

TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY THE TERROR OF A COUNTY.

Manuel Morris, the Composite Product of Many Adverse Circumstances, Has a Repertoire of Meannesses That Make Him an Interesting Study for Psychologists.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"The Boy Terror of San Rafael" is the terror of the entire county of Marin, California. He is barely 10 years old, but he has been in jail at least once for every year of his age, and has done things, which, if he were older, would have warranted his incarceration at least twice that number of times. Just now, as goodly, he hasn't been in anybody's house when the family was absent or sleeping; he hasn't frightened anybody's horse into running away; he hasn't broken any windows or killed any chickens or dogs; he hasn't turned any freight cars loose to run wild and smash each other; he hasn't chased any horses or cows into a collapse, and he hasn't stolen anything for at least a fortnight.

The boy's name is Manuel Morris. His father is a Portuguese well digger, who has been in this country thirty-one years, and who has a record that has given the Constables and police plenty of trouble. His mother is also a Portuguese, and she, too, has felt the heavy hand of the law; an elder sister is married, and she has been under arrest for various crimes and misdemeanors, and has, besides, committed many offenses that did not involve her with the law. Manuel has two younger brothers. They are not regarded as wicked or boyish rascals, but they are not in the same class with Manuel. They are very young yet, however.

Manuel is a freak—mentally and morally. He is not vicious—although few of the neighbors will admit the absence of viciousness from his nature. He does not steal food; he does not destroy property for revenge; he is just a wholly unmoral, unreasoning, unintelligent human being, and a crafty, evasive, cunning, reckless animal. He is as agile as a cat, as fleet-footed as a coyote, as tricky as a monkey, as sly as a fox, as slippery as an eel and as cowardly as a whipped puppy. He is heavily armed at home by his bearlike parents, and even his smaller brothers can whip him; he is chased by small boys in the neighborhood, much as a stray cur is chased, and kicked and pounded when he is caught. He is perhaps the queerest bit of low humanity that psychologists have ever had the opportunity of studying.

While Manuel has "been at his tricks" ever since he was large enough to walk, he never came in contact with the law until he was 9 years old. That was ten months ago, when, on September 23, he was taken into custody for releasing the brakes on several freight cars at North Pacific Coast Railway Station at San Rafael, and letting the cars roll down the track and bump into each other. The boy was getting along nicely with his amusement when the station agent caught him. One of the cars had been bumped upon the main track and was standing just where the fast express, due in a short while, would hit it. This could not have failed to result in a wreck and possibly the death of several persons had Manuel been left alone. But the station agent managed to get the car back on the switch, and then he had Manuel arrested.

The police considerably placed the boy in an outer cell of the jail, because they did not like to put a child back in the darker places. He behaved beautifully; nobody heard a word from him until late that night, when the warden heard a rattling noise in his cell. He discovered that the little prisoner had cut away a part of the heavy screen and was in the act of climbing out.



Manuel Morris, the Boy Burglar of Marin.

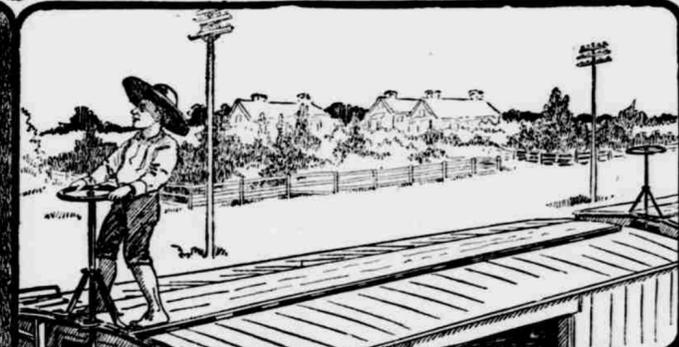
Next morning Manuel was taken before a Magistrate and sentenced to ten days in the Reform School. He had not been there two hours before he had wrecked everything in his cell. He tore up the mattress, ripped the blankets into strips, smashed the window panes and made wreckage of everything else he could break or tear. Then he was put into another cell. Still his fathers were considerate and they gave him the freedom of the adjoining bathroom. Half an hour later one of the wardens heard an awful splashing. He ran to the bathroom and found that Manuel had plugged up all the bathtub and then turned on the water and left them to overflow. The warden

stormed at him, but Manuel only grinned. The warden splashed through the water to open the plugged-up hole, and in doing so turned his back to Manuel. The boy was gone quick as a flash. He darted through the open door, out into the corridor, through the rear entrance and into the grounds, grabbed at by a dozen attendants, but eluding all of them.

Then he was lost to sight—until some one saw him at the top of the fence, just ready to jump to the ground on the outside. Calls could not stop the boy, and he kept on his way, finding a refuge for the night in neighboring hills.

To relate all the escapades that have land-

ed Manuel Morris behind jail doors would be to record common events. His most recent record was due to a series of petty meannesses that lasted over a period of several days. He robbed a fruit store; he devoted an hour to picking seed corn from furrows into which it had been carefully dropped, but not yet covered up; he chased a cow until the poor brute was so tired she fell down and lay there panting while Manuel milked her dry; he stoned a team of horses until the tortured beasts broke their tetherlines and ran away, wrecking the wagon and injuring themselves; he threw missiles at houses until he had shattered every window he could hit; he had been



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caught and chased out of residences into which he had stealthily entered; he committed a number of small thefts, and he killed several chickens and dogs. He did everything in his repertoire of meanness. Nobody had been able to catch him just in the act, but nevertheless he was arrested and held for several days. Then he was released. Since that time he has not been charged with any extraordinary acts of delinquency. But some of the neighbors dare to guess how long his "good spell" will last.

in an adjoining yard whispered: "Look out for the gun." At a rap on the casement of a rear basement door an apparition seemed to rise. There on the do-rattle stool a funny, squint-eyed, barefoot boy, with a big straw hat on his closely cropped head. It was the boy burglar. But where he had sprung from was a mystery. He had thrust himself up like some Jack-in-the-box. At the same time two small children, a little black-haired girl and a little boy, appeared at the top of a ladder-like outer stairway and called innocently enough: "We've eaten' peanuts what we stole down to the station, see?" And then, suddenly changing the subject, one of them pointed down significantly and said: "That boy there's been in jail, in the dark place." But before any more admissions could be made by the frankness of youth, a burly woman projected her bulk upon the balcony, and with a washwoman-like "Ugh, Whattya-wanta!" took the stage and became chief interlocutor at once. She ambled down the steep steps to be nearer, and then she replied, "Mister Morrese he back right a way. He been up th' station." And while she was speaking one of the children called, "Hoo come papa." Papa was entering at the gate. He was a bearded Portuguese of medium stature.

After some hesitation, during which it developed that the illiterate well-digger admired the art of writing and longed to see his words taken down on paper, the man dictated this statement:

"Manuel Morris live in Marin County thirty-three year. His neighbors they don't like him. They no can get even to him and his wife, but see if they can bother the children; but it's time lost for nothings. The man to whom Manuel Morris work say he's a good, fair man. He has never been arrest or his wife. After supper he stop in his house go to bed, never make trouble nobody. I don't can write my name, I make th' cross. But I vota, I been vota too many year now. He don't can stop me vota. I get th' samp ballot. I take home. My children's read for me, an' I tell to him which one I like vota for, an' he make th' cross. 'Lesson day I take th' pape, gone in bootha, ope, spread 'longside other one, an' make bootha justa same. I stappa same other name."

"My mother he die in my house here, 32 year old, with his teeth all in his mouth. He not be sick, all sound, just get a heart disease; kill him."

WHAT IS DONE FOR YOUNG READERS AT THE ST. LOUIS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"If we get the children of to-day, we will have the adults of to-morrow."

This is the motto of the children's department of the Public Library.

To train the young how to read and what to read is an important a function as that exercised by the public schools. It is to just what the St. Louis Public Library is trying to do. To show the children how to get the best results from their reading and how to select their books is not an easy task, but the old adage, "Line upon line, and precept upon precept" is put in practice every day at the Public Library.

Gradually the children are being weaned away from the frivolous books and interested in better literature, in fiction, stories of adventure and history.

The city of St. Louis supports two great educational institutions, the Public Schools and the Public Library. The aim of each is the same. It is not strange, therefore, that co-operation between the two should be successful.

A few months ago Mr. Crunden, librarian of the Public Library, inaugurated the plan of active library work in the schools. In other words, he made the public schools library stations for the distribution of books. In this way the children's reading is directed by the teacher who knows individual needs.

The library has more than eighty sets of books, selected with a view to the needs of the first four grades of the public schools, each set consisting of thirty copies of an attractive book so that all the children in the class may be reading the book at the same time. Mr. Crunden states that the work could have been quipped if the library had possessed the means. He says:

"Thus far we have been unable to supply every first, fourth, and fifth grade with a very little work in the higher grades. This has reversed the usual order, but I believe that the sooner you begin in attempts to give the children a love for reading the better. In the public schools it is all the more essential to reach the lowest grades first, because so many children leave without going beyond the fourth or fifth grade. Moreover, it is easier to inculcate a love for reading in young children than it is in older ones; and the supplementary reading more directly aids the regular school work in lower grades. Indeed, since the chief thing taught in the earlier grades is reading, the more practice they get the more rapid will be their progress. The way is made interesting by giving children attractive books, the teacher will be relieved of all further care. In the school in this city where the greatest amount of this reading is done, the principal tells me that they do not have to give any thought to discipline; that the school takes care of itself; that the children are so interested in their work and their books that they are perfectly orderly. He tells me, also, that they let the children do all the reading of books in the school that they may want to do."

"You see this children's room," said Mr. Crunden to a Sunday Republic reporter a day or two ago, "it is usually crowded with children. Forty seats easily fit different juvenile readers. This is not a wild statement. There are eighty schools in the city. It stands to reason that if these schools are filled with children as they are, some of them much crowded, I hear—from 1,500 to 2,000 children in one school—could be many libraries in circulation. It could be done easily if we had the means."



WHERE THE CHILDREN LOVE TO CONGREGATE, THE READING ROOM IN THE JUVENILE DEPARTMENT OF THE ST. LOUIS PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Public Library and its various stations. It is the aim of the librarian to so increase the interest of the children in the library and the library's books, that this number shall be doubled and trebled. There is no lack of attention for service on the part of the St. Louis Public Library.

All of the outlying schools of the city were asked to co-operate with the library last year. The object of this was to get library books to circulate among the children who lived too far out to make visits to the library building feasible. The Longfellow, Sheppard, Carondelet, Gratiot, Clifton Heights, Belt Avenue, Walnut Park, Fremont and Mount Pleasant schools responded heartily and the teachers issued library books to their pupils. This work is carried on this summer at the Longfellow and Sheppard schools, the teachers arranging among themselves to go to the school building every Friday forenoon to issue new books and receive the ones already in circulation.

To facilitate the work in the schools, Mr. Crunden arranged a list of books for supplementary reading and sent it to the schools. These books are issued in sets of thirty to the schools for supplementary reading on the requisition of the principal. The books may be retained one month and transportation to the nearest library delivery station is provided by the library. Lists of books on hand are mailed upon request, and the principals check opposite the sets wanted. These requests are filled in order of receipt.

This reading list is a most attractive one. There are Andersen's "Fairy Tales," famous stories of myths, "Robinson Crusoe," the "Lang Fairy Stories," the "Heart of Oak" books, and many entertaining books on history, besides carefully selected fiction. The children who attend the Longfellow and Carondelet schools were so interested in the library, and in the other children who read library books, that they gave expression to their gratitude and appreciation in a particularly graceful way. Early in June through the library program, and \$200 through the delivery stations throughout the city a falling off of more than half the issue of May.

The children's department of the library is convenient for its young patrons. It is situated near the hall entrance, and its shelves are open to inspection. At the big south window palms and rubber plants are tastefully arranged, with a globe of gold fish in the center. Tables and chairs are there, ready for the convenience of the visitors. It is a children's free reading-room.

Books appeal to children very strongly. Miss Krug has arranged a number of illustrations from attractive books for the young on a large card. She says that the children often select a book because of the interesting-looking pictures. She has posters for important holiday times, giving hints about timely reading. There is a poster for Washington's Birthday, and one for Lincoln's. The Fourth of July poster is full of interest, and tells what is suitable for Independence Day reading.

mer reading?" asked The Republic representative.

"Fiction is always in demand, but we have calls for books on technical subjects, manual training and such things. Boys want to read about how to build bird houses and kites, and get hints on how to direct their energies through the vacation period."

Miss Krug has arranged lists of books suitable for pupils in the second grade in the public schools, for the third grade and on up to the seventh and eighth grades.

"Of course these lists are merely tentative," explained Miss Krug. "Some children in the third grade will read books in the fourth and fifth, while those children who do not see and hear much at home, and whose vocabulary is very limited, find that books for younger children are best."

There is a case of shelves filled with interesting books for older boys and girls near the issue desk in the children's library. Scott and Dickens and Cooper, and other classics may be found there in numbers, while history is well represented. Books of travel and works of science are also in encouraging demand, though not in such strength as the librarians would like.

"Please give me a good book for father and mother," is a request often made of the children's librarian. She has arranged a list of favorite German books because they were often called for.

The one difficulty with the children's department, insists Mr. Crunden, is that it is not large enough, and the means is not at command to make it so.

BEAR HUNT IN BRONX PARK.

Bruin Fought Gamely, but Was Finally Strangled With Lassos.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 28.—One lone black bear fought a hundred park laborers, a score of policemen and several dozen plain citizens in Bronx Park. He was beaten, of course; that's the worst of setting one's self against the great majority.

But he died still fighting, after a swim for liberty, with the breath choked out of him by two lassos around his neck, and he left his epitaph engraved by claws and teeth on the legs of some of the overwhelming horde of human beings.

It was not his last day, but his first in the Zoological Garden. He had been bought from a dealer in animals, had been carted carefully uptown, and was being led into his new prison cage when he broke from his captors and lumbered away.

Half a mile down the road Bruin came to old "Pop" Gan's lunch cabin. It was filled with pie, cookies and candies, and the bear smelted them. He ran into the cabin while the old man climbed to the roof and yelled for help. The bear ate as if he knew he had little time before his hunters would be near. Then, just as the big crowd came up, he leaped away once more.

The Bronx River was within a few feet, and the bear took to it. In a few strokes he showed his swimming qualities, and he

turned up the river, pushing himself along rapidly. Men in boats rowed after him, but could not come anywhere near him. The rest of the crowd ran along the river side, while Hornaday, the Zoo director, yelled, "Don't shoot! We want that bear alive!"

The bear gave a mile exhibition of his fine swimming powers before he came to the Upper Dam, where he had to leave the water and take to the woods. Murtel, one of the keepers, was near him as he climbed the bank, and he swung a lasso around the bear's neck. The bear threw it off with ease and lodged on. Doctor Hornaday got a lasso around his neck also, and in trying to put another on him he got too near the bear, who clawed his right wrist and left forearm and put him out of the hunt.

Up through the woods went the bear. But he had not got far away when Hamilton threw a lasso around his neck. The bear turned on Hamilton as suddenly as the Hamilton tripped over a tree trunk. Bruin dashed at him and bit a vicious bite in the right leg.

Fifty men seized the long rope and hold on. The bear dragged them fifty feet. It was a fine effort, but his last. The men got the purchase they wanted, the noose became tighter and the bear rolled over, strangled to death.

PLENTY OF WHALES IN SIGHT.

The Captain of a Fishing Schooner Saw Three Near New York.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

New York, July 28.—Captain Al Foster of the fishing steamer Angler has nothing but whales to offer to the public these days. He sneers at bluefish; he scoffs at fluke; he makes a mocking moult at mackerel; and when you mention flounders, Captain Al turns a pitying glance on you and says: "Say, I thought you were a real fisherman!"

"I am," says the novice, deeply wounded. "Well," says Captain Al, "why ain't you looking for whales?"

"For wha-a-ah?"

"For whale, why, man, I sighted two of 'em eight miles sou'-sou'-west of the Hook this morning, and both comin' in. And more's that. When I hit Fire Island light there was another of 'em a-lying for me, with his spout going just like a shower bath, as if he was saying, 'Come on, Al, let's play water polo.'"

"Yes," went on this voracious father of fishermen, "I had to slow down to let him pass the Angler. Didn't want my boat sunk. And, honestly, the barnacles on his back just opened their shells and laughed. At least, some of my passengers said so."

GALANT AND WITTY.

From the Times-Dispatch.

The recent visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland brought out not a little with the example which follows bears the tang of its own soil:

The Queen's farewell letter to the Irish people was dated from the Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin. Said a prominent Irish Nationalist Member of Parliament: "It was the finest Lodge for the time being; and, indeed, for many a day she has knocked the vice out of it."