

# THE GOLDEN DAY OF ORPHEUS

BY WILLIAM S. WALKLEY

"PAW," said Orpheus, breezing into the kitchen, where his father was shaving, "paw."

"Um-huh!" grunted Father Smith, carefully coasting his upper lip with his pet razor.

"Say, paw," continued Orpheus, blithely, satisfied that he had gained his father's attention, "I'm goin' out to the woodshed to study my Sunday-school lesson. It's cool out there."

"Ouch!" Father Smith's dedal hand twitched like a galvanized frog's leg and snicked out a neat triangle of hide from just under the septum of his nose. "What's that?"

He eyed his son's reflected visage in the mirror for a moment, then swung about and scrutinized his offspring in utter bewilderment.

"Say that again," he demanded, tensely.

"Say what?" parried Orph, gazing with fascinated eyes at his parent, down whose white-lathered lip and chin a tenuous stream of blood trickled with the startling distinctness of a red stripe on a stick of peppermint candy. "Oh, yes," he recalled innocently. "I'm goin' out to the woodshed to study my Sunday-school lesson."

A hard glint steeled Father Smith's eye. "I thought that was it," he observed, grimly. "What's the game, young man?"

Orph looked offended. "Aw, gee whiz!" he whined in a hurt voice. "You're always pickin' on me. Scold me if I don't get my lesson, and now when I want to— What's the use tryin', anyhow?" He smiled wistfully at his father.

It was rather overdone. Father Smith's wonder grew as he contemplated the youngster. Here it was not yet nine o'clock, and Orph's shoes were polished to a door-knob finish, his cravat was neatly tied, and his wet hair was plastered down snugly against his round skull. Moreover, instead of sporting the usual Sunday-morning thundercloud, Orph's brow was now serene and his freckled, sunburned visage frankly advertised to the world that he was at peace with all mankind.

Father Smith was clearly puzzled. Such immaculate grooming had never before been accomplished except at cost of terrible effort by the combined parental forces. And here was the thing achieved without a struggle, miles ahead of schedule time. It was unbelievable.

"Let's see your finger-nails," he commanded, hopefully.

Orph displayed ten digits, the nails edged in lightest-gray tones instead of their wonted fringe of deepest-mourning black.

Father Smith sighed. "All right, Orph," he said, gloomily, acknowledging defeat by moving over to the mirror and beginning to strop his razor. "But mind, no funny business."



Brown Bros.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

"Call me when it's time to go," said Orph. "I'm awful sorry you cut yourself, paw."

"Humph!" grunted Father Smith.

ORPH went through the screen door quietly, with an ostentatious display of the Sunday leaflet. It was a beautiful summer's morning, hot and still and brooding with the sweet quietude of the Lord's Day. Bees were humming about the sweet-clover bushes; locusts shrilled lazily and intermittently; pigeons cooed their amorous confidences softly and pleasingly, while the fat Plymouth Rocks had long since given over their busy foraging for the placid delights of the dust-bath under the currant bushes. But if Orph even dimly perceived the glories of the wonderful morning as he quickened his steps across the back yard he gave no sign or paused to drink them in. His business lay in the woodshed.

"Humph!" said Father Smith to himself in the mirror. "Now what?"

Almost any parent would naturally thrill with satisfaction over the announcement that his son, of his own volition, intended to study his Sunday-school lesson and seriously meditate thereon. But in the case of Father Smith precisely that was the fly in the amber.

Viewed in the light of past performance, the mere declaration was in itself ground for suspicion; and, although he frankly admitted that he ought to be ashamed of himself for his doubts, Father Smith resumed shaving with the uncomfortable feeling that all was not well.

"By ginger!" he exploded at last. "It may be straight goods, Orph, my son, but father is going to have a look-in."

Completing operations with reckless haste, Father Smith made stealthy descent on the woodshed, to view with his own eyes the miracle of his son and heir in voluntary pursuit of the Golden Text.

Orph was seated on the chopping-block, strictly observing the convention

that the light should fall over the reader's left shoulder, but the light fell not on the Golden Text. Not so. At the precise moment when Father Smith's left eye glued itself to a knothole in the woodshed wall Orph was many geographical miles removed from the shores of Galilee. He was, as a matter of record, roaming our Western plains in company with Silver Bullet Steve, King of the Prairie.

"Ah!" exclaimed Father Smith, suddenly. Then he uttered several words wildly.

Orph scarcely breathed, for a malignant redskin was crawling through the long grass towards the heroic figure of Silver Bullet Steve, who battled on all unaware of his peril, and with no one to give him friendly warning. The assassin crept nearer and nearer, lifted his gleaming knife, crouched for the lethal spring, and—

The sentence spilt at the very bottom of page 18. Trembling with fearsome anticipation, the boy fluttered the leaf. Alas! the battle is still on, the knife still poised, and Silver Bullet Steve is still in direst peril so far as Orpheus is concerned; for at the very moment of fluttering the leaf his father's left hand clutched the vivid chronicle, his right hand closed on the shell of his son's left ear, and Orph was personally conducted back to the shores of Galilee.

The fortunes of war ought not to ruffle anybody, yet Orph was undeniably sore; he was sore in his pride and other places. He carried a little heart as black as the ace of spades to Sunday school, where he denied, and rightly so a speaking acquaintance with the Golden Text.

"I don't know nothin' about the Golden Text," and I don't want to, and I ain't goin' to," he rudely affirmed when questioned by pretty Miss Harding.

"Oh, Orpheus!" Miss Harding bit her lip and her blue eyes filled. "I'm so sorry. Are you sure?"

Orpheus kicked at the bench in front

him and made no reply. After a painful silence Miss Harding passed on to Jig" Skerrett, and Orph was left to nurse his gloomy grouch undisturbed.

The boy's errant thoughts flew through the open window out into the golden sunshine, where bumblebees blundered at their tasks, grasshoppers clacked lazily about, and the sun-baked pines gave out the pleasantest odor imaginable, away and beyond all this Sunday peace and quiet to a scene of frightful carnage in the Bad Lands.

"Gee!" he half whispered; "I wonder how Silver Bullet Steve got away. Durn aw, anyway!"

That afternoon Father Smith issued an ultimatum which increased Orph's animosity by one thousand.

"Orph," he said, sternly, "in view of our deliberately studied attempt to deprive me, I have decided that you are not to leave the yard for one week. And, mind you, no other boys are to come in here, either. You think this over alone."

Orph turned pale. "Say," he gasped, "you don't mean *this* week, do you?"

Father Smith looked down at his son, uttering an exclamation of wrath at the look of agony on the boy's face, and replied in the affirmative.

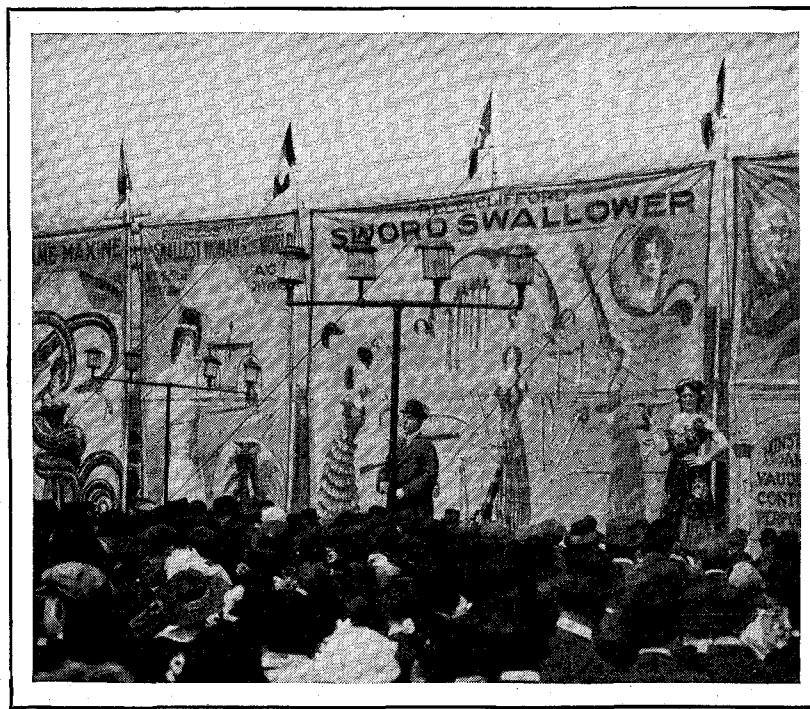
"Certainly," he said. "What other week would I mean?"

"Why—why—it's circus week!"

So it was. The World's Greatest Show was coming to Limerick with the greatest collection of untamed jungle beasts, the greatest herd of elephants, the greatest aggregation of clowns in existence—forty marvelously merry countebanks; count them, forty—and it was coming on Friday!

Father Smith looked serious. But he was as a man of convictions; the "dime novel" was one of them; another was a foolish pride in the fact that when he did a thing the thing stood for all time. Presently Father Smith shook his head and it was "thumbs down" for Orph.

"I do not see any reason for changing my mind, Orph," said Father Smith in



(C) Paul Thompson

#### THE SIDE SHOW BARKER

his self-righteous manner. "You will have to stay in the yard for one week, as I said."

It took less than one second for the dire truth to dawn upon Orph, and when it did an anguished moan escaped him. His nether lip trembled. Then suddenly his face blanched, and a terrible white-hot anger flamed within him. He turned blazing eyes upon his father.

"I hate you!" he cried fiercely, and fled from the house to throw himself face downward under the lilac bushes.

"Orph, come back—" Father Smith began and stopped, stricken dumb by the awful thing his son had said to him. It stunned him; frightened him for a moment with the dread that it might really be true. He was impelled to rush out and gather into his arms the sobbing form under the lilac bushes and ask him to unsay it; but the impulse faded on the moment. Father Smith

shrugged his shoulders and hardened his lips. "The rascal!" he muttered. "Now I'm certain he can't go."

Nor could Orph obtain commutation of sentence for good behavior, a boon granted the most hardened villains in State's prison—murderers even. His mother's pleading in his behalf availed him nothing. Father Smith shook his head and remained adamant.

"It'll be a lesson to him, Annie," said Father Smith.

On Thursday morning, tragically lonely, Orph sat on the chopping-block and ate his heart out. Sullenly threshing over the whole affair from a boy's view-point, he simply could not make the punishment fit the crime; it was beyond belief that just reading a dime novel was worth one whole week of a boy's life and a licking besides. Peg Packem's father had just licked Peg; Fat Wilkins's father had taken Fat's novel and read it through himself—he sat up till midnight—and then, after burning it up in the kitchen stove, he told Fat he'd whale the life out of him if he was ever caught with one of the things again.

That was the kind of parent to have. But his own! Black hatred filled Orph's soul, and he vowed that henceforth they were no parents of his. How could a boy love parents who invented ways to torture their only offspring?

"Curses on them!" muttered Orph, mouthing a phrase gleaned from other sources than his Sunday-school leaflet. "I'm goin' to that show to-morrow, anyway. I'll run off."

He lifted his small obstinate face with determination written all over it. He half rose from the block, only to slump back in despair. The tyrants still held him under heel—he had no money. Only last week his thrifty mother had looted his toy bank to buy him Sunday shoes;



(C) Bain

#### A CIRCUS QUEEN

a loathly game of high finance which Orph detested as a system of highway robbery and burglary combined.

That Thursday was the longest day in all time. Orph felt himself age perceptibly under the mental strain of futile scheming; and then out of a blank gray intellectual fog suddenly popped an idea, a working plan of salvation.

"It's a cinch!" he shouted. "You wait."

He rose from the chopping-block with the light of a great hope shining in his eyes, and went into the house, where he ate a dinner passing the bounds of belief. The rest of the afternoon was spent in garnering grimy lumps of chewing-gum from the under edges of tables and chairs. These lumps were reduced to a homogeneous mass by a process of prolonged mastication, and when artfully disposed between the cheek and the gums this mass faithfully simulated that morbid tumefaction commonly known as a "gumboil." It was fully warranted to reduce a heart of stone to instant sympathy.

Orph viewed his artifice in the mirror and rested content, for he saw that it was good.

"There!" he gloated. "I reckon if one of them fakes got 'Jig' Skerrett out of school three days runnin', it ought to get me out of this yard long enough to see the tents, anyhow."

Upon his return home that Thursday evening, Father Smith found Orph perched in the angle of the front and side fences. The lad's face rested in the palm of his right hand and wore an anguished expression, as of suffering repressed with effort. There was a miserable droop to the whole body.

"Hello, Orph!" said Father Smith, cheerily. "What's the matter, old fellow? Sick?"

The tone touched something deep down in Orph's little chest and started the moisture to his eyes, but he resolutely stifled the emotion. He would play the game out.

"Jawache," he sniveled.

"Pshaw! that's too bad," said Father Smith, in his hearty way. "Guess it won't amount to much. Come on in to supper."

"Don't want no supper," mumbled Orph. "It's jumpin'."

"Well, come on in out of the air, son," urged his father. "After supper ma will fix you up finer'n a cotton hat."

Orph slid down and carefully carried his jaw indoors and allowed himself to be persuaded to eat some supper. But after having consumed as much food as would, he thought, carry him through the night, the jaw began to ache like sixty again. He retired limply to the lounge in the sitting-room.

"It's too bad, Orph," said Mother Smith, softly. "I'll fix it up soon."

And so, when the dishes were done and a batch of bread set to rise, Mother Smith brought in a basin of nice warm water and washed his dusty feet, taking particular pains not to hurt the wicked stone bruise on the left one or the nasty stubbed toe on the right one.

Then she bound a piping-hot hop-bag over the alleged jumping jaw, gave him a sweet mother's kiss and packed him off to bed trembling on the verge of tears and confession.

"Dawgone it!" whimpered Orph when he was at last safe between the sheets, "I wish I *did* have a jawache! But I got to see that show, and that settles it!"

To the naked eye Orph was a miserably dejected being next morning. His jaw appeared to be horribly swollen, and so sensitive withal that he refused to allow his parents within forty rows of apple trees of it. Not much! He cupped the swelling in a tender palm and looked pained to death; on feeling either parental gaze fixed upon him he writhed and groaned dismally.

"Jeeminy crickets!" he wailed in anguish. "Christmas! I can't stand this toothache much longer!"

Mother Smith went over and stood beside him. "It's got to be pulled," she announced, firmly; "you might as well let me do it now and have it over with."

"I won't!" howled Orph, dodging to the other side of the room, his spine creeping and the roots of his hair crawling, while chill fear clutched at his heart with the imminence of discovery. "The string broke three times the last one you pulled. This one's in back, and you ain't strong enough."

Mother Smith glanced meaningfully at her husband, who shook his head and slowly inserted his hand into his "change" pocket.

"Not for mine!" he decided. "Guess this job's up to a dentist. How much is it?"

Orph took a natural breath.

"A quarter," suggested Mother Smith.

"It's a half," amended Orph, eagerly. "It costs more when you kill the pain first."

"You can stand the pain all right, brave little man," urged his frugal mother. "It will soon be over."

"Soon nothin'!" retorted Orph indignantly. "Say, paw," he demanded, turning upon his father, "would you have your'n pulled without killin' the pain first?"

There followed an impressive silence which cost Father Smith a quarter; he winced involuntarily, and his crafty son read him as an open book.

"Bet your life you wouldn't!" he asserted glibly. "And if a strong grown-up man like paw wouldn't, what do you think a kid like me is made of? Gee whiz!"

Father Smith silently retrieved a half-dollar and passed it over. Orph grabbed his cap and went through the door like a streak.

"Good-by!" he cast over his shoulder.

For the life of him he could not quite eliminate the triumphant ring from his voice. It haunted Father Smith, who sat down to his breakfast with the vague unpleasant sensation that he had been somehow "stung," as Orph would have neatly expressed it.

Orph set his gladsome feet outside the

front gate and breathed the wine-like air with all the intoxication of a life prisoner suddenly paroled. Unmindful of stone-bruise or stubbed toe, he flew straight as a homing pigeon down to the old "Backus lot," where a vast sea of whity-brown canvas billowed and thousands of pennons and flags of all nations fluttered and snapped in the brisk breeze.

CARAVANS and band-wagons gorgeously gleaming with gold and silver, royal animal dens uncountable, horses, spotted ponies, chariots, a camel and two dromedaries just lurching within the menagerie tent—this thrilling picture greeted his enraptured eye; the quick tattoo of iron sledges on tent-pins, the hoarse shouts of sweating men, the whinnying of horses, and, yes! the weird trumpeting of a huge elephant made music, in his ears.

The World's Greatest was "in."

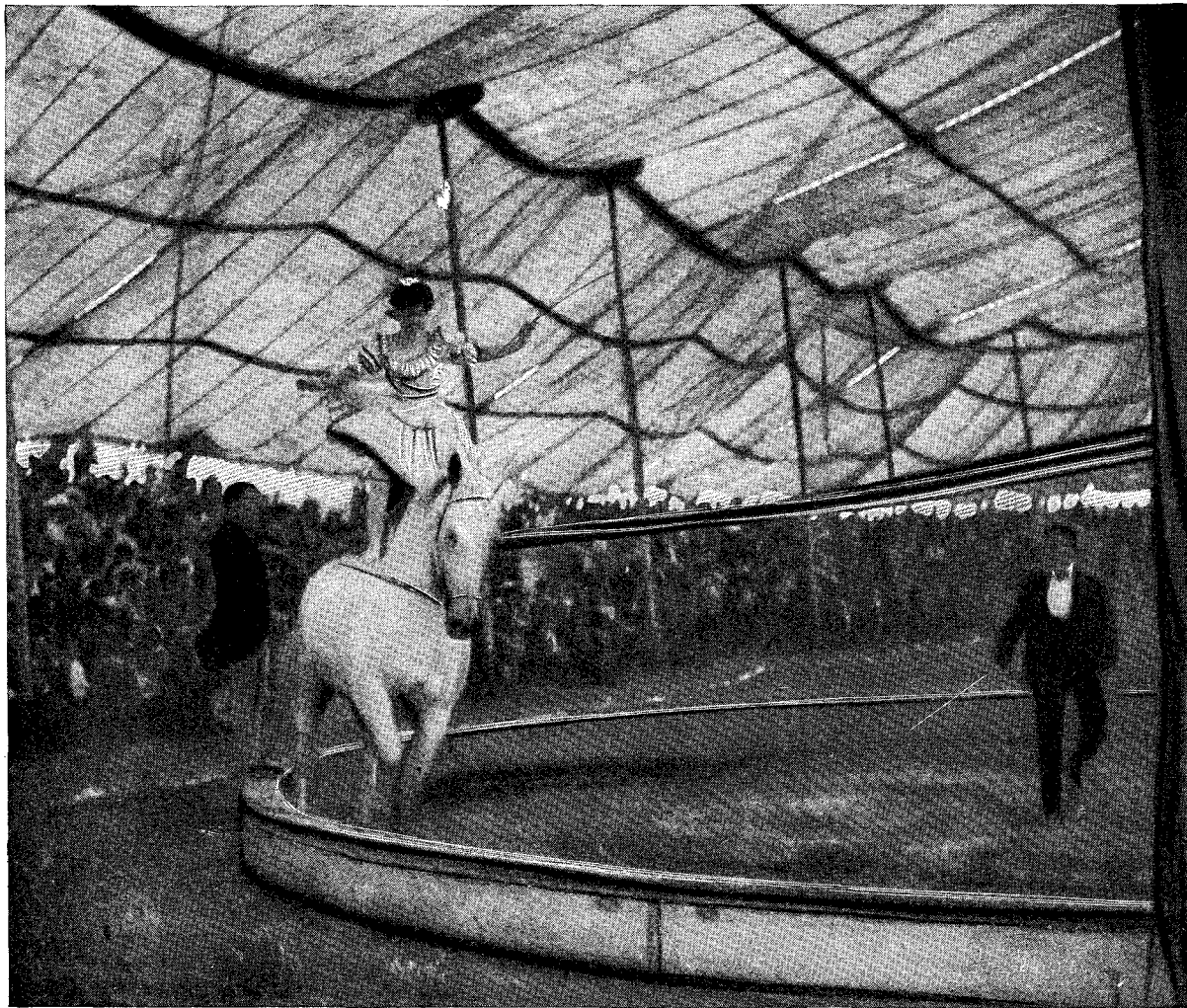
Even as he drew up close a strange hot, musty, feline odor, the odor of caged wild animals and sawdust mingled, puffed out from under the canvas walls and assailed his delighted nostrils.

"Lions! and tigers! and—and—arwolves!" breathed Orph, snuffing deep and full. "Jeeminy whiskers! don't they smell good!"

Vanished instantly all thoughts of fictitious jawache and outrageous parol. Up to that instant the utmost limits of his daring had included only a wild dash to the "lot" for a glimpse of the World's Greatest, and then a return, much less blithely, to sacrifice a perfectly sound molar on the altar of his heart's desire. But that whiff of cage carnivora settled it. Orph shucked off his moral integument as easily as you slip the skin of a ripe Concord grape and the thing was accomplished. Joyously whistling a spirited air, he plunged into the delightful vagabondage of circus day. Orph had actually run off.

Some special circus deity watched over Orph that day and kept him and his father traveling on parallel lines; for of a certainty they did not meet, despite the fact that Father Smith spent his nooning, and then some, on the "Backus lot" in lively anticipation of starting a circus of his own, in which Orph was cast for the ground and lofty tumbling. But he went home empty-handed, with itching palm and twitching fingers, his fiercely gleaming eye striking terror in the heart of more than one innocent youth not even remotely resembling the scion of the house of Smith.

Orph filched a golden day crammed with adventures surpassing the adventures of the "Arabian Nights." There was not a pinchbeck flaw anywhere, and the youngster enjoyed to the full each swiftly winging enchanted moment under the big canvas top. He stayed for the concert, and was one of the very last group to leave the charmed arena. But the first blast of cool outside air struck a chill to his heart; he turned pale with apprehension, a sickening sense of guilt and foreboding. The glamour of the big show vanished, and



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## UNDER THE BIG TOP

he did not need an astrologer to warn him that "a dark man with a cane" was camping on his trail. Nothing like that. He was suddenly a desperately forlorn little boy with a lump in his throat and a weight at his heart, tired to death, starved, and scared blue.

Skirting the merry crowd, he started home at a brisk walk, which unconsciously was quickened to a dog-trot, and then to headlong panicky flight. Something drove him at high speed, as if to overtake and distance the dread fate impending, until his winged feet carried him within sight of his own home, and there the impulse faded out altogether and left him with leaden limbs.

"Good-night!" ejaculated Orph in a frightened gasp. "There's paw hangin' around the gate."

He slouched along slowly, his mind groping for some slender reed to lean on; but the more he reviewed the case, the more certain he was of its utter helplessness. The most damning bit of evidence, as he viewed it, a point which robbed him of the plea of inadvertence and spontaneity, lay in the fact that while the swelling had disappeared from his cheek, his teeth still numbered precisely the same as when he had left home in the morning. This undeniable fact worried Orph. There was no sav-

ing hiatus in the ivory rows; no gaping wound to satisfy the doubting Thomases at home. If even now he could but manage to get rid of a molar, he would chance the rest. But how? Five cents alone remained of the half-dollar, and what self-respecting dentist would separate a molar from its moorings for five cents?

"Nothing doing," groaned Orph. "It's me for a whaling and life imprisonment. Oh, you Silver Bullet Steve!"

With a wan smile the lad edged along, his feet carrying him insensibly to a street where a dentist had "parlors." Orph started with unfeigned surprise on finding himself in a dingy hallway flanked on one side by a display case of photographs of babies, high-school graduates with diplomas, and June brides with veils, wilted bouquets, and wooden-looking husbands; on the other side by an enormous glass bin three-quarters full of gleaming white teeth; there were old molars, young and middle-aged molars, bicuspid, incisors, and tricuspid—each and every one sporting a black cavity which had harbored a one-time jumping toothache. There must have been half a bushel of them.

"Jeeminy!" gasped Orph. "Ain't that the limit!"

His fascinated gaze rested on the

gruesome relics with actual envy. If only one of his own molars were out and neatly wrapped in a fold of newspaper, he could go home cheerfully and take his medicine like a man. A door slammed at the head of the stairs, and he looked up to see a boy of his own age descending. He was a stranger, pale and somewhat bloody of countenance; and he carried a bit of folded newspaper in his hand.

"Tooth out?" inquired Orph, amiably.

"Yep," replied the boy, with exceedingly moist articulation. "Two."

"Gee!" cried Orph, admiringly. "Let's see 'em."

The paper was unfolded with boyish flourish, and Orph gazed at the sanguinary roots in awed silence.

"Take anything?" he asked at last. "Hurt much?"

"Naw!" lied the stranger, vaingloriously. "I can stand anything."

Orph let this pass unchallenged, for as he gazed a great idea took shape, nebulous at first but quickly crystallizing into a plan of salvation.

"Say," he cried eagerly, "gimme one, will you?"

"Not much, I won't," retorted the other indignantly. "What do you take me for?"

"Aw, go ahead!" wheedled Orph;

"don't be stingy. You got two, ain't you?"

"Who ever heard of you?" was the scornful rejoinder.

Orph considered a moment. "I'll give you a nickel for one," he offered, briskly.

"Real money?" sneered the stranger. "Chase yourself."

It looked decidedly like a deadlock; but Orph did not propose to let a little thing like that worry him. He needed a tooth in his business, needed a newly harvested tooth, and here were two of them before his very eyes. He was desperate, and time was flitting; his eyes hardened and his muscles tightened.

"Do I get one?" he demanded, tensely.

"Gwan, you make me sicker'n a horse," jeered the stranger. "You're bughouse. Beat it."

ORPH took a rapid survey of the quiet street and found the coast clear. When he looked back, the stranger had folded the paper and was returning it to his pocket with an air of finality. Orph doubled his fists and stepped in front of him, completely blocking the exit.

"Come on," he flamed. "You won't sell me one, and you won't gimme one, so we'll fight."

The blood-stained youth shrank back in alarm, but his hands flew to position of defense with the readiness of an old campaigner.

"Say, you!" he bellowed, warningly.

"Gimme one, or sell, or fight," was Orph's cold-blooded ultimatum. There was a murderous gleam in his eye.

There were no preliminary fancy frills; neither the usual coin-tossing for corners nor the accustomed farce of shaking hands. This was not a fistic contest, but plain, unadorned highway robbery, in which the element of surprise counts for much. So Orph handed the stranger a stinging paste on the ear and another in the wind. Yowling with rage and pain, he came back at Orph like a lambent flame, and the engagement became general.

"Ouch!" yapped the stranger.

"Ugh!" grunted Orph.

They slugged and clinched, feinted and ducked, side-stepped and rushed, to the Queen's taste. Then most unexpectedly Orph was presented with a corkscrew in the solar plexus which almost put him out of the gate receipts; but his adversary was leaning against the tooth-bin stanching the crimson flow from his nose, quite unable to follow up his advantage.

"Gimme one?" bawled Orph, as soon as he could manage one deep inspiration. "Gimme one?"

"Naw!" shrieked the strange knight, tears of rage in his voice.

He braced to meet Orph's bull-like rush and accommodated a short-arm

jolt on the floating ribs, neatly countering with a wicked uppercut that drove Orph's teeth into his tongue and drew blood. Then a smashing wallop full on the stranger's left optic made him see the error of his ways. He threw up the sponge.

"Here," he sobbed, groggily, "take the durned old teeth."

He tossed the packet to Orph, who selected the largest and bloodiest tooth, carefully entombed it in half the paper, and returned the other one to its rightful owner. Next he explored his pockets and fished out a nickel.

"Here's your money," he puffed. "And say, kid, you're some little old scrapper. You're all right."

Clutching his ill-gotten booty, he scooted up the street as fast as he could leg it. Around the first corner he halted to get his breath and arrange his disordered clothing. A seraphic grin grew and spread across his freckled phiz.

"Oh, I don't know!" he chuckled. "I guess yes."

Rehabilitated, inflated with the pride of conquest, and with the hot blood of recent conflict still surging within him, the young outlaw advanced to his own gate and lifted the latch. Under the crab-apple tree by the side door he met Father Smith.

"Hello, paw!" he called, cheerily. "Want to see the tooth?"

## SOLVING THE BOY PROBLEM

BY ROBERT H. MOULTON

A FEW years ago, in Chicago, a man was led to the gallows to be hanged. As he took his place on the trap the officials and reporters saw a young fellow in the twenties—a boy with some promise in the shape of his head, but brutality in his face. Before the black cap was slipped on he was asked whether he had anything to say. And the burden of his statement was that he had never had a chance; he had been beaten, starved, kicked, and neglected from the day he was born, and had been taught to lie as soon as he could talk.

He had never "had a chance"! And a few seconds later Society had snuffed out the life of the boy, its double victim—victim of Society's neglect and victim of Society's inadequacy to deal with the result of that neglect.

Now another story: A few weeks ago, in that same city of Chicago, a boy received his diploma from a high-standard technical school. He had not only earned his way through, but had contributed to the support of some of his relatives while doing it. He now has a good position with a progressive firm, and is making good. He is adding to the wealth of society.

A few years ago that boy was a dependent—had no wholesome home life; no one to feed, to clothe and shelter him; no one to train and educate him.

And it is the starved, ill-clothed, poorly sheltered boy that grows up to be a criminal. That is the way he was headed.

But right here is where the story of the Glenwood, Illinois, Manual Training School comes in. This boy went to Glenwood. And, instead of becoming a criminal, he had his chance. Glenwood stepped in when the boy became dependent and before he had a chance to become a delinquent. Instead of becoming a social and economic menace, the boy became an asset. And Glenwood did it. It has done the same, in degree, for more than seven thousand needy and dependent boys in the twenty-three years of its existence. For these boys, taken from the streets and tenements of Chicago, it has provided school, vocational, industrial, and home training.

Glenwood was founded May 15, 1887. The total endowment of the school on that day was a desire to save the boy. For two years it struggled along under the most distressing conditions. Then things brightened. Milton George, a farmer who lived twenty-three miles from Chicago, and his wife, had toiled for years acquiring a three-hundred-acre farm of some of the finest land in Illinois. But they were getting along in years, they had no children, and they began to think seriously about what would become of the farm when they

were gone. By chance they heard one day of the Glenwood school, and then the problem was solved: their farm would become the property of the school, and they themselves would find happiness during the remaining years of their lives in watching its progress.

And so the farm of Milton George and his wife was deeded to the Glenwood Manual Training School. To-day Glenwood is a magnificent plant embracing about thirty buildings and a total of 475 acres, the whole equipped and cared for in a manner that would do credit to the average small college to be found anywhere in the country. There are twelve cottages, each accommodating about thirty-two boys; an administration building with offices, dormitory accommodations for employees, and club-room for boys; a commodious and modern service building containing a complete equipment of dining-rooms, kitchen, bakery, storerooms, with a drill hall and gymnasium in addition; a home for the superintendent and his family and a cottage for the farm supervisor; a school building with accommodations for five hundred boys; a manual training building, a chapel, a laundry, a power plant, a greenhouse, a creamery, and various farm buildings. These buildings and their equipment, with the farm, represent a value of more than half a million dollars. The entire enterprise is under