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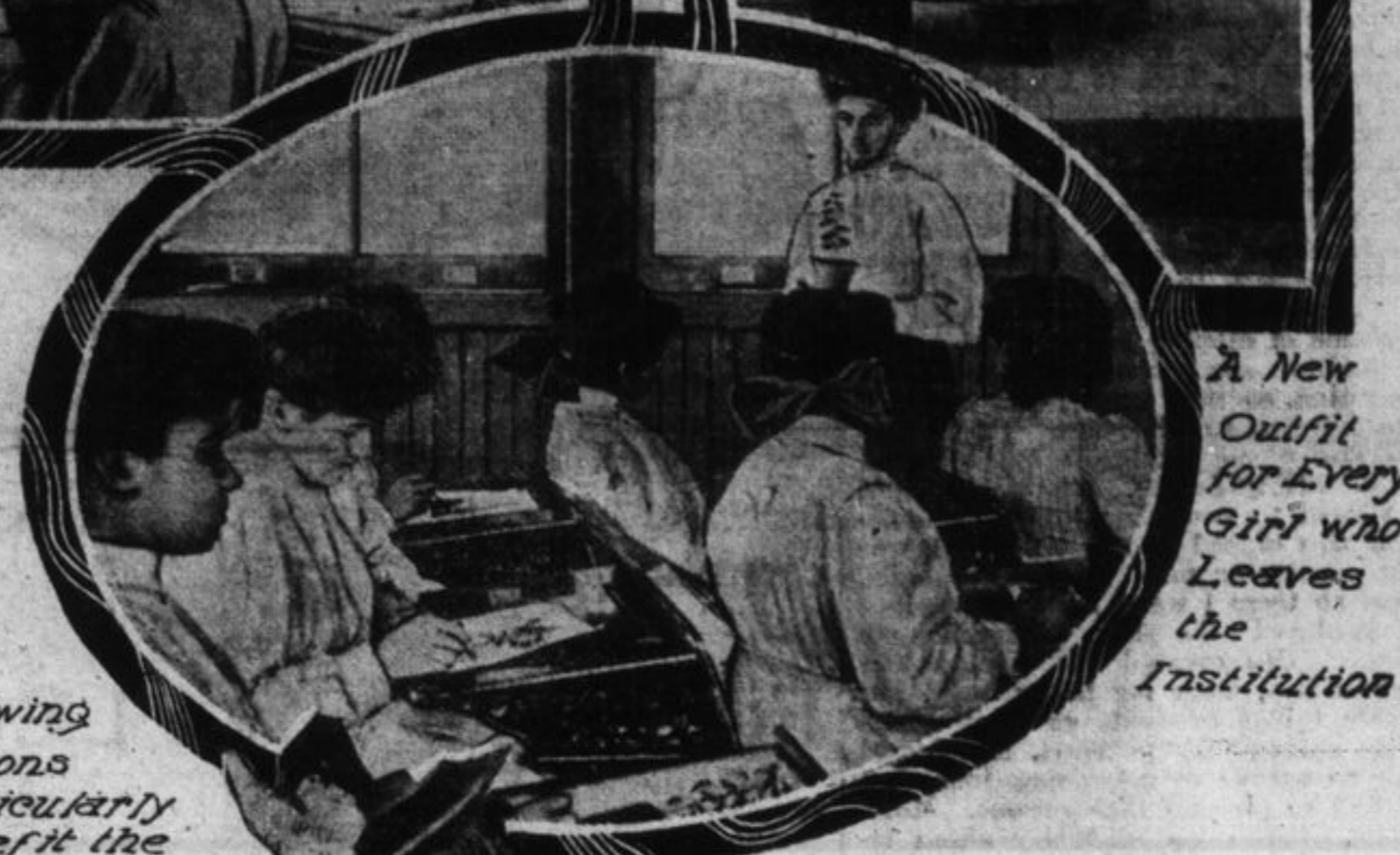
Sitting Girls for Happy Homes in a House of Refuge



Cooking Arts Taught in Making Happy Marriages



Every Girl is Taught to Make Clothes and Trim Hats



A New Outfit for Every Girl who Leaves the Institution

Drawing Lessons Particularly Benefit the Colored Girls



Nothing Helps Girls More than Good Music

The study of one institution that is doing exceptionally good work along the lines of reclamation and development of character will reveal, in a general way, the methods employed, and the success attained by similar up-to-date agencies in others. For example, the House of Refuge for Girls in Philadelphia, points to 4,500 instances of such transformation in its history of seventy-eight years. Evidence as positive as human means permit illustrates that ninety per cent. of inmates sent to this institution by the courts have become good, intelligent women, and have remained so.

At least 1,000 have married men owning property valued at more than \$5,000 each; a few have become wives of really wealthy men, in the "well-to-do" list are practically all the rest who have wed.

One is the wife of a wealthy fruit-grower in California; five have married Pennsylvania farmers estimated to be worth more than \$50,000 each. A New Jersey man, who married a House of Refuge girl last July, has built and furnished a luxurious home for her.

One graduate is head telephone girl in city exchange, another a book-keeper in one of the city's largest stores. As companion of a wealthy woman, a House of Refuge girl has made two trips to Europe.

A girl desiring a responsible position with a large industrial concern, gave the House of Refuge as reference, and the broad-minded proprietor employed her. Now he would not like to lose her.

"We positively save at least ninety per cent. of girls entrusted to our care," said Mrs. Martha U. Falconer, superintendent of the House of Refuge recently.

How can it be definitely determined that such a large percentage of the pupils turn out well? This natural question finds a ready answer at the institution, where by means of an index system, every girl's life before, during and after her term of tuition is on file.

Of course, the record is not infallible but, for practical purposes, it is correct. It cannot register the secret life of a girl, but does contain everything which tends to make her reputation.

Following up a girl, after her release from the institution, is the most difficult part of such a system. Every former pupil is under the jurisdiction of the House of Refuge until she is eighteen or twenty-one, according to her age when admitted.

Once a month a report on her conduct is made, and placed in the envelope containing her past history. Such reports are tendered by visitors, who do nothing but keep track of former pupils.

Shrewd detectives these visitors are. They make confidants of friends and enemies of the girl under investigation, and learn from them every detail relating to her conduct. They are authorized by the state law to visit the girls' rooms at short notice and to make such inspection as they see fit; so question their families and demand any evidence they require.

Many Happy Marriages. Definite as is the proof acquired in this way, it is further corroborated by letters and visits from girls in later life and by the fact that seventy-five per cent. of released pupils marry happily, to the knowledge of the institution's officers.

Before marriage is permitted, their husbands are investigated by the House of Refuge, and so rigid is such inquiry into past life, financial station, prospects and disposition of the man, that not a single marriage has, to the knowledge of the officers, resulted unhappily.

Pennsylvania farmers are particularly partial to these girls, because they appreciate wives who are able to cook and make their children's clothes, who are economical and have cultivated bright dispositions.

Frequent visitors to the institution are farmers from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, who usually introduce themselves about like this: "My name is ——. My friend, ———, got a wife here. She's a good housekeeper. I'd like to get one like her, too."

Informing that no matrimonial bureau is conducted in connection with the school, the applicant turns away dejected; but he, in many cases, succeeds in the end, for he learns from his friend, when another girl is to leave the institution and makes love to her in the regular way.

One can take a horse and buggy any day at Camden and go up through New Jersey, then down through

Pennsylvania, and stop every night at the home of a former House of Refuge girl, who is now mistress of a comfortable establishment and is happy to welcome the visitor, if he or she is a House of Refuge officer.

In a letter received a few days ago from Chicago, a girl writes: "Since my release from the House of Refuge I have gone through two minor colleges, and am now taking a course in Northampton and Bucks counties, in the university, to fit myself for foreign missionary work."

Returned to the Home. One girl, a year after her release, returned, asserting that she could not be happy elsewhere, and was given a position as cook in the institution, at good wages.

A romance is related by the officials at the institution. Several months ago a young man who had made a fortune as a fruit-grower in California visited his Pennsylvania home. The voice of a singer in the village choir on Sunday evening attracted him.

But who was the girl? How could he meet her? Visiting his uncle's home next day, the man met his late there. She was washing dishes. But neither her station as servant nor her admission that she was a graduate from the House of Refuge deterred him from

building is for colored girls, who never mingle with the others. If they were in different cities, the girls in the four divisions could not be so completely separated. A faint of mind can possibly be transferred from a bad to an innocent girl—even the play yards are separated by high stone walls.

Symbols are found to be of great value in remodeling the young minds. The front door is used as a symbol, once it has shut upon a new pupil. "Your past has been shut out by that door," she is told. "What you will become depends upon yourself."

Cleanliness is Enforced. For days, a new girl, as a rule, acts gloomily, as though awaiting punishment. When she discovers that the real intention is to make her happy, she usually brightens up and begins to take an interest in her new life and its helpful lessons. Enforced cleanliness and improved health, resulting from medical attention and wholesome food, conduce to better dispositions.

But, once in a while, one girl refuses to be made happy. Then she goes to the "thinking room"—the only place of punishment about the institution.

It is simply a square cell in the basement, fitted with a barred door of wood, which—strange irony—was made and put on hinges by some of the girls who are instructed in the use of carpenter's tools.

Here the girl is told that she must sit and meditate until she learns to live with her kind, until she can smile, speak pleasantly, and be free of violent fits of temper. If night intervenes, a cot is put in the cell, and she sleeps there. At length she writes, and seldom has it been necessary to try the treatment twice on an individual.

So these girls go on, from day to day, acquiring merits, becoming cultured, and refined. They are taught cooking, dressmaking, millinery, music, drawing, botany, natural history, grammar school branches and the most scientific and economical way to wash clothes.

Those who exhibit aptitude for special work, such as book-keeping, stenography and the like, are taught it.

But, most of all, are they instructed in things which tend to make good wives. They are told how to make home so pleasant that husbands will not get the notion of gambling den. They are taught how to prepare foods which will overcome a desire for alcohol.

Twenty-four officers give instructions in various lines, and the girls do all the householding. For credit marks they are permitted to wear ribbons on their hair, jewelry, etc., and those who acquire themselves particularly well in the cooking school are rewarded by the managers.

But, as an incentive to correctness, desert is, the officers say, the most potent factor of all. If all other measures fail to make a girl good, deprive her of pie, and the result is invariably satisfactory.

There is, on an average, fifteen applications to hire or adopt every girl released from the House of Refuge. And the unusual fact about it is, that while the girl never needs a reference, she is subjected to a rigorous investigation, including every member of the family.

Often applicants fail to pass the examination, and just as often girls are taken back because of cruel treatment or because they are subjected to work too difficult for them.

An Echo Alarm Clock. President Murphy, of the Chicago National League Club, told at a baseball dinner a remarkable story.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country house in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day, and coming to a hilly place, said:

"There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between answers."

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a loud laugh: 'You ought to be hearing echoes in my place in Sunapee. Before going to bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, 'Time to get up, William!' and the echo wakes me at seven o'clock sharp the next morning.'"

Father Had A Crown. The late Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, said an editor, "once addressed a Sunday school in New York. I heard the address. It was delightful. An odd incident happened, though, at its end, an incident that Dunbar laughed at as heartily as the rest of us. Dunbar, toward the close of his remarks, said: 'And, my little friends, if you do all these things, some day you will wear a gold crown. Yes, each of you some day will wear a gold crown.' A little chap in the front row, catching the poet's friendly eye, piped: 'My father wears one now.' 'No,' said the poet. 'Yes, he does—on his foot,' said the little chap."

Curious Sentence. Probably the most curious sentence ever imposed by a court of law in Kansas was ordered in Topeka in the case of Joseph Transier, who was being held in jail on the charge of being drunk. Transier is an old offender, and when he was brought into court, Judge Herr fined him \$2 and ordered that he be confined in his bed for a week. Marshal Horath took Transier home and put him in bed and the culprit's family was instructed to notify the court if Transier showed a disposition to leave the bed before the week was out.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

BURNING LAVA

ONE OF SIGHTS ON MOUNT KILAUEA, IN HAWAII.

Its Phenomena Are Strange and Interesting to the Observer at All Times.

The living lake of lava is on Mount Kilauea, in Hawaii, a pit about three and a half miles wide, nearly elliptical in form, and surrounded with cliffs almost inaccessible to human foot. The object upon which the attention is instantly fixed is a large chaotic pile of rocks situated in the center of the amphitheatre, rising to a height which by an eye-estimate, appears to be about 300 to 400 feet. From innumerable places in its mass volumes of steam are poured forth and borne away to seaward by the trade wind. The color of the pile is intensely black, spotted, and streaked here and there with red. It is so shattered and broken that it has a scraggy, ominous aspect, which may without any exaggeration be called hideous.

Around it spreads out the slightly undulating floor of the amphitheatre, as black as night. To the left of the steaming pile, an opening in the floor of the crater, within which we behold the ruddy streams of boiling lava. From numerous points in the surrounding floor, clouds of steam issue forth, and melt away in the steady flow of the wind. Desolation and horror reign supreme. The engirdling walls everywhere serve to hedge it in.

But on their summits and upon the receding platforms beyond are all the wealth and luxuriance of tropical vegetation, heightening the contrast with the desolation below.

The pool of burning lava is about 450 feet long and a little over 300 feet in width; surrounded by vertical walls fifteen to twenty feet in height. When we first reach it, the probabilities are that the surface of the lake is coated over with a black, solidified crust, showing a rim of fire all around the edge. At numerous points at the edge of the crust, jets of fire are seen spouting upward, throwing a spray of glowing lava drops and emitting a dull shimmering sound. The heat, for the time being, is not intense; now and then a fountain breaks out in the middle of the lake and boils feebly for a few minutes. It then becomes quiet, but only to renew the very singular and almost uncanny operation at some other point.

Gradually the spouting and fretting at the edges augment. A belch of lava is thrown up here and there to the height of five or six feet, and falls back upon the crust. Presently and near the edge, a cake of it sliding down descends beneath the lava, and the whole cake disappears, disclosing a naked surface of liquid fire. Again it coats over and turns black. This operation is repeated edgewise at some other part of the lake. Suddenly a network of cracks shoots through the crust. These cracks are filled with lava, and the lava flows into them, turning its edge downward, and sinks with a grand commotion leaving the whole pool a single expanse of liquid lava. The lake surges feebly for a while, but soon subsides into a calm, and the surface of the lava is again a perfect flat among fashionable women.

The heat is now insupportable, and for a time it is necessary to withdraw from the immediate brink. Gradually the surface darkens with the formation of a new crust, which grows black and blacker until the last rays of incandescence disappear. This alternation of the freezing of the surface of the lake and the break-up and sinking of the crust goes on in a continuous round, at a regular period generally of about two hours, or two and a half—Everywhere.

LACE BELTS AND BOWS. Every Day Brings New Use for Pretty Lace.

New Idea. Lace of all kinds has never been so fashionable as at the present writing. Every day one hears of a new use to which lace is put. It seems almost to have taken the place of ribbons as a trimming. Any one who has old laces should have them cleaned and mended and use them to trim her best costumes. The use of lace has become a perfect fad among fashionable women. One woman had an evening gown trimmed with seven different kinds of lace and another had a theatre waist made of four kinds of lace, Cluny, Irish point, Valenciennes and Milanese lace. It is needless to say the effect was very handsome. Lace belts and bows for the hair are among the latest uses to which lace is put. The belts are lined with heavy chiffon and boned and are made with a point in front, and bow and long ends in the back.

Neapolitan Oyster Exterminated. News of one of the calamities resulting from the recent eruption of Vesuvius did not have the honor of being cabled about the world; and yet it is a rather serious matter. This is the extinction of the Neapolitan oyster.

The Bay of Naples produced an oyster that appeared esteemed as the choicest in Italy. It was a regular feature of banquets and in demand by all who made pretensions of good living. But the oyster of the Bay of Naples has departed, or, at least, has been buried so deep that it will not be heard of again for some time.

According to Professor Doru, director of the aquarium of Naples, the ashes from the volcano, falling in the bay, have covered the bottom to such a depth that every oyster in the beds was smothered, and the beds themselves hopelessly buried.

Nowhere in the world can you see such handsome men and women as are to be met in the United States. They are all well-dressed, and all use Carter's Little Liver Pills, ten, 35c, or tablets. Mahood's drug store.

WHAT Fruit-atives ARE

FRUIT-ATIVES ARE THE MARVELS OF MODERN MEDICINE. THEY HAVE ACCOMPLISHED UNUSUAL CURES—MORE GOOD TO MORE PEOPLE—THAN ANY OTHER MEDICINE EVER INTRODUCED IN CANADA FOR THE TIME THEY HAVE BEEN ON SALE.

Fruit-atives are fruit juices. They are nature's cure for:—

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—INDIGESTION
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—IMPURE BLOOD
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—IRREGULAR HEART

Fruit-atives are the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes. These juices are concentrated—and by a secret process, the juices are combined in a peculiar manner. This new combination is much more active medicinally than fresh juices—yet so perfect is the union that Fruit-atives act on the system as if they were in truth a natural fruit, medicinally stronger than any other known fruit.

To this combination of fruit juices, tonics and internal stimulants are added, and the whole mixed into tablets. These "Fruit-atives"—sold everywhere for six or eight boxes for \$1.00.

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Growing Boys and Girls

While it is very gratifying to parents to see their boys and girls grow rapidly, it should not be forgotten that this is a very critical period. There is danger that they may outgrow their strength; there is also danger that the development may not be uniform, that one part of the system is being built up at the expense of the rest, that the bones may not be developed properly, that the nerves and brain may lack tone or the muscle may be soft and flabby.

To ensure proper, all round development it is absolutely necessary that the food should be entirely suitable and contain the elements necessary to develop every part of the system.

The ideal food for this purpose is FERROL

which contains in proper proportions, the very essentials of life and development, viz: Fat, Iron and Phosphorus. Fat to develop flesh and muscle; Iron for the blood; Phosphorus for the bone, nerve and brain.

If you want your boys and girls to have strong lungs, robust frames, well developed muscles, strong nerves, vigorous brains and rosy cheeks, give them FERROL. They will like it, and FERROL never fails.

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