

After that I intend to take up algebra, geometry, and shorthand. My idea is to learn as much as I can. Of course every man in the army gets plenty of spare time, and it depends on himself whether he makes good use of it or not. Some spend it in the canteen, but I think the best plan is to spend it in study. It can do no harm: in fact, on the contrary, it does one a lot of good.

Worthy sentiments, wonderful sentiments, coming from a boy who started his life on a road of crime.

Many of the letters have a reference to the miniature town:

Dear Warden: What struck my memory most forcibly was your little village; it occurred while reading a paper; in turning the first leaf a picture met my gaze which instantly recalled past memories, chief of which was our warden's class-room, in which I received instruction for two years. If my memory serves me aright, the Pygmy Village is constructed in the hollow at the rear of the class-room. The thoroughness of construction, even to details, reflects great credit on the boys, but I must not forget the master brain which conceived the idea, for I know

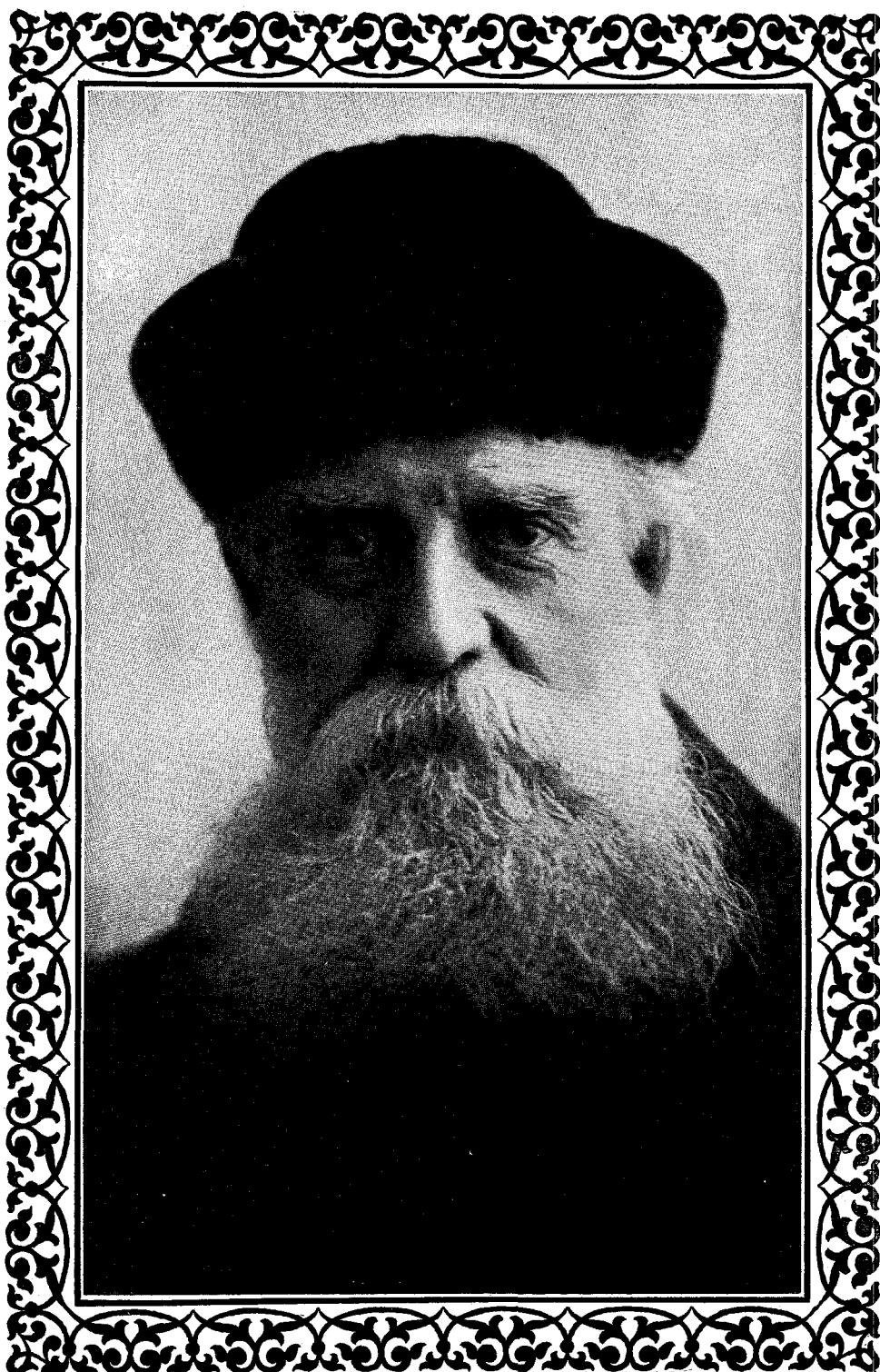
his patience must have been sorely tried during its construction, as I know how the boys require watching, for the best of boys are not angels.

So Tiny Town, or Pygmy Village, has served a good purpose. It has taught many hundreds the great lesson of thoroughness, even to details. If it has been to "the master brain which conceived the idea" a constant source of annoyance, bringing swarms of stupid sightseers and fame of the wrong sort, yet Tiny Town has done some good too. Many would never have heard of the work of the Farm School if it had not been for Tiny Town. Thus, many attracted there solely out of curiosity to see a miracle of engineering and building have stayed to see a greater miracle—how the crooked human path may be bent straight. Some have gone away wondering why prisons still exist, when it is proved that a farm school, plus abounding sympathy and love, will so surely turn bad characters into good.

## THE CRY OF THOMAS

BY ALICE F. TILDEN

That night the battle raged within my soul;  
 Each fiber of the elemental man  
 Strained painfully at each, as though there ran  
 Swords through my heart, yet left my body whole.  
 Fear wrestled then with courage, love with hate,  
 And wisdom writhed, as was for her devised  
 The stinging scourge of folly recognized,  
 Till morning dawned and anguish could abate.  
 And now—the withering wind of all good seed—  
 There haunts me, echo of that struggle past,  
 Grim doubt, that fiercest wrung my wearied heart.  
 Thou who canst help me, if Thou wouldst, at need,  
 And of rent fragments make a whole at last,  
 Forgive, console the doubter—if Thou art!



NICHOLAS TCHAYKOVSKY