

just slipped off down the street with his folks thinking him safe in bed all the time. Next day I spoke to him about it.

"Don't I get enough scoldings, Aunt Carrie"—he always called me that—"without you starting to scold," he said.

"That shut me right up. You see, Judge, when there is only one person in the world, that takes the bother to come and talk to you, you get to be mighty careful about doing things that might keep them away. I knew George must be getting into bad company. I suppose I'd ought to have told about it. Maybe if I had, this wouldn't have happened. I can't help feeling it is all my fault.

"But, Judge, George is a good boy at heart—he really is. A bad boy wouldn't come every day and sit for an hour with a dull old woman. No matter how busy he has been, he never forgets. He's been doing it every day all this winter. The last few days he didn't come. I was afraid he was sick. I called out the window to one of his sisters day before yesterday and asked about him, but she didn't answer me. Not till this very morning did I know, and, oh, Judge, don't send him to prison, please don't. He's an active, live boy, with lots of blood in his veins. He's an outdoor boy. It will kill him to be shut up—oh—oh—oh."

She burst into a fit of sobbing. The excitement, the effort had been too much for her puny strength. She fell forward, half-fainting, in her chair. Court attendants sprang forward to catch her, and at a nod from the bench carried her tenderly into the judge's private chambers.

"The court stands adjourned until this afternoon at two," said Judge Sullivan, in husky tones, "at which time I will pronounce sentence on the prisoner."

"Mr. Westerly," he added, turning to the boy's father, "will you please be here at that time and see that your wife and daughters accompany you."

When court reconvened that afternoon, the little old woman had so far recovered her strength as to be able to sit up in her chair. Once more she had been wheeled up close beside the prisoner's box. As the judge had directed, Mr. Westerly came into court, bringing with him his wife and daughters. The three women sat stiffly erect, their faces hidden behind heavy veils as if to shut from their sight the disgrace the son and brother had brought upon them. Mr. Westerly shifted uneasily in his seat, feeling somehow that the old woman's story had given the impression that he had been a negligent parent.

Judge Sullivan took his seat and the prisoner was brought in. The little old woman jerked her chair a bit nearer the prisoner's box and reached out her thin hand to grasp George Westerly's. The boy clutched it and held it tight. He was no longer defiant, sullen young criminal. He had red, moist eyes, as if he had been crying. He was now just a sorry boy, ashamed, afraid; but most of all sorry, sorry, sorry.

"Thomas Westerly," said the judge, addressing himself to the prisoner's father, "your son is before this court convicted of participation in a burglary in which a murderous assault was made upon an officer of the law. I charge you, his father, with the real guilt. Where you should have sought his confidence, you inspired only his fear. When you should have found him fit amusement you punished him with whippings. In your zeal to succeed in business you neglected his welfare. You took upon yourself the duty of reforming the city, neglecting the greater, the higher, the vastly more important duty of training your son to be a good man. Yours is the guilt in far greater measure than your son's. I am sorry only that the law does not permit me to punish the real criminal according to his deserts.

"And you, Mrs. Westerley; you, the mother, you have set the orderliness of your house above the comfort and happiness of your son. You have thought your clubs, your committees, your musicales of more importance than the soul of the child you brought into this world. You stand convicted of having failed most sadly to provide him with proper love, proper care, proper amusement, where he had the just right to expect it. Yours, too, is the guilt of this crime.

"And you, the sisters of this boy, selfish in the pursuit of your own pleasures, absorbed in your social duties, you have neglected the golden opportunity of bestowing on this prisoner here one of the greatest gifts a boy can have—true sisterly affection—and now it is too late, so yours, too, is the guilt."

As the judge was speaking all eyes in the courtroom were watching a curious tableau. The boy, sitting erect in his place, still clutching the old woman's friendly hand, was staring at his parents and sisters, not reproachfully, not even wonderingly, but as if he were sorry for them instead of for himself. The little old woman's face shone with a peaceful smile. The father, forgetful of the shame put upon him by the judge, had his arms around his wife, now weeping as if her heart would break, sobbing pitifully, "God forgive me; my boy, my boy." The forms of both the sisters, too, were shaken with sobbing.

Turning to the prisoner, the judge continued:

"And you, my boy; you, too, are guilty. You are old enough to know right from wrong. You should have permitted reason and not inclination to guide your steps. You should have realised that your father's seeming neglect of you was caused by his desire to leave to you, his son, not only a competence, but an honored name among men. You should have considered your mother's wishes rather than your own and, using the reason God has given you, you should have sought to establish friendlier relations with all your family, instead of sneaking away from them like a thief in the night, as indeed you became.

"You should have realised the inexorable rule that wrong added to wrong, only makes greater wrong. Even though the members of your family may not have been without fault in their treatment of you, neither in the eyes of the law nor of society, is this an excuse for your crime. You have done wrong. You deserve to be sentenced to prison for your crime. Yet, because I believe there is more good than evil in you, and because of the eloquent plea this poor invalid has made in your behalf, because you every day have gone to spend an hour with her, I am going to suspend sentence—"

A burst of hand-clapping that interrupted him was quickly suppressed.

"—and," the judge concluded, "discharge you in the custody of the woman next door."

## THE BOY TRAINED TO MIND

At a quarter of eleven the night express north, made up entirely of sleeping cars and known up and down the valley as 'Number One,' pulled into Sherwood twenty minutes late. Instantly the inspectors were gliding swiftly from car to car, tapping wheels that gave out a clear 'all right' to the frosty air. Against the sides of the cars and along the roadbed the flickering torches threw huge and monstrous shadows. On the platform, Daly, the conductor, stood with his watch in his hand, frowning impatiently at the baggage men, who were heaving up a truck load of mail bags and trunks. Hardly had the last bag cleared the sill of the car when he raised his hand. The deep-chested panting of the engine changed to a slow, titanic cough, the drivers spun round in a shower of sparks, Daly stepped aboard, and Number One was off.

The last sleeping car had hardly ground its way past the station, and the 'monkey-lights' in the rear were still twinkling in the mist and shadows of the night, when, as stealthily as a serpent, a great black shape stole out from the siding opposite, and turned its head to the main track.

The shape was the larger part—twenty cars—of a train-load of pulp-wood that had been waiting for a clear track after the passage of the night express. It stood upon a down grade, and under the jarring of Number One a weak draw-bar or coupling-pin had given way.

So slowly and so softly moved the shape that Mitchell, the night operator, heard nothing till more than half its bulk had passed from the siding to the main track. Then the rumble was loud enough to reach