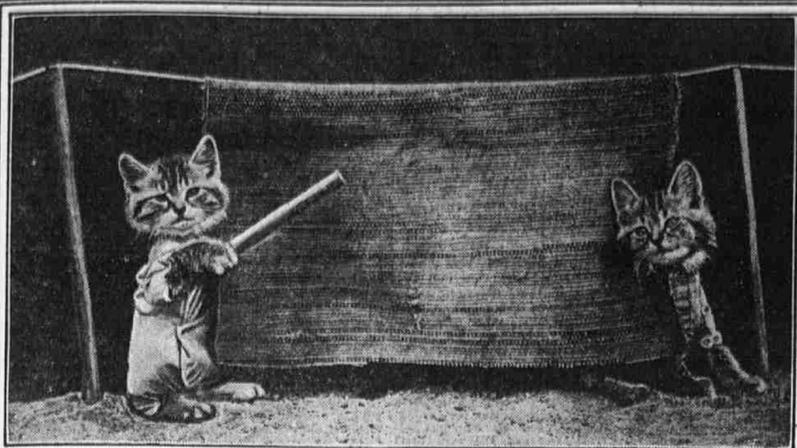


CHILDREN'S CORNER



Who Said World's Series?

BEFORE THE SANDMAN COMES

JIMMY! Jimmy South-breeze, come here a minute!" Mrs. South-breeze called softly through the trees till Jimmy heard her and came blowing up to see what she wanted.

"I find I have to go on a little southern journey," she said.

"Something about our winter home, mother?" asked Jimmy.

"Exactly that," replied Mrs. South-breeze, "but I'm not ready to take you with me yet—this is just a little exploring trip. I'll not be gone more than two or three days. You make yourself busy and happy here in the garden till I return."

"All right, Mother," answered Jimmy, "and I'll watch for you every evening."

And Mrs. South-breeze blew away toward the Southland.

"Now I wonder what I'm going to do first," said Jimmy to himself; "it feels very queer to be alone in the garden."

"You're not alone," whispered a quiet little voice, "I'll stay and keep you company if you like."

"Indeed I do like!" replied Jimmy, warmly, "but if you please, who are you?"

A gay little laugh was his only answer.

"Susy West-breeze!" exclaimed Jimmy, half-provoked.

"What do you want to do first?"

"Please, before you start playing, won't you help me scatter my seeds? Your mother promised her help, but

garden in a regular hurricane!" Susy laughed softly.

"Yes, indeed, this is your very same cousin. You never can tell about us West-breezes! Sometimes we rage and sometimes we smile! But I feel in a very nice humor just now. Don't you want to play?" And Susy smiled and sang—so enticingly that of course Jimmy wanted to play with her—who wouldn't?



"Susy West-breeze!" exclaimed Jimmy, half-provoked.

"All right," he said, "mother has gone away and I have two whole days to do just as I please with."

"What do you want to do first?"

"Please, before you start playing, won't you help me scatter my seeds? Your mother promised her help, but

I guess she forgot!" Now who could that be?

Jimmy and Susy looked all around the garden. It was the big old sunflower back by the alley fence!

"Indeed we will help you," replied the breezes, "but how can we get the seeds?"

"Just shake me real hard and they'll fall right out into your arms," said the sunflower.

Jimmy and Susy laughed, and then shook that old sunflower till the brown seeds rattled out!

All over the garden, the alley and the lawn they scattered those seeds so thoroughly that next summer the garden looked like a sunflower patch.

So interested were Susy and Jimmy in their seed scattering that they forgot about playing and worked all the time till Mrs. South-breeze came back and told them they were two extra fine children!

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BLACKBIRDS AT ARDMORE
Public School Made Resting Place by Hundreds of Them.

Ardmore has been suffering from a plague of blackbirds. Hundreds of the birds have settled, for a time, in the vicinity of School lane and Ardmore avenue, where a large public school was located. They caused considerable damage, and residents finally appealed to the police for the right to shoot them.

Captain of Police Donaghy said that would be against the game laws. So he sent Charles Hall, janitor of the Station house, to the place. Hall and John Struthers, janitor of the school, climbed to the school house roof and tried to frighten the birds off by firing blanks from shotguns. Soon a flood of telephone messages were coming to Captain Donaghy from residents of the neighborhood, complaining that two colored men were shooting blackbirds.

The World's Most Remarkable Prison!
THE OLD BRITISH
Convict Ship "Success"

The Oldest Ship Afloat (Launched 1790 A. D.) and Only Remaining Convict Ship in the World

Now in Philadelphia, at Market St. Wharf

On a Final Tour of the World, on Her Way to San Francisco, Where She Will Be a Feature of the Great Panama Exposition

"THE OCEAN HELL"



This Wonderful Vessel
Has Made History

through three centuries. She marked the beginning and the end of England's monstrous penal system.

She has held lurid horror and dreadful iniquities beside which even the terrible stories of the Black Hole of Calcutta and the Spanish Inquisition pale into insignificance.

She is the oldest ship in the world and the only Convict Ship left afloat out of that dreadful fleet of ocean hells which sailed the seven seas in 1790 A. D.

She is unchanged after all these years, nothing being omitted but her human freight and their sufferings from the cruelties and barbarities practiced upon them.

Aboard her are now shown in their original state, all the airless dungeons and condemned cells, the whipping posts, the manacles, the branding irons, the punishment halls, the leaden-tipped cat-o-nine tails, the coffin bath and the other fiendish inventions of man's brutality to his fellow-man.

From keel to topmast she cries aloud the greatest lesson the world has ever known in the history of human progress.



This Wonderful Vessel Has Been Visited by Over 15,000,000 (Fifteen Million) PEOPLE Including most of the crowned heads of Europe, and has received the patronage of many leading State and city officials since her arrival in America. The world's greatest men have written volumes about her.

What the Press of Two Continents Says of the Convict Ship "Success"

No other exhibition ever received the publicity accorded by the world's press to the "Success." Leaders of public opinion everywhere realize that in her lies a great and striking object lesson of the softening and civilizing influences that are now animating human progress. A few extracts from many thousands—

Governor Foss, of Mass., Wrote:
THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Executive Department.

BOSTON, October 28, 1912.

CAPT. D. H. SMITH,
Convict Ship "Success":

My Dear Sir: Your ship and her equipment of old instruments of punishment bring to mind as nothing else could the social conditions which we have outgrown during the past 100 years. I am very glad that the people of Massachusetts have had this opportunity to see the strides that have already been made towards better methods of treatment, for I think your exhibition will act as an added incentive towards the further improvement of our institutional methods. I think you are doing a great public service by the exhibition of these horrible and obsolete prison methods.

Very truly yours,
EUGENE N. FOSS, Governor.

Governor Pothier, of R. I., Wrote:
STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS,
Executive Department.

PROVIDENCE, November 20, 1912.

CAPT. D. H. SMITH,
British Prison Ship "Success,"
Providence, R. I.:

My Dear Sir: After my interesting visit to your ship today I am prompted to say: Public opinion in our day would not tolerate such inhuman treatment of unfortunates, and such cruelty as was practiced in the days of the convict ship "Success." It has become the great power of the world and ITS VOICE MAKES THRONES TREMBLE AND GOVERNMENTS ATTENTIVE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your invitation to inspect this historical vessel.

Yours very truly,
A. J. POTHER, Governor.

Governor Mann, of Virginia, Wrote:
COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., January 22, 1914.

CAPT. D. H. SMITH,
British Prison Ship "Success":

My Dear Sir: I write to express the pleasure I enjoyed and benefit received from a visit to the "Success." It carried me back not only to a different time, but to entirely different sentiments in reference to those who are always talking about the good old times. In truth, the world is not only progressing, but is getting better, and many good people have waked up to the conclusion that one crime does not make a criminal or bar him from becoming a good citizen and useful man.

I trust that the "Success" may be visited by many people and the contrast between the old and new methods of treating those who have violated the law result in good of society. I, and those of my party, highly appreciate the courtesies shown us while on your ship.

Very truly yours,
WM. HODGES MANN, Governor of Virginia.

THE CONVICT SHIP WILL NEVER AGAIN BE SEEN IN PHILADELPHIA
Your opportunity to visit is NOW. If you do not seize it yours will be the regret at not having seen the greatest and most extraordinary exhibition that ever visited your city. When you walk her decks, grooved with the chains of her miserable victims, the past will speak to you its sad and mournful lesson, but you will leave feeling better, because you live in a better age. Wealthy Americans spend millions annually visiting in Europe old castles and their prison dungeons. Today a five-cent carfare brings you alongside the oldest and most notorious floating prison the world has ever known. Do not miss this profound illustration of the most vital factors in the betterment of the age. During the short period of the ship's stay in Philadelphia the price of admission will be

Admission
25 cts.

Open to the Public From 9 a. m. to 10 p. m., Market St. Wharf (between Market and Chestnut Sts.)

NOTE—The Convict Ship can be boarded direct by gangway from the wharf. She is lighted throughout by electricity and can be visited by night as well as by day.

AMERICA

On May 5, 1912, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the distinguished editor of the New York Journal, in a full-page editorial, throughout the States, devoted his brilliant pen to a picture of the Convict Ship "Success" as a vivid and striking lesson in the progress of humanity and civilization. Describing the Convict Ship as a sad but valuable lesson to the people of America, he wrote—

"When you study these scenes of cruelty and atrocious torture, when you realize they have disappeared forever from the earth, except in isolated savage corners of the world, where men revert to animalism, and when you realize that these scenes of cruelty, brutal as they are, were as nothing as compared with what preceded them, you realize that this world DOES advance."

It shows what government did to the poor, the ignorant, the helpless—making them infinitely worse than they were at first, even though they were the worst criminals, the men tortured and branded, is today an exhibition, intended to educate and no longer a dreadful reality, planned to punish and brutalize."

NEW YORK HERALD, March 20, 1912—"America has captured one of England's most historic ships, one of the most interesting vessels braving the breeze at the present day."

BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, Oct. 26, 1912—"Let us send this convict hulk, this eloquent rebuke to penal systems around the world. She is a floating parable of the crimes of man against man. And when she has finished her mission, search out the deepest soundings in the Pacific and there sink her and the thing she signifies in a thousand fathoms of dishonored oblivion."

GREAT BRITAIN

CORK EXAMINER, May 3, 1912—"Her story is the most extraordinary one that could be told of the real life of a ship. It exceeds in weirdness the legend of Vanderknock's Flying Dutchman and vies in horror with the wondrous phantasm of Coleridge's 'The Ancient Mariner.'"

MILWAUKEE GAZETTE, May 28, 1912—"In all the world it would be difficult to find a craft with a more interesting history than the old reek-built herring-boat 'Success.'"

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, April 4, 1912—"As a relic of the days when a man would be fastened to a wall, with a two-penny pie and hanged for very little more, she is of remarkable interest."

AMERICA

DR. FRANK CRANE, the brilliant editorial writer of the NEW YORK GLOBE, in a leading article in that paper dated May 19, 1912, said: "Here you see punishment raised to its highest power. The record of the cruelties, the suffering, the horror, the not believing it; the truth is more terrible than the wildest fiction. It is impossible to believe the story, yet it is perfectly authentic."

"Out of the past this ghost ship sails to us. Its cold keel we can touch. Its rusty manacles are all too tangible. Its hideous coils and feet may excite. Its appalling record, books and documents, we can see with our own eyes."

BOSTON TRAVELER, June 16, 1912—"The 'Success' today is as the hulk they (John Locke, Hobbes and James Jeffrey) her gibbet-batter, the same in all ways except that the prisoners are not inside her to clutch the gratings which close her hatchways and cry out to the square patch of sky above them."

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSTON

An Evening Prayer

THE evening comes, the day is done,
I have my little nightgown on,
Before my mother turns the light
And kisses me the last good night,
I kneel beside my cribby bed
And fold my hands and bow my head;
And while her fingers smooth my hair,
She teaches me to say this prayer:

Dear God, I thank Thee for this day,
And health and strength so I might play;
For light and love and pleasant food,
And for the times that I've been good.

I'm sorry for all deeds ill done;
I'm sorry for them, one by one;
Dear Father, may Thine angels bright
Keep me from evil day and night.

When on my pillows I shall sink,
Of Jesus, Thy dear Son, I'll think;
For on His strong, His gentle arm,
No child of Thine can come to harm.

May parents, relatives and friends
All know Thy love which far extends,
By day and night, asleep, awake,
To bless and help, for Jesus' sake.
Amen.

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