

MRS. WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT



"BIG SISTERS" COPY WORK OF BIG BROTHERS

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

OBJECT IS TO AID UNFORTUNATE GIRLS

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt Among the Society Leaders Who are Giving Up Time and Money to the Best of All Causes—Take Their Day in Court and Listen to the Stories of Misery and Wrongdoing Common in a Big City, Then Give Practical Aid.

NEW YORK.—If you wanted a big sister where would you go to find her—not when you're all grown up and able to look after yourself, of course, but when you're anywhere from five to sixteen, and you're a girl, just an ordinary New York girl, East 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 the detention room into the children's court, writes Isola 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, ready 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 looks brighter. Even the judge looks pleasanter. You catch yourself telling her all about how it happened, in queer, choky sentences, half finished, but she understands. And at last when they do lead you up before the railing she stands beside you and tells the judge she will be your friend, be responsible for you.

And that is how a Big Sister finds a Little Sister.

It has only been going on a little while—two short years. Up to December, 1910, the little sisters of the children's court were overlooked by the forces of love. The probation officers took up their cases, the judge disposed of them.

Copied on "Big Brothers." But there was something lacking. The Big Brother movement was well

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 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 not probation officers, not officially connected with the children's courts or charity agencies. We were just what the name implied—Big Sisters, 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 one who cares for her personal happiness and improvement. They respond to the right treatment quite as readily as the boys. We have 106 active Big Sisters now, and need more. I am in court every day, and there is always one of our court committee there to help."

Society Leaders on List. The court committee carries strange names for such a place, names that you find usually in the society columns—Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stevens S. Sands, Mrs. J. Searle Barclay, Jr., Miss Lina Horn, Mrs. 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 justice.

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 Big Brother leans over the boys, asking questions, taking notes and



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

names. Standing near is Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson. It is Tuesday—her day in court.

She is taller than the other women, and slender, with sloping shoulders. There is the clear, fine profile, the drooping eyelids, the beautiful drawing in of the mouth and chin, even the soft waves of hair of the high bred American girl whom Gibson made famous.

Mother Against Her. About two feet from her is a stolid, rosy-cheeked girl. She is fifteen, rather pretty, but her small dark eyes seem absolutely expressionless as she listens to the charge against her. She will not work, her mother says. She is in love. The man is already married and has a wife and four children back in the old country. She has been whipped and it does no good. Now her mother wants her sent away for safe keeping.

The girl speaks listlessly.

The English channel to the Mediterranean 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 4 1/2 miles long. This tunnel comes soon after leaving the harbor of Marseilles; it will be 48 feet high and 73 feet wide, with nearly 20 feet of water in it.

The amount of rock excavated is eight times as much per yard of advance as in the Simplon tunnel; but it

"I'm married to him already, Judge, honest."

Just for an instant the Big Sister 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 stops 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 hooky, and the truant officer's after him. That's his mother sitting over yonder, he whispers, the skinny woman with the shawl drooping 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 other children.

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 premy, 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 sister, she is to have one, somebody she can come to with all her troubles.

Each day a new Big Sister stands in the enclosure before Judge Hoyt. Thursdays the quietly garbed sweet-faced 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 in court," says Mrs. Evans. "We pick up the clues here, so to speak, and trace 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 that is what the Big Sisters aim to give."

AMERICAN LOVE OF HOME

One of the Strongest of the Instincts for Which the Nation Has Made Itself a Name.

No other nation, except possibly the English, gives such pre-eminence and affectionate interest to the house and home as do the American people. With all our supposed worship of money, and love of change and adventure, there are few among us who do not feel at heart a deep-seated grooving and vital investigation 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 the auspicious time to sow the seeds of public sentiment. On the other hand, a Chautauque speaker once insisted that people do their thinking in 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 Chautauque tent the people are doing their subconscious thinking that crystallizes into public opinion during the winter months.

Here are two points of view to choose from, whether the winter or summer is the open season for thinking. Possibly both are right, for winter snows are as necessary as summer rains. Both make for the protection of the "home," which, immortalized by John Howard Payne's song, is dear to all Anglo-Saxon hearts.—National Magazine.

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 acridians are most noteworthy. One of them, the proclama, 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 beauty and by their radiance when moving about under water near by fish can be discerned. Bilra, the British naturalist, utilized the animals for light, and a half dozen of them at one side of a 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 it. 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."

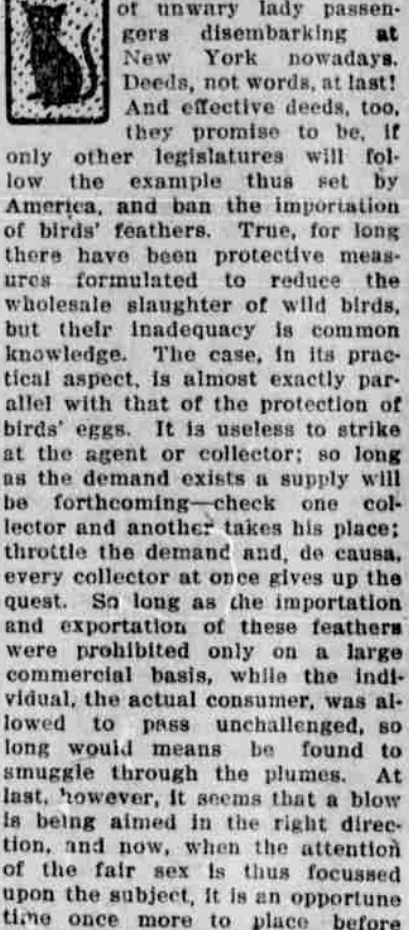
"What's the trouble at college? History or geometry?"

"Why, they say he can't learn the football signals."



A Family of Exquisites

Not White Flowers but Birds



At Peace

Worried a Little

At Peace



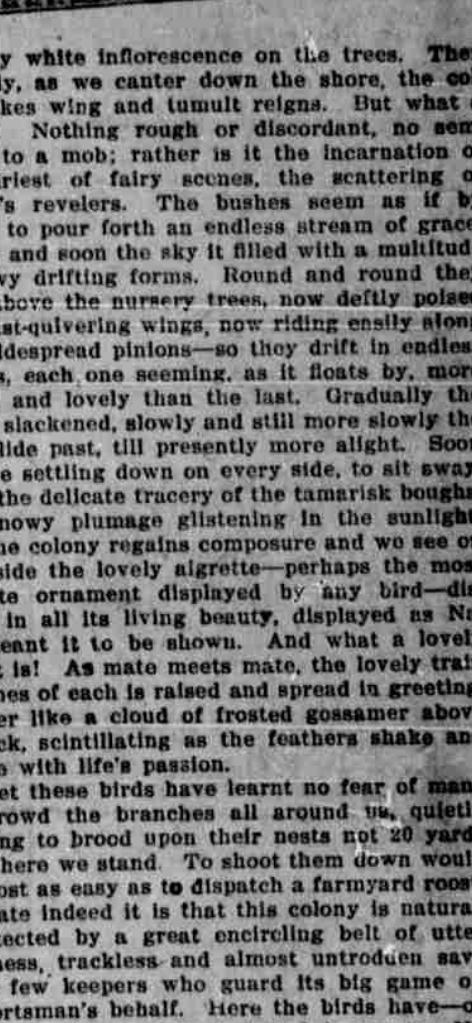
Worried a Little

At Peace



Worried a Little

At Peace



Worried a Little

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, tuberose 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 brilliancy.

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.

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TOUCHED MISS JONES' HEART

"Lost" Dog Appealed to Her, and She Acted at Once in a Sympathetic and Practical Manner.

He is a Scotch terrier of the wisest and most independent kind, and his name is Mac. He lives on Riverside drive, near One Hundred and Tenth street, when he's at home, and he is owned by a very small boy.

But he is seldom at home when he can get away, for he is a rover. an

adventurer. His is the Wanderlust. He takes himself on lengthy, self-conducted tours, and ranges over large areas. He has been seen all alone as far up as Dyckman street, bold, carefree, absolutely sure of himself and of his whereabouts. And he always does arrive home from his wanderings quite safe, though sometimes he shows indications of having been in a fight.

Every school day he accompanies his master and the master's nurse to a small private school five blocks from home. Sometimes he waits on the

WHEN SONNY COMES HOME

An Atchison family has been talking ever since last September of the joy the members would 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 was refurbished.

His mother and sisters began weeks before the holidays to make out menus for the breakfasts, luncheons and dinners during the happy time when he would be home for the holidays.

The day of his arrival he was whirled home in the family automobile and welcomed by the women 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 in eastern restaurants and the dining cars.

He was taken to his room, but failed to observe that a hardwood floor, new rugs and new furniture 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 busy.

Mother and the girls packed the dainties in baskets 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 home to dress to go somewhere.

Yesterday mother and the girls received a nasty 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 worshipped. 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 the family idol.

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.

CANAL THROUGH A MOUNTAIN

France Just Completing a Waterway Which Has Called for the Highest Scientific Skill.

We are not the only country with a canal job that is nearly completed. In the south of France there is being dug the last link in the system of water communication that will join Marseilles with the north of France.

It is already possible to cross from

is being dug at the rate of nearly 25 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 be about \$14,000,000.

The Human Kind.

Church—What's your neighbor's business?—Raising lemons. Didn't you ever see his daughters?