

EDITORIALS BY THE LAITY

THE EVILS OF CHILD LABOR - - - - - By LADY HENRY SOMERSET

HOW mysterious are the ways of Providence. Why is it that children of the tenderest years are subjected to the fiercest tortures? God give us His Holy Spirit to amend our hearts and lives, for we are desperately wicked. They who do such things, and we who do not prevent them. Shall I deliver my poor children in the Print Works? God be with me!

much, and they all lived in one room." "What part of the work do you do?" "All parts, sir, I can make dolls' jackets and shirts, and petticoats and bodices, and everything you like to wear."

"How late do you serve?" the child was asked. "Till about eleven, sir." "How much do you get?" "A shilling a week, and my food."

carry or move anything so heavy as to be likely to cause injury to the child. "A child shall not be employed in any occupation likely to be injurious to his life, limbs, health or education, regard being had to his physical condition."

WHAT WE MARRY FOR - - - - - By DELIA AUSTRIAN.

The subject of marriage has always been one of great importance to men and women. But the thought of what we should marry for is causing us great perplexity to-day. A quarter of a century or more ago a man usually felt that there was a time in his life when he needed a woman to love and make a home for him.

than that they should love their husbands. The settling upon a proper suitor is considered of so great importance that a young girl is never permitted to marry without the judgment of her parents.

considers it far more romantic to cross the ocean and give her heart to one at least possessed of a title. The average American man is fast following in her footsteps; though he has not yet started in pursuit of countesses and ladies, he often interests himself to

the point of finding out what the bank account of the girls' father may be. suggested that officers in the army should not marry unless they have a certain stipulated income. A Chicago bank declared recently that

OUR HOMES MUST FIT US - - - - - By BAILEY MILLARD.

CHARLES KEELER, the poet says there is a movement in California toward a simpler, a more vital art expression. It is a movement which includes painters and poets, composers and sculptors, and only lacks co-ordination to give it a significant influence upon modern life.

essential rule of using every material in the manner for which it is structurally best adapted. For example, he says that the arch of masonry is the strongest structural use of stone or brick, but that an arch of wood on the contrary, has no structural value and is a mere imitation of a useful building form.

"Wood," the author declares, "is a good material, if left in the natural finish, but it is generally spoiled by the use of paint or a varnish. This is a matter which, perhaps, cannot be entirely reasoned out. It must be seen and left to be understood, and yet it is a point vital to artists."

There is a refinement and character to natural wood which is entirely lost when the surface is altered by varnish and polish. Oil paint is the most deadly foe of an artist's wood treatment. It is hard and characterless, becoming dull and grimy with time and imparting a cold severity to the walls."

WHAT IS THE MEANING? - - - - - By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

WHEN a great continental storm crosses this country its winds invariably revolve around a low barometric center in a direction opposite to that in which the hands of a watch move. Exactly the same thing occurs in Europe, and, indeed, everywhere in the Northern Hemisphere.

Whenever one of these smaller and fiercer cyclones that the meteorological dictionary calls a tornado occurs, it also invariably whirls opposite to the motion of the hands of a watch.

"The Sea-Spell," by Rossetti. "The Sea-Spell, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is dated 1877. It represents a beautiful siren crowned with roses and seated in a leafy bower by the shore. Before her she holds a harp of strange, unearthly form. The artist's first idea in painting this subject was to illustrate the lines from Coleridge:

trees would otherwise have been. The following sonnet expresses Rossetti's conception of the scene: Her lute hangs shadowed in the apple-tree While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell Between its chords; and as the wild notes swell But to what sound? her listening ear stoops she? What feather-world gulf-whispers doth she hear, In answering whispers from what plainsphere, Along the wind, along the estuary? She sinks into her spell; and when, full soon Her lips move and she soars into her song, What creature of the midnight main shall throng In furrowed surf-clouds to the summing rune: Till he, the fater mariner, hears her cry, And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die!