nova Scotia village, far away from the grim scenes of his early days.

In all, three negroes have been awarded the Victoria Cross: Samuel Hodge and W. J. Gordon of the West Indian regiment, and William Hall of the Royal Navy; and possibly the bravest of these is the white-haired, black-eyed ex-captain of the foretop, William Hall, V. C.

Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford has the insignia of the Order of the Garter. It was presented to him by Queen Victoria about two

weeks before her death. When the German Emperor came to London to attend the funeral he was pleased to decorate Lord Roberts with the Order of the Black Eagle. The gallant Irish soldier of Indian nativity has also received the thanks of the British Parliament together with a grant of 100,000 pounds sterling; and is entitled to the letters K. C. B., G. C. B., G. C. I. E., G. C. S. I., and K. P.

Best of all, he is affectionately known to every soldier in the British army as "Bobs." He is also the proud wearer of a Victoria Cross, and the possessor of a second cross for which his only son stained the South African veldt with his life-blood.

The idol of the British army was but a lieutenant when he won his cross in the bloody days of the Indian Mutiny, and at the time was serving on the staff of Sir Colin Campbell, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in India. He had already been mentioned in dispatches, had been wounded, and also knocked over by the "windage" of a round shot.

A column was moving upon Fategarh to restore order through a strip of disordered territory, so that communication might be opened up between the Punjab and Bengal. Riding with the horse artillery and cavalry, "Bobs" came upon a large body of the enemy occupying the village of Khundaganj. It became necessary to dislodge and destroy this force if possible, as it was understood that in the ranks of this particular body of Sepoys were men who had taken a more or less prominent part in the Cawnpore slaughter.

Three guns were pushed across a partly destroyed suspension bridge over a stream. They engaged the enemy while planks were laid across the stringers for the passage of the main body of the column.

Fearful lest Sir Colin Campbell should favor the Highlanders by ordering them to lead, the 53d regiment, composed mostly of impulsive Irishmen, charged the village without waiting for orders. Nothing remained but to support them.

As the yelling troops advanced upon the village calling upon one another to "Remember Cawnpore!" the Sepoys wavered, then hastily limbered up their guns and retired. This gave the mounted troops an opportunity to follow up the retreat and inflict a summary punishment.

"Three left—trot—march!" came the order.

And with "Bobs" well in the vanguard, the 9th Lancers led the pursuit. When within three hundred yards of the Sepoys the "charge" was sounded, and within another minute came the shock. Seven guns were taken within five minutes.

The line thundered on, overtaking groups of the enemy, who every few moments paused to kneel and fire into the British. Finally the last body was overtaken. The Sepoys halted and fired a volley at close range.

Lieutenant Youngusband, riding near "Bobs," fell; but the future field marshal could not ride to his assistance at that moment, for close by him a Sepoy was attacking one of his men with a fixed bayonet. With a stroke of his saber "Bobs" put the Sepoy out of commission and was about to give his attention to a fallen officer when he saw two Sepoys running away with a regimental standard in their possession.

Putting spurs to his horse, he overtook the mutineers and ran one of them through. He was wrenching the flag out of the hand of the man he had cut down, when the other Sepoy placed the muzzle of his musket close to Roberts' breast, and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for the gallant lieutenant it missed fire, and he lived not only to receive the Victoria Cross from the hands of the Queen at Buckingham Palace in June of 1859, but also to receive from the same hands, some forty years later, a Victoria Cross awarded to his dead son, killed upon the battlefield of Colenso in a desperate attempt to save a battery from falling into the hands of the Boers.

In writing of these heroes of the Cross, it would not be fair to dismiss the subject without mentioning the exploits of Field Marshal Sir George Stuart White, who in 1870 won a cross, and the following year was awarded a clasp in addition, equivalent to a second cross.

White, who succeeded "Bobs" as commander-in-chief in India, became an ensign of the 27th Inniskilling regiment in 1853. Ten years later he became a captain in the famous 92d regiment of Gordon Highlanders. A major in 1873, he and his regiment formed part of the avenging column ordered to Afghanistan to punish the murderers of Cavagnar.

At the battle of Charanlah, with a mere handful of Highlanders, he won his first cross and undying fame by charging a strongly fortified hill. The men in the kills were outnumbered in the proportion of ten to one; but inspired by their gallant major, they pressed on and captured the position, much to the surprise and satisfaction of General "Bobs."

A year later, during the famous trot of the 10,000 from Kabul to Kandahar, it became necessary to take an Afghan position. A battery of screw guns had been shelling the Afghans for some time without tangible results. Supported by a regiment of fighting Gurkhas, the Highlanders scampered up the hill behind Major White. At the point of the bayonet they drove the Afghans away from their guns; and the first man into the enclosure was the gallant major, who lived to become a field marshal.

Years later, he defended Ladysmith throughout a siege lasting one hundred and ten days, and delighted the British public by his stern refusal to entertain Sir Redvers Buller's suggestion that he surrender to the Boers.

## IDEAS FOR HOME BUILDERS

BY WM. A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of the paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 175 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The house here illustrated is built on a plan that many might say belongs to the "old school"; but it has a good deal to recommend it. Those who appreciate plenty of light and air like to have rooms built on this plan, because they can have all the windows they want, and have them so placed that sunlight can penetrate into every room.

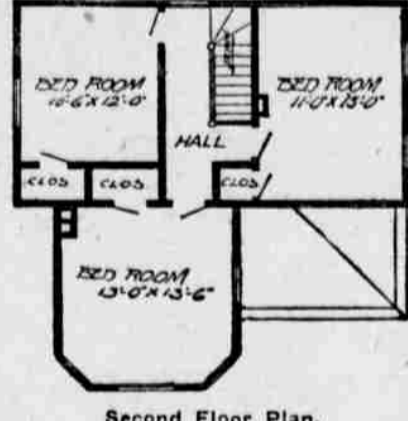
The first houses, built when the country was new to white folks, were square or nearly so. Then, as more room was needed, they were extended in one direction, keeping generally to one room in width. When the limit in this form was reached, some bright, intelligent fellow branched off at right angles, and built a room on the side of his house. This must have been considered a great innovation, as well as a great invention; and so it was, for it has been handed down from one generation to the next, and we still find the idea worth adopting.

There is no record of the original house built on this plan; so we do not know whether it had an upstairs or not; but there is a good second story to this house, and there is also a good cellar—another feature that the original architect didn't understand. It is necessary to "hike" back to those "good old times" when luxuries approached closely to what we call privations, in order to appreciate what we now have.

We could live as the early pioneers did, in one-room houses built with an ax; but we should rather not do it in the winter time. There are, however, a few principles that were worked into those early habitations that we cannot get away from, and we do not want to. One is the open-air freedom, the light and cheerful setting of trees and clearing, and the open fire-

ing circumstances, and changes in families are continually taking place. It is customary, under certain conditions, to build a house larger than necessary, and to leave some rooms unfinished to save expense at the time of building; but it is quite unusual to select a plan with the expectation of making alterations. In fact, it usually is very undesirable to do so.

One feature about this plan that will strike everybody favorably is the possibility of building it for about \$1,600. In these times of advancing prices, no one expects much of a house for any such price. A man

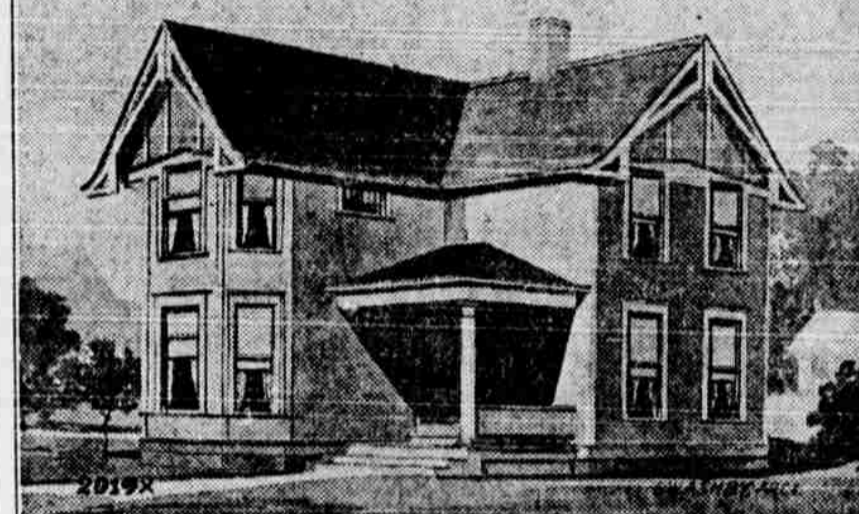


Second Floor Plan.

### FAMOUS RELIC OF THE PAST

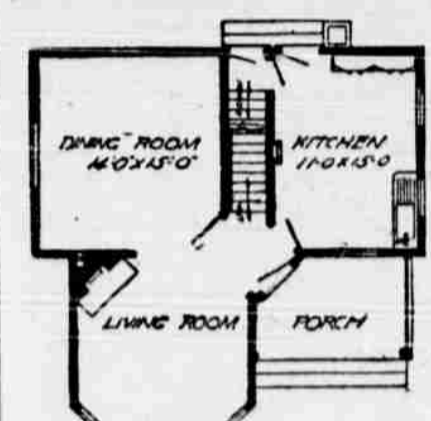
Iron Pillar of Delhi, Made of Welded Metal, Was Wrought Some 1,500 Years Ago.

The famous "Iron Pillar" of Delhi, which stands in the inner courtyard of the "Quth" mosque, about nine miles south of the modern city, has always excited the interest of metallurgists and engineers as well as historians. It was probably made about 413 A. D.



Place, the cheerful warmth of which still lingers in our hearts as a heritage from primeval days.

As this house is 30 feet wide and the projections at the roof gables are extra, it needs considerable room. The law has decided that you must not hang your roof over your neighbor's ground, so it would be impossible to put this house on a narrow-minded



First Floor Plan.

city lot. If you want to build on this plan, you must have room enough to look out in every direction.

There is another advantage in a plan of this kind, and that is the possibility of extending it at the back without interfering with the original plan. Some houses may be enlarged when the family increases, while other plans cannot be altered without tearing the whole house to pieces. There are only six rooms in the plan as designed, but the rooms are all large. If an eight-room house is wanted in the years to come, the only thing necessary is to add a wing at the back similar to the one in front, and make two rooms that can be reached without any objectionable features and with no alteration in the original plan except the cutting of two doors.

It is not desirable, as a general thing, to build a house smaller than you really want, with the expectation of making it larger afterwards; but there are a great many different exist-

and moved to its present site in 1952. As it is between 23 and 24 feet high, 16 inches in diameter at the base, and 12 at the top, and probably weighs over six tons, its manufacture at so early a period as the fifth century partakes somewhat of the marvelous. And it was rendered even more of a mystery when the discovery was made some years ago that it was a solid piece of welded wrought-iron.

The curious yellowish tinge of the upper part had led to the belief that it consisted of brass or bronze. The welding together of such a mass of metal in those primitive days, centuries before the era of modern forges and drop hammers, must have been a mighty troublesome job for King Candar's iron workers.

Some years ago Sir Alexander Cunningham had a rough analysis of the metal in the Pillar made, which finally proved it to be wrought iron. Sir Robert Hadfield, a past president of the British Iron and Steel Institute, recently obtained new samples of the column and subjected them to a careful and very thorough analysis—"the first thorough analysis," he believes. The result was as follows: "Carbon, 0.08; silicon, 0.04; sulphur, 0.006; phosphorus, 0.11; iron, 99.72; total 99.966." Plainly a really excellent type of wrought iron, says Sir Robert, and much to be wondered at when the date of its manufacture is borne in mind. The small quantity of sulphur indicates the use of unusually pure fuel, probably charcoal. The absence of manganese, an element usually present in wrought iron, is also of interest. The specific gravity of the metal was found to be 7.81.

**Low Wages for Laccemaking.** The hand-made lace industry is important in Belgium, but has been injured by the advent of the machine-made product. There are about 50,000 women, mostly working women, in East and West Flanders, peasants in the country districts, who produce lace valued at about \$4,825,000 yearly. The wages of these workers are only 20 to 30 cents a day.

**Popular Hymn.** "Nearer, My God, to Thee" the hymn, has been so far popularized by the band of the Titanic that it has been translated into French and is being sung by itinerant musicians.

### MADE UGLY FOR ART'S SAKE

Sacrifice Made by Woman Whose Mouth Was Too Small for Singing.

Minie Saltzman, a talented young German singer, deserves to make a name in the world, as she voluntarily sacrificed her beauty for the sake of art. Three years ago she was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of the celebrated singer, Jean de Reszke, who was struck with the fine

which every woman will understand, Minie Saltzman decided to take his advice. Every morning she conscientiously performed the following strange and painful exercises: Placing her two little fingers at each extremity of her mouth, she pulled the skin gently but firmly toward the cheeks, and continued this movement, with intervals for rest, for an hour. This was to increase the width of the mouth. After this she pulled her lower lip down toward her chin, and her upper lip toward her

nose. After a few months of this treatment, her tiny mouth was completely transformed. But she does not regret the loss of her beauty, as she is now one of the most popular opera singers in Germany.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Profitable Recreation.** The sand bin, the slide, the giant stride, the horizontal bar, indoor baseball diamonds (for boys and for girls), courts for volley ball and tether ball, running track and jumping pit, and a skating rink where the climate permits; these are some of the desirable features of an up-to-date school playground, as planned by Mr. Henry S. Curtis in a bulletin just issued by the United States Bureau of Education. Mr. Curtis shows how the attitude of the public has changed in the last ten years, since the great

play movement burst upon us. The typical school playground used to be as bare and forbidding as a prison; the modern spirit requires that it shall be roomy, inviting, well cared for, open at all times to the children, and equipped with every safe means for enjoyable, profitable play.