

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HIGHEST FORM OF JUSTICE.

By Delphin M. Delmas.



Is it true that an exact and rigid enforcement of the law is the most desirable function of human tribunals—in other words, is it the highest form of human justice? And is it true that the loftiest conception which can be formed of a judge is that of one who, in the discharge of his office, looks at the law as it is written as his sole guide, and to its unbending enforcement as his sole duty? The most perfect conception of a magistrate is that of a just judge, not of a learned judge—one who, knowing the law, also knows that its administration must subserve, not thwart, the purposes of justice. Upon what does the fame of Lord Mansfield rest if not upon the fact that his genius liberated the administration of justice from the shackles in which the unbending rules of the common law and the narrow conservatism of common law judges held it in thrall? And is not the same true of the great judges of our own country?

One of the most eminent of judges, lawyers and law-writers whom this age has produced—one who still lives to enjoy in the ripeness of his years the fruit of a long and illustrious career—has left as the recorded result of his long experience on the bench and at the bar these memorable words: "I always felt in the exercise of the judicial office irresistibly drawn to the intrinsic justice of the case, with the inclination, if possible the determination, to rest the judgment upon the very right of the matter. In the practice of the profession I have always felt an abiding confidence that, if my case is morally right, it will succeed."

CIVILIZATION REACHES DANGER POINT.

By F. M. Barrow.



European and American civilization is now in a precarious state, and seems to have reached its zenith. The physical prowess and the intellectual force of man have carried it so far; and now it is subjected to a deadly materialism, chiefly owing to the relative degradation and servitude of women.

In the old times, when politics chiefly referred to carrying fire and sword into some neighbor's territory, women had little influence, and no responsibility. But in a modern world, where politics chiefly concerns the rights and wrongs of our fellow citizens, surely women should be made responsible equally with men. Consider the all-important matters now engrossing public attention. About all these questions women's public opinion might be healthier than that of men. So many of them know exactly where the shoe pinches.

While the social state required the subordination of women within the family the highest law justified it, as it did formerly that of slavery. But when the need passed, the justification also passed. And, unless we wish to remain in an arrested stage of civilization, and, therefore, a decadent one, we must take the step that

progress demands—namely: grant woman the full exercise of all her faculties equally with man, and make her equally responsible.

INDICTMENT OF THE SCHOOLS.

By Samuel P. Orth.



First, the pupil does not gain real knowledge. He studies about things in an indefinite sort of way, but never learns the solid facts. The whole system, from the happy kindergarten to the mimic-college high school, is permeated with the haze of indefiniteness. Secondly, we are told that the pupil does not even learn to use his mind. The school is an enslaver of memory instead of an emancipator of reasoning. Originality is tabooed, and servility demanded. The curse of the lawyer, the search for precedent, is written on the brow of pedagogy. Logic and reason are not encouraged. And, thirdly, the results of our schools are not practical. This is heard on every hand. The schools do not fit for bread-and-butter earning, they make a boy or girl unfit for the hard tasks of life. A fourth count in the indictment is sometimes added by the moralist, who claims that the moral traits of the child are hardly awakened, and that the boys and girls, especially those who break the ranks before the eighth grade is reached, are entirely unfit to meet the severe demands that the temptations of life make upon them.—The Atlantic

CHANGE IN FAMILY LIFE PREDESTINED.

By Ada May Krecker.



Ages and eons and millions of years pass as leisurely by in consummation of the changes, but however slowly, stupendous revolutions are surely wrought. Old Mother Earth persists, but she dresses differently and behaves differently, harmonious with the alterations in her age. Likewise all her children, mineral vegetable, human and superhuman. And the family of the present passes into the family of the future. The race is growing as it has grown in the past. And as it grows it is bound to need new conditions, new habits, new environments. It is predestined by its growth to expand beyond to-day's institutions, as a child outgrows its clothes, as a seedling bursts from the stifling ground.

Changes are foreordained in the fact of evolution. The radicals see and promote them, abet them, hasten them. The conservatives are blind and impede them. But the changes come. Welcome or not, they occur ceaselessly. The patriarchs, the proudest and noblest and loveliest of them perhaps, would have stood aghast at the thought of the twentieth-century husband toilsomely earning money for his lady wife to get gowns and culture and travel with. They would have deemed family and society morally fated were wife to be free, were homes to be partnerships. Yet twentieth century husbands vastly prefer contemporary wives and women and homes and children to the ancient.

WINTER SERVICE.

In the hushed midnight of the year,
To him who listens well
Shall come the sound of twelve notes
clear
From Time's unflinching bell.

White-robed the priestly Winter stands
And reads the service then;
About him, with uplifted hands,
The trees breathe an Amen!

Then in the distance, soft and sweet,
Celestial voices sing,
Arise, my Heart, and run to meet
The choristers of Spring!

The Scapgoat



No one knew anything about the little widow. She moved into the neighborhood without so much as a "by your leave." Mrs. Clara Herford was the inscription on her cards. It looked strange and unconventional. But by the time the ladies had decided that such an inscription was unusual they had called—and so it was too late.

She had, fortunately or unfortunately, a lovely face, with red gold hair, violet eyes, a dazzling complexion and small, conspicuous, perfect teeth. It is a little suspicious for a woman to be as beautiful as that. Still, Mrs. Richard Henry Sands, the most exclusive woman in the neighborhood, overlooked this splendor of countenance and invited her to her first luncheon of the winter.

The conversation turned on jewels; Mrs. Keepers, a lazy-looking blonde, with a delicious accent born of temperamental indolence, exhibited a new ring. It was an opal, the color of a ripe pomegranate, set about with little diamonds. She told its story, which was rather commonplace.

"You must invent a better story than

that for it," cried the widow, and, holding it up where the light would play upon its florid splendor, she devised a wild and romantic tale to suit it. The hostess, who sat next to her, led the applause.

At the conclusion of the luncheon Mrs. Keepers said as she arose:

"But I must have my ring, or I shall be leaving it. You have it, dear Mrs. Herford?"

The beautiful widow shook her head. "I gave the pretty thing to Mrs. Sands," she said. "Did I not, my good hostess?"

"To me? No, you did not hand the ring to me, Mrs. Herford. Perhaps it was to the lady on the other side of you." But that lady gave a flat denial. An awkward pause came. Mrs. Keepers smiled graciously.

"You shall not wait here because of my ring," she said, with her slow smile. "It has been dropped. The servants will find it and bring it to me."

But this gracious courtesy could not put the lost jewel out of the minds of any of the guests. The next hour was unpleasant. Every one felt that in spite of the unchanged politeness of the hostess and the sweet amiability of the owner of the ring Mrs. Herford was suspected. She felt it, too. There was a flash in her eyes and her lips were strained. But she stayed courageously till the last.

By tacit agreement the ladies called no more. She was bidden to no more luncheons. She took solitary walks, went alone to the matinee, sat alone by her fire day in and day out, till a pallor began to dim the glow of that brilliant face and the eyes acquired a pathos new to them. Some of the women pitied her. One ventured to send her some flowers, but they were, unfortunately, white ones, such as are sent to the dead. When Mrs. Keepers, the owner of the lost ring, passed the old-fashioned house where the young widow lived, she made a point of looking the other way. But she uttered no word of suspicion. It was her friends who talked.

Six months later Mrs. Keepers went to Paris to find out what civilized people were doing and one of her first errands was to her dressmaker. He presented himself with many expressions of pleasure at again meeting a lady who appreciated the art of fine dressing.

"Madame," he said, "you are a grand

patron. You know how to give encouragement to the artist." He lifted his hand in demonstrative gesture, and on it gleamed an opal, quite large, the color of a ripe pomegranate.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the lady languidly, "but I have the effrontery to envy you the possession of a remarkable jewel. Will you kindly tell me how you came by a ring so curious?"

"It came from your own country, madame, and into my possession in a way that—that relates to business. Such things occur."

"Will you tell me the story? I have a reason for wanting to know."

"Madame will pardon me. It is business. It is personal."

Mrs. Keepers half shut her pale blue eyes.

"Monsieur," she said softly, "I require to know. Please do not deny my request again."

The Frenchman perceived that the curiosity was not idle.

"Madame insists? In confidence, then, a lady of your city sent it to me, by my consent, in payment of a bill—a bill which had been unduly delayed in settlement."

It took not a little diplomacy to induce the milliner to divulge the name of the customer who had done this, but he yielded finally.

"It was Mrs. Richard Henry Sands," said he.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Keepers. "We will now talk of my order."

An hour later she drove to the station of the Atlantic cable, and she sent three messages. One was to Mrs. Sands, one was to Mrs. Herford, the widow; the last was to her dearest friend, to whom she gave instructions to call on every lady who had been at the unlucky luncheon and tell the truth.

When she returned, three months later, Mrs. Sands had gone West for a tour. She was in Japan, it was said, and might return by way of New York in a year or two. As for the beautiful widow, she had opened her doors and was extending hospitality. She had been forgiven for the sins she did not commit and the beauty she could not help. Mrs. Keepers wears the opal on her large, white hand.

"I wear it to remind me of a number of things," she said, and the remark, though vague, carried to listeners its own significance.—Pennsylvania Grit.

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