OUR hat, if you please,

madam; we must have

that aigrette." Such is

the startling demand

made by the United

States customs officials

of unwary lady passen-

gers disembarking at

New York nowadays.

Deeds, not words, at last!

And effective deeds, too,

they promise to be, if

only other legislatures will fol-

low the example thus set by

America, and ban the importation

of birds' feathers. True, for long

there have been protective meas-

ures formulated to reduce the

wholesale slaughter of wild birds,

but their inadequacy is common

knowledge. The case, in its prac-

tical aspect, is almost exactly par-

allel with that of the protection of

birds' eggs. It is useless to strike

lector and another takes his place;

throttle the demand and, de causa,

every collector at once gives up the

were prohibited only on a large

commercial basis, while the indi-

vidual, the actual consumer, was al-

lowed to pass unchallenged, so

long would means be found to

last, however, it seems that a blow

is being aimed in the right direc-

tion, and now, when the attention

time once more to place before

tendant on this feather traffic.

them another aspect of the case, an aspect that

should appeal to womanly nature more focefully

than legislation-the base and wanton cruelty at-

I have always thought, and still believe, that it

is only throughtlessness or ignorance that allows

the wearing of the algrette. A woman worthy of

the name simply cannot know the history of the

plumes she wears and, at the same time, approve

of the manner in which they were obtained. If

she could but once see an egret nursery in all its

living beauty, its countless forms of wondrous

grace, each busily engaged in some maternal

duty, and each seeming unconsciously to vie with

the other in the elegance of pose and action, she

would not, she could not, longer tolerate the ruth-

less destruction of these lovely birds. But alas!

MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT



"BIG SISTERS" COPY WORK OF BIG BROTHERS

Have Taken Up a New Charity Work of the Most Valuable Description.

OBJECT IS TO AID

Up Time and Money to the Best of ery and Wrongdoing Common in a is always one of our court committee there to help."

N EW YORK.—If you wanted a big from five to sixteen, and you're a girl, side, anywhere at all?

And you needed a big sister terribly. You never thought you did until that gray winter morning when they took you down the narrow little stairs from | justice. the detention room into the children's court, writes Izola Forrester in the Sunday Magazine of the New York

World. It hadn't seemed really serious until then. You had gone to moving picture shows instead of to school. You had stayed out nights instead of going home. And who wouldn't? What did all these people know about the place you called home—these men and women sitting at the flat-topped desks. writing, writing about children who wouldn't be good?

What did the smooth-faced young judge up yonder know about you? Wasn't that your mother with the old, red, crocheted shawl around her, rendy to take the stand against you. and tell his honor you must be sent away because she couldn't be bothered with you?

Defiant Mood Natural.

The tears spring to your eyes, and you wipe them off on your sleeve quickly, defiantly. Let them send you away some place. Who cares?

And just then you catch some one watching you. She has been standing up on the little platform next to where the cases are tried. Somehow she looks at you in a different way from anybody else. She almost looks as if she cared, and you stare back at her, suspiciously at first, then hungrily, until she smiles and comes down to sit beside you and talks as no one has ever talked to you before in all your life.

And some way the little gray court room has grown brighter. Even the yourself telling her all about how it half finished, but she understands. side you and tells the judge she will be your friend, be responsible for

And that is how a Big Sister finds

a Little Sister. It has only been going on a little seem absolutely expressionless as she while two short years. Up to De listens to the charge against her. She choose from, whether the winter of cember, 1910, the little sisters of the will not work, her mother says. She summer is the open season for thinkchildren's court were overlooked by the forces of love. The probation offi- ried and has a wife and four chilcers took up their cases, the judge disposed of them.

Copied on "Big Brothers." But there was something lacking. for safe keeping. The Big Brother movement was well | The girl speaks listlessly,

France Just Completing a Waterway

Which Has Called for the Highest

Scientific Skill.

communication that will join Mar-

soilles with the north of France.

under way. A boy who landed in the court was sure to find the Big Brother there, but the girls stood alone. And of the 10,000 children arraigned each year, more or less, the girls formed a goodly number.

"The first Big Sister was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt," said the general secretary of the Big Sisters, Inc., at their offices, No. 200 Fifth avenue, New York city. She is Mrs. Madeline Evans, who resigned as probation Prominent New York Women officer of the children's court to take up her present work.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt started the work in December, 1910. It was rather a delicate business at first. We were or churity agencies. We were just what the name implied-Big Sisters, UNFORTUNATE GIRLS who wanted to help. And they let us gladly.

"The main thing, we find now, is to make a girl realize that there is some Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Among the one who cares for her personal hap-Society Leaders Who Are Giving piness and improvement. They respond to the right treatment quite as All Causes, the Saving of the Chil- readily as the boys. We have 106 acdren-Take Their Day in Court tive Big Sisters now, and need more. and Listen to the Stories of Mis- 1 am in court every day, and there

Society Leaders on List.

The court committee carries strange sister where would you go to find names for such a place, names that her—not when you're all grown you find usually in the society columns—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. course, but when you're anywhere Stevens S. Sands, Mrs. J. Searle Barclay, Jr., Miss Lina Horn, Mrs. just an ordinary New York girl, East Frederick O. Beach and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson.

All are Big Sisters to the wistful, half defiant little waifs of circumstance who come before that bar of

They are a mixed lot, these children, all sizes and ages. Some have eager, optimistic faces, some are sullen and weary already with life's problems and some are just plain scared.

A Rig Brother leans over the boys.



Formerly Mere Justice, Untempered by Love, Was Meted Out to the Little Sisters of the Children's

names. Standing near is Mrs. Charles

in court. She is taller than the other women, judge looks pleasanter. You catch and slender, with sloping shoulders, sisted that people do their thinking There is the clear, fine profile, the happened in queer, choky sentences, drooping eyelids, the beautiful drawing in of the mouth and chin, even And at last when they do lead you the soft waves of hair of the high up before the railing she stands be- bred American girl whom Gibson made amous,

Mother Against Her.

About two feet from her is a stolid, rosy-cheeked girl. She is fifteen, rather pretty, but her small dark eyes is in love. The man is already mar- ing. Possibly both are right, for windren back in the old country. She has been whipped and it does no good. Now her mother wants her sent away

nean by canal; but there was no great port at the southern end of the system. Hence the present canal.

The striking feature is that the canal will pass through a tunnel nearly 41/2 miles long. This tunnel comes We are not the only country with a soon after leaving the harbor of Mar- be about \$14,000,000. canal job that is nearly completed. In seilles; it will be 48 feet high and 73 the south of France there is being dug feet wide, with nearly 20 feet of water the last link in the system of water in it,

The amount of rock excavated eight times as much per yard of ad-It is already possible to cross from vance as in the Simplon tunnel; but it you ever see his daughters?

CANAL THROUGH A MOUNTAIN | the English channel to the Mediterra- | is being dug at the rate of nearly 26 feet a day.

After passing through the tunnel the canal will turn to the west and border the lake of Berre. At Port de Bouc it will join the present canal from Arles, which will be enlarged. The cost will

The Human Kind.

Church-What's your neighbor's business? Gotham-Raising lemons.

"I'm married to him already, judge,

Just for an instant the Dig Stater closes her eyes and her lips set in a firmer line. She leans nearer the child. The case goes over. The man must be found now. And in the meantime the girl steps down and faces a Big Sister for the first time. She won't answer at first, but she is drawn down on a bench and talked to until slowly she begins to thaw. When she is led away her face has lost a little of that awful misery.

Typical Case of Boy Misery. The next cases are boys. On the long bench a little fellow sits on the very edge, holding his ragged cap tightly. His lips are pursed in a voiceless appeal. Silently the tears run down his cheeks. He catches the eyes of the Big Sister watching him and gulps a sob.

The Big Brother is busy with the case that is up for trial, so Mrs. Gibson takes this one. It all comes out in one blurted mass of trouble. He has broken a window and played hookey, and the truant officer's after him. That's his mother sitting over youder, he whispers, the skinny woman with the shawl dropping off her shoulders. She looks blue, 'cause she had to walk all the way up the Bowery from Baxter street. She spent the last ten cents for a bucket of coal this morning. And there are six oth-

"You haven't got any undershirt on, have you?" asks the Big Sister gently, so the other boys wouldn't hear, but he holds his torn shirt together and shakes his head out of pride for the mother who waits at the end of the first bench. She doesn't see the green bill tucked away in his dirty, little moist palm nor hear the hurried compact of friendship.

"Little Mother's" Case.

The next is a case of improper guardianship. The father drinks. So does the mother, and there are two children. The elder has been kept out of school to look after the baby. She is only ten herself, a typical little mother, not at all presty, but with a curious, resigned look and a tender little smile.

And all in a moment the world changes from gray to gold. She listens with wide eyes to the boyish looking Judge. She is to be sent to school under the care of a Big Sister. Instead of forever being the big not probation officers, not officially sister, she is to have one, somebody connected with the children's courts she can come to with all her trou-

> Each day a new Big Sister stands in the enclosure before Judge Hoyt. Thursdays the quietly garbed sweetfaced woman who waits for her girls to be called for trial is Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

So far over 500 girls have been cared for, and in many cases the entire family.

"But the work is only begun here at the agent or collector; so long in court," says Mrs. Evans. "We pick as the demand exists a supply will up the clues here, so to speak, and be forthcoming-check one coltrace them along. And we've never lost one yet. The girls don't want to be lost. All they need is love and understanding and a fair chance, and quest. So long as the importation that is what the Big Sisters aim to and exportation of these feathers

AMERICAN LOVE OF HOME

One of the Strongest of the Instincts smuggle through the plumes. At for Which the Nation Has Made Itself a Name.

No other nation, except possibly the of the fair sex is thus focussed English, gives such pre-eminence and upon the subject, it is an opportune affectionate interest to the house and home as do the American people. With all our supposed worship money, and love of change and adventure, there are few among us who do not feel at heart a deep-seated love of home. Even amid the en grossing and vital investigations and legislation at Washington, veteran senators and ambitious congressmen find time to discuss the derivation and to talk about the attraction and sanctity of "Home." The word "home" is not found in the language of any of the southern European countries; in fact, it is not used in any modern Latin tongue. It needs long winters and severe climates that drive the people indoors, within four walls, to create that cheer within that necessitated the word "home" for northern peoples. Whittier's "Snowbound" was a classic, and first furnished a glimpse of the real charm and power of the hearth. One congressman remarked that all the real thinking of the people "worth while" is done within the walls of their homes, for every economic question and much tariff and currency legislation has its origin and sphere of action within the home, and on that sphere public men are striving today to focus their comprehension.

Questions that concern the home never fail to awaken response, and the winter evenings are considered Dana Gibson. It is Tuesday-her day the auspicious time to sow the seeds of public sentiment. On the other hand, a Chautauqua speaker once inin spring and summer, while the crops are growing, following the lines of nature, production beginning at seed time and maturing at harvest; and that seated on the hard benches under the scorching canvas of the Chautaugua tent the people are doing their subconscious thinking that crystalizes into public opinion during the winter months.

Here are two points of view to ter snows are as necessary as summer rains. Both make for the protection of the "home," which, immortal ized by John Howard Payne's song, is dear to all Anglo-Saxon hearts.-National Magazine.

"Lost" Dog Appealed to Her, and She Acted at Once in a Sympathetic and Practical Manner, He is a Scotch terrier of the wisest

> drive, near One Hundred and Tenth cations of having been in a fight. street, when he's at home, and he is owned by a very small boy.

TOUCHED MISS JONES' HEART | adventurer. His is the Wanderlust. He | steps all morning; sometimes he van- | sallied forth in the rain, carefully leaded tours, and ranges over large areas. He has been seen all alone as far up and most independent kind, and his rive home from his wanderings quite seen there by Miss Jones. name is Mac. He lives on Riverside safe, though sometimes he shows indi-

Every school day he accompanies his master and the master's nurse to low will get lost." But he is seldom at home when he a small private school five blocks from

takes himself on lengthy, self-conduct- ishes and returns at dismissal hour. On a recent rainy morning Mac's master and nurse went home earlier as Dyckman street, bold, carefree, ab than usual. Mac arrived at the proper solutely sure of himself and of his time for dismissal and sat on the steps

Willie has gone home. The little fel- kers,-New York Times.

So Miss Jones called Mao in, at-

ing the hero of many a rambling escapade, the tried veteran of the road. "I was so afraid the little dog wo

Willie's mamma glanced at the can ine Ulysses and gravely thanked M'r3

san get away, for he is a rover. an home. Sometimes he waits on the tached a bit of string to his collar, and the greatest leapers in the



how few women will ever see a living egret, much less an egret's nursery! However, it is hoped that if the accompanying illustrations are looked at sympathetically, they will, perhaps, see some of the grace and beauty that are present in the liv-

The exact locality of this bird paradise had better not be named; South Europe will be definite enough! Here, hidden away amid a rolling waste of sand and scrub, the little tarn, which bears the colony, lies sparkling like a jewel in the sun. Out of its still waters grow gnarled and twisted tamarisk bushes, whose dark green follage, as we draw near, is seen to be thickly spangled over with a host of snowy birds.

Every branch and twig has got its load of graceful forms, the birds looking from a distance like

tumult! Nothing rough or discordant, no semblance to a mob; rather is it the incarnation of the fairlest of fairy scenes, the scattering of Titania's revelers. The bushes seem as if by magic to pour forth an endless stream of grace ful life, and soon the sky it filled with a multitude of snowy drifting forms. Round and round they circle above the nursery trees, now deftly polace upon fast-quivering wings, now riding easily along with widespread pinions—so they drift in endless streams, each one seeming, as it floats by, more elegant and lovely than the last. Gradually the pace is slackened, slowly and still more slowly the birds glide past, till presently more alight. Soon they are settling down on every side, to sit swaying on the delicate tracery of the tamarisk boughs, their snowy plumage glistening in the sunlight. Then the colony regains composure and we see on every side the lovely algrette-perhaps the most exquisite ornament displayed by any bird-displayed in all its living beauty, displayed as Nature meant it to be shown. And what a lovely show it is! As mate meets mate, the lovely train of plumes of each is raised and spread in gree to hover like a cloud of frosted gossamer above the back, scintillating as the feathers shake and tremble with life's passion.

a dainty white inflorescence on the trees. Then

suddenly, as we canter down the shore, the col-

only takes wing and tumult reigns. But what a

Round and Round They Circle Above the Nursery Trees

As yet these birds have learnt no fear of man; they crowd the branches all around us, quietly returning to brood upon their nests not 20 yards from where we stand. To shoot them down would be almost as easy as to dispatch a farmyard roost. Fortunate indeed it is that this colony is naturally protected by a great encircling belt of utter wilderness, trackless and almost untroduen save by the few keepers who guard its big game on the sportsman's behalf. Here the birds have-of late, at least-been left to breed in peace. plume hunter has dared to penetrate their sanctuary; but one shudders to contemplate the day, which one hopes may never dawn, when, throu lax control by the overlord the plumassiers shall at last break through and steal. It is unneces sary, I think, to draw a picture of the awful slaughter of that day; the piles of mutilated bodies with the wings forn off; the hapless young ones left to starve miserably to death. Such are the incidents common to the pillage of any egret nursery, and those who wish to read of them may do so in the pamphlets of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds,? Suffice it here that the surest, indeed, the only, way to obviate such

An Atchison family has been talking ever since

experience when a son who was away at college

came home for the holidays, says the Globe of

that town. In the months he was gone his room

His mother and sisters began weeks before the

holidays to make out menus for the breakfasts,

luncheons and dinners during the happy time

the family automobile and welcomed by the wom-

en folks in the family in their very best clothes.

The dinner, composed of his favorite dishes, was

served at once. He grandly sat down to the table and raved over the elegant things he had to eat

He was taken to his room, but failed to observe

that a hardwood floor, new rugs and new furni-

ture and draperies had replaced the old. He was

called to the telephone. Some of the boys wanted

him to meet them somewhere. He promised and

went. After that the boys and girls kept him

Mother and the girls packed the daintles in bas-

kets and sent the baskets to the poor; they were

not hungry, and the family idol did not eat at

home. Every once in a while his room looked as

though a cyclone had struck it; he had come

hasty peck on their cheeks, and in a minute the

family automobile had whirled the family idol

to the train. He had spent about 15 minutes of

his vacation in the household where he was so

worshiped. His next vacation will come in the

early summer, but he will need his overcoat in

that house; there is a movement on foot to freeze

Yesterday mother and the girls received a

home to dress to go somewhere.

The day of his arrival he was whirled home in

when he would be home for the holidays.

in eastern restaurants and the dining cars.

scenes of slaughter is for women to cease to dec orate themselves with aigrettes.

was refurnished.

busy.

the family idol.

MAKE THEIR OWN LIGHT

Among the most remarkable of all nature's phenomena is the marvelous light-giving power of many of our common plants and animals, observes the New York American.

Under certain conditions nasturtiums, sunflowers, dahlias, tuberoses and yellow lilies may be seen to glow with a soft radiance, varying in color and intensity. Only those flowers that have an abundance of yellow or orange shades exhibit this phosphorescence. The best time to see the light is after dark, but often intermittent and

flashing Often in the early fall the ground will be illuminated by the glow from the dead leaves. The Australian poppy is the most remarkable of all the luminous plants, for it has been found to send out a light of its own of quite noted bril-

liancy Mushrooms growing on decayed wood often have a degree of brilliancy that, when they are placed on a newspaper, will enable one to read the words in their vicinity with no other light. One species of mushrooms in Australia, 16 inches in diameter, was of such brilliancy that, seen from a distance, its light frightened the natives.

More interesting than the luminous plants are the luminous animals. The Pacific coast, famous for its many curious specimens of plant and animal life, is the home of many of them.

Of all these, the ascidians are most noteworthy. One of them, the pyroscama, was seen first as a blaze as big as a bucket. When captured it was found to be a foot long and open at one end, at which there was a faint light. When touched the light at once blazed forth into a vivid silver phosphorescence. One of the animals kept in a dark room furnished enough light for the reading of medium sized print.

The creatures are of almost indescribable beau-

ty and by their radiance when moving about un-WHEN SONNY COMES HOME der water near by fish can be discerned. Bibra, the British naturalist, utilized the animals for light, and a half dozen of them at one side of a last September of the joy the members would small room would furnish sufficient light for the

reading of a newspaper at the other side. Crabs are notable light givers, and the Salpa of California is the most wonderful of all. Bodies of water 20 miles square have been seen glowing with them, and in the Santa Catalina channel one naturalist reported that as far as the eye could see the creatures lay gleaming like gems in the sunlight

Many luminous frogs have been discovered from time to time, and any frog may be made luminous by inoculating it with certain bacteria which produce this phenomenon.

Many theories have been brought forward to explain the phenomenon of luminosity, but as yet very little is known about. In many instances, such as the cases of dead leaves or decayed wood, luminosity is evidently due to fungous growth, but in other cases, where no growth can be seen, the riddle remains unsolved along with many other marvels of nature.

A RARE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

"I am determined that my child shall have one rare accomplishment to help him through life." "What is it?"

"I propose to see that he learns the words of the 'Star Spangled Banner.' "

HOPELESS CASE.

"I'm afraid my son is hopelessly stupid." "What's the trouble at college? History or geometry?" "Why, they say he can't learn the football

signals.

whereabouts. And he always does ar- in the rait. An hour later he was "Oh, dear me!" said Miss Jones. Jones. Mac wagged his tatl and "There's Willic's dear little dog, and down to map out an excursion to You

get lost so far from home," explained Miss Jones to Willie's mamma.

The American mountain al