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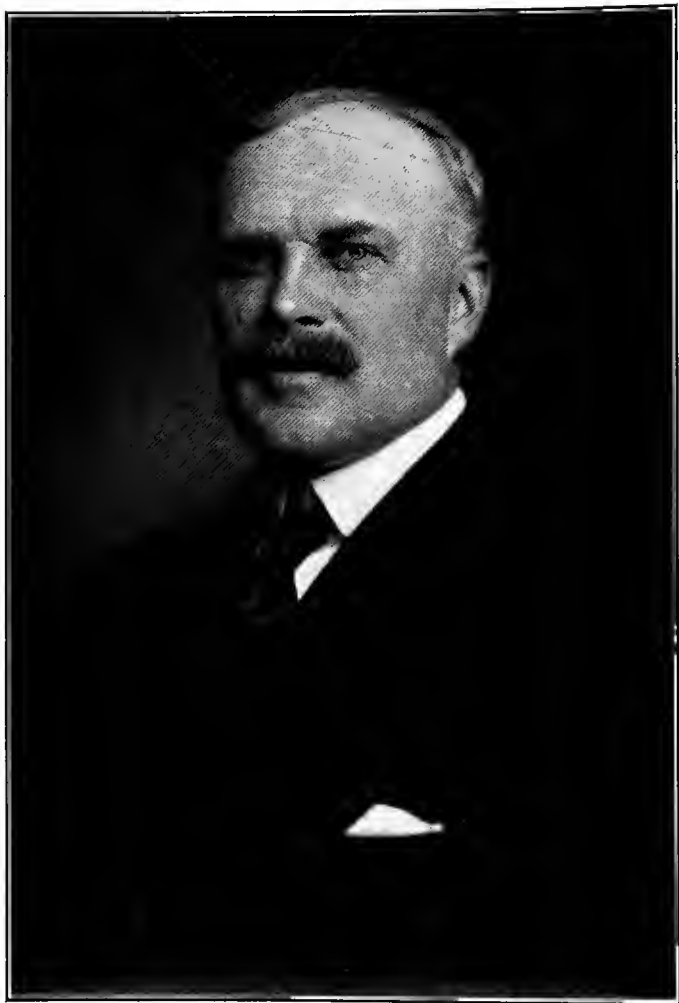


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WILLIAM R. GEORGE.

The
JUNIOR REPUBLIC

ITS HISTORY AND IDEALS

BY

WILLIAM R. GEORGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
THOMAS M. OSBORNE



ILLUSTRATED

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**TO
MY WIFE AND MOTHER
WHOSE AID
MADE THE REPUBLIC
A REALITY**

INTRODUCTION

“IF it be true,” says Shakespeare’s sprightly Rosalind, “that good wine needs no bush, ’tis true that a good play needs no epilogue,” and she might have carried her logic a little farther and added, “and ’tis equally true that a good book needs no introduction.”

I have tried to persuade my friend, William R. George, that his book falls in this category, and that in any case I am not the one to write an introduction; but he refuses to be convinced; and I, therefore, find myself forced to the unpleasant alternative of certainly offending him, or possibly offending his public. I therefore choose the possible evil rather than the certain one. There is, however, one comforting thought: no one will feel obliged to read the introduction even if it is written, for the book will doubtless be quite capable of standing by itself.

The reason why another than myself should be chosen to write the introduction is that I have for many years been so closely interested in the work of Mr. George’s Junior Republic at Freeville that I have long since lost the critical attitude toward it. I find myself regarding its existence as I do that of the United States of America, or the North Pole, or

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Euclid's *Pons Asinorum*—that is, as a proposition the truth of which no one now attempts to dispute. One may be called upon to demonstrate it; but he does so knowing that unless he arrives at the recognized conclusion it is his reasoning that is wrong, and not the conclusion.

My acquaintance with Freeville and "Daddy" George began in the fall of 1896; and in the intervening years between that time and the present, I have visited the Junior Republic many times, officially and unofficially; I have worked with its citizens; I have presided over its Supreme Court; a large number of its graduates have labored and lived in my home-city, some of them in my own home; many of them have become my dear and intimate friends. I have studied its methods and results carefully; I have thought about it, talked of it and lectured on it; in short, it has become so bound up with my daily life that it is impossible for me to imagine the world without it.

Under ordinary circumstances I should have a right to claim pretty complete knowledge about an institution with which I have been so long and so closely connected. Were it a manufactory of anything else I should be sure I knew a great deal; but it is a manufactory of *citizens*—men and women—and the result is an infinite variety that produces in the wise observer a very healthy modesty—an uncertainty as to how much he really does know after all; for he finds ever new vistas opening out into broader

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fields of vision. I find that even Mr. George is learning new things all the time; and I am quite sure that the rest of us, as well, are still far from comprehending all that the Junior Republic means—all that it is and can be made. In short, the Junior Republic is human—it is alive—it is growing and changing from day to day.

That is what makes it so absorbingly interesting.

At first I thought the Junior Republic was a very picturesque and interesting philanthropic experiment, that proceeded along the normal grooves of a child's nature, instead of trying to go across them.

Then I found that it was no experiment at all; that it was the residuum of a series of experiments—that the existing elements in the system were there for the very reason that experience had proved them successful.

Then I discovered that the Junior Republic was in its essential features a perfectly natural evolution from a benevolent tyranny, which, seeking to do its highest duty to the human beings under its charge, had unexpectedly blossomed into a self-governing community.

Then it came to me that what Mr. George had really discovered was a new application of a very old principle—nothing less than *Democracy* itself applied to a very puzzling problem—with results that were wonderfully, startlingly successful.

Then I found that for many of the problems of our great Republic I could gain light by studying the

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little Republic; and I called it "a laboratory experiment in Democracy."

Then I asked: Why should training in citizenship, the necessary function for every citizen in a Democracy, be confined to the children at the George Junior Republic? Why is it not desirable in the schools my children attend?

Then some one suggested to me that our present school system, in not inculcating some sort of social responsibility, was not, in fact, training for citizenship; but merely turning out obedient followers for our political bosses.

Then Mr. George opened my mind to the possibility of the same principles being used as a basis for an intelligent and *reforming* Prison System—a system which should be social sanitary drainage—not merely a moral cesspool. At first I laughed at the idea; then I saw the Truth.

Now, as I understand it, the Junior Republic is but one brilliant example of the unflinching application of Democracy—of the Democracy which is a political expression of the Golden Rule. And just as "Daddy" George cleared his vision, found the Rule and applied it, so in many directions outside the Junior Republic must the Rule be applied.

For we have as yet only begun to develop the possibilities of Democracy; it remains to educate citizens by applying the Democratic Principle to our school system (still dominated by aristocratic and paternalistic ideals—the ideals of outworn social

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systems); to apply the Democratic Principle to our factories and solve the labor problem; to apply the Democratic Principle to our prisons and reform our ignorant brethren who have failed to adapt themselves to society. And these divine events are not far off—they are close at hand, if we but will it so.

Called on to act as Judge of the Junior Republic Supreme Court, in a case which involved the question whether a prisoner who was a good football player should be released for the day in order to strengthen the Republic team, I listened to comprehensive arguments for continuing the temporary injunction I had granted. At the end of the speech the Boy Judge of the Republic sat down, but almost immediately arose again. "Your Honor," said he, "just one thing more. In most schools and colleges, nowadays, a fellow has to gain a certain standard of scholarship, in order to be a member of any athletic team. Now up here at the Junior Republic, *our standard is citizenship*; and if a fellow can't keep out of jail he's no business to play on the football eleven."

Those words sent a thrill through me as I sat upon the bench; they thrill me as I repeat them. "*Our standard is citizenship.*" Could there be a finer judgment passed upon Mr. George's work? A more splendid reward for his years of devotion and self-sacrifice?

I hope I may live to see the day when in every school and college in the land alongside of the standard of Scholarship may be raised the standard of

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Citizenship. And just as in the newer methods of teaching it has been found that in many cases the best way to learn a thing is by doing it, so one can really learn how to be a citizen only by being a citizen, can learn to bear responsibility only by bearing responsibility; and social responsibility, which is citizenship, should be a part of every school and college curriculum.

Gladstone said: "It is liberty alone that fits men for liberty."

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE.

AUBURN, N. Y., November 1, 1909.

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THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

CHAPTER I

THE WAY IT CAME ABOUT

IT all happened something like this:—
I had had the good fortune to be born and reared upon a farm. West Dryden, Tompkins County, New York, was the place. I had had no choice in the matter of selection; but if such had been the case I am quite sure I should have selected that identical spot, and should most certainly have selected the same parents.

Up to the age of fourteen years, I had a merry time of it, reading books, roaming the fields, and killing imaginary Indians with wooden guns. I devoted more attention to things of this kind than I did to study or work upon the farm.

When I was fourteen, my parents went to

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New York City and I naturally accompanied them. I can't say that the big city made a favorable impression upon me at the outset. I longed for the freedom of the hills of central New York. However, time plays strange pranks, and it never played a stranger one than when it finally caused me to forget somewhat my country home and become absorbed in the life of the big metropolis.

I had the opportunity to go to a preparatory school and college, and my mother was heartbroken when I did not accept the chance; but the routine of school work did not appeal to me, and I rebelled. The rush of business life had a much stronger hold upon me and after a brief experience in a publishing house and a wholesale importing establishment, I finally became launched in business for myself.

There was one instinct that was always very strong within me. This was a great fascination for the life of a soldier. Even after I had engaged in business, I had a feeling that some day I should like to be in the United States Army. The nearest approach to a soldier's life that was available was for me to

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join a regiment of the National Guard. I cast my lot with Company H of the 22nd Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and here I found an outlet for my military enthusiasm. I never rose to a very high position, but I enjoyed every moment that I was in the service. I should not mention this brief military experience but for the fact that indirectly it has played such an important part in what has become my life work.

It was at this period of my existence that I became unusually absorbed in the study of the social conditions of the great city. I spent much time in walking about the slum districts and forming the acquaintanceship of small boys occupied in making bonfires in the streets or vacant lots, playing baseball, "shooting craps" for cigarette pictures, or doing any or all of the many pranks in which the human young male of this class is wont to indulge. This sort of study had a greater fascination for me than business, and as I was my own master and had an able assistant to look after my affairs, I was able to follow up this desultory study of social life, although my business suffered somewhat as a consequence.

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It was a little later that, as a result of this experience with young boys, I brought my military training into play and organized companies of boys in various clubs and mission houses. Interest in athletic sports, also, led to organization of baseball teams, and a law-and-order gang of tough young specimens, which I conducted personally. The story of the career of some of these youths would entertainingly fill a book of itself. Nor was my interest in the young confined exclusively to the boys I met. Incidentally, I became acquainted with their sisters, and I found them quite as deserving of study and my efforts as the brothers.

One day as I was seated at my desk at my place of business, planning for my summer vacation, which I always spent in my native town, my eye dropped upon a copy of the *Evening World*. Just by chance I began to read this little story.

“It caught his little eye and the dear little boy took great risk to get it. The same warm sun that has for weeks been coaxing the patient life of trees and plants shone yesterday on City Hall Park. The stern white building topped

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by Justice smiled not in the sunshine, but the grass and the trees, and the 'few bit shrubs' showed plainly the subtle influence. Upon the benches sat a hundred tired men and women, wretched and painful to look upon. They seemed too dispirited to do more than realize dumbly that the April sun was warm and comfortable to their chilled bones. But on the iron chain at one side of the park hung a boy, a human, live, dirty-faced boy, a child of the alley. He knew the grass was green and thick as a mat, and he knew that rival sparrows, with drooping wings, were duelling on the walks. It reminded him of a heavenly time when he was a 'kid' and had been sent to a village paradise to enjoy a 'country week.'

"'It smells kinder like it, too, 'f there ain't no daisies,' he said, and snuffed there at great snuffs of damp earthiness that surely did smell something like the country.

"By and by his hard little eyes began to glow. There in the middle of the big handkerchief of green smiled a little yellow spot like a gold sovereign. Round and gleaming and tiny, who but a dear little child of nature would have

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spied it there? But our boy had seen it and he longed for it, as a miser might have longed had the gold been that of the earth and not of the open air.

“For an hour he gloated over it, planning its possession. If only the old folk sitting on the benches would promise not to cry ‘Hi Hi!’ if he should make the daring dash! If only the gray-backed policeman would go and attend to ‘them fellers playing slap-jack’ on Justice front steps. Blessed Luck! He goes at last. He even disappears beneath the green lamps of the police station. Never mind if some old man does cry ‘Hi!’ Now is the appointed time.

“Over the chain tumbles the dear little fellow. Eyes ablaze and heart abeating! Over the thick green grass he flies to where the gleaming yellow disk like a smile of the sky has lured him on. Eagerly he swoops upon his treasure, greedy as a thief. Then stays his hand! Slowly he turns and goes away, leaving the scrap of yellow still glinting in the sunshine. Dear little boy, of such is life! The April sun is warm and just. It shines alike on

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spring's flower, and on the bit of orange peel!" *

I remember that, after reading this, I gave expression to a hearty inward laugh at the expense of that small boy, but suddenly the thought came: "You know a number of fellows just like that. Why don't you take a lot of them up to the country with you this summer?" And on the instant:—"I'll do that very thing," I cried, to myself. And from that impulsive decision started the inception of the idea which was destined to develop into the Junior Republic!

The first essential was to secure transportation. I bethought myself of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund. I grasped my hat and in less than ten minutes after I had made the resolve to take the boys to the country, I was face to face with Mr. Willard Parsons, the manager of that worthy charity, urging him to give me the necessary tickets. With his usual kindly but bluff manner he told me he would give me the tickets for all the children I wanted, providing I could find the farmers who would entertain them. I

* From the *Evening World*, April, 1890.

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told him that was the easiest part of the matter and declared I would like to take about fifty young people two weeks from that day. Then I went back to my office and worked out the following scheme:—

I would take about forty boys and ten girls. The boys would be of the particularly "tough" sort who were not usually invited to spend vacations in the country. I would locate these fellows in the families of my country cousins and other friends. Each day I would assemble the entire group at one place and we would spend the hours from sunrise to sunset, playing baseball, going swimming, digging out woodchucks and visiting the farmers' apple orchards. The people who entertained the girls would be obliged to look out for them.

Then I made a list of the boys I should like to take, and sent word to them that they were invited to spend two weeks with me in the country, and to be ready to leave New York on the evening train, two weeks from the time the postal card was mailed.

Incidentally, it occurred to me, although it seemed a mere detail, that it might be a good

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scheme to tell my country friends what I was planning to do; and I straightway sent out a few letters, announcing what was about to happen and informing them of the part they were to play in the game.

I had really expected that it would be difficult for these good people to restrain their joy when they learned of my scheme. Two days later, to my great dismay, I received a letter from a very dear cousin, declaring that a bombshell exploding in that community could hardly have created greater consternation than had my letter. Instead of being enthusiastic over the project, complete demoralization had seized upon her neighbors.

It afterwards developed that a group of Fresh Air children had been there the preceding year, and while the girls had been very nice and in nearly every instance had received invitations to come again, the boys, on the other hand, had turned out to be "misfits." They had insisted on turning the pigs in the garden, cracking the freshly laid eggs to see what was inside, and committing other depredations not calculated to inspire confidence.

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These boys had come to the country with a general reputation of being "good boys" from Mission Sunday Schools. In my letter I had announced that my consignment of boys was to be "bad" boys, and this was sufficient to drive the community frantic. If good little boys had done the sort of things they had experienced the summer before, what would my "bad boys" be capable of doing! My townspeople were willing, however, to give food in abundance; they positively would not take my boys in their homes. Of course, the girls would be welcome.

It is unnecessary to say that for a brief period diplomatic relations were all off between my country cousins and myself. Really, I had no reason to blame them. In all probability it would have been a long time before the proper relations were resumed, had it not been for the fact that I received a letter from another cousin, which contained a proposition that gave me the hope I should not be obliged to abandon my excursion entirely. After he had stated frankly the general feeling of the people of the community, he wanted to know if

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it would not be possible to place all the boys in one building, where I could take charge of them. He wrote that he thought he had a house that would be just the thing. It was an old building that he had been thinking somewhat of demolishing and if the boys used it, it was quite possible they might save him the trouble. Would I be willing to accept the offer of this "castle"?

There was no doubt about my being willing to take the responsibility. I was glad now that the people would not receive my charges in their homes. I should have the young rascals with me all the time. This would give me an opportunity of telling ghost stories in the evening, after the lights were out. I accepted this offer at once, and a little later, one August day in 1890, the whole Fresh Air party landed at Freeville, New York.

None of that crowd will ever forget that two weeks' outing, neither, I fear, will the farmers. However, most of the people were very charitable, more so in some cases than they were in succeeding years. Every evening, from far and near, they would come to hear my boys sing

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and see them do "stunts." And inasmuch as my charges had been selected largely for their abilities in the latter qualification, there was ample justification for the presence of the curious.

There was actual regret expressed when the party left for New York at the end of their two weeks' sojourn, loaded to the muzzle with fruits and vegetables, second-hand clothing, cats, dogs, rabbits and what not.

All the gifts and entertainment that season had been furnished by the people in Freeville, and its immediate vicinity; but the news of my project had spread somewhat beyond these immediate bounds.

Ithaca was ten miles to the Southwest, Cortland, a like number of miles to the Northeast. Some friends from these prosperous centers had dropped in on one or two occasions to see my protégés, and had been duly impressed; whereupon they proposed that I bring a still larger number of young people the next year, and they would see to it that the various churches of Ithaca and Cortland took different days to supply food for my Fresh Air Colony.

This seemed like an opportunity of giving

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an outing to many whom I had been obliged to reject when I made up my party in the first instance. I told these kind friends that I would accept their offer.

The next year, 1891, I conducted two parties of about one hundred and twenty-five boys and girls to Freeville for two weeks each. A few friends in the city had given money to purchase a tent and together with two small cottages, we got on after a fashion.

My consignment this year was generally regarded, by the officials of the road over which they traveled, as the toughest crowd of youngsters with which they had had to deal, and at this I was not surprised owing to the fact it was only that type who got in. Nevertheless, it was this season's record that extended the fame of my little community, and Auburn and Elmira came forward with the offer to add to the company of providers, if I would bring a still larger group the next time. And this I did, almost doubling in 1892 the number of the preceding year. Some friends provided money for an additional supply of tents to meet the larger needs.

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By this time, some of the churches from Syracuse came into line. These larger places, together with many smaller villages and towns, gave us the opportunity of bringing still more recruits. In point of fact at one time we were drawing provisions from near Lake Ontario down to the Pennsylvania Line, and the Lehigh Valley Railroad Company was transporting the quantities of food and other things free of charge.

All these years the newspapers had given lengthy articles descriptive of the good work that was being done at the Freeville Fresh Air Camp. Visitors came by the hundreds to see the young people, and said encouraging things about the great good that was being accomplished. Yet, just at this stage, when apparently all was going so favorably, there came upon the horizon a cloud, for, notwithstanding all the flattering encomiums we were receiving, I, myself, had begun to have grave doubts about the ultimate benefits of the whole plan.

A great truth had begun to force itself upon my mind. At first I was reluctant to accept it. I spurned the thought as a heresy, but it would

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not down. Little by little, I came to the conclusion that the work was doing harm rather than good. I noted, reluctantly, that my young people were started on a false plane, that one and all of them were reckoning their good time according to the amount of clothing and general produce that they might be able to take back to the city upon their return. I felt certain that they were claiming charity as a right; that each day that they lived under that system they were being pauperized. Not a day passed without some one of them coming to me and saying: "Mr. George, are we goin' to get tings wen we go home?" Frequently it was an expression like this: "De lady what we wuz by last year gave us a good many more tings dan youse are givin' us, and we had a good deal gooder time der dan we're havin' here; See! !"

Expressions of this kind naturally began to confirm my doubts as to the value of the work. Moreover, being acquainted with the families of my young hopefuls, I had an opportunity of studying the question from the city end of the line.

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After one of these summer trips, I usually paid a visit to the parents. As soon as they found out that I was interested in their offspring, the father would straightway lose his job, or pretend to have lost it, and then wish to know if it would not be possible for me to get my country friends to supply a few barrels of potatoes and some suits of clothing while he was out of work. In several instances I discovered the head of the family had not lost his position at all. It was simply a scheme to get something for nothing.

Another season of this kind in the country in 1893 drove me almost to despair. By this time I was thoroughly convinced that the work was doing harm rather than good. That although young people were learning many Christian and patriotic hymns they were less self-respecting on account of the charity that was extended to them. And now sorrowfully I wished I could get the courage to tell the generous givers of central New York my frank opinion as to the failure of our hopes. Then once again, time brought us to the turning of the lane.

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One day as I was revolving these facts in my mind I was assailed by the usual crowd of ragamuffins, wishing to know if they were "go-in' to get tings" when they went home. Usually this question had brought forth the reply: "Yes; if the people send things for you," but at this moment, being in the condition of mind already described, it didn't strike me just right. I turned to the crowd and said with some warmth:

"Can you tell me any reason in the round world why these people should give you clothing and other things to take home with you? Here you are getting all the food and fun you want, and in addition fresh air and health thrown in. What right have you to expect anything more?"

Then it was that a little black-eyed Italian girl, her eyes flashing fire, rose to the emergency. Looking me straight in the eye she exclaimed, with all the emphasis she could muster: "Mister George, what do yer tink we're here fer enyway?"

That settled the question in my mind. It was evidently up to me to inform my kind

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abettors that I was about to give up the work. I at once made a bee line to write a letter of announcement to the papers, but again I hesitated. I said to myself: "This will be a terrible shock to the community; moreover, there is a large percentage of these boys and girls who actually need the assistance.

"Is there not some method by which I can get these things into their possession and not pauperize them? Perhaps I had better wait and try one more season filled up with radical experiments; then if I fail I'll write the letter and give up the whole thing."

CHAPTER II

“NOTHING WITHOUT LABOR”

WHEN the summer of 1894 arrived, I had a few new ideas, more or less well defined, which I determined to put into operation. To be sure they were a bit radical, but such measures would be a relief when compared with the conditions of preceding years.

In the first place I fully determined not to waste a great amount of time in outlining schemes for the amusement of the boys and girls. This particular season they were to amuse me. Accordingly, I shocked a dear friend of mine in New York, who had been accustomed each year to give me a small appropriation for croquet sets, by announcing that I didn't care to have any more games; I told him I wished to use his money for another purpose, and if he would allow me, I would purchase picks and shovels with it. He declared

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frankly that I must be a little crazy if I expected for a moment that I could amuse children with picks and shovels; but if I really desired to ruin my popularity by introducing manual labor into a summer outing, he would be willing to help me along by allowing me to use his annual appropriation for the tools. This money was sufficient to purchase one dozen picks and one dozen shovels. These we had forwarded to Freeville, and when our little colony arrived one bright morning in the early part of July, we found the tools at the cottage ready for our use.

That (to me) never to be forgotten morning I stepped out in the large dining tent that seated the entire company of about two hundred, and gave them a little speech. I told them that in order to get the most fun out of life we should do some hard work, and, inasmuch as I was anxious for them to get the greatest measure of fun, I proposed to have them aid, if they so desired, in the construction of a model piece of roadway in front of our Fresh Air Cottage. Then I gave them a lecture on good roads, and what they meant to

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the community. I got them worked up to a fine pitch of excitement along this line, and then I produced my picks and shovels to their astonished gaze.

“How many of you would like to use these tools?” I exclaimed.

Instantly, all the boys and about half the girls jumped to their feet and in a very “streety” way declared their intention to seize the opportunity.

Thereupon, I invited them to come forward and begin operations. In a moment a stampede for the tools followed and boys were actually fighting to secure picks and shovels. I was obliged to relinquish my occupation as a lecturer and resolve myself into a police force to bring about a degree of order. It was no easy matter, owing to their eagerness, to get order established. Finally, with the aid of a few helpers I formed twelve lines of boys. At the front of each line I placed a pick and shovel; then the boy at the head would take the tools, use them for five minutes and hand them over to the next fellow in line, after which number one would place himself at the rear to

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await his next turn about an hour later. Then number two would work for five minutes and as he passed the tools along to the next fellow, he would move to the end of the line, and so on till every boy had had one or two chances to work at the job. By using this method we got on after a fashion.

I was enthusiastic over the spirit that was shown. I said to my corps of faithful helpers:

“This is the idea for which we have been looking. The only thing that is needed to make our scheme perfectly successful is to have tools for every fellow, and they shall have them. I will send a telegraph order to New York City for picks and shovels to be sent by express this very day.”

Away I rushed to the telegraph office, but before I had taken many steps I stopped as suddenly as if I had come up to a stone wall. I realized for the first time that it would be expensive to send so many picks and shovels by express.

Moreover, the hardware firm would probably send them C. O. D. and I had not the wherewithal to pay for them if they came in

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that objectionable manner. I wished at the moment that I had been a millionaire. I concluded I had better wait for a day and see how things progressed. It turned out just as well that I waited; for the next day I had picks and shovels enough, and the third day I had picks and shovels to spare, and the fourth day—well, there was no fourth day, for sad to relate not a boy put in an appearance.

However, I had noted one thing in particular, that the days they had been industrious, every one of them had been happy, and especially had he enjoyed his food. Not a single individual who had worked could be charged with being a grumbler, while he was occupied, but just as quickly as he ceased working, the same old story began to be heard: “Are we goin’ to get tings when we go home?” All of the conditions of previous years were now in full swing. Grumbling about food, clamors for clothing, and demands to be amused.

About the fifth day after our arrival, when the period of hard work had passed away, and given place completely to the old condition of

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discontent, a large dry-goods box appeared upon the scene. I had been notified to look out for it. It came from the city of Cortland and contained a large quantity of second-hand clothing. For about an hour it stood on the porch of the little cottage, known as the Fresh Air Headquarters. It was the center of attraction to the young people. How they ever surmised that it was packed with clothing is a mystery to this day. The only way it could have been found out was through that unerring intuition of the New York small boy, who may always be depended upon to detect anything that is to his advantage.

As we had been at Freeville but a few days the entire company was fairly well clothed. Some, fearing this might handicap them in securing a suit out of the box, straightway proceeded to get in a condition whereby they would be absolutely sure of receiving a suit.

I stepped out on the porch by the side of the large box. My advent was greeted with cheers; mingled with these exclamations there were also appeals on the part of a group of

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ragged individuals in the first row to note the condition of their clothing. The situation filled me with a strange mixture of anger and amusement. I took a hammer, knocked off the cover, and there before me were some of the finest second-hand suits of clothing I have ever seen, and this means much, for I have seen a great many in my time. For a moment I stood irresolute; then came the quick determination not to give one bit of clothing, but to repack the box and send it back to the givers. But just at that moment, a new thought came like an inspiration, and I fairly laughed aloud in my delight at the idea.

I turned to the crowd and my eye sought out Mickey Ryan. He was the victim; I motioned for him to step a little closer to the front. He didn't waste an instant in getting there, and his blue eyes flashed gratitude. I picked out a suit that I felt certain would fit Mickey, and he grinned from ear to ear, as I extended it toward him.

The other boys cast envious glances.

“Tanks, Mister George, tanks,” said Mickey, as he reached forth to take the suit.

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“Hold on, Mickey,” I said, cheerfully, “I haven’t given you that suit yet, I just want you to look it over and let me know what you think it is worth.”

Mickey looked slightly disappointed, but, after examining it critically, he said seriously:

“Dat suit is wort five dollars.”

“Aw youse couldn’t get dat suit fer five dollars,” howled the crowd around him. “Dat suit is wort six dollars.”

“Yes, seven.”

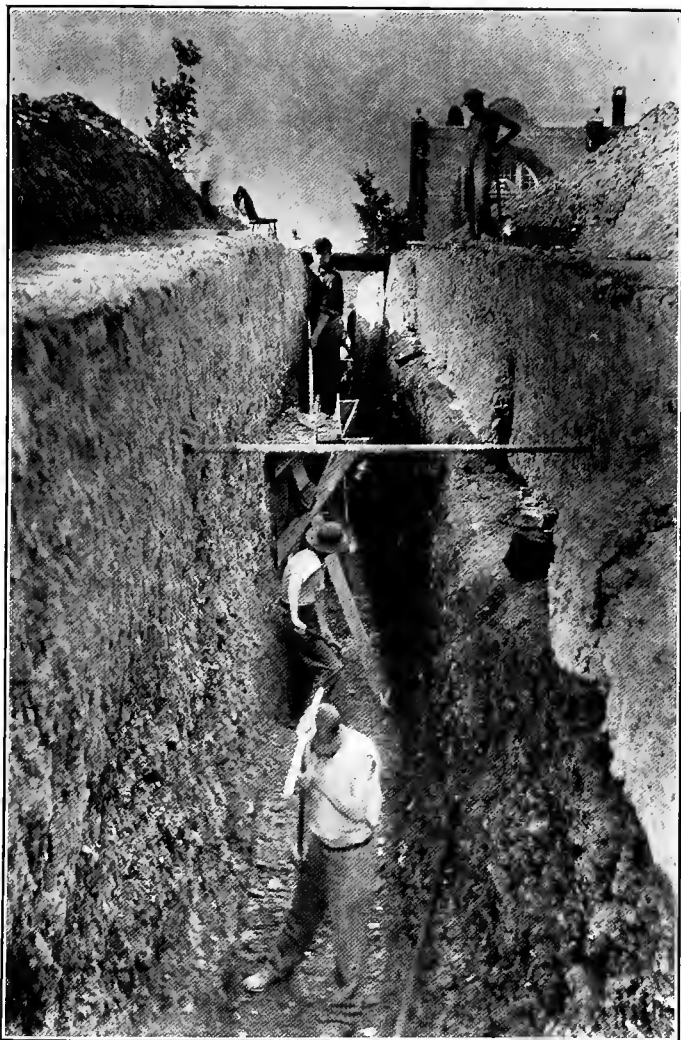
“Sure, eight,” exclaimed others.

“Well, it is a pretty good suit,” I said, turning it over carefully, and then passing it around to the various boys for inspection, “but we will just suppose, as Mickey says, it’s worth five dollars.”

“Won’t suppose anything of de kind,” said one or two fellows almost in chorus, “’cause it’s wort so much more.”

“Well,” I said, “you are probably right, but just to get a proposition before you we will suppose it is worth five dollars.”

Reluctantly they consented, although there were still mutterings in undertones, that:



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“youse couldn’t buy a suit like dat in Baxter Street fer less’n six dollars.”

I turned to Mickey and said:

“Say, young fellow, how much could you earn in a day?”

He figured a moment, and then said:

“Sure, youse could get a dollar a day if youse hustled.”

“Aw youse couldn’t earn a dollar in a day,” came up a chorus of voices.

“Unless youse had luck at craps,” interrupted one young hopeful with a twinkle in his eye.

“Sure, youse could if youse had ‘murder extras,’” said Mickey triumphantly.

To this statement there were grunts of: “Yes, perhaps.” “Sure, perhaps, but dey would have to be good ones,” and other comments of a like nature.

“Well,” I said, “we will suppose then that you had a ‘murder extra day.’ It would be possible for you to earn a dollar?”

“Yes, but youse would hev to hustle,” said one fellow seriously.

“Sure, youse ’ud hev to hustle at mos’ eny-

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ting all day to get a whole dollar," exclaimed Mickey.

"Good for you, Mickey," said I. "You are right: you would have to hustle to earn a dollar a day. Let us see, here is a problem for you. If a fellow has to work hard to earn a dollar in a day, how many hard days' work will it take him to earn five dollars?"

"Five days; can't youse figger?" said one boy with some disgust.

"That's right, my lad, you have solved the problem. Say, Mickey, you agree this suit is worth five dollars. You come around here to-morrow morning and take a pick and shovel and work hard upon that road' for five days, counting out three hours in the afternoon when it is very hot, and at the end of the fifth day I'll give you that suit, which you say is really worth more money. How is that for a fine bargain?"

Up went a perfect howl from the assembled company.

"What! yer goin' to make us work for dem old rags—not on yer tin-type!"

These contemptuous cries did not disturb

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me in the least. It had turned out about as I had expected, and I was prepared for the ordeal.

I invited the boys to return the suit. Reluctantly they turned it over. I began to whistle, folded up the suit, and returned it to the box, replaced the cover of the box and began to drive home the nails. Then their stolid attitude began to change. They looked at their torn clothing disconsolately and then gazed at me to see if I were really serious. Finally, one fellow said:

“Wat yer goin’ to do wid dem close, Mister George?”

“I’m going to send this box of clothing back to the people who sent it to us, or I will put it in the cellar of this building and let it rot. I want to tell you fellows one thing; you are not going to get a stitch out of that box until you work for it. See!”

And they saw.

Up to that moment I had prided myself somewhat on my popularity with those young people; but I wasn’t doing anything so rash as that on that particular morning, for it would

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have been nothing short of rashness, judging from the fragments of conversation I overheard as they emanated from the assembly tent, which was located a few rods away. "Wants to make us work for old rags." "Wants to git his old road built fer nuttin." "Let's tell de *New York Herald* and hev em give him a write-up," these, and other things even less complimentary were what I heard muttered.

This went on for some time; suddenly, I heard what seemed to be a discordant note. Could it be possible that there was a rebel in the group? I listened eagerly. My ears were rewarded with this comment:

"Jimmy Scully, if youse work fer dem close youse ought ter hev yer nose punched."

"All right," said Jimmy, "if dat's wat youse tink, youse at liberty to waltz right in; see!!!"

That settled the argument, for red-headed Jimmy Scully, an East Side messenger boy, had established a reputation in the fistic line that caused every one of his companions to understand decidedly that the last word had been said.

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A moment later, with flushed face and flashing eyes, he strode up to me and exclaimed, half defiantly:

“Mister George, I’ll work fer dem close.”

“Good for you, Jimmy,” said I. “You’re all right. Come around to-morrow morning and we’ll start.”

“Naw,” said he straightening up and looking still more determined. “I want to begin right now, I might not hev de feelin’ ter-morrow mornin’.”

“Well,” said I, “you may begin now, and we will count this a full day.”

So Jimmy commenced. All alone he worked for five days and performed his work faithfully and at the end of the fifth day I had the pleasure of turning over the suit to him. He took it, laid it across his arm, smoothed out the wrinkles, and gave that soft whistle of satisfaction that a boy gives when he comes into possession of something for which he has been working strenuously.

Jimmy then returned to the tent. All the boys by tacit agreement were inside waiting to receive him.

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I was anxious to see what sort of a reception he would get, so I took a circuitous route and located myself behind the tent where I selected a hole or rather one of the holes, through which I could see and not be seen,—a rather difficult problem owing to the size of the holes.

I had settled myself nicely just as Jimmy entered. He walked about exhibiting the suit to each one of the silent company. As he approached them they seemed to have no interest in what he had done.

However, Jimmy was psychologist enough to know there was a lot of thinking going on inside. After he had gone about the circle, one fellow bolder than the rest, said:

“Say, Jimmy Scully, do youse want ter know wat we tink about youse?”

Jimmy assumed an indifferent air and exclaimed:

“Naw, I don’t care a whole lot; taint goin’ to keep me awake nights worryin’ about what youse tink about me.”

“Well,” said the other fellow, “I didn’t know but what youse would like ter know and

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I tink I'll tell youse. We all tink yer one big fool.”

I expected to see a fight, but Jimmy had learned self-control in those few days of hard labor. Instead of appearing angry he threw back his head and laughed heartily for a few moments, then fairly shouted:

“Perhaps I be a ‘big fool,’ but dere’s one ting radder funny, dat amuses me, and dat is, dat I just noticed dat I’m de only feller in de whole bunch wats got a whole suit of close.” Then he paused, looked serious, and said: “Say, youse blokes, I wan ter tell youse one ting. Do youse know, I tink more of dose close because I hustled for dem.”

I noted that short-pointed statement had struck home. I could see it affected the entire company. One fellow said:

“Say, Jimmy, is it very hard work?”

The ice was beginning to thaw.

“Naw,” said Jimmy, “it comes kinder tough de first two or tree days, but after dat youse get kinder used to it and youse don’t mind it a little bit.”

“Say, Fritzie Snyder,” piped up another,

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“if youse ’ll come in wid me, I’ll work for close.”

“Aw, sure ting, I’m wid youse, Georgie, if dat’s yer game,” said Fritzie.

“Hurrah, fellers,” said another, “wats de matter wid de whole bunch goin’ to Mister George and sayin’ we’ll work for de close? Won’t it be a big joke on him?”

“All right dat’s wat we’ll do,” they fairly shouted, and I knew the victory had been won.

I hurried back to the cottage, and began to make preparations for the next day’s tasks. I said to myself:

“In all probability, I’ll be waited upon by a representative who will announce intention to work for the clothing.”

I heard a step upon the porch and a soft tap at the door. As I opened the door, Jimmy Scully stood solemnly before me with his newly earned suit over his arm.

“What can I do for you, Jimmy?” I asked.

“Mister George,” said he seriously, “will youse loan me a flat iron?”

“What do you want with a flat iron, Jimmy?”

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“I want ter put some creases in me trousers,” said Jimmy.

He got the flat iron.

What would he have cared about creases if the suit had been given to him? I knew full well the idea would not have occurred to him. I was certain that if I had given him that suit he would have destroyed it for the sole purpose of getting another at a later date, before the party returned to the city.

As it turned out, I met Jimmy fully a year after this event on East Fourteenth Street in New York City. After a short chat he said:

“Mister George, do youse remember dese close, wat I got on?”

His costume looked very familiar, and I said it struck me that I had seen it before.

“Well,” said he, “I never tho’t so much of a suit of close in all me life, as I tink of dese. Dey are beginning to look kinder shiny, but it seems like I can’t give dem up. I guess,” said he, with a merry twinkle in his eye “dat when I get true wid ’em I’ll have to put dem in a glass case.”

I have gone into some detail with this sig-

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nificant episode because it was on the principle therein insisted upon that the foundations of the future integrity and stability of the Republic were securely laid.

CHAPTER III

TRIAL BY JURY

THE next morning nearly every boy in the place applied for work, and each one was given a job on the roadway. There was no grumbling and but little loafing.

With right good-will each boy stuck to his task and when pay-day came around his labor was rewarded to the extent of its value in clothing.

Previous to this time, I had made all the rules and regulations for the government of this community. I prided myself that I was a great law-maker, and also noticed, incidentally, that I was obliged to enforce the laws that I made. I was secretly mortified that these most excellent rules were not obeyed with enthusiasm. Instead, there seemed to be a tacit understanding between the young rascals not to allow an opportunity to pass without breaking some of my pet regulations.

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About two days after the boys had received their first installment of clothing as payment for their labor, something marvellously funny happened.

A few of the most industrious fellows discovered that some of the smaller articles that they had earned and in which they took a special pride had mysteriously disappeared. It was evident that there were thieves amongst them. A little later some of the culprits were discovered. In high indignation a group of hard-working citizens came to me, with the suggestion that I make some rules, which, they declared, would secure the protection of their property. I granted their request and soon discovered that they were far more zealous in the support of the laws that they had recommended than in my pet rules. Practically every one of the rules they suggested were in relation to the protection of property. (In other words, as quickly as they came into possession of property they became interested in laws for the protection of property and in this fundamental necessity lay the germ of government.)

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As I look back over those days filled with so many important incidents, this particular event stands out significantly as marking the tangible beginning of the Junior Republic. At that time, however, I had little opportunity to dwell upon the question. I simply noted it as an interesting incident and passed on to other matters that were rapidly crowding upon me, the principal one being the enforcement of law in our little community.

Now it so happened that the young men and women who were sojourning with me at this time were not particularly strong in respect to the rights of other people. They seemed to believe that the whole creation was theirs. Every day some irate farmer would drive into the Fresh Air Camp, hunt me out, and imply that charity was one thing and stealing apples quite another. I would humbly state in reply that I was very sorry my boys had stolen his apples, and one farmer probably expressed the sentiments of all the others when he said: "Well, your being sorry hain't payin' for my apples." I assured him I should endeavor to settle his loss in some more substantial man-

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ner than by mere regret, to which he replied that he was willing, and promptly proceeded to place a price upon his fruit which led me to believe that he had gotten his money's worth all right.

After settling several bills of this kind, I naturally grew weary of the diversion and I called a meeting of the boys and roundly upbraided them for stealing apples. I argued that aside from the moral wrong it was not treating me fairly, after I had been so good as to give them a trip to the country.

They were duly impressed and the leaders of the gang came forward and declared they would offend no more in this respect. In less than an hour after my eloquent lecture, a big gang of them including the leaders were brought to me, together with several bushels of apples that they had stolen and had concealed in their blouses.

For many a day thereafter I wondered whether they simply were not duly impressed by my appeal to them or that they had really meant to deceive me. Later, I concluded that they were not unlike that great man who was

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very near to the hearts of his countrymen, and who, at a dinner with some bosom friends, suddenly exclaimed: "I can resist anything but temptation."

Some punishment had to be administered to stop the thieving. In casting about for a remedy I discovered an antidote which, strange to relate, was found on the self-same apple tree. It didn't come in fruit form, however, and for a time I used this remedy lavishly. One morning I thrashed thirty-two boys for stealing apples.

Every morning we had a whipping bee in the Chapel tent. It was our custom at that hour to settle up all the troubles of the preceding day, and get a fresh and right start. It didn't seem to accomplish much good. We had about the same number of victims each day. Each morning the members of the community not directly interested would come inside to see the operation performed upon the "interested." They evidently got a certain amount of satisfaction out of the exhibition. It was the circus feature of the day. I did not enjoy the affair and I am very certain the victims

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did not. One morning after flogging about the regulation number I paused to take breath before concluding the morning's work on two remaining subjects, who were, on account of their offense, to play the star part in the final act of the day. I chanced to glance over the company before me and a look of expectancy was plainly written on every face. All that was ludicrous in the whole situation came to me with a rush. I could hardly restrain my laughter. Then some serious features had their innings. I said to myself:

“This crowd of girls and boys come in here every morning to be entertained. This is their Roman Holiday. I venture to say that what is just or unjust connected with this punishment does not trouble their thoughts. How can I cause them to feel they have some responsibility in this matter?”

And suddenly the idea flashed into my mind: I will turn the two remaining culprits, “Lanky” and “Curly,” over to their comrades for trial!

“Boys and girls,” I said, with all the earnestness possible, “I have been acting in all these cases as Judge, Jury and Grand Executioner.

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I don't know what you have thought about the matter; I don't know that I have really cared, but this morning I do care. This is going to be your affair. I am going to let Lanky and Curly tell their story to you and then I am going to let you decide whether they shall be punished or go free. It's up to you."

In an instant there was a change of attitude on the part of every boy and girl present. They straightened up in their seats, nodded approval to one another and likewise to me. There was a new light in the features of each one of the entire company of those young people. This light pleased me. I felt that justice would be done.

Lanky and Curly were seated on the front bench with their backs to the company. They did not even turn to see the way that their fellows took the proposal. However, I overheard Lanky say to his companion:

"Hey, Curly, dis is a lead pipe cinch." I said to Lanky:

"Now, son, you may get up and tell your fellow-citizens all about the matter."

Lanky was regarded as something of a wit,

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and he had a peculiar drawl in his speech. He arose solemnly, elevated his eyes to the roof of the tent, then gradually turned on a pivot, until he presented a front to the company. All this time he kept his eyes elevated.

“Oh, no! I hain’t stole no apples. Oh, no!” he said solemnly.

This was intended to throw the entire company into convulsions and under ordinary circumstances it would have been a successful effort, but now not an individual even smiled. This had the effect of instantly disconcerting Lanky. His head and eyes dropped suddenly, and for the first time he gazed into the faces of his companions, and Lanky saw the same expression upon their faces that I had seen, but the effect on him was entirely different.

It was a keen, discriminating jury that he was facing. The idea of their regarding him as a culprit, filled him momentarily with anger. The presumption of their daring to decide on his case! That defiance that is seen so often in street boys flamed forth.

“Aw, every one of youse has stolen apples,” he snapped out.

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No one replied, but steadily they gazed at him as much as to say: "Have you anything else to offer?"

Then Lanky got rattled. Stage fright with all its horrors suddenly seized upon him. Every trace of defiance vanished on the instant, and he stood a pathetic picture before them. What could he do to extricate himself?

"Say, fellers," he snivelled, "I didn't steal de apples. Curly here is de bloke wat stole dem."

It took but an instant for him to see that this was the worst course he could possibly have adopted. Two or three said: "Shame, shame," and altho' it had prejudiced his case, it had served to bring back the defiance in his nature, and he suddenly bawled out:

"Aw, kill me if youse wan ter," and he sat down.

I turned to the company and said:

"Is he guilty or not guilty?"

There was a momentary pause. One boy in the crowd evidently thinking that they did not know what I meant, shouted out:

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“He wants to know wedder he done it or wedder he didn’t done it.”

Up went a perfect howl: “He done it,” and then, if I may be pardoned the ungrammatical expression, “I done it.” While I was wearing out the apple switch on Lanky, I was likewise saying to myself: “I wonder if they found him guilty because they wished to see the punishment or, on the other hand, was it because they learned from his own evidence and manner that he had violated a law, and the law must prevail and the breaker of it must suffer.”

I was, therefore, anxious to see what they would do with Curly’s case. I knew there were a few mitigating circumstances connected with his part in the affair.

By this time, I had concluded with Lanky and he went out of the tent, casting defiant glances at the assembled company, and muttering under his breath that he would lay for a chance “to get even wid every guy in de joint.” I said to Curly:

“Now it is your chance, my boy.”

Curly, the name given him by the boys on account of his light, curly hair, was a bright-

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eyed little German fellow, but as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. He was not totally unprepared for the ordeal, through which he was about to pass. He had been taking in the situation out of the corner of his eye, and evidently had reached the conclusion that being straightforward and humble was the best policy to pursue. So he arose and said with perfect frankness:

“Yes, I took de apples, but Lanky didn’t play me quite a square deal when he said I took all of dem. I don’t know which one of us took de most. I don’t tink we counted, but I took me share, and I’m willin’ to take me share of de trashing, but I jus want ter tell youse fellers dat I’m goin’ to hold up me right hand and promise dat I hope to die if I ever take any more, ’cause I know ’tain’t right to steal and me mudder would feel orful bad, if she know’d I hed been crookin’, and dat’s all I got to say;” and with that neat little speech, he dropped down on the bench, buried his face in his hands and cried as if his heart would break.

I said: “Is it ‘Guilty’?”

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No hand was raised.

“Is it ‘Not guilty’?” I queried.

Not a hand appeared. Instead a very animated conversation suddenly took place between the assembled company. They were evidently discussing all the fine points. A group of older lads at the rear of the tent seemed to be particularly absorbed in the discussion of the case. Finally, one of that group said:

“Mister George, dere hain’t no doubt ’bout it, Curly is guilty, but say, Mister George, won’t youse please go light on him?”

There was a clear “recommendation for mercy” and I proceeded to go light on Curly—light enough, I may say, to suit the most sentimental critic. I said to the assembly:

“Before we are dismissed I want to tell you that hereafter all discussions of this kind are going to be settled in this tent by you boys and girls.”

This announcement was greeted by a shout of approval and one fellow proposed three cheers for the new court.

The next morning we had less than half of

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the usual number of offenders, and this state of affairs continued for several days; but human beings can't be good all the time, and one morning we discovered that we had a larger number of prisoners than usual during this new era.

In the meantime I had been wondering what method of punishment I could use instead of the customary "thrashing," and this morning it came to me.

They had all been tried and stood waiting for their punishment. I said to the first fellow:

"I'm not going to whip you this morning;" —he grinned from ear to ear,— "instead, I'm going to sentence you to picking up stones out here in the meadow for six hours." To the next fellow I said: "Your case is not quite as bad. You'll pick up stones for four hours." Then to the third fellow I said: "Your case is particularly bad; you'll pick up stones for eight hours," and thus I went along the line, meting out sentence according to the degree of the offense.

Then I called up one of my adult helpers

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and charged him to take the prisoners to the field and see that the order of court was faithfully executed.

He did as requested.

About the middle of the forenoon, I chanced to overhear one of the culprits say:

“I wish’t he’d trashed us instead of havin’ us do dis job; it would of stopped hurtin’ by dis time.”

The next morning following this incident, I discovered we had made another good move in the line of lessening crime; and for several days thereafter we did not have more than four or five culprits.

Then we had another “crime wave.” It seemed particularly unfortunate that it should have made itself manifest at this time for my adult keeper was sick; and there seemed to be no one to look after the prisoners. I should have enjoyed undertaking the job, but I was so busy with other matters, that it was out of the question. It was an occasion where stringent measures were necessary. What to do was the problem. As I looked hopelessly about for relief from some unexpected source my eye

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chanced to fall upon a picturesque figure. It was "Banjo." I don't know what his other name was; perhaps he didn't know himself. If he did know, he didn't take the trouble to acquaint any one with it. The boys called him Banjo. I never was able to assign the reason. Like other nicknames it probably grew up with him.

Banjo was a curious chap, tough as they are made, and naturally very proud of this fact. He had served one term in a certain juvenile institution and one in a reform school, which fact added special distinction. He took pride in being one of the star members of the Park Gang. Their "hang out" at that time was at Paradise Park at Old Five Points, New York City. I had made strenuous efforts to gain the good-will of this young worthy, but all without avail.

He evidently was questioning all my motives and seemed to conclude I had some sort of an axe to grind.

Strange to relate, during these past weeks he had never been in any difficulty, but sullenly and silently he watched the operations of the

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others. He was evidently watching for the psychological moment to lead a rebellion; and I have no doubt he would have risen to the emergency had the opportunity presented itself. I said to myself:

“I wonder what sort of a keeper Banjo would make? I don’t think he’d take the job, but, if he should, what would happen? He might kill them! Well, I’m mighty hard pressed and I don’t know whether I care. I’ll risk it.” Thereupon I called out:

“Banjo, come here.”

Banjo sullenly arose and came slouching to the front. He evidently thought he was about to be tried for some offense. I hastened to reassure him.

“Banjo,” I said, “I am going to make you keeper.”

The boy stopped as if he had been struck; straightened up, looked me in the eye, and gave me his first smile; and what brought me still more joy was that I saw the same look in his eye that I had seen in the faces of the large company of boys and girls that morning we had held our first session of the court.

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“All right, Mister George,” he said, striding forth with a military bearing, “I’ll see dat dey hustle.”

Long live Banjo! He was as good as his word. He took them out and they “hustled.” It was a tired lot of prisoners that appeared at the dinner hour. They had been able to fool the adult keeper at times, but they couldn’t fool Banjo. He knew the tricks.

Banjo was duly installed in the position of prison-keeper, and we had no more “crime waves.” The next day we didn’t have a single person to be tried, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next, and then it was time for the whole summer colony to go back to their homes in New York City.

When that large company of boys and girls took the train that night it would have been hard to find an equal number any place that were more happy or self-satisfied. Nearly every one had more or less clothing and provisions of some sort; not only clothing for themselves but many exhibited with great pride, clothing they had purchased for their parents or younger brothers or sisters at home. Al-

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though they had quantities of things, I doubt whether they took back more than had been taken on previous years. Perhaps they did not take as much, but the things they held upon this occasion, they had earned with the labor of their hands. Nearly every one of them asked the privilege of returning the next year, and working just the same as they had during the past summer. This idea of returning was without precedent. In former years, they had declared unhesitatingly: "Dey was goin' by de odder lady next time."

CHAPTER IV

THE UNFOLDING OF THE REPUBLIC IDEA

DURING the several weeks that I had set apart for my own vacation, I could not seem to get pleasure out of anything but the reliving of the graphic events that had taken place in the Fresh Air Camp a few weeks previous. I saw before me each day those young people engaged in honest toil. I saw them striving to protect their property; and again and again the pathetic incidents that transpired in the improvised court came before me. I had seen boys and girls in the city doing the same thing after a fashion, but it had all been play; this had been stern reality. I had watched the boys in New York enthusiastically playing "Cops and Robbers," but here at Freeville it had not been play but the real thing. The whole affair had something substantial about it. I felt that if I stopped right here and did not go any further something val-

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uable had been discovered; at least for my uses in the training of boys and girls; but would it not be possible to go still further? Perhaps, but where should I begin?

One bright Sunday morning, Oh! if I could only remember the date, but it has gone from me completely; but at any rate it was a Sunday in the latter part of September or the first part of October, 1894. I was standing in the doorway of a barn at the home of one of my uncles, and was engaged in the usual occupation of turning over in my mind the events already described, when I finally came to the same old climax: that the recent experiment had been successful because it had been real,—because there had been no play about it. Was it possible to carry this plan still farther? I asked myself. How could I make it more real? How well they had worked for their clothing! WHY NOT MAKE THEM WORK FOR THEIR FOOD? Ah! that would be the real thing! A bit radical—perhaps it would not work! But my optimism asserted that it certainly would work. The only thing necessary was to make the requirement. That was all

THE UNFOLDING OF THE IDEA

I had done with the clothing question, to require labor for the same, and it had worked. Now, these young people could get on without a certain amount of clothing, but they couldn't get on without food,—the only thing necessary was to require them to work for their food—and I cried aloud: "I'll do it."

This decision at once opened a number of new problems. I realized that I had found right there room for the extension of my idea. Yes; my young people should work for their food! Work? What at? I asked myself. Building roadways, digging ditches,—anything to keep them busy.

Then there confronted me another question: Should they all receive the same pay? Pay? Pay? What had pay to do with it? Yet, as I thought more of it that became quite an important question; and I had no money. I realized that I must have some medium of exchange, a "token money." I should get some little card-board checks,—have a red one represent a dollar, a yellow one for the fifty cents, a green one for the quarter, and some other color for the dime, nickel, and penny,

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and I'd use that for money. I certainly did not believe in "flat" money but it seemed true that such little card-board checks would help me out in this case, and I should have my currency to pay my ditch-diggers and road-makers. Pay them all the same price? I asked. Not much! I knew those boys too well. Sure enough, there were some of those fellows who would do a good piece of work: well, I'd give them good pay. Then there were other fellows who were good at times, who might be called average workers,—they should receive average pay. Then there was another group that was pretty "bum" when it came to doing anything that resembled work,—"bum" pay would be their portion. And thus that weighty problem was solved. Then I bethought me of the food proposition. Should I give them all the same kind of food? Yes—I might be generous to that extent. But—this was not a question of generosity—this was a question of political economy, and, moreover, it would solve the "pie" problem. Now, by way of parentheses, let me describe the "pie" problem.

It so happened that upon occasions a pie

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would land in that Fresh Air Camp sent by some dear, thoughtful soul from one of the adjoining cities. Upon a certain occasion a nice, large, juicy apple pie made its appearance. I looked at that pie and then gazed upon my two hundred or more boys and girls. Wasn't that a problem? It certainly was, owing to the fact that they had seen the pie. Had they not seen it, we could have solved the problem with alacrity. But to distribute that pie! I took a knife and said: "This disc represents the face of a clock,—I will space off minutes all the way around it." After a time I had sixty atoms of pie. I called up sixty of the most promising individuals and gave each one a speck of pie. Those who received pie were highly gratified—those who received no pie said: "Dem fellers an' girls wat's gettin' pie is Mister George's favorits." Therefore, on this beautiful Sunday morning when ideas were coming so thick and fast, I was inspired to say: "This money business will solve the pie problem and we shall carry this pie problem idea into everything within our Fresh Air Camp next summer."

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Just at this moment I thought of the large quantities of apples and other fruits that the generous-hearted farmers of that section brought in to my boys and girls. It was frequently their custom to scatter the apples broad-cast upon the ground and then a signal was given and the youngsters would tumble in pell-mell. It was called "scrabbling for apples." Although it afforded great amusement to the on-lookers, I am convinced it had a bad effect. The strongest usually secured the largest portion. What should we do with the fruit question. "Scrabbling for apples" did not fall in with this new scheme. And then I thought of a plan. There were some boys who, while not above ditch-digging and road-making, would do much better as merchants. Instead of using these apples for "scrabbling" purposes, I should sell them at wholesale prices to young merchants; they in turn might retail the fruit to their fellows: then all those who had money might purchase apples, and those who had no money might watch those who did have while they bought the fruit. That would be perfectly regular.

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Money seemed to be playing an important part in all this problem. What should we do with all this money? We must have a safe place to keep it in, and what better place than a bank! That would certainly be useful. Some young fellow might need cash to carry on enterprises, perhaps. He would be able to borrow it from the bank providing he could give good security. Moreover, that bank would be good for another purpose. Industrious boys and girls would be able to put their money in the bank and it would be safe from thieves. Thieves!! Thieves!! Why! of course there would be thieves in the crowd! All right: I'd fix those thieves! But why should I fix those thieves? They had not stolen from *me*. What was the matter with letting the boys settle them? Sure enough—we'd have a police-force! I'd get some good man to act as "cop." Man? What use had I for a man when I had Banjo? I'd bring more Banjos next year. We'd have a police force of Banjos and they would arrest the thieves. But where would they put them after they arrested them? We should have to have a jail. But they couldn't put criminals

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in jail without a trial! That seemed true. We must have a court, and a judge, and due process of law. A criminal court would be a valuable adjunct. Yes! moreover, so would a civil court. That would be the place to settle controversies between the individual boys and girls, that were constantly wearing on my nerves! What a fine chance I had to make rules and regulations for this little community! Rules and regulations? Why should *I* make rules and regulations? Did I not remember the time when they came to me and asked me to make the rules for the protection of their property and when I made them, together with some others they had suggested, how much better they had worked than the rules I made? Why not leave the rule-making to the wisest among them? Why not have a law-making body? They knew what they needed, and again I cried: "I'll do it, and I know it will work!"

What were all these ideas that were coming in so thick and fast? I asked myself. One by one, they came up; one by one, they rose logically, and each problem had its solution in some familiar method. Where had I seen these

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methods before? Surely not to this extent where I had seen boys and girls together. Had it been in the Public Schools, Boarding Schools, Homes that begin with a capital "H," Reform Institutions, or Boys' Clubs with which I had been acquainted? NO; none of these. I had never seen them tried with youth before, yet I knew they would work. Why did I know they would work? Because there was something strangely familiar about it. What could it be? Ah! I had it! The three powers of government:—the Legislative represented by the law-making body:—the Executive represented by the Heads of the Police Department, Bank, Post-Office, and other departments:—the Judiciary represented by the Judges of the Civil and Criminal Courts. I had the three powers of government just the same as in our great big Republic. That was what had seemed familiar, and what else had I thought out that made it real life? (Why! underneath the whole plan ran the economic system of the big Republic. This idea that had come to me at that moment was just the same idea as the big Republic, only with boys and girls as citizens.

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Our Glorious Republic in miniature—a Junior Republic—and I recall shouting at the top of my voice: “I have it—I have it—I have it;” and like a school boy I ran as fast as my legs could carry me, and told my mother. I felt it to have been a God-given idea.

CHAPTER V

THE BEGINNING OF THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

WHEN I reached New York after the eventful summer recorded in the preceding chapters, I had a new story to tell my friends. It was a description of my experience during the summer with my boys and girls, and with special references to the way they had secured property by manual labor, which resulted in their requests for laws to protect this property from thieves, the part they played subsequently in the courts where the criminals were tried, the punishment of the culprits by their own officers, all of which had resulted not only in a most interesting and successful summer's work, but in a train of ideas that had finally developed into the scheme of establishing a Junior Republic modelled exactly on the plan of our big Republic; or to make it a little more plain, establish a village conducted just exactly the same as a village of

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grown-ups excepting that it should be "of the youth, for the youth, and by the youth" that sojourned within its boundaries. I furthermore told them I intended to put the plan in operation the very next summer. I suppose some of them thought I was crazy. One friend, from whom I expected to receive much consolation, declared, after I had told her just how it was to be done, that the idea was much like a machine she had seen in Japan, which was remarkable for its mechanism and design—in point of fact it was so nearly perfect that it had but one defect, "it wouldn't work." A few, however, were more considerate, either for the sake of friendship, pity, or through real faith in the plan.

That winter I devoted much time to the selection of "specimens" for the experiment. I confined my search for subjects to no particular locality. The whole city of New York was my field. By the first of July, I had all my arrangements completed and planned to start from New York City on the evening of July 3rd, so that we should be able to start the Junior Republic on the ever-glorious Fourth of

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July, but a shortage of cash and a few hitches in the programme compelled me to defer our start until the night of July 9th, 1895. That evening one hundred and forty-four boys and girls together with a corps of volunteer helpers who hailed from various mission settlements and colleges assembled in a loft over what was at that time a distillery located at 341 East Eleventh Street, New York City. I had established a boy's club in that loft, and had organized a Law and Order Gang, comprised largely of young fellows who had had difficulties with the police authorities in that portion of the city. I should like to give a description of that Law and Order Gang: perhaps I will some day. A description of it would be out of order in this book which is confined to a history of the Junior Republic. Suffice it to say that some of the members of my Law and Order Gang were to be found amongst the one hundred and forty-four chosen ones.

This block, famous for its twisted alleys and irregular buildings filled with equally irregular and twisted individuals, was the Delft Haven of the Junior Republic; and the pilgrims and

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adult attendants bravely sallied forth from that building that eventful night, filled with high hopes and a determination to make a record for themselves in the little Republic they were to found the following day.

The whole party arrived in Freeville, New York, without accident on the morning of July 10th, 1895, the anniversary of which we now celebrate religiously each year. We had no brass band to meet us, but a lot of boys whistling a popular air in march time, served just as well, and the van-guard of about twenty boys under its inspiring strains entered the camp at the head of the bulk of the company. A little later the entire party were within the bounds of the little Republic and ready to begin operations.

It had been my intention to start the Junior Republic, as I stated a few moments ago, just like any other village in the big Republic. If I had done so I should have acted wisely, for experience has revealed that a boy could have acted as President, another as Judge, and still others at the heads of various other departments; but just before I started I yielded to

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the advice of many friends who had taken a special interest in the work, and followed their suggestion of taking the Presidency myself, and appointing adults to hold the positions of Judges, Post Master, Chief of Police, Secretary and a few other important positions. The citizens were to hold all the other offices. This method seemed much more conservative, and I realized that it would be better to start with adults in these positions and finally give them to the boys, if they were capable, than it would be to start having boys hold the jobs, and later be compelled to take their positions from them and give them to adults, if it seemed necessary to do so in order to preserve good government.

Again instead of using the New York State laws for our government as I had planned I determined as quickly as the citizens elected a legislature, to have this law-making body enact only such laws as they desired, paying no attention to New York State laws, unless some question arose for which they had no law of their own. In other words, instead of having the laws of the Junior Republic, the laws of New York State plus their own, as is the case

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in the Junior Republic to-day, it was to be governed primarily by their own laws, and the New York State law only, when their law failed to cover the case. Upon the instant of our arrival, and before the meeting of this legislature, I was to set the government going, by using some simple methods in operation in the municipalities of our state.

The farm that was to be the scene of this experiment comprised forty-eight acres, a small two-story house in a fair state of repair, some tumbled-down barns, and a new shed-like building hastily thrown together to house some of the crude industries.

As quickly as this group of colonists landed upon the ground they spent some little time walking about the buildings and studying the situation. The old barn interested them particularly. This was to be the Government Building. It had been divided off into large rooms on each side of the floor; one room was labelled Court House; another Bank, while over a dingy alley leading to the cow stables was that ominous word Jail. In the new building just mentioned Carpentry, Millinery, Dress-

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making and Cooking Establishments were located. The upper floor was used as a lodging house for the girls. In other places there were pitch-forks, picks, shovels, axes and other farm tools ready for use.

After the company had examined all these arrangements critically I called them together and told them briefly that we were about to start a government and that they were to be the citizens. That in order to be the right kind of citizens it would be necessary for them to be industrious:—in point of fact unless they lived at public expense, it would be necessary for them to work to secure their food. If they worked properly it would be possible for them in addition to earning their necessary food and lodging, also to save sufficient money to purchase articles of clothing and farm produce which they might take back to the city with them on their return. I then stated it would be necessary to have officials. That one of the first things we should need was a police force. There was marked enthusiasm at this statement. To my question as to how many would like to go on the force there was a gen-

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eral response in the affirmative on the part of all the boys and some of the girls. I assured them that was all right, that each and every one would have a show to get a position on the force, but that it would be necessary for them to pass a Civil Service Examination. At this various boys began to bring up their arms and work them back and forth to display their biceps; they evidently concluded a civil service examination was a test of muscle. Undoubtedly they were over-impressed with one essential qualification of a policeman, namely, physical strength; but there were other requirements which they were about to discover.

At this point the Civil Service Commissioners announced that they were ready for candidates and there was a stampede for the court room where the examination was to be held. I was too busy to attend. After a few moments I noticed several disconsolate looking boys come out of that examination room: finally, one bearing a particularly pathetic manner exclaimed, as he passed me: "I wish me Mudder 'ud 'a' trashed me and made me go to school den I could 'a' bin a cop up here." An-

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other passed a little later exclaiming: "Youse bet yer sweet life I hain't goin' to play hookey no more; see!!!"

For the first time in their careers they had discovered what so many others find out when it is too late,—the value of a good public school education. Alas! the majority of these boys had been addicted to the "hookey" habit and they now realized to their great mortification that boys who had been "contemptible grinds," were the fellows that donned the brand new uniforms for policemen. Not being able to secure jobs in the public service, the others were obliged to join the ditch diggers' or roadmakers' gang or take up some other occupation that required more muscle than brains. This experience was salutary and it was not an uncommon thing many times during that summer to see boys with truancy earmarks wrestling over text-books when other fellows were playing, and to hear them declare confidentially that they were "fittin' for the civil service exam."

The wheels of commerce and labor had hardly been in operation a half hour when the

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first arrest was made. Hughie Creighton got in a dispute with a companion over possession of a "Jesse James" story that one of them brought from the city. This led to blows, and Hughie, I am sorry to say, did not place all of his energy in his muscle but used a large amount of the same in certain language that it would not be nice to repeat here. Several friends of the combatants endeavored to restore peace; they succeeded with Hughie's companion, but Hughie regarded their friendly offices as a personal affront and started in to "clean out the gang." A girl ran for one of the new policemen and he promptly appeared upon the scene. When Hughie saw him his fighting proclivities disappeared immediately, and when the officer told him he was under arrest and was to accompany him to the station-house, Hughie marched off as docile as a kitten. I knew then that the Republic was safe. I saw the same respect for the officer of the law manifested in Hughie and the other boys at that moment that I had seen so many times in the big metropolis.

When Hughie was taken before the Chief of



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Police and the double charge of "disorderly conduct and fighting" entered against him, one would have thought that was quite sufficient but at that moment the officer discovered the Jesse James "literature" in his possession.

"Say," he said, addressing Hughie and the Chief of Police at the same time, "here's some-thin' dat's worse den disorderly conduct or fightin'—yer ought ter be held fer readin' dat stuff mor'n fer de odder two tings youse got agin yer, an' I'm goin' to arrest youse on de odder charge uv havin' dime novels in yer possession."

The prisoner was thoroughly frightened by this time and declared he'd "cut out dime novels if dey only would let him go that onct." After some discussion they concluded to drop the dime novel charge if he would carry out his promise. Later on the citizens of the Republic actually passed a law making it a misdemeanor to read or hold in possession books of the type already described.

The second day after their arrival they held the first election for the legislature and the polls hadn't been opened five minutes before a

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problem of national importance arose. Several boys had voted when suddenly two girls appeared before the ballot box. Their votes were about to be deposited by the guileless election officials when one of the candidates, whom it was afterwards learned had good reason to know the girls were going to vote against him, shouted out:

“Don’t take those votes; don’t you know women ain’t allowed to vote?”

A lively argument pro and con ensued on the spot, when one of the girls said:

“Why, of course, we can vote,—the tax collector made us pay some of the first money we earned last night to run the government and pay the officers, and if we pay money for the government I guess we’re going to have something to say about it.”

A body of excited girls prevailed upon me to come to the seat of trouble to interfere in their behalf. To their evident disgust I told them I could do nothing about it; it was their government; that the only law that they had was the New York State law and that that should be their guide.

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“Why, then, we are all right,” exclaimed the opponents of women’s suffrage, “because women don’t vote outside.”

“They are right, girls,” said a bright, serious-faced boy who was acting as their champion at that moment and who from that instant was a leading citizen in the Junior Republic and at this writing is no mean citizen of the big Republic. “I will take your case to the newly-elected legislature and try to get them to pass a bill giving you the right to vote; it is only justice, I think.”

He did take it to the legislature and the measure was defeated, but they kept at their task, aided loyally by some of the boy citizens. The recounting of this story would make an interesting and valuable chapter replete with incident “for and against” the suffrage cause, but with this question as with many others along other lines we must be brief; for this history is only to touch lightly on any one particular incident. Suffice it to say that in course of time the Republic girls finally secured the franchise; through a two-third vote of the male citizens it became a part of their special constitution.

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I think it was the latter part of the first week that action was taken against the public support of paupers. Certain individuals having no money were fed at public expense. They were as well able to work as the industrious, but seemed to be totally devoid of self-respect. Industrious citizens openly ridiculed them, hoping thereby to goad them to industry, but without avail. Moreover, the prosperous citizens discovered that their taxes were materially increased on account of the fact that they were compelled to support the paupers and there began to be open murmurs of discontent. This sentiment finally reached the legislature. One day a legislator arose and exclaimed as he waved a paper before the company:

“Dis is a bill to stop dis pauper business; it says ‘a feller shall not be fed by the government who is able to work,’ but it makes an exception of the pauper feller wat’s sick. A feller ought to save money when he’s well and strong and then he’ll have some to use when he’s sick, but if one of dem pauper fellers get sick,—well, we’ll sure have to feed him, dat’s all right; but dis bill is pretty strong against

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the feller what can work and won't. It says to the pauper: 'If youse can work and won't, youse can starve to death.' Say, what do youse fellers say to dat bill?"

The applause which followed clearly showed the sentiments of the legislature and it passed with a rush and was soon put in execution, and pauperism became a thing of the past.

It soon began to be noticed that some boys and girls were rapidly and honestly accumulating money while others were having great difficulty to get the necessary amount to live even in the cheapest quarters. The majority of them were working at jobs where they received their pay at the end of the week. The dining-rooms and lodging places were generally run on the restaurant and night's-lodging plan, and the young citizens paid for each meal as they received it and for their night's lodging when they retired. Some, of course, were not accustomed to look out for the rainy day. It was not an uncommon thing for boys who received small pay to spend a large part of their earnings for a dinner in "Delmonico's" and lodgings at the "Waldorf"—the latter, by the way,

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was the hay-loft over the cow stable. Or, if they didn't indulge in these luxuries, they spent it all too freely for candy and fruit that the young merchants sold in the place. As a result a good many of them were "broken" completely at the end of the week. One enterprising citizen started a "hock-shop," but the chief of police stopped his enterprise by saying: "I won't have anything of that kind around here; we all know enough about those things in New York City." However, a few visitors and some professors of political economy who visited the Republic thought the pawn shop might not be a bad thing; that possibly it was an economic necessity; but the boy Chief of Police was obdurate and still declared he would have none of it, and public sentiment seemed to sustain him.

There were many incidents, many amusing, others pathetic, that brought out the individual characteristics of the young citizens. There was no lack of examples of selfishness and greed, and, on the other hand, there were numerous illustrations of self-sacrifice.

Mamie S. had a lazy brother big enough and

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strong enough to support them both. Work he would not. He was continually going to Mamie in a hard-up condition and asking her for cash for his dinner. To meet this extra expense she was obliged to take in washing. Mamie loved her brother and was always speaking of his many virtues; particularly would this be the case when she was working over the wash tub. Never a word was dropped to indicate the burden she was bearing; but finally it leaked out,—things always do in the Junior Republic. One can rest perfectly sure that what happens there is bound to come out sooner or later; this case is no exception. One day Mamie came to me radiant with smiles:

“Oh,” she said, “Daddy, what do you think! Johnny came to me last night and said: ‘Mamie, you have been too good to me, I have been working you all these days for money and I feel ashamed of myself; I ought to be supporting you, instead of you doing it to me. I have just got a good job and I’m not going to ask you for any more money; instead I am going to pay your board for a week and you’ve got to take a vacation. Please do it for my sake,

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for if you don't agree to let me give you that vacation and work for you for that time I'm going to run away.' Wasn't that dear of him, Daddy? I'm so glad that he has come to his senses. I knew he would some day. The only thing I can't understand about it is the reason he says he is going to run away if I don't take the vacation at his expense."

I told her I was mightily pleased to hear of Johnny's reformation, but I too wondered what the running away feature had to do with the case. She said she had promised to let him do it if he would only promise not to run away, and then, she said, he seemed very happy. Johnny commenced work in earnest and was at it early and late. One day I chanced to speak about his reformation to one of the citizens with whom I was extremely confidential.

"The most remarkable change in Johnny S. I ever saw," said I to this young man. "If there isn't an example of a fellow's conscience getting after him with a vengeance!"

At this statement the young man burst into roars of laughter. When he became sufficiently calm he said:

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“I’ll tell you another side to the story. You know Tommy D. is dead in love with Mamie. Well, one day he got on to the game that Johnny was working on Mamie and he found out how she was taking in washing to support the loafer, so he got busy, and the afternoon of the evening of Johnny’s reformation that you mention, Tommy D. with three other fellows took Johnny down behind the barn, and Tommy said to him: ‘See here, Johnny S., you low-down mucker, youse know dat I can do youse wid a cinch, and I want ter tell yer right here before dese fellers wat’s here, dat if youse don’t get busy and pay Mamie all youse owe her and give her a week’s vacation, I’ll break every bone in yer lazy carcass—now get busy and see she gets de vacation, fer if I catch her working agin fer de next week—de coroner’s a-goin to have a bang-up job.’”

The prospective pommeling in the event of Mamie not taking a vacation clearly accounted for Johnnie’s desire to run away.

Another instance that may be mentioned here is the following.

George C. and his two sisters came from an

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unusually improvident home. He was a good worker but he had no sense of the value of money. The last three days of each week always found him down in the mouth and down at the heels. Instead of accepting the condition philosophically he always was inclined to blame somebody else for his hard-up condition. One pay day, after they had been in the Republic for about a month, I found him seated on the well-curb deep in thought. He was so abstracted he hardly noted my approach; it took two "hello's" to rouse him from his reverie.

"Hello, Daddy," he said in a serious manner without changing the fixity of his gaze.

"What are you day dreaming about?" I asked.

"Well," said he thoughtfully, "I have been thinking of me troubles the past two or three weeks and I tink I got 'em settled. Youse know dat I've had mighty hard luck gettin' on, and I 'low I've been a kicker,—I've been blaming me troubles on me sisters or me boss or de Republic or de hotel proprietor or de lodgin' house guy and on everybody dat I possibly could lay it on, but to-day I'm just tink-

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ing dat it is perhaps me own fault. Yer see de odder weeks when I got me money I blowed it all in quick, so to-day when I got me cash, I made seven piles of it and in each I put enough money to carry me tru de day, and den I tied 'em up wid a string so dey wouldn't get away and dere dey be," said he, as he jammed his hands down in his pockets and triumphantly brought forth seven bundles of cardboard checks. "Dere, dat's fer Monday, and dat's fer Tuesday and so on true de week; dat, I tink, will get me out square, and I wuz jus tinkin' as youse came up how if it did work, we might do de same wid Pop's cash when we go back to de city. You see Pop don't get much money, but what he does get, we use most of it Saturday night, when we go to de teater and gettin' ice-cream and candy and a lot of odder tings, and before de week is over we get hard up and have to ask de missionary lady or somebody else to help us out; and I wuz jus tinkin', as how if dis pilin' up an' tiein' up money business worked wid me money here, dat we might work de same scheme wid Pop's when I get back to de city."

CHAPTER VI

PRACTICAL EXPERIMENTS AND WINTER QUARTERS

PERHAPS at this point it would be well to give a description of the day's work within the Republic. The citizens usually arose about six o'clock A. M. with the exception of the farmers and the girls who worked in the kitchen; they arose earlier. After breakfast was eaten in the various restaurants, where meals were served for all sorts of prices according to the ability of the guest to pay, work commenced about eight A. M.

The farmer would then take his boys; about twenty-five in number, out to the potato field and garden; the unskilled ones simply picked up the stones and pulled weeds, those with more skill did the hoeing, and the very best workers used the team of horses which was presented to us and another that had been lent to us for the summer. These boys received eight, ten,

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and twelve cents an hour according to the grade of work they performed.

The carpenter would take his boys to an improvised shop, which had been supplied with a few simple tools; the more unskilled boys in this class straightened crooked nails that we picked up about the buildings, and drew from old boards; they also squared up old boards that had been removed from buildings and were somewhat broken; the second grade planed lumber and made mortices; the first grade made some simple furniture. The first and second grades of this class had most of them done some manual training work in trades schools in New York, and discovered that the knowledge they had gained by careful attention to their work in the city had been the direct cause of their earning a higher wage in the Republic. The salaries were just the same for the three grades as the corresponding ones upon the farm.

The landscape gardeners' task was to beautify the grounds, and, in charge of a practical man who had some knowledge in this line, they built roadways, paths, and made flower beds

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and kept the lawns. The unskilled laborer in this class did the more laborious work of shoveling; the second grade fixed the borders and mowed the lawns; the first grade made fancy flower beds. The pay in this department was the same for the three grades as the carpenters and farmers.

The girls worked at dressmaking, millinery, and cooking. Their work was graded like that of the boys' classes but, since it was so technical, and we are only laymen in that field of work, we shall not attempt to describe what they did in the various grades within these classes, except that in the cooking class the paring of potatoes represented the unskilled work, and there was no promotion for any of these young women if they pared them too thick.

Besides these regular tasks there were some boys and girls engaged in special work in the hotels, boarding quarters, and restaurants. There were a few merchants, bankers, lawyers, and public officials.

At noon all classes of workers would stop for dinner, and for this, by the way, they were

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always ready, and after dinner they might work if they so desired for the purpose of securing extra money or they could devote the time to recreations of various sorts. As time advanced a surprisingly large number preferred to work for a few hours, as this extra money enabled them to purchase clothing and other articles that were placed in the Republic store. If their forenoon's work was done faithfully, it was enough to pay for their board and lodging, even in the unskilled class.

Supper was served at 6 P. M., after which there was singing, theatricals, and, on certain evenings, religious services. Then the citizens went to bed, but not always to sleep, as the police blotter shows quite a list of those arrested on the charge of "rough-housing" at night.

The courts and sessions of the legislature were held in the afternoon; the prisoners, dressed in striped bed-ticking, were escorted to a stone pile where with light sledge-hammers they broke stone for the road construction.

The earning of their living, the running of their government and other activities thrown in

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filled up the day for my citizens quite completely. Still, outside of the borders of the Republic there was swimming and fishing, tramps in the woods and other things that took a fair share of their attention provided they could get permission to go "out of bounds." It kept one person quite busy extending or rejecting the privilege of going out of bounds. Usually the requests were rejected because there were many who could not be trusted to roam at large. One did not wish to be arbitrary in this matter, yet there undoubtedly were obligations on an individual who brought such a company of people to the country; and in one way it worked a hardship upon the good boys and girls who were thoroughly reliable. The problem was how to make discriminations that not only were actually just but plainly appeared to be fair.

One day one of the young officials who had come into prominence opened up the question in a most logical manner. He said:

"Daddy, I can understand your troubles about this going out of bounds business. You are willing that decent boys and girls should

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have the privilege, but you know what will happen if the wrong sort were given too much liberty. I have a scheme that I think will help you out in this matter and at the same time bring in a revenue to the Government. Have you noticed that the reliable citizens here in our little Republic are almost without exception the ones who have good bank accounts? That's because they are industrious. Now, you know I am in the legislature and it happens that some of the most reliable citizens are members this session, and it has occurred to me that I might get them to pass a bill that says that any citizen in good standing may purchase a pass for five dollars that will allow the holder to go outside whenever he desires within certain hours.

“A fine idea,” I said with enthusiasm.

“All right,” said he, “I'll see that it goes through the legislature.”

He turned on his heel and ran back as fast as his legs could carry him to the building where the legislature was in session at that time. I walked on to the village of Freeville to transact some business. When I returned I

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noted an unusual commotion about the legislative hall. Boys who were not members were walking back and forth outside, talking excitedly. So excited were they that they hardly noticed my approach until I was right upon them; then they turned upon me in great excitement and with a running fire of comments:

“What do youse tink dem legislator fellers are doin’—makin’ a bill,—a bill wat says if you pay five dollars you can have a pass to go out of bounds. And whose got five dollars? Why only dem legislator guys wat’s in dere passin’ de bill.”

Nevertheless, that very session the bill was passed despite its evident unpopularity with the masses. Stump speeches in opposition were the order of the day. Agitators gathered groups about them and raved about the “bunch of guys wat wuz gettin’ extra privileges fer money,” and at one of these meetings a large petition was started praying the President to veto the measure. One earnest young fellow who favored the pass, arose at one of their meetings and asked the privilege to reply. Amidst cat calls and jeers he told them plainly

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that if they used their brains and muscle as much at honest labor as they did their tongues in agitating trouble they would soon have money enough to buy the coveted pass for themselves, and then with a grand climax he said:

“Why, who is it that opposes this five dollar pass? Nobody but anarchists and paupers.”

This statement would have brought personal violence had it not been for the fact that the entire police force was on hand to maintain order. “Take away de cops and we’ll fix youse,” said one wild-eyed individual, as he was hustled off the scene by a zealous policeman.

Well, the “Five Dollar Pass Bill” was signed and within an hour several industrious citizens were in possession of the coveted certificates. Proudly they exhibited them to the police officer stationed at the gate, and then for about five minutes they paraded up and down the boundaries outside, plainly exciting the envy of the non-pass-holders inside. Then they disappeared in various directions, bound for a good time.

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Much fruit that summer was brought into the Republic by farmers and this was taken to a public store and sold to the young merchants. This day that the Five Dollar Pass Bill went into effect there chanced to be an unusually large amount of fruit brought into the Republic. Business had just started beautifully with the young merchants when suddenly boys holding Five Dollar Passes began to return from their outing trip. Each of these fellows carried a large bag of apples. No sooner had they entered the bounds than they began to sell fruit at cut-rate prices. In fact, they sold it for less than the wholesale price charged to inside merchants. Of course, the latter were handicapped; they could not sell a penny's worth, and their fruit nearly spoiled upon their hands. One or two tried to even up things by devouring it themselves: it seemed the only thing to do to avoid total loss. Now, the merchant class up to that moment had favored the Five Dollar Pass idea. They saw at the time of its passage that one of these certificates would soon be in their possession; but this day's experience

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had made the inside merchants "sore" on the Five Dollar Pass holders. On the other hand that no small portion of the community who had railed at the Five Dollar Pass because there seemed to be no possibility of their securing one, now looked upon it more kindly because they could get nice apples so much cheaper. At any rate it raised a great pow-wow in the community. Particularly was this the case with the legislature. Something had to be done; just what, nobody seemed to know, until one future statesman in an argument cleared up the whole controversy in a speech something like the following:

"Some folks may say apples is apples just the same wherever youse find 'em; but we hev found out dere is a difference between apples wat's outside de boundary line of de Republic an' apples wat's inside,—de only ting what makes de difference is dat Five Dollar Pass. F'ellers dat hev de Pass can bring apples in fer nuttin'; while apple-sellers inside can't go out and get 'em for nuttin' cause dey hain't got no Pass. Dey ought to be jus' de same inside as what dey be outside; and de only

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ting to do is to do someting right on de line between de inside an' de outside where de trouble begins. Now, I'm fer de Five Dollar Pass, and I don't want it cut out, and I'm fer de Government, also, and I'd like to see it get money, so I'm goin' to make a bill dat says: 'If Five Dollar Pass fellers bring in apples or anyting else to sell dey hev got to pay someting to de government right here on de border line, fer bringin' dem in—and dat, don't youse see, will protect de inside feller from going broke and keep de Five Dollar Pass feller from puttin' dem on de 'bum.' ”

None of these young legislators had the remotest idea that they were acting on a national question; although conditions were not exactly identical, there were certain elements that were largely the same.

The whole legislative question was exceedingly instructive and it was especially gratifying to note how rapidly self-respect grew within individuals as responsibility increased. One boy whose individuality and character of life in the big city indicated clearly that he would in all probability follow his father's footsteps—

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the father was not a "ward boss" but was a certain "ward boss's active lieutenant"—one day was heard to make the following exclamation to a group of his fellow Republic citizens: "Youse bet yer sweet life B—y McQ— ain't goin' to lead me around by de nose as he does me fadder and de rest of de men in de ward; I'll let him know dat I knows someting about politics, and de legislature and a few odder tings, wat he tinks he's de main guy in."

Another pleasing thing was to note the effect not only of the economic problem but the efficacy of the prison system upon the prisoners when the boys possessed the responsibility of handling their improvident and vicious peers. The following experience of a boy prisoner in his statement to a friend was the first concrete illustration we had of the kind, and confirmed us in our belief that the Junior Republic was destined to "do things." He said: "I've figgered it out, and it costs more to be bad dan good. Youse has to work harder an' get no pay, sleep in a cell an' get bread, water and soup, and be followed wid a gun, an' hev all de blokes in de Republic down on youse

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if yer bad. If youse is good, youse only hev to work es hard es in de prison an' git de biggest money in de camp, and wid dat youse ken sleep in de best room in de hotel, and eat de finest feed, an' de girls an' fellers don't git down on youse like dey do if youse is a prisoner. I figgered dat all out one night in de cell, an' I made up me mind dat I can't afford to be bad, an' I'm goin' to try now to go to de top."

He did. From that day there was a marked upward tendency in the boy, and before the camp season closed he was speaker of the House of Representatives. I reasoned after this that it was better to give a boy a few months in prison at the Junior Republic under good influences than two or three years of it at the expense of the state, and this imprisonment followed by the natural disgrace of being an ex-convict and criminal.

But there is too little space for the numerous illustrative stories which might be cited just here. Enough have been given to know how, as the emergency arose, the citizens themselves met it with legislation of their own. In the meanwhile report of us was going abroad.

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Within a few weeks after the Republic had started scores of visitors came each day to see the colony in operation. I had no idea at this time of making the work permanent. My whole plan up to this stage had been simply to use this as a vacation Republic in connection with the work of my Law and Order Gang in the city; but the results of these days, I saw were so much more far-reaching than anything I could do in the city that I felt I must make the work permanent. After struggling with the matter for some days, I made the decision. The moment I had settled the question I experienced a great feeling of relief, although I had no prospects whatsoever of financial aid. I had been obliged to rent the farm for a year, in order to secure it for the summer, so we were sure of having a roof over our heads. The house was in fairly good condition; moreover we could use the blankets, cooking utensils and all other furnishings that rendered service for the summer work. Fortune had smiled on the potato crop that season and I was fond of potatoes, and having these, together with a large quantity

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of tomatoes and a few other things that we raised, led me to believe that we could live fairly well. No doubt it would be pioneering with a vengeance, but then it would be great fun if I could get the right kind of boys to remain with me. So I set about the task of getting a company of boys who could remain. After pains-taking investigation I found twenty-five who said they would stay; those who had parents put in the proviso if their parents were willing. After communicating with the fathers and mothers my party was reduced to about fifteen. In the meantime the dreaded day for the departure of the summer colony arrived, and joyously but not without regrets, they packed up their new possessions that had come to them through the redemption of their surplus money, and started for the train.

I began to note at this time some uneasiness on the part of the fifteen boys who had agreed to stay. One came up and said that he had an old grandmother that he feared would die while he was up here in the country and he wished to see her; another said he was afraid he would freeze to death; two or three others

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concluded school facilities in New York City were better; others brought excuses more or less reasonable, and it began to look as if I should be obliged to abandon the permanent work because I should have no citizens. When the train pulled out for New York only five boys had remained. God bless them! They were to be the Pioneers. Many of those fellows who grew faint-hearted, to-day wish they had been among that group. A few weeks later I had another addition, one who had been anxious to stay but to whom his parents had positively refused permission. He had run away from home and returned to me. Conditions were such that he was not to be blamed for this act.

It certainly did look lonesome on that hill-top for a few weeks after all the excitement and commotion of the summer. Moreover, the bill of fare was not elaborate. One of the boys, who is now a lawyer in the city of Cleveland, acted as cook. We had tomatoes and potatoes for breakfast, and potatoes and tomatoes for dinner and a hash of the same for supper; but good-will prevailed. Close to my side, to ren-

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der valuable advice, with an old head on young shoulders, was the first citizen of the Junior Republic, Jacob G. Smith. No colony ever possessed a man more qualified for usefulness than this young man. Many a time when discouraged I would go to him and get in conversation with him, and the blues would disappear completely. The other boys were all excellent fellows for the work in hand and I find their experiences at that time have resulted in their taking no mean position in the big Mother Republic.

Busy days getting things in order for the winter followed. Two or three weeks later three others were added to the number. Some of these new arrivals were of somewhat different type from the majority of my summer colony. The winter commenced early and it came in with a vengeance. Twice the thermometer dropped down near the thirty degree point below zero. We had only two stoves in the whole establishment and when the winds on that hilltop got in their fine work, we clung to those stoves like brothers. The boys slept in the attic, and when they awoke in the morn-

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ing it was not an uncommon thing to find their beds covered with snow. Above them were simply the rafters and clapboards holding the shingles. Some of the boys declared they had studied astronomy through the holes in the roof. In the morning they frequently found their shoes frozen to the floor. Three of the boys walked two and a-half miles each day to the high school. The other fellows walked over one and a-half miles to the district school—this through all kinds of weather. They froze their ears, noses and fingers; but they stuck to it like heroes. Anyone of them could have given up pioneering any moment he desired and the majority return to comfortable homes, but I never heard one of them hint that he would ever like to desert. Good cheer prevailed.

After we had been started a time a man and his wife were induced to come and live with us and this solved the cooking problem; for the good woman, Mrs. Griswold, or “Mama Griswold,” as we all called her, had more of the art of making some of the most appetizing dishes out of almost nothing, than anyone I have ever

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known. Her advent made the whole place more "homey." I think I never appreciated the presence of one of the "fair sex" more than I did that of this dear lady after we had lived for several weeks on potatoes and tomato hash. One thing we sorely missed and that was milk. For several months we did not have so much as a drop. Christmas morning one of the boys rushed in and said there was something the matter in the barn and told us all to hurry out. Out we tumbled, and there we found a cow which gave the best milk I think I ever tasted. This gift came from some young people in New York City through the solicitation of my friend, R. Montgomery Schell. I believe there never was a gift more truly appreciated. Mr. Schell has been closely and actively associated with me in the Republic work from the old Fresh Air Days down to the present.

CHAPTER VII

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE "FREE TIN PARTY"

WITH the small group now constituting the Republic, numbering about ten in all, there was very little need for an elaborate system of government. All the boys were on their good behavior, and the jail was absolutely unnecessary at that time. We were just like a big family. A little later we added a few more boys to our small company, giving us a population of about fifteen; then there began to be indications that we should begin to need public officials. I was still acting as President, and Judge also if the occasion required. When the summer party had left for New York a few months previous, all my adult officials had left with them. I now determined, as I noted the increase in population, to use the boys as the executive officers with the exception of the Presidency which I still proposed holding for the time being. I still felt that I

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had to be a bit conservative to satisfy public opinion. I knew that the boys could rise to the emergency and about December, 1895, young Smith was made Judge.

The boys performed their public service so well in the leading positions that about a year later, I felt justified in placing the mantle of the Presidency upon younger shoulders. At this time there was much dissent on the part of the near friends of the Republic who feared the responsibilities would be too great for a boy. However, I did relinquish the office, and Judge Smith was elected to that honorable position, and became the first boy President of the Junior Republic.

Although we were a great big family and stuck together like brothers, I found that we were able to operate our system of government when necessary without interfering with the institution of the home and its traditions.

By springtime—and how glad we were to see it!—our company had increased to the number of twenty. Choice material was this, and I devoted my time to molding it into shape to form

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public opinion amongst my summer party that was to arrive sometime in July.

Perhaps, I should state here that in the fall of the year shortly after the little party of five had taken up their pioneering, the George Junior Republic Association was organized in New York City and application made for incorporation.

Previous to this there had been no organization whatsoever. The work had grown from very small beginnings. Food-supplies and gifts of clothing, produce and some money had come from the people of central New York. Other moneys incident to the carrying on of the expenses of the work had been given to me by friends interested in my enterprise. A committee composed of representative people, at my request, had examined into the receipts and expenditures and made a report, each year. It was now time to have the work systematically organized and incorporated, and a group of friends of the Republic, somewhat acquainted with its principles, accomplished this work.

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Allow me at this point to make a plea of "not guilty" to having my name attached to the "Junior Republic." That was suggested and carried through by certain members of the Board. My proposal was the Junior Republic of America.

Shortly after the incorporation of the George Junior Republic Association, a friend gave us sufficient cash to purchase the farm which we were occupying as tenants and this gift brought great joy to the young citizens and friends of the Republic. About the first of April, 1896, we began to alter our barns into buildings for the use of the summer citizens, as we began to call the young people who were to remain only for the summer. The all-year-round lot were known as "residents." When the "summer citizens" arrived in July it was depressing to the "residents" to see what a difference in point of view there was between themselves and the new arrivals. Although the "residents" were greatly in the minority, twenty to one hundred and sixty, it was very evident they were the leaders of the best thought during that summer. The brighter and more educated portion

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of the "summer citizens" united with the "residents" and they were able to organize quite a strong political party. They called themselves "The People's Party." About the middle of the season a lively contest over a currency question arose between this party and the opposition known as the "Free Tin Party." The cardboard checks which were used for money in preceding years had been displaced by tin discs with a stamp upon them "George Junior Republic," and the numbers 1, 5, 10, 25, 50, or 100, according to the denomination. The campaign of 1896, in the big Republic, was on at that time, in which "Free Silver" was a sort of a slogan. This furnished the cue for a party name to those who opposed "The People's Party." Before I tell the story of the currency controversy between these two parties, I will give a brief explanation of the political and economic conditions in our little Republic. When we began the Republic our failure, on account of conservativeness, to make the political and economic conditions just the same as we would in any village of adults, caused lots of trouble, for we were obliged to use artificial

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methods of our own, which were unwise. The economic feature in particular bothered us, for example—the Junior Republic Association received from contributors food, and various sorts of merchandise to be used for the young citizens. Naturally the Association did not desire to appear to the citizens as reaping benefits from them, as might appear to be the case if they (the citizens) paid the Association for this self-same food and merchandise. Regardless of what the citizens might have thought, it would have been more consistent with conditions outside, for the Association to have said to the citizens: “Here is this property. You may have it by paying us for it in the money which you have earned through your labors.”

Instead of so doing, all food and merchandise, together with the hotel and boarding-houses, were turned over to the Citizen Government. The Government leased these hotels and boarding-houses to contractors, and sold them the food supplies. The merchandise was placed in a government store and the receipts therefrom, together with the moneys received

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from hotel contractors for rental and food supplies, went into the Government treasury. Now the money which most of the citizens, aside from a small group who were directly within the Government employ, received for their services, and which thereby gave them the means with which to purchase food, lodging and merchandise, came into their possession as a result of payment for their work in carpentering, landscape gardening, cooking, millinery, and farming, and the Government did not pay for these services. The Junior Republic Association paid this bill. They were in a sense, under this abnormal condition, "the Mint," and paid for all services rendered, excepting jobs connected with the Citizen Government, or where individual citizens gave employment to some of their fellows in carrying out enterprises of their own. Thus it will be observed, there was a constant stream of this "tin money" coming from the Mint, or Junior Republic Association, and entering and circulating in the community, but there was no outlet for it. It would enter the community, circulate therein until it was paid out for board,

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lodging, or clothing, and then it would enter the Government Treasury.

Of course it will not take any student of finance long to see what would happen. The Government Treasury commenced getting fuller and fuller, and not being obliged to pay anything whatsoever for the merchandise that came in from the outside world it got still fuller. Thus it was that the party in power could vote large sums of money to some government contractor for doing work for the government, and soon there arose a controversy between the two parties.

The first elections that took place after the arrival of the "summer citizens," placed the majority of officers quite naturally in the hands of the "residents." Owing to their practical and political knowledge, which they had gained during the previous months, they went at the task of enacting and enforcing reform legislation so earnestly, that they were charged by the "east side summer combination" with being somewhat "bumpy." The second election, held a few weeks later, brought political downfall to most of them and they were succeeded

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by strong leaders from the "summer citizens." The next election, those who had survived the shock of the preceding election, were ousted completely, and the government was practically in the hands of the "invaders," another name for the "summer citizens." Before the residents, with a few exceptions, were out of political life entirely, they had discovered the evils of the currency system. One or two of them got at the root of the whole matter, and came to me and urged strongly that the Association cease to give the food and merchandise to the citizens government, and instead enter into active business relations with the citizens directly. I refrained from acting on their advice, and lively political complications came on the stage of action like a whirlwind, as a result.

The Government Treasury was filling up daily. The legislature felt it incumbent upon it to use this money. "I move this honorable body," said Senator Flannigan one day, as he addressed the assembly, "that a boardwalk be built from the court house to the Republic hotel, and I move that the contract be awarded

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to some good citizen." The bill was passed and the contract put up at auction. Callahan secured it for seventy-five dollars. He was the chief of police and could not look after it personally, so he sub-let it for fifteen dollars to Hermon, who put the board-walk down in half a day and made ten dollars on the deal. This transaction roused the ire of the "residents." They said: "It's a shame."

The fellows in office said: "Why is it a shame, we've got the money there to spend. Why not spend it?"

In a short time some of the officials had large sums of money, which they had secured by taking contracts. In return they were doing little or no work. "How can we get this money out of their hands by honest methods?" said the "residents." One of them got some United States money from a friend and went to the richest fellow and said: "How much tin money will you give me for one dollar United States money?"

"I'll give you twenty," said the contractor.

"I'll take it," said the "resident." "Now that is out of circulation," said he, as he walked

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away with satisfaction; but it wasn't. The contractor took the dollar, went down to the village of Freeville, and secured over a hundred sticks of candy which he brought back and sold for one dollar each in tin money.

One night two or three of the leading "residents" got together and worked out a scheme to relieve the situation. After they were satisfied in their own minds that it would work, they made an appeal to all the citizens and declared that they purposed organizing a party, whose avowed policy should be to make the financial situation of the government normal by retiring by law to non-use four out of every five dollars which went into the Government Treasury. They were to call themselves "The People's Party." They stood ready to prove to the citizens that the large sums of surplus money held by the few were accomplishing no more benefit to these same persons than if they held just one-fifth the amount; that this method would make an honest dollar out of every piece of tin that bore the 100 stamp upon it, instead of having simply the tin can value, which it had in the present instance. Practically all of

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the thoughtful citizens saw the force of this argument and united with this party. A few other leaders, composed of those who held office, and political contractors, at once organized a party of opposition and called it "The Free Tin Party." They went at once to the citizens who were working as carpenters, farmers, cooks, etc., and were receiving pay from the Association, and said: "You fellers and girls are getting only seventy-five cents a day; if that money that The People's Party wants to come out of the treasury is not allowed to circulate, you fellers will only get about twenty cents a day. Can you stand for that? Of course you can't."

In the meantime the representatives of The People's Party said to those who were receiving wages from the Association that they had been assured that their wages would not be changed, that as they were not receiving money from the Government but from the Association, they had nothing to fear. But it was of no use, the most of them listened to the specious arguments of the politicians and the contractors, and there was the novel sight of the extreme

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poor and the extreme rich uniting to vote out the middle crowd. A most lively and interesting political contest at once arose. A few days later the semi-monthly election was to take place, and for that period there was no dearth of political excitement. It increased hour by hour until the day of the election when it reached a grand climax which would have ended in a serious riot had it not been for the courage and level-headedness of the chief of police. But I am getting ahead of my story.

A few days before the great election which was to decide whether the Free Tin Party or the People's Party was to boss, some lively campaign speeches were in order.

The Free Tin Party held a rousing rally, when James Dolan, the peer of Irish orators, made an address filled with wit and logic, that so electrified all the hearers that after the close of the meeting quite a batch of the People's Party shouters gave up their cause and went over to the Free Tin Party standards. This would never do and a counter meeting must be held by the People's Party. They held a rally and finally induced Jakie Smith to speak.

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Now, Jakie was the judge and a very quiet, modest fellow. There was no one who had as much influence with the citizens as he. He was to be the star speaker at the People's Party rally, and when it took place he fairly outdid himself. He used such powerful arguments and reasoned so fairly that the Free Tin Party was in despair. After that meeting they lost all of the old captures they had made from the People's Party, and in addition a goodly number of those whom they had supposed belonged to the old guard of the Free Tin Party.

The Free Tin Party tried to hold another meeting, and got Dolan to answer the arguments of Jakie. The meeting, while a large one, was filled by enthusiasts of both parties, but fell short of its purpose. Dolan was extremely witty, gave clog dances and everything else to re-capture the lost votes of the Free Tin Party, but all to no avail. However, the Free Tin Party did not lose heart for they were still sure that they had a large majority of the votes.

All of these meetings were attended with great excitement and on two or three occasions

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it did look as though there was going to be a "free for all" fight, but everything subsided peacefully until the day of election. This was given over as a holiday to the citizens. The election was to take place at four o'clock in the afternoon and the forenoon was to be given over to campaigning. A lot of the leaders of the Free Tin Party monopolized the "Waldorf Hotel" and held a meeting therein. They got some old clothes, made a scarecrow, hung it by the neck out of a window, and wrote a sign stating that the former People's Party was now dead. They hung this sign on the dummy and it made the People's Party dreadfully mad. They threw stones at it and one leader of the party wanted to fight the biggest fellow of the Free Tin Party, but a temporary truce was patched up. Still the dummy hung in this conspicuous place.

One of the People's Party leaders owned Delmonico's restaurant, and a lot of the fellows that dined in this restaurant were Free Tin Party followers and they got into the habit of sitting at one table by themselves and discussing politics. A great many visitors would

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pass by and watch the citizens while they were eating. This day as the Free Tin Party were just about to begin their meal, one of them chanced to look up and shouted out: "Say fellers, do you see that sign?" They all looked at the handwriting on the wall and there could not have been a bigger commotion at the famous feast of Balshazzar. The proprietor of the restaurant was a People's Party man, as I have already stated, and had written a large sign, in big letters: "Visitors please do not annoy the animals while feeding. This applies to the members of the Free Tin Party sitting just below." A howl went up from each, and one fellow stepped up to tear down the sign. He had no more than placed his hand upon it when the proprietor of the restaurant jammed him one in the eye and sent him reeling among his companions. Instantly all the members of the Free Tin Party rushed to the assistance of their friend and shouted at the top of their voices: "Do him up." The proprietor gave a shout for help and in no time he had a group of People's Party men at his elbow. In an instant a lively fight was in operation. Then Chief Cal-



A SCENE IN COURT.

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lahan suddenly appeared upon the scene with two policemen. He was a Free Tin man and declared afterward that his first desire was to run the People's Party bunch in jail, but on second thought he said: "I will be square and drive them all out of the restaurant and stop that fight if I can." So he howled to his fellow officers and two or three appeared in the fight. By dint of hard pushing and prodding they got all the Free Tin Party out of one side of the building, and all the People's Party out of the other; but this did not end the question.

The news flew quickly around the Republic and in a short time everybody rallied and the decks began to be cleared for action. Even the helpers got interested and possibly were more excited than the citizens; some taking sides with the Free Tin Party and some with the People's Party. It looked now as though in about five minutes there would be about as pretty a fight as any person would wish to see and that somebody would undoubtedly be hurt. The police force brandished its clubs between the two crowds and thus showed that they could avert the inevitable conflict for a few brief

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minutes. Chief Callahan was in despair. He hurried to the office where I was located and told me his troubles. Apparently, I paid little attention to him as he recounted the story.

“But this is mighty serious,” said Callahan.

“Well, suppose it is,” I replied, “aren’t you man enough to stop it?”

“No, I can’t. Both sides are awfully ugly and there is going to be something doing mighty soon, if it has not commenced already.”

“What do you wish I should do?”

“Get outside and tell them to stop.”

“Not much of it,” I said emphatically. “This is a republic. You’ve got to manage that among yourselves.”

Callahan fairly turned white.

“But what can I do alone,” said he, “when my policemen will probably take sides with one or the other party when the scrap begins?”

I then said:

“What do you think the Chief of Police in New York City would do on an occasion like this?”

Callahan paused and then said:

“He would probably look into the question,

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see what was the cause of the trouble and then have the thing that caused the mess cut out."

"Well, I guess you have got your cue, Callahan."

"Oh," said he, bracing up, "I see. I'll go outside and in the name of the law declare that all transparencies must be taken down. Why it's as clear as day."

So he went out, mounted a box, and shouted to both sides that all signs should be taken down at once, no matter to what party they belonged. Then he hurried to the proprietor of the restaurant and asked him if he would take down his sign. The proprietor said: "No." He preferred to have the policeman do it. So the police marched in and tore it down. Of course the People's Party fellows would not dare tackle the policeman. The Free Tin Party crowd gave a howl of delight and shouted out: "Callahan, youse are all right. Youse is a good Free Tin man."

Callahan shouted back, and at the same time pointed at the effigy made by the Free Tin Party: "Yes, and I'll be a better one if you tear down that scarecrow over there."

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Then shouted one of the fellows:

“Youse ain’t going to have that down, are you, Callahan? That ain’t no transparency.”

“Don’t care if it ain’t,” said Callahan. “It’s causin’ trouble, and it’s got to move on.”

They uttered indignant protests, but Callahan sent his police officers up, they cut the rope, and the dummy fell to the ground amid cheers from the People’s Party. Up and down the Republic moved Callahan with his officers, indiscriminately tearing down transparencies and dummies. The air seemed to be perfectly clear but there was more to follow.

Up in a corner room of the government building was a law office occupied by a prominent citizen of the republic. He was a Free Tin Party man. The People’s Party declared that he ought to have been a People’s Party man, for by all conditions, social and otherwise, he should have been with that company, but for some reason he was a Free Tin man. Under his window he had a little sign simply bearing the names of the Free Tin Party candidates, painted in bright colors. Nobody really paid any attention to this sign. The police passed

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it by and the Free Tin and People's Party passed it also, without even noticing it. Suddenly one lynx-eyed, zealous People's Party man stopped there, seized the arm of the Chief of Police and pointed to the sign and said: "Why don't you pull that down?"

Chief Callahan answered:

"Why, that ain't nothin' but a list of candidates."

"But it is a political banner all right," said the People's Party man.

Callahan paused a moment and said:

"I do not see any objection to that."

"All right," said the partisan, "you ain't showed no partiality thus far, now I want that cut down and removed just as you did all the others."

"Well," said Callahan, "if that sign hurts your feelings, it has got to come down."

So Callahan shouted to the Senator, (I will call him Senator; he was one at that time):

"Say, Senator, pull down your sign."

The Senator poked his head out of the window and said somewhat angrily:

"Why, I ain't goin' to pull that down. That

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is just a list of the names of the candidates on a piece of cloth."

"Well," said Callahan, "this fellow says that I am showing partiality if I do not make you pull it down, and I hain't carin' if you do belong to my party, I am going to take down everything that causes trouble."

At this a crowd of People's Party candidates cheered, and that made the Senator madder, and he shouted back at Callahan:

"You ain't goin' to pull that sign down, and if you do somebody is goin' to get hurt."

With that he took up a little Flobert rifle that he had in his room, waved it before the crowd and shouted:

"I dare anybody to come here and pull this down."

Now, the Senator was a powerful political factor in the Junior Republic. He was about as big a man as there was in the place. He had a pretty level head and he usually did what he said. So when he took this "scrappy" position it made all the fellows shake in their boots. Callahan said:

"Now, Senator, you don't want to do any-

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thing rash and I ain't backin' water, even if we are liable to get hurt. It's got to come down and if you don't put down that gun, you will be arrested for threatening an officer."

"I won't put down the gun," shouted the Senator. "I'll hurt anybody that tries to pull that sign down."

Callahan said:

"We'll see about that," and started for my office. When he got inside he showed great excitement. He told me that the Senator had a gun and was going to shoot anyone who tried to pull down the sign.

"Well," said I, "can't you get a gun also?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Callahan. "Will youse loan me one?"

Standing by my desk was a 44 Winchester rifle. I took it up, stepped in a closet, threw it open and saw there were no cartridges in the magazine, and then stepped out and handed the gun to Callahan and said:

"Just see what that will do."

Callahan grabbed it eagerly—never stopped to see whether it was loaded or not, and went out on the double quick to the place where

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the fracas was going on. The moment he appeared with the Winchester rifle, all the fellows shouted: "Whew! Callahan has got a gun."

Callahan marched to the foot of the ladder and shouted up: "Say, Senator, other fellers have got guns."

The Senator again poked his head out of the window, looked at the gun and the grim visage of Callahan and tried to use argument instead of fight as he had just been doing. They all saw he was weakening. It was enough I guess, to make anybody weaken if they had seen Callahan and the Winchester.

"Get a ladder," he yelled to one of the policemen.

The ladder was placed to the window. Officer Smith got up to take down the sign. He placed his foot on the ladder and looked up. The Senator was holding the Flobert rifle.

"Youse afraid, Smith," said Callahan. "I'll get up meself."

He placed his foot on the ladder, and bounded up two or three rounds at a time, right straight

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to the window, grabbed the transparency and tore it down. The Senator never said a word. Then Callahan walked to the front entrance, upstairs, round to the Senator's room and shouted:

"Senator, you are under arrest for threatening an officer."

The Senator said:

"I won't be arrested; I am a senator."

"That don't make no difference, I am going to enforce the law," howled Callahan. "So I'm bigger than a Senator. Open the door or I'll bust it in."

The Senator tried to parley, but it was no use. Callahan was awfully mad, and although he saw visions of his political head dropping when the Senator got in action at the next session of Congress he never faltered.

"Bring up an axe," he bellowed.

An officer made a rush for the axe. Still the Senator parleyed but without avail. In the meantime the axe had arrived. The officer was about to smash the door, when the Senator said:

"Well, I'll give in just for the purpose of

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making a test case out of this business." He was promptly arrested, locked up and at the next session of court was fined heavily.

After all this excitement it was time for election. It took place and the Free Tin Party carried the day. They celebrated a good deal and declared that they would do wonderful things as quickly as they got in session in the legislature, but they did not have a very long time at their job. They only had a chance to hold two meetings before the summer crowd of citizens went home. In the two meetings they did hold they got to quarreling among themselves and did not do much legislation. They had howled so much about the great things they were going to do that a lot of their party were so disgusted with them they said they wished they had put the People's Party in instead, because they at least had brains and an idea and that was better than a lot of fools without brains who spent their time in scrapping. Of course the fellows who were elected on the Free Tin Party ticket did not like this very well and said if they wanted the legislation that the People's Party was going to give them

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so badly, they might please the citizens by giving them just what the People's Party was going to give them. One or two of their members, just because they were mad, actually were about to put in a bill to withdraw the money from the treasury and the Free Tin citizens who had done all the howling, when they found out what was likely to be done, said: "No, no, do not do that," and with that the idea of doing what the People's Party was going to do if they had been elected was given up and then they went back to quarrelling among themselves again.

I cannot say how the whole thing would have turned out in the long run, but I rather think that the People's Party would have won in the next election. Something else happened about that time that settled the whole question. The summer season had come to an end, and the summer citizens who were, for the most part, Free Tin people, packed up their belongings and went back to New York City. As quickly as they had gone the People's Party had everything their own way, and the very next morning after the summer citizens had left, a body

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of the representative citizens came to me and asked me if I, in the name of the Association, would not please confiscate all the money in the treasury and take possession of all the shops, industries, etc., and run things in that manner until they could be regulated. (They said they did not want any more government ownership, that the scheme was all bad.) I deliberated for some time but the pressure was so great, and the plan so reasonable in the light of things as they existed that I finally concluded to do it. I accordingly took all the money from the treasury and told the citizens that the Association was the one who owned all the property and things that came in at the store, but that the Association would lease land, sell things out of the store, and give contracts to hotel proprietors and all that for a little time at least. This new plan was immediately adopted and relief came at once. Of course it stopped a lot of politics, but it made things normal. Wages were fair, they were not too big; neither were they too little, and so the general economic arrangement was natural from that day forth.

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The citizens could not own real estate for two reasons: First—it would be impossible for them to earn money enough during their stay in the Republic to purchase land. Second—even if they had had enough money to purchase land they could only have received a title for it during their sojourn and that would not have been a real condition, and the Republic is nothing if it is not real. In order to secure taxes for the running of their government, they assessed the Association for its real estate. This meant that about two-thirds of the taxes were paid by the Association. As they were anxious to get something out of the citizens in the way of taxes and as the citizens did not have anything that was taxable under the law of New York State, the legislature enacted a special bill which taxed all the personal property of the citizens above a certain amount. The following things were exempt from taxation. For boys, two hats (one of them might be of straw or a cap), two suits of underclothing, a suit of blue jeans, a second best suit, a Sunday suit, one overcoat, six pairs of stockings, two pairs of shoes, or one pair of shoes

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and one pair of boots, one dozen handkerchiefs, one-half dozen collars and cuffs, one pair of mittens, and two neckties. For girls, clothing to the amount of three dresses, sufficient underwear, stockings, shoes, a coat, and a limited number of ribbons. Any property over and above this was subject to special taxation. A fellow who had a bicycle, a watch or dog, or a girl who had a ring, or extra fine Sunday hat, had to pay extra taxes. They even taxed the citizens who owned extra fine Bibles with flexible covers. Of course the tax was not heavy but every little bit helped. It was very amusing to see the assessors, one boy and one girl, go poking around the rooms of the citizens to see if they could find personal property that was subject to taxation.

All this worked very well until one day a fellow protested his case in court. He took the grounds that the United States Supreme Court declared that the personal property tax was unconstitutional, and as the citizens were under the Constitution of the United States, they could not be legitimately taxed for their personal property. His case prevailed and the

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personal property tax law, which had been decidedly objectionable, particularly to those who had the most personal property, was annulled. To make up what they lost in taxes secured by this method they enacted a poll-tax bill, compelling every citizen to pay twenty-five cents a month, regardless of the amount of personal property he might possess. The rest of the deficiency was made up by placing a higher tax on the Junior Republic Association. After this I noted that they did not care how big their budgets were. It made little difference to them for they were only obliged to pay twenty-five cents a head whether it was high or low; but while that personal property tax was in operation they certainly did keep a watchful eye on the purse strings of the government.

For example, we will note an incident that took place while the personal property tax law was in operation. Monty had been arrested time and time again, for petty misdemeanors. He seemed to be totally devoid of pride in the matter. One day the officer arrested him as he had done on many previous occasions for vagrancy. En route for the station-house the

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officer and prisoner encountered a prosperous citizen of the Republic. He cast a disgusted look at Monty, and was about to pass on, but he suddenly stopped, turned to the officer and said:

“May I speak to that fellow?”

“Sure,” said the officer cheerfully.

“Say, Monty,” said the prosperous citizen, “do you know that you are the most selfish fellow that I ever saw?”

This blunt statement seemed to arouse an atom of self-respect in Monty.

“Aw, what do you mean by that? How am I selfish? I hain’t done nuttin’ to youse.”

“You haven’t, hey?” said the prosperous citizen indignantly, “why you’ve been arrested.”

“Aw, I guess dat’s my own affair,” replied Monty.

“Your own affair,” said the prosperous citizen getting still more excited, “not much of it, it’s a whole lot my affair. Do you know I’m the biggest taxpayer in this place, and every day you serve in jail the state has to pay about seventy-five cents, and I have to pay about five cents of that amount. Don’t you think it is

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some of my business? You're costing me and the other citizens something every time you are arrested. Now, Monty," said he, changing his tone to one of seriousness, "if you don't care anything about yourself, just have a little care for your fellow-citizens."

At this Monty really looked thoughtful.

"I hadn't thought about it in that way before," he said to the prosperous citizen, and he really did seem quite cut up about the matter for fully three hours after the conversation took place.

CHAPTER VIII

GIRLS AS CITIZENS

AS I have stated, the summer citizens had now left us, and the "residents" began reconstructing their government. This was no small task, for the two months sojourn of this disproportionate number of "summer citizens" who had little respect for the traditions of the growing community of "residents" had demoralized this little government quite as much as a serious internal war would have demoralized a big government. Of course it was a good thing for the "Invaders," but the question was: "Could they not go to some other place by themselves for the summer, where they would not disorganize a thriving, permanent enterprise?" Supporters of the work and officials of the Association noted the situation and felt that something must be done; but their points of view were radically different.

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One group favored the limitation of the Junior Republic work to the summer months.

A second group favored making the summer work the main feature, and the "all-year-round" feature incidental.

A third group favored making the "all-year-round" feature the main one and the summer work merely incidental.

A fourth group favored making the Junior Republic permanent, abandoning the summer feature completely.

The point of view between the first and fourth groups was so extreme that there was little opportunity for a reconciliation. Much discussion of the subject finally caused the second group to cast in their lot with the first, while the third group united their interests with the fourth.

The two groups now favoring the summer project seceded from our association and started a work independently which they carried on for two or three years but it was finally abandoned. It is too bad that they gave up the work for it furnished tremendous possibilities.

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For my own part, I was convinced that the permanent feature must prevail. I determined, however, to bring summer citizens one more year, to see if the mistakes of the past summer might be remedied to any extent, and thus make it possible to bring at least a few young people each summer, and to satisfy some of the friends of the third group who had united with the fourth, favoring the permanent work.

About this time the most important event of my life took place. In November, 1896, I was married. As soon as this happy event took place, girls as resident citizens were admitted. They were housed in the Pioneer Cottage with Mrs. George and myself, while a long barn-like, ramshackle building, erected for the industrial classes, was re-altered for the use of the boys.

The advent of the girls into the system, permanently, marked a sort of new chapter in things, and after an experience of twelve years, I believe it was not only an advance step in the right direction, but one of the wisest that was ever taken. Had we not taken the young women, it would not have been a republic. A propos of the advent of the young ladies, a

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story might not be out of order, which will illustrate the way the young citizens of each sex rise to responsibility at the call of duty. There is also a human side to the story, which will probably not be overlooked.

An institution for girls in a neighboring state through its officers was carrying out religiously all the sacred traditions dear to the heart of every institution enthusiast. Therefore, true to institution ideas, this particular one being for girls, no mention of the sterner sex should be tolerated within easy gunshot, unless perchance he had the good fortune to be the husband of the matron or a wooden-legged gardener long past three score years and ten.

Sundays were, however, exceptional occasions. At this time the young women were allowed the diversion of attending church some blocks away; but they were always ably attended. The assistant matron marched at the head of the line, the man of the institution about the middle of the line, and lastly came the matron of the institution holding down the responsibilities of rear guard in a most capable manner. Naturally these young ladies were

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human, and certain ones did not fail to observe admiring glances cast upon them by various young men who always found occasion to be somewhere in the vicinity of the front door when the procession entered the church. It is surprising how much looks will convey, but whether it was looks alone or some quick word that was passed, at any rate information sufficiently accurate was conveyed to certain young women that it would be quite possible if they left the house unobserved at a certain time during the evening for them to find certain young men outside of their domicile. A first meeting was accomplished, a second and third—in fact no one knows just how many, but sooner or later it was found out, for things of that nature always do come to light, and then there was a commotion.

I have forgotten how many there were in the affair—perhaps four or five of the girls; two or three were disciplined and remained in the institution, one was sent to a reform school, and another one, the subject of this sketch, was sent to the George Junior Republic by skeptics who were anxious to test the system.

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It was a red letter day when she arrived—at least it was for Susie. She had learned en route that there were boys at the Republic, and she arrayed herself for the occasion. Such a display of ribbons, feathers, and cheap jewelry it would be hard to rival, and when she flitted upon the scene of action certain citizens were duly impressed. Susie was not slow in discovering she had scored a triumph, and proceeded to make her victory more complete—all within the space of a few hours; but this very act caused immediate scrutiny on the part of certain leading citizens. One of them came to me before Susie had been in the place five hours and said:

“Daddy, I don’t like the conduct of that new girl, she has evidently not had good attention at home.” (No one had been told from whence she hailed.) “She seems inclined to be too familiar with the boys.”

I opened my eyes wide and said:

“Can it be possible?”

“Yes,” replied the young citizen, “it is not only possible that she is doing the things I state but it is also possible she will conduct

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herself even more disgracefully," and then, instead of saying to me, "What are you going to do about it?" as would be the custom in institutions or schools in general, he exclaimed: "I think we shall have to keep our eye on her."

"Do so, by all means," I shouted after him.

He had barely left me when in rushed a second young man who was not quite so choice in his English, and he shouted all in one breath:

"Say, Daddy, that new girl is a fly one; she's got all the fellers stuck on her, and I'll bet yer a quarter she's a case for the jail before she's been here many days, fer if I see her gettin' much fresher, I'll land her there, and don't you fergit it."

Right well would he perform this trick if she gave him the opportunity; for he was the Judge. About two hours later the leading girl of the Republic came to me with some excitement and said:

"Daddy, I wish to see you privately about Susie. She called me into her room a few moments ago and said she thought the girls were very slow up here; she said she had just fin-

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ished some letters to some young gentlemen friends of hers living in the town from which she came; she asked me if I would like to see the letters. I told her I didn't care about reading her correspondence, but she seemed rather anxious, and I read them. O Daddy, they are not fit letters to send. She also showed me a package of letters she had received from boys back at the place where she came from and they were written in the same style. I have been wondering what I could do to get such ideas out of Susie's head. I have concluded the best thing to do would be to invite her to room with me and then I could get the chance to chum with her; in this way I think I may be able to get her mind on something else, and I shall be able to get those letters out of her possession."

She acted on her suggestion and a few days later all the objectionable letters were turned over to me and promptly disposed of. Susie never seemed to miss them, owing probably to the fact that she had so many new things to absorb her attention. About this time she made a complete conquest of "Kelly, the Cop."

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Kelly was a most efficient officer and had never been accused up to that date of casting sheep's eyes at any of the fair sex, but he fell completely under the sway of Susie's charms. Through his very efforts to conceal the condition he made himself all the more conspicuous, and was obliged to submit to no end of bantering from the other boys.

One day in court there was an assault case being tried. Jones had thrashed Brown for some reasons of his own and Brown had promptly had Jones arrested for assault. The evidence pro and con was being critically analyzed by the attorneys in the case—somehow it leaked out, in a cross-examination of one of the witnesses, that Susie had seen the whole affair and might be able to give valuable evidence. All parties in the case concluded it would be a good thing to have her evidence, and the Judge nodded to Officer Kelly and said:

“Will you go to the hotel kitchen where she is employed and tell her we should like to have her here in court?” Officer Kelly was highly pleased with the suggestion of the Judge and

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made unusual haste to perform his duty. Knowing Susie's whims and also realizing that she was new and did not fully comprehend the full power of the court, I concluded she would reason in this wise: "Here are a lot of boys and girls trying to find out something. I know the very thing they would like to know; I'll make them come to me to tell, and I'll keep them guessing a long time as to whether I will say anything at all or not. It will be a grand chance to impress them with my importance."

Feeling sure this would be the very thing that would happen I made a detour of the building and found an advantageous point where I could see the entire field of operations. Susie was busily engaged at her kitchen work. She was singing a popular air; this was brought to a sudden termination by Kelly's knock at the door.

"Come in," she said cheerily.

The door opened briskly and Officer Kelly, radiant with smiles, entered the room.

"What are you doing here at this time of day, Jimmy Kelly?" she exclaimed with feigned

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displeasure. "Don't you know I am so busy with my work that I can't see young gentlemen during business hours?"

Kelly seemed abashed at her manner; evidently judged her literally.

"Susie," he said in a half embarrassed way after he had recovered somewhat, "I am here on business and it's business for the Judge. He wants you to come to court now and tell what you know about the Jones-Brown case."

"Does he indeed!" she exclaimed with a snicker. "Well run right back, Jimmy Kelly, and tell the judge if he wishes to see me he can find me here in the kitchen. Give him my regards and tell him I think it great impertinence for him to ask ladies to come to him; I must teach him a lesson or two in manners."

Jimmy looked demoralized as this new form of social etiquette was presented to him.

"Bu-bu-bu-but"—he stammered apologetically, "You know this is a little different, Susie. You see he's Judge and even women ought to obey the Judge's order, I suppose."

"Well, Jimmy Kelly," she snapped out pettishly, "I'm going to start some new rules in

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this place and one is proper respect to ladies, and the Judge might just as well know he's got to be one of the first to submit. Now run right along, Kelly. You are annoying me by hanging around here. Don't forget to give my regards to the Judge: ta, ta."

Jimmy started to reply, but, with a haughty wave of the hand, she dismissed him. He walked out of the door scratching his head in a bewildered manner. Slowly he moved toward the Hall of Justice. I hurried back to the court room and was comfortably seated when Jimmy entered. The witness that was on the stand when he left was still giving testimony. When he was finally dismissed the Judge exclaimed:

"Now we are ready for our friend, Susie Smith."

"Miss Smith. Miss Smith. Miss Smith," shouted the clerk of the court.

No response. Each call of her name appeared to be a body blow to Officer Kelly; at each stroke he seemed to sink farther back into the group that was surrounding the Judge's desk.

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“Officer Kelly,” exclaimed the Judge, when there was no response to Susie’s name, “where is the witness? I sent you for her, did I not?”

“Yes, Your Honor,” said Kelly, “but—” and then he said in a quiet, confidential manner, “she wouldn’t come.”

“What,” shrieked the Judge, as he sprang from his seat, “she wouldn’t come?” Then resuming his composure he said quietly; “I think I shall fix that.”

Turning to the clerk of the court he said:

“Hand me a pencil and paper.”

He took them and then in a genial manner dictated to himself and wrote at the same time: —“Miss Susie Smith, you are hereby ordered to appear in court at once;” then signing his name with a flourish, he folded the paper and handed it to Kelly.

“Officer Kelly,” he exclaimed sharply, “you serve that paper.”

Poor Kelly’s face was a study. He took the paper and mopped the cold perspiration from his brow.

“All right, Your Honor,” and he walked

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quickly toward the door; but the moment he had gotten outside he stopped abruptly; he looked off toward the green hills, and he looked toward the valley; then he looked toward the sky, and then his head dropped toward the ground; with slow hesitating steps he then proceeded toward the kitchen where the unconscious Susie was busily engaged in domestic affairs.

I quickly hurried to my vantage post. I waited and waited patiently for Kelly to arrive. I waited so long I began to fear Kelly had lost his nerve completely and had run away. I was about to leave my place and investigate when there was a light tap at the door.

“Come in,” chirped Susie.

The door slowly opened and Kelly with a very much wilted manner stepped inside.

“What are you back here for, Jimmy Kelly?” she exclaimed with feigned anger.

“The Judge sent me back,” he gasped.

“He did,” she said in an offended manner, “the nerve of the rascal.”

“Yes, Susie,” said Officer Kelly, “and he did more than that—he sent a summons.”

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“What’s a summons?” she said with curiosity.

Jimmy handed her the paper. She unfolded it and read aloud:—“ ‘Miss Susie Smith, you are hereby ordered to appear in court at once.’ ” Then she laughed. After she had resumed her composure she said:

“Well, Jimmy, perhaps that sort of thing may work on some of the green creatures that live up here but it isn’t going to work on yours truly.” With that she stepped quickly to the stove, took the lifter and removed the lid: then holding the summons for a moment high over the flames she suddenly released her hold, and as it burned she said gaily: “Good-by, summons.”

Jimmy watched the entire proceedings with a look that was almost ghastly. Susie now turned to him and said sharply:

“Now, Jimmy Kelly, I want you to get right out of this room; run right back to the Judge, and if he wishes his summons you may tell him just where he can find it.”

Jimmy essayed to speak but he had almost lost the power. With another haughty wave

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of the hand she motioned him away. He walked toward the door, took hold of the knob but he did not turn it; instead he leaned his head against the door and lapsed into deep thought. In this attitude he paused for sufficient length of time to draw the notice of Susie. Not knowing what to make out of the delay, she said sharply:

“Jimmy Kelly, hurry right out of this room, I tell you. You irritate me.”

Her voice roused the boy. He whirled around on his heels, and one glance at that determined face showed me clearly that that moment of silence had brought back his manhood. He walked toward the girl quickly, looking her square in the eyes. Her face in turn was a study. One could see on it mingled defiance and fear.

“What do you mean, sir?” she said.

“I mean,” he said slowly and firmly, “I am an officer.”

“What of that?” said she. “You have no business here: get out.”

“I have business here,” said he. “As an officer of this Republic I was sent to serve a

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summons which you burned. That summons ordered you to come to the court. Are you going willingly?"

"No," she said defiantly, accompanying the statement with a stamp of her foot.

"All right, Susie Smith, *friendship* is one thing: *duty* is another. You are going to that court room," with a spring forward he seized her by the arms, and with the strength of a young giant dragged her amidst shrieks and clawings into the presence of the astonished court. It is needless to record that there were no more tender sentiments exchanged between the two principal actors in this story.

The winter of '96 and '97 brings back pleasant recollections, although the winter was not quite as severe as the year preceding, when we went through our pioneer days. It should not be understood that all the pioneering was over, for it was not by any means. We still had discomforts and short rations, but it was so much more homelike, than it had been the preceding years, on account of the addition of a water supply, a few extra stoves, and particularly the girls as citizens, to say nothing of the new wife.

CHAPTER IX

FURTHER ADJUSTMENTS

WITH the arrival of spring I was pleased to note an unusual interest on the part of the boys in agriculture. They had been reading a good deal on this subject in the library during the winter.

The Agricultural Department at Cornell, learning of the interest of the boys in this matter, sent us aid in the person not only of the students but of the Professors of the Agricultural College as well. They came each week and gave little talks on some feature of agriculture, laid out little plots of ground for the various boys, and taught them all manner of practical things: and right in this connection it also becomes my pleasure to render tribute to the service not only of the members of the Agricultural College of Cornell but to every other department of the University. If the Republic had been actually a part of that great in-

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stitution there could not have been greater interest manifested on their part. This same spirit has evidently infected the city of Ithaca as well, or it may be the city of Ithaca has infected the University: in any event there is a tremendous bond of friendship between all three of us.

In June we began to give thought to the summer colony of citizens who were soon to reappear for the vacation months. I must confess we did not look forward with enthusiasm to their appearance. We now had a population of fifty resident citizens, the majority of whom were boys.

The summer party arrived in July and they numbered about fifty. This new element together with helpers who accompanied them naturally had points of view quite different from the resident citizens and regular helpers. The latter naturally regarded the new arrivals as intruders particularly when the new arrivals attempted to conduct affairs as if they were to remain there permanently instead of a brief two months. Friction all along the line was the result. The fault could not be assigned

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wholly either to the residents or to the summer citizens. However, I resolved inwardly that we should have no more summer citizens at Freeville. If we desired to do anything for the summer party we should have them in some place by themselves.

The resident citizens still remembering the political upheaval of the preceding summer, took time by the forelock and thoroughly organized themselves for self-protection, just before the summer colonists arrived. By so doing they were able to control the political situation. Few if any of the summer citizens were elected to office. This made the summer citizens dissatisfied, particularly as many of them had been to Freeville preceding summers, and had had much to say about political matters. Some of them had planned amongst themselves, en route to Freeville, to hang together and get a hold on the government jobs; but upon their arrival they discovered that they had been out-generated by the "residents" The old proverb, "Possession is nine points of law" was never more clearly demonstrated than in this instance. The helpers and friends who came

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with the summer citizens naturally took their side of the controversy.

The whole season was a period of misunderstandings and disappointments, which I have always felt might have been avoided if each party could have fully appreciated the other's point of view. There was a feeling of relief when the summer people decamped for New York City, and yet with it all there was a feeling of sadness.

Two months later at a trustee meeting in New York City, the Board of Trustees of the Junior Republic Association decided to discontinue the taking of summer citizens and I have never had any reason to regret their action in this matter.

This self-same summer of 1897, we met with our first newspaper attack. The paper was of no great importance. It went into bankruptcy two months later: however, I do not attribute its unfriendliness to us as the direct cause of its misfortune. The paper rose again under the same name but a new management and ever since has been a strong ally to the Republic. The rest of the press championed the cause of the Republic and after a few days the objection-

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able articles were discontinued; but their publication caused the State Board of Charities to come and make an investigation. Two worthy commissioners made a report. Evidently they didn't understand the Republic idea, for the report they rendered was not particularly complimentary. Evidently things were not quite "institutiony" enough for them, and those were days when the Republic idea was practically unknown. I should like to publish their report in full but owing to the success of the Republic, and things turning out so radically different from what the Commissioners predicted, for their sakes I will resist the temptation.

They learned shortly after it was published what a host of friends the Republic really possessed; for a counter report signed by a group of men who were the peers where not the superiors of the worthy individuals who made the State Charities report, quickly followed and they put the whole situation in such a concise and pointed manner that the State Board of Charities concluded they would suspend judgment for a season. The whole matter caused me

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to love the State Board of Charities about as much as the "devil loves holy water," and for a time diplomatic relations were all off; but times have changed completely and to-day there is perfect harmony. Inspectors of the Board have become good authorities on Junior Republic matters, especially one of them. Various commissioners have also made friendly visits and the dove of peace hovers over all.

In the fall of '96 we established a school in the Republic for the primary and grammar grades. Previous to this the young citizens had attended school in the village of Freeville. The school had to have its pioneer experience, also. One of the old barns was remodeled and fitted up with second hand benches, old tables, chairs and atlases. Second hand books, very much the worse for wear and written by authors both good and bad, completed the outfit. In this ramshackle building some of the most notable Junior Republic citizens were educated. Professor Willard E. Hotchkiss, now Dean of the College of Commerce of Northwestern University, had at that time just graduated from Cornell University; he can tell you all about

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the troubles of that school for he was the one who organized it. He had a good practical head on his shoulders and a keen sense of humor. Personal discomforts did not fease him. He was so valuable an aid that we got some one else to teach the school, and he gave his whole time in assisting me in the development of the Republic. When the public extends laurels to those who have done heroic work for the Republic, I implore them not to forget to hand one to "Uncle Hotchy," as he was called by the citizens.

The conclusion of the trustees of the Junior Republic Association to abandon the idea of taking boys and girls for the summer and instead making the Republic an all the year round affair seemed to meet with the approval of the general public. Everybody connected with the little commonwealth felt that he was now constructing for the future, and new and advanced policies began to be introduced from month to month.

One of the first radical changes was the acceptance of boys and girls, as citizens, from other than poor homes. We received so many

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urgent appeals from parents in good circumstances, who had unmanageable boys, that we felt it our duty to give the matter consideration, and after much thought we concluded there was no reason why the son of a parent in moderate or well-to-do circumstances should not be helped by the Junior Republic methods, quite as much as a boy from poor surroundings, providing it did not eliminate the poor boy or girl completely. From that day forth the Bowery jargon became less familiar and the speech of the new arrivals indicated that they came from all sections of the country and all classes of society.

In our zeal to help every one we made some mistakes. Letters of appeal were sometimes received from parents stating that their child did queer things, and that physicians had declared that he was not altogether responsible. Would we not see if the Republic method would save their boy?

Moved to pity, and at the same time feeling it might be possible to render aid, we accepted some types that we found could only be regarded as "defective." We did our best with

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these individuals but it wasn't long before we discovered our efforts were futile. It was impossible for them to enter into competition with the more keen, able-bodied citizens. They were soon crowded to the wall and became objects of charity. The young citizens were ever ready generously to support them but this was placing an unnecessary burden upon the young tax-payers; besides, it was of no benefit to the feeble-minded. Therefore, with reluctance we announced that we could be of no service to the "mentally deficient."

Even if we were obliged to give up the idea of reclaiming the deficient, there was one class to whom we never would haul down our colors and that was the sturdy, husky, young type from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who had been up to all kinds of pranks more or less devilish; a terror to the police and a sorrow to parents. Some of these young gentlemen caused the boy police officers and helpers of the Republic no end of opportunity for adventure. "Penny dreadful" stories galore, descriptive of detective life in the Junior Republic could be written, particularly of the years we

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are now describing. At the present moment, although daring adventures occasionally happen, they are not as common as they were in the olden times. Verily those were the Indian and Cow-boy days of the Junior Republic. I will relate one instance typical of many, although the crime of burglary committed, herein described, taking place outside of the Republic, was an exceptional feature.

Three newcomers, likewise three "bad ones," had been in the Republic but a few months. They had given the citizen authorities very little trouble during that time. The daily life of the Republic had brought them together to some extent, and while each had regarded the other undoubtedly as being kindred in tastes and ideals, the companionship had not crystallized into anything that was serious.

One day a boy ran away and an officer asked these three boys if they would "hot foot it" along the railroad track and highway in the valley running north from Freeville. They readily assented and undoubtedly did their best to find the deserter, but it turned out later that

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he didn't take that route. The three pursuers stopped at Groton, a little town six miles north of the Republic. Here the dare-devil within them began to flame forth. They talked over their crimes of the past and the way they "had done time" in reformatories. One of the fellows suddenly proposed that they do something out of the ordinary right there in the village. The other two were "game." They went up the railroad track in broad daylight, walked into the express office, and proceeded to help themselves to the contents of several express packages. The vigilant railroad agent discovered them as they were leaving the building. He quietly called up the constable by telephone, who at once started in pursuit, and very shortly came up with the young culprits. They were taken to the justice of the peace, and there they declared they were from the Republic. I was notified at once by telegraph, and got a carriage as soon as I could and in company with one or two of the boy officers, made all haste to Groton. The justice told me if I would settle for the damages, he would turn the boys over to me. I complied with his request, and

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in custody of the boy officers they were conducted back to Freeville.

In the meantime, the citizens, having heard of the robbery, called an indignation meeting, and fiery speeches were in order.

“They’ve disgraced us.”

“Folks will take us for ‘crooks.’ ”

“Nothing like this has ever happened before.”

“Let’s mob them.”

They got madder and madder with every exclamation.

Just at dusk the officers and prisoners drove into the Republic and a howling mob surrounded the wagon. Suddenly an ominous silence fell upon the group as the prisoners and officers alighted. As quickly as their feet were upon *terra firma*, the mob by common instinct surged in upon them. One group tried to crowd the officers to one side; the remainder, and by far the larger number, fell upon the prisoners with clenched fists.

The prisoners were good fighters, but they couldn’t withstand the shock of the mob. The officers saw the situation, and fought desper-

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ately to protect their prisoners. Serious violence would probably have been the result had not some of the most level-headed citizens rushed to the rescue. Finally, by difficult effort, officers and leading citizens got the prisoners between them, and dragged them through the infuriated mob to the prison; but not until each prisoner had received his full quota of black eyes and bloody noses.

After the Chief had lodged his charges in jail he swore in some special officers to aid the regular force, and was about to charge the mob when he changed his mind and concluded to give them a speech instead. He climbed upon a box and bellowed:

“I like your spirit, but I don’t like to see it come out like this. You fellers may think that the leading citizens and we officers here, who have rescued these crooks and given you a few extra punches at the same time, are siding with the rascals who have disgraced every one of us; but when the time comes for their trial, we will vote to have them get a hard punishment, while some of you rattle-brained fellers, what wanted to kill them to-night, will be say-

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ing then: 'Aw, go light on the poor blokes.' Just let me tell you that things what you have done now isn't goin' to be overlooked by the police department while I am Chief. Even if you did have reason for gettin' mad, we're not goin' to stand for your making fools of yourselves, and now I'll give you just one minute to clear out and any feller I find within a hundred yards of this place at the end of that time is goin' to get pinched for disorderly conduct."

The crowd disappeared in a hurry, for they knew the youthful officer would make his word good. Before the day of their trial, however, the three prisoners made things lively in the Republic. Their ages averaged a little more than seventeen years, each individual was a man and an able-bodied one at that, when it came to a test of muscle. In cunning and daredeviltry, the average man was not in their class. This whole affair took place in the winter when it is dark at supper-time; the keeper had gone to supper after carefully examining the locks; a trusty was outside warming his feet by the fire. Although the trusty was a

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prisoner, he was one of the more reliable ones and so was left in charge; he was supposed to give notice to the keeper if anything was likely to go wrong with the prisoners.

“Come here, kid,” yelled one of them to the trusty, “and bring that crow-bar that stands outside, there’s a rat in this cell.”

This request for the crow-bar had been made after much preliminary stamping of feet and shouting of “kill that rat.” Unsuspectingly the trusty seized the crow-bar, rushed to the cell and shoved it in between the bars. At that time we did not have steel cages as at the present. The cells were made out of planks heavily spiked. Receiving the bar, two of the prisoners kept up the stamping, while the third got it placed between the planks and commenced some active prying. In a few moments his efforts were rewarded by securing a slight aperture where he was able to work the bar more successfully. In less than two minutes thereafter a wide plank had been torn off; the prisoners wriggled through the opening as if they had been greased. In an instant they were on the astonished trusty; seizing him

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roughly, they told him if he spoke they would kill him. Then they ordered him to accompany them, and away they went across the fields, leaving the little Republic totally unconscious of what was going on. After they had taken the trusty a half mile, they told him he might go where he liked. He turned back breathlessly to the Republic and soon raised the alarm.

In a moment all was confusion; about twenty fellows just as husky and just as daring as the three departed ones, but possessing a loyal spirit unknown to the three latter, were disappearing in every direction in hot pursuit. One line of railroad track runs through the Republic grounds; about a half mile away runs another railroad. Four points of the compass crossed by railroad tracks—they might have taken any of these railroads. On the other hand, it was just as likely they would take to the hills. Freights must be watched when they arrived at the station. In a few minutes one pulled in. As it started out from the station, boys, watching intently along the track, suddenly saw an object sneaking toward the mov-

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ing train. They made a rush, and one of the trio, after a brief struggle, was again a prisoner. Two or three of the young officers remained on the train, thinking it possible the other two might attempt to take it at the next station a few miles beyond. Every freight train that left that night had two or three boy officers on board, but without avail. The next day they began to stroll in after their unsuccessful night's search. The prisoners when they left were dressed in prison garb. The next day the Chief of Police at Ithaca reported a robbery of a large quantity of valuable goods. Somebody along the route had been approached by a young fellow dressed in clothes that did not fit well with the request to purchase several articles of silverware. This clew, coupled with the fact that two suits of prison uniform were found on the premises where the burglary was performed, completed the chain of evidence.

The pursuit was taken up by the police authorities outside, aided by the Republic officers, but without success. Having a sort of natural love for detective work on my own part, I determined to renew my experience in the sleuth

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line that I had used in New York before I started the Republic. I felt sure the rascals would head for the city, owing to the fact that one of them lived there and had certain well established hang-outs. I had some interesting experiences that made the affair seem like old times, and my efforts were rewarded, and the boys were finally discovered in one of the hang-outs. I handcuffed them, and took them into custody, and hurried them to my mother's home; for I was obliged to take the midnight train for Boston, where I was to lecture the next afternoon, but I first saw them in my home properly shackled, and duly appointed my mother keeper. She is one of those unusual characters that fill every position perfectly, and I left my home for Boston feeling the prisoners were just as secure in my mother's apartments as they would have been in the New York Tombs.

I was to be in Boston for two or three days, so I notified the Republic to send one of our officers for the boys. He reached New York after the boys had been in my home nearly two days, and returned upon the evening of the

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day of his arrival. Properly handcuffed, the little party started back to Freeville by train. The officer remained awake all night watching the prisoners. To reach Freeville there must be a change of cars at Sayre, Pa. They reached Sayre about 3 A.M. The train for Freeville did not leave until nearly 6 A.M. Few people were about the station. The boys were seated in the waiting-room quietly when the officer began to feel drowsy. For a moment he closed his eyes and quickly snapped them open. His charges were also apparently sleeping. Again the officer grew drowsy, lost consciousness, and gave another start. This time his prisoners were gone. He was awake in an instant, and rushed outside. No one was in sight. It was just getting light. Finally he saw a man working on the tracks near the station who declared he had seen two fellows running along, side by side toward Waverly. No doubt they were the ones. Like mad the officer tore around the place, and then began to send telegrams from town to town for the authorities to look out for two fellows handcuffed together. All day he waited but with-

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out avail, and then returned despondently to the Republic. He had no more than reached home before a telegram was received saying that the boys were being held at a little town in Pennsylvania near the New York border. The Republic boy officer took the same train that night to secure the prisoners.

Now to return to the prisoners. When they escaped their custodian they ran along the railroad track till they came to a handcar that was lying near the track. On this they found a small hammer similar to one used for stone breaking. Laying their handcuffs across the iron rail of the track, after much pounding, they succeeded in severing the chain. Tossing back the hammer, they ran on for an hour, and finally came to a blacksmith shop. One of the boys edged up to a table where he saw a file. Quickly slipping it under his coat as if nothing had happened, the two left the building. They hurried on till they came to an ice-house. Crawling in this, they commenced the arduous task of filing the shackles from their wrists. This took some time, but finally they emerged

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from the ice-house and hurried along until they came to a little village. At this point three or four men watched them eagerly, and then swooped down upon them. One of them was the constable of the village and had received the telegram from the Republic officer notifying him to keep a strong watch. The boys were placed in the village lockup and a watch was placed upon them, for their reputation was well known. The constable then notified the Republic, as already stated, that he had the fellows for whom they were looking; he also notified the sheriff of Ithaca a little later. On the evening of the same day, both the deputy sheriff of the County and the Republic boy officer were ready to receive the prisoners. The county authorities were duly armed with warrants—but right here came a practical demonstration of a case where the Republic boy officer had an opportunity to use an authority that it was impossible for a sheriff of a grown-up community to exercise. The prisoners were in the State of Pennsylvania, and extradition papers would be necessary as a preliminary to the sheriff's taking them; but the Republic of-

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ficer stepped forward and requested their possession on the grounds that they were under the control of an institution that was acting in loco parentis and he asked to take them under that heading and in no sense because of the crime that had been committed. Therefore they were turned over to the Republic boy officer as the representative of an institution that held the guardianship of the two young men in question, and they were brought back triumphantly by the youthful authority and lodged in the Republic prison. The next day the county officials were notified that we had the boys on hand and we were ready to surrender them to those officials. Through all this affair there was not the slightest friction between the county officials and the Republic authorities. They were indicted by the grand jury of the county, and brought up before the judge in the court at the city of Ithaca. They pleaded "guilty" as charged in the indictment. The Judge suspended sentence, with the understanding that they return to the Republic and be tried by the boys.

They were brought back, tried, and convicted

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on one of the charges by their peers, and were sent to the Junior Republic Reformatory for one year each. In addition the grand jury secured two or three other indictments to hold over their heads, in case the first sentence was not sufficient.

This affair took place about ten years ago. Of the two fellows who caused the principle trouble, one has turned out badly I am sorry to say; the other is doing well. The third fellow who was caught before he got very far from the prison that eventful night, is also doing well.

CHAPTER X

A VISIT TO THE REPUBLIC

I HAVE attempted to portray faithfully in the foregoing chapters the story of the inception, establishment, and pioneer days of the little village which composes the Junior Republic. I now wish to give a picture of the Republic in its physical aspects just as the visitor may see it to-day, and to do this the better, I shall imagine a personally conducted tour over this village and a general inspection of its homes and various industries.

I terminated the preceding chapter with the opening of the year of 1898. At that time the Republic consisted of a small farm of forty-eight acres, occupied by four buildings, as follows: the original farmhouse which was occupied by the writer and his family and the girls of the Republic; the Republic Hotel, an unpretentious building occupied by the boys; the remodeled barn used as a schoolhouse, jail,

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and general government building, with lodgings for boys on the second floor, the remodeled cow-stable which had been used when we had the summer colony, but at that time standing vacant; and finally an old wagon house which was all we had in the shape of a barn.

Since that time much building has been done, and in addition we have been making history every moment as will be seen during the tour which we are now about to take.

As the trainman pokes his head in the door of the Lehigh Valley trains from the south and shouts: "Next station Freeville. Change cars for points on the Lehigh Valley, east and west," the announcement brings forth comments here and there from the passengers. Such expressions as "Junior Republic," "self-government," "boy judge," "girls," "football," "college," "criminal," "nice fellow," and others assure the visitor that some of the passengers have a general interest in and partial knowledge of the unique little community he has come to visit.

Just about the time the train whistles to stop at the station, passengers who have been

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talking about the Republic look out of the window and say: "There it is." If they are on the Auburn Road, the buildings are only a few rods away, in fact they are passing through Junior Republic property at the moment; if they are on the road from Ithaca to Cortland, they see it about a mile away and clearly visible. If up to that moment there has been any idea of "institutiony" buildings and walls, in connection with the Junior Republic, it is instantly dispelled. A visitor's first comment is: "Can that be the Junior Republic? There is nothing distinctive about it. It looks just like any other village," and in that remark the keynote of the Republic has been struck instantly. The visitor will learn later that that is the very condition of affairs the friends of the Republic desire; they carry it so far that they declare if a man should give them a fortune providing they would make all the buildings uniform the offer would be turned down completely. They will not even have them painted a uniform color. The Republic buildings are so near like other buildings on the highways leading to it, that no one can tell where the big



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Republic leaves off and the Junior Republic begins.

The train pulls into the Freeville station. The first thing that greets the visitors' eye is an old stage bearing the legend "Junior Republic Bus." It is not unlike the old Broadway stages of days gone by. The stranger may attempt to crawl inside the vehicle but will find it already crowded. There are bright-faced young men and women whom he correctly guesses are citizens. He learns from the conversation that the young people have been to Ithaca, or some other near city, and that others have just returned from a vacation trip to their homes. Others have been to the train to bid adieu to some parent or friend or just for the fun of the trip. A few of them are talking with relatives or friends who have just arrived on the train, and are now fellow-passengers in the "Bus." He will find these relatives and friends very interesting, and they clearly show the cosmopolitan sources from which the Republic citizens hail. Besides the passengers already mentioned there may be others who are also visitors; they, too, possess a cosmopolitan

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air. It will take a good-sized bus to hold this company the visitor will think? Well, it happens to be a good-sized bus. Long life to it! It has brought much happiness to the citizens of the Junior Republic, for its mission is not only to convey passengers from the Republic village to the Freeville station, but also to carry the Republic football and baseball teams to adjoining towns for games. These athletic teams the visitor will learn are usually accompanied by a merry group of boy and girl citizens who go along to "root" for their team.

A smart-looking boy climbs up on the front seat of the bus last of all and, with a hearty "Ge dap" sets the lazy horses in motion.

The first stop after about a half-mile drive, is at a neat hotel. At least we expect that hotel will be there very soon and prepared to receive guests as it is under construction at the present time. Here visitors can register and remain for any length of time, from a day to a year. The place looks homelike, and the proprietor is reassuring. After depositing some passengers at the hotel, the bus moves on to the Republic proper, passes several buildings,

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and finally hauls up in front of the Republic grocery and dry-goods store.

About the porch of this building there will be several loiterers, citizens, of course. Their manner will not probably fully impress the stranger, as they are apt to be the most shiftless of the citizens, for there are always shiftless and out-of-work citizens in the Junior Republic just as in the big Republic, and the shiftless citizens are very apt to be found, as in any outside community, hanging about the grocery store. The only difference is this, in the Junior Republic it is apt to be the newer citizen instead of the "old inhabitant," as found outside.

At this place everybody tumbles out of the bus; the citizens hasten to their work, relatives and friends depart in the direction of the cottages occupied by the citizens in whom they are interested, and the visitors, for a brief moment, are left to themselves. A frank, open-faced young man comes up and asks if they would like to be shown about the Republic. A thought may flash through their minds: "Does this young person make this offer thinking that

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at the end of the trip a 'tip' awaits him?" After they have become better acquainted with him, however, they will find that it would have offended him if he had been offered money for his services. From the moment a visitor enters the Republic, every decent citizen regards him as a guest. The Republic is one place in the world where the abominable tipping business is looked upon with disfavor. Frequently boys and girls during a visit, will extend slight favors to the guests, but in no single instance will there be the slightest appearance of doing it for a reward. There is an interesting incident related of a Republic boy, who had been making a little speech at a parlor meeting in the city of Brooklyn. A lady came up to him while he was talking to quite a company of people, and handed him some money. "Madam," said he, "I can't take your money, I have done nothing to earn it."

There is another and a similar Republic story the truth of which may be vouched for. A boy had brought a pitcher of water at the request of some visitors who were seated on the lawn in front of one of the cottages, and money was

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offered him. "Do you feel you must humiliate me because I have shown you a courtesy?" he said with a show of pride. There are plenty of citizens in the Republic to-day who would say the same thing, but some of the newer fellows who haven't been here very long are always looking for graft, and it keeps the respectable boys and girls busy holding them in the place where they belong. There is an idea here in the Republic that you can tell whether a citizen is new or old by his readiness to receive or not receive a "tip."

The afore-mentioned store is the nearest point of interest, and the visitors are conducted therein. They find themselves in a typical village store. It is operated by the General Merchandise Company, which is really the Junior Republic Association under another name. All merchandise which comes to the Association through purchase or gift, is placed on sale within this store. There are counters on each side of the store, back of which are shelves containing rows of canned goods, boxes of breakfast foods, crackers and other dry groceries, barrels of sugar, salt and other commodities stand on

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the floor, in front of, and in some cases under, the counter. One section of the store is occupied by shoes, clothing, toilet articles, and a sort of bargain counter for the girls. A few citizens of both sexes are making purchases or inspecting the goods. Housekeepers from the various cottages are purchasing supplies for their homes. The money with which these housekeepers pay for these goods, comes from the citizens who board with them. The money used in this store, and in all other places in the Republic is aluminum. The coin of the Free Tin Party days is now obsolete. Each United States coin has a piece of aluminum representing it, but it is in no way a counterfeit. Citizens who have bank accounts pay for goods by check if they so desire. The customers are waited upon by a citizen clerk or an adult who represents the Junior Republic Association.

As the visiting party leaves the store, they may observe, in the corner of the building, the Post Office, with its lock boxes and other paraphernalia, which gives it the appearance of a country post office. The mail in this little office is collected in time to be carried away by

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the citizen post boy to the United States Post Office in Freeville, and it is brought up from the village by the same boy or the rural free delivery twice each day. One of the representative citizens acts as postmaster. His authority in that respect is confined to the Junior Republic. He is in no way associated with the post office department at Washington.

The guide now conducts his charges to the second floor of this building, where is the Citizens Bank of the Republic. They enter a large reception room which is tastily furnished with mission furniture, manufactured by the young citizens in the carpentering shop; and by the way, this furniture is not the only furniture manufactured by the Republic carpenters, but all the beautiful settles, morris chairs, tables, chairs, etc., which are to be seen throughout the trip are made by the juvenile carpenters. Back of this room is the bank, and behind the lattice work which surrounds some of it, two energetic young ladies are working at the books and handling the cash in an exceedingly business-like manner. One of them, who acts as cashier, has the courage to open the door and

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let the visitors step inside the sacred precincts. She displays with great pride the iron safe, check books, deposit slips, and the cash-drawer containing quantities of aluminum money. This money, by the way, is redeemable at its face value; citizens may get the actual United States money in exchange for this coin, when they leave the Republic for good, or when they go outside of the Republic on holiday excursions, or to purchase things that are not in stock in the Junior Republic store.

The bank, as one of the young ladies will tell, is simply a bank of deposit, no interest is paid. The young people have discovered that a certain amount of influence comes with the possession of a bank account, and the more thrifty endeavor to increase their balance as much as possible.

While the visitors stand there a boy and girl come up to the window and each deposits money, and another boy has come up to get a check cashed. The aluminum money used by the adults who are operating industries in the Republic is also deposited within this bank.

Leaving the bank and the reception room,

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they step out into a narrow hall. The guide then says that he is going to take his party to a place which most visitors do not see, because the things which happen there are not of interest to the ordinary person. With that they walk to a small room at the end of the hall. They enter it; two other rooms open

No. _____	Fresville, New York, _____	190 _____
Citizens' Bank of the Republic GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC		
Pay to the Order of _____		\$ _____
		Dollars
CITIZENS' PRESS _____		

CHECK ON THE CITIZENS' BANK OF THE REPUBLIC

into it. The location of these rooms would lead one to believe that the business transacted within them was of minor importance, but it is another case in which appearances are deceptive, for much important work in connection with the Junior Republic and the outside world is transacted therein. The guide at this time announces that these rooms are the offices of the Superintendent and his corps of adult as-

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sistants who are the agents of the trustees of the Junior Republic Association.

At this point it will not be amiss to explain the relation between the Junior Republic Association and the Junior Republic Citizen Government, where the duties of the one leave off and the other's begin. Many seem to think this is a difficult problem, but it is simplicity itself.

The Junior Republic Association is a Board of Trustees incorporated under the laws of the State in which the particular Republic is located. The same general incorporation law is used for a Junior Republic as is used for any other institution of a similar nature, and its trustees have the same powers vested in them as trustees of other institutions. Trustees of all institutions have three principal duties:

First, the holding of the property in trust.

Second, the securing of funds for the support of their wards.

Third, the making of rules and regulations for the government and well-being of their wards.

A Board of Junior Republic Trustees exercises the first and second duties,* but when it

* The Republic is supported as follows: A sliding scale for

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comes to the third, instead of observing the general custom of making rules and regulations they say to their wards: "The rules that we give you to observe are the laws of your State, the regulations for your guidance will be those of any well-conducted community. In other words, your abode, instead of being an institution, will be a village similar to any village of adults within the State. While the laws of the State will be your general laws, you may enact special laws in your own Town Meeting to meet your own particular needs. As you are to be the same as a village of adults, you will have the same social, civic, and economic conditions. Your Junior Republic is to accept frankly existing conditions and you will meet and grapple with them, as if you were at the age of twenty-one, instead of being a few years younger. You will not learn by theory, but by actual expe-

board based on the financial ability of the parent or guardian. Payment for board by societies, or county officials. Annual contributions, membership fees and general contributions. A few hundred dollars from a very small endowment. There is a small income resulting from the sale of mission furniture, printing, and chocolate and ginger wafers. A few hundreds of dollars from the State Educational Department which goes a little way toward paying the salary of teachers.

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rience to meet the problems. There will be no 'isms' tolerated in your little commonwealth, except straight out and out, unadulterated 'Americanism.' "

Having conferred these powers, the trustees will thereafter confine their duties, so far as the internal workings of the Junior Republic Village are concerned, to the powers of a Supreme Court, to whom the citizens may appeal cases in the event of their feeling they have not gained justice in the lower court.

The trustees then appoint a Superintendent, to act as their agent in general affairs connected with the Junior Republic Association and the outside public. His relation to the whole scheme comes under two distinct heads:

First, general duties involving business management, employment and discharge of helpers, acceptance and rejection of applicants for citizenship, discharge of wards, regulation of the young people in relation to their parents and other people, granting of vacations, and so on.

Second, and most important, his relation to the citizens therein. In this position, his success depends rather on how little than on how

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much he can do in directing affairs other than friendly suggestion, for strange to say, the Superintendent or head worker, is the only adult helper whose position is anomalous. For example, the housekeeper corresponds to the mother in the home or to the boarding-house mistress. The instructor employed to teach a trade corresponds to the tradesman in the village, for under the Republic system he conducts his class of boys as if they were his employees, paying them for the grade of work they perform and employing them at will.

The Superintendent, therefore, being a misfit in the Republic as a boss, must observe the following important rules:

A. Never give an order within the Republic to any but adult helpers.

B. Never grant a privilege as Superintendent conferring benefits to a citizen within the Republic boundaries.

C. In all questions arising and concerning the Republic village solely, solve the problem by asking: "What would they do in the nearest village of adults, if this question presented itself?" and act in the same way.

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Beyond the boundaries of the Republic or where any question between the outside and the citizens is concerned, he may issue orders and grant privileges.

The Superintendent or head worker of a Junior Republic should be allowed greater freedom of action by a board of trustees than the Superintendents of institutions in general. He ought to be in attendance at all meetings of the executive committee. It is essential that the trustees do not convey in word or act anything that indicates that he is simply their agent. He should be regarded with unusual consideration, because the result of the system depends more on his action than on that of any other individual or group of individuals. If he should not be able to rise to the responsibilities of this office his successor cannot be secured too soon.

When these things have been explained to a party of visitors, it is more than likely that they will ask to see the Superintendent. "Certainly," the guide replies, and at the same time taps on one of the doors and shouts out: "'Uncle Cal,' here are some folks who want to meet you." While the tone of the guide is familiar,

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it does not lack respect. "Bring them in," comes the hearty reply from behind the door. With that the guide turns the knob, opens the door, and shows at once a small room which is occupied by several people, including the Superintendent. If the visitors had had in mind a stern, autocratic individual, with military mien, they will find they have made a miscalculation; instead they are confronted by a man, with kindness written in every line of his face, and a twinkle in his eye that indicates clearly he is ready for a contest of wit, providing the challenge is extended. Calvin Derrick is a Superintendent of no mean ability, and other Republics will be obliged to go far afield to find his equal. He is engaged at the moment, of our supposed interruption of him, in telling about Republic life to five new citizens, three of whom are boys and two are girls, who have arrived this very morning, accompanied by relatives or friends, with the exception of one boy who came alone. A description of each one of these prospective citizens will give a slant light view of the kind of individuals who make up the citizenship of the Junior Republic.

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It takes but a glance at the first boy and his father who accompanies him to show clearly that he has come from a home of wealth and refinement. It is the same old story of over-indulgence. This boy with every advantage that money and friends could give has been wasteful of the former and has hoodwinked the latter in a most inconsiderate manner. He has been sent to several boarding-schools and military academies, but has been turned out of every one, and has nearly driven his parents to the verge of despair. They have finally concluded to try the Republic from which a normal boy is never discharged for disobedience. Although the boy has sown many "wild oats," and lacks application, he has no lack of mental or physical powers. His finely shaped head, together with other natural endowments, show clearly that after he has had a few wholesome experiences at the beginning of his career, he will "strike his pace" and finally become one of the best citizens.

To save this boy is the great desire of the father, and so long as that is accomplished, expense is a secondary consideration. Probably

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he would be willing to give extra money in order that his son might secure extra privileges and accommodations within the place, but no amount of money from the father, or any other outside influence will secure him one bit more than he really earns. He must start his Republic life on just exactly the same plane as every other boy who has entered the Republic. A few changes of clothing and some personal property of minor importance are all that he, or any other fellow, can have at the beginning. A father's riches or poverty plays absolutely no part during a boy's life in the Junior Republic. Although all boys start their Republic career on the same plane, there are differences in their influence and the amount of property they possess after a period of life in the little village, but it is the result of the boy's own achievement. It sometimes happens that a boy from some district like unto Mulberry Bend may be living in the finest cottage where the board is higher than in any other place in the Republic, while on the other hand, a boy from Fifth Avenue surroundings may be dining in the Beanery, or possibly in the work-house

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where he has been committed for vagrancy.

The second applicant for citizenship to whom "Uncle Cal" introduces his guests, is a young fellow whom fate has thrown on his own resources, yet undaunted, he has determined to make his way in the world. In the Junior Republic he has seen his opportunity, and he has come to ask the privilege of being a citizen of the little commonwealth. He comes voluntarily, and will sign a paper, agreeing to abide by the laws of the citizens, and to take such punishment uncomplainingly as he may receive for their violation. His manner pleases. He possesses brain and brawn and possibilities of their development offered by the Republic training are easy to be foreseen.

The third fellow is quite another sort. There he sits by the side of a burly, moustached deputy-sheriff. He came direct from the court. He got a suspended sentence with the understanding that he would come to the Republic. He has evidently been the leader of a street gang. Self-reliance and toughness are stamped upon his features. He seems a sort of a misfit amongst the rest of the company, but one glance

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of an expert in Junior Republic methods at that face assures him that there is latent ability equal to any of the other prospective citizens, although many and devious are the turns in the path which he will be obliged to traverse before he reaches the highroad of good citizenship. This is the type of fellow who has brought the Republic idea much fame as a remarkable regulator of the young hoodlum; but this glory has not been completely unalloyed, for at the same time it has created an impression in the minds of some people, that the Junior Republic is composed entirely of young criminals and is in reality a sort of a reformatory. It will probably be some time before the whole world will be convinced that the Junior Republic is good for boys and girls of all classes and conditions of society; but it is believed that this will be realized some day by the many as well as by the few who at the present hold to that belief.

The description of these three new citizens has shown a wide difference of previous social condition. The way it worked out in one case in the Republic will make an interesting story.

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Therefore, before introducing the two new girls it will be well to relate it.

A young man, whom I will call Charlie, reared in a home bordering on luxury, came to the Republic as a citizen. In order to secure the comforts of the little village, he parted with some of his trinkets and clothing. He had been previously cautioned against doing this, but he seemed to feel he would find a way out should dire necessity force him to work. A little time before he came to the end of his rope, he discovered the inevitable, but instead of getting a job and trying to hold what remained of his money which he had received for the sale of his personal property, for a rainy day, he gave up his pleasant boarding place, and went to the "Garroot" where lodgings were ten cents, and he dined at the cheap restaurant where meals could also be secured for ten cents. Although this was humiliating, he evidently regarded it as not being quite as disgraceful as working.

About the same time another boy came to the Republic with a record of "having done time" in a reform school. He hadn't been a

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resident long in the community before he stole, got caught, and was sent to jail. His first sentence was brief; when he got out he stole again, got caught, and was sent to jail for a longer period. When he got out on this occasion, he stole for the third time; he was arrested and sent to jail for a still longer period. When he came out the last time he said: "I can't keep this up, it's too hard work for no money; besides it isn't nice to have the fellers regard you as a crook. I think I'll get wise to myself, and get busy doing something honest." As he was naturally a hard worker, he secured a job, and his record improved. Finally, he concluded he would like to take the hotel business and run it on contract. He did so, starting with one of the cheapest boarding establishments; by thrift and management a short time later he was almost monopolizing the "hotel system." All this time he had lived in one of the smallest rooms of the hotel. One day he was found fixing up a large room; he was decorating it with pretty pictures and pieces of bric-a-brac he had purchased in the Republic store. He was complimented on his good taste

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in selecting such a nice room and fixing it up so tastily. "Yes," he said, "I thought I'd spread out a bit. I can afford to do it and I thought in a way I ought to live up to my reputation of being a fellow who got rich in the Junior Republic."

"Well," he was answered, "you have earned it honestly, you have got it by hard work."

He turned, and with tears in his eyes said: "Do you know the reason I work so hard?"

"No, unless it is you've got the habit and can't help it."

"No," said he, "I am obliged to work hard like this to keep from taking things that don't belong to me. There isn't a fellow comes into the Republic with a watch or jewelry of any kind but what my fingers just tingle to get a hold of it," and he continued pathetically, "I have to work and work with all my might to keep the temptation to take these things out of my mind."

I left the room pondering on his statement, for I knew it came from the heart. A few days later, radiant with smiles, Tommy rushed up.

"Daddy," he said, "I've been spreading out

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a little more. It's just like this; I'm hiring so many fellows now in my hotel business that I get behind when I do the rough work; it keeps me busy all the time running about and bossing. Of course as a boss, I've got to be dressed up. I found out the other day that I was losing money by taking my time to shine my shoes and press my clothes. I could hire somebody else to do that and use my time to better advantage. So I went up in the 'Garroot' this morning to see if I could hire a cheap man to do that work, and who do you think took the job?"

"I'll give it up," I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you. It was Charlie," And with that we went into convulsions of laughter.

"Go upstairs now, Daddy, and you will see him shining my shoes," Tommy said, as he stopped laughing long enough to take breath.

I quickly walked upstairs. There was Charlie blowing his breath on the shoes, and polishing away with the utmost enthusiasm. As I entered there was a comical look on his face, as he gave an upward glance.

"Well, you had to come to work after all, didn't you?" I said.

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“Yes, I did,” Charlie answered earnestly, and then with droll humor he added: “It struck me that this was the most genteel job I could get.”

Time has passed and each of these boys is doing splendidly in the commercial world.

Let us now observe the two new girl citizens. The first has come accompanied by a lady friend. Both are from a distant city. The causes for this girl coming to the Republic are probably one of the following,—either one or both parents have been careless of her welfare, or the parents feared the companions with whom she was associating. In any event it may quite safely be assumed that she is not a bad girl on her own part but has evidently been in danger. She is a bright girl and has done fairly good work in the public school, but she has possibly expressed a longing to her friends back in the city to give up school and work in some factory. The Republic will do her good.

The other girl shows special marks of refinement. She has heard of the Republic and

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the possibilities it offers for a girl largely dependent upon her own resources, to secure good training for life's battle. She has visions of being a trained nurse, kindergarten teacher, musician, teacher, or perhaps of securing a college education. Perhaps one or both of her parents are dead, or both may be living. In any event, this is a girl worth while.

These five new arrivals will not be able to act as citizens until they have resided within the Republic for three months. A law to that effect was enacted by the citizens. Just as our group of visitors are about to bid "good-bye" to "Uncle Cal," a young girl citizen rushes up to him and says: "Oh, will you let my sister who is fifteen and my brother who is eighteen come up and join the Republic? My people say they can if you will let them."

The guide explains that the latter incident is not an unusual one. Many of the boys and girls, after they have been in the Republic long enough to like it, have urged brothers or sisters to come to the Republic and be citizens.

Leaving the building, it may be that the visitors will note something interesting is happen-

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ing. A big touring car has just arrived and such citizens as are in sight have made a rush to welcome one of its occupants. "There's Uncle Tom," says the guide, and he leaves without ceremony or further explanation, and rushes out to greet the man who seems to be the center of interest. He is the Hon. Thomas Mott Osborne, of Auburn, N. Y., the President of the National Association of Junior Republics, and also the President of the George Junior Republic Association of New York. He is also known in other connections as holding positions that have required representative men with brains, but the fact of his distinction does not fease the Republic boys. They speak familiarly to him as if he were a real "Uncle." He shakes hands with each boy, but he is particularly cordial to those who seem to be "down on their uppers." The guide comes back to his party and as they move slowly along in their journey he explains: "Uncle Tom is all right. He's just like one of the boys. It's funny, but if there is a fellow in jail or who is awfully tough, he is just Uncle Tom's kind."

Probably no other man understands Republic

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principles better than "Uncle Tom." He has stood by the little commonwealth not only when everything was going well, but also through its adversities. My work has brought me in connection with many great men but I know of no other more entitled to the simple but comprehensive title, "a true friend," than Thomas Mott Osborne.

CHAPTER XI

THE INDUSTRIES OF THE REPUBLIC

THE young guide now takes his visiting party in the direction of a large red building. It is not necessary for him to explain that they are approaching the bakery for their nostrils will assure them of that fact. When they reach the building he throws open the door and admits them at once to the room where all the mixing, kneading, weighing and baking is in operation. Even if the stay is brief there will be time to note that everything is scrubbed until it shines, and that the citizens in their white duck clothing match the cleanliness elsewhere, and that each loaf of bread is done up in clean paraffine paper. Going on to the second floor the chocolate smell leads one to believe he is entering a candy manufacturing establishment, not quite a correct guess, but pretty near it, for he will be entering the place where the somewhat famous "Junior Republic

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Ginger and Chocolate Wafers'' are being manufactured. Here boys are working away lustily, rolling out big pieces of dough, almost to the thinness of paper, and then cutting it out in round discs a little larger than a silver dollar. This cutting out operation is fascinating; it is done with such speed and exactness that it inspires admiration. This work has to be done by hand. Attempts have been made to find machinery which could do the work, but up to the present the efforts have met with failure. The whole process, with the exception of the mixing, is done before the visitors' eyes. After the cutting the cakes are quickly placed on large tins, put in ovens that have revolving shelves, where they remain until they are baked just right. Then out they come in a jiffy, are removed from the tins in large piles, are sorted carefully, placed in neat little tin boxes holding a pound, which are wrapped nicely in paper and behold, the wafers are ready for sale. In charge of this establishment is a trained baker, who is employing these boys and paying them for their work. They can earn anywhere from two to six dollars a week and go to school

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half a day. Visitors regret to leave this place, for the boys are not only polite, but they also extend pans of wafers and invitations to eat.

The next building that comes in for a share of investigation is the laundry. Here is the first place thus far in the tour of inspection where girl-citizens of the Republic have been seen in any numbers, but here are a dozen or more, neatly dressed and with frank, open faces, and lady-like demeanor that would furnish an example to the working girl in the world at large. Some of them are ironing by hand, shirtwaists and dresses with ruffles so artistically that exclamations of admiration are expressed by lady visitors. Others are working at the steam mangle, still others are sorting and bundling the completed product, for the individual owner. Two or three boys are also working in this laundry performing the heavier tasks. A trained laundress, the proprietor of this laundry, moves about amongst her employees to see that the work is done properly. While in this building, some citizen may come to the counter at the entrance of the establish-

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ment and receive and pay for his laundry. The rates charged are about the same per piece as in outside laundries. The employees receive about \$3.50 a week. This, of course, is for half day work. The other half day is spent in school.

In the basement below are the steam washer, extractor, and driers. This machinery is in charge of one of the most experienced boys. He will entertain visitors as long as they choose to remain with explanations of the wonderful things his machines will do. Just to the rear of this large wash-room is another portion of the basement occupied by the gigantic steam boiler, which supplies the heat for most of the buildings within the Republic. It was for one of the main pipes from this boiler that the mammoth ditch, a picture of which may be seen in this book, was dug. Gigantic coal bins holding a number of car-loads of coal open into this boiler room. Covered with grime and genially smiling stands Johnny, the faithful stoker; between the times he shovels coal he greedily devours the contents of some classic which is worth while, or else studies some book on

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steam-fitting or plumbing. Here he sticks at his task until relieved by Jimmy, who goes on night duty. Mismanagement on the part of either of these boys during the blizzard days can bring no end of discomfort and pneumonia to their fellow-citizens.

A walk of two or three yards from this building leads plump into the presence of two or three boys who are working like Trojans in the manufacture of cement tile. They are doing this work by contract and are getting ten cents a piece for the large ones measuring a foot or more in diameter, which they are engaged in manufacturing at the moment. One fellow is sifting the sand, while another is mixing it with the cement in proper proportions in the mortar box, and the third is carefully filling the moulds. They pause to explain the process in all its details, although time spent in that way means loss of money to them. If one examines the big piles of completed tiles he will find that they are just as good as those seen in tile-manufacturing plants outside. Most of the tile is used on the place for sewers, casings for steam pipes, and drainage. When more is manufac-

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tured than is needed for local uses it will probably be sold outside.

Leaving these young workmen with the feeling that they are doing something worth while, and going on a little further, things are seen to be moving in a style beyond the ordinary. Most of this group are the prisoners, dressed in blue jeans and working under the watchful eye of the keeper. In addition to the prisoners there are several other boys busily engaged on the same job. The casual visitor will have little difficulty in determining who are prisoners and who are citizens. The whole group is engaged in the construction of the cement foundation for our large new and well-equipped printing shop. The contractor from the big Republic who is to construct this building has sublet the contract for the construction of the foundation to the Junior Republic Association, which is employing the boys to do this work, and they are doing it under the charge of brawny Fred McClelland, one of the citizens who has frequently taken contracts in the Republic for the laying of cement sidewalks and a few other jobs. He handles the whole crew in a most

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masterly manner, not only bossing but doing manual work as well. He tosses about bags of cement and big boulders with almost as much ease as some fellows would toss sofa pillows. Is it a wonder that he is selected by some sporting writers as the "All Interscholastic Football Center of Central New York?" Billy Gute, the keeper of the prisoners, sits on a pile of boards in the shade of the building near at hand busily engaged in his studies, for he must be ready for that entrance examination for Cornell, which takes place a few weeks hence. He is able to seize this time for study, as McClelland has the prisoners hustling so hard that Billy's personal attention is not strictly in demand at the moment.

A sturdy young man with an intellectual face has been busily engaged wheeling cement; he pauses for a brief moment, and during this space the guide catches his eye and beckons him to come up. He approaches, smiling, and the guide introduces him as the President of the Republic. Yes, the President of the Republic, wheeling cement, for he cannot live on the salary of President, as it is only about seventy-five

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cents a week. One hundred and sixty citizens could not be burdened with taxation sufficient to pay elaborate salaries to their public officers.

During the time spent in watching this busy scene several wagons have been driven up loaded with gravel, sand or other building material; all have been in charge of citizens, who have handled the teams and loads like old timers. The boys on these jobs are getting the same salary that day laborers would secure outside, for they do just as much work. The Junior Republic Association enters into a contract with the government for the use of the prisoners. While this shocks a few visitors, the majority evidently agrees that it is better to have them working at something worth while, instead of remaining idle in the jail.

The guide now conducts his party to the plumbing establishment. Here several young fellows are cutting and threading iron pipe and wiping joints. Some of the plumbing crew are engaged on the plumbing work in the new buildings, or in repair work incident to the water

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system, heating plant and sewerage system. These young fellows in the employ of our expert plumber of the Republic have a splendid opportunity to learn this trade in all its branches, including that of steam-fitting. Of course their salaries are not large while they are apprentices. They receive only from \$2.50 to \$4.50 per week.

Next in order comes the carpenter shop. The head of this department holds the record for being in the service of the Republic for the longest period. Here the visitors are greeted by the hum of buzz saws, planers, turning lathes and some other machines, which are propelled by a good-sized gasoline engine, which, at the same time, is pumping water from a driven well, to a large tank which serves as a water supply for the entire Republic. Here are young men busily engaged with saws, chisels and planes manufacturing mission furniture, and they are doing their work well. No finer work than their best in this line can be found anywhere. Not all of the young carpenters are located in this shop. Some of them are engaged in repair work within the buildings

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of the Republic, and some are working upon new buildings. The work in the construction of several of the buildings of the Republic has been done by the boys in charge of the capable head-carpenter. He pays them from \$2.50 to \$6.00 per week, and in a few exceptional cases they have made more than this amount per week.

The next building is the old printing shop. There is soon to be a new building, the present one being far too small for its purposes. The big cylinder press, hand press, cutting machine, type cases, etc., almost preclude even standing room. Here the *Junior Republic Citizen*, the monthly organ of the Republic is printed, also general Republic literature, and some work done for people outside the Junior Republic. This trade is quite popular with the boys. One of them after leaving the Republic, perfected himself in the work to such a degree, that he is now instructor of printing in a large school which makes much of trades. The boys in the printing shop of the Republic make about the same amount of money as they do in all the other trades.

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One of the newest of the shops is that where blacksmithing and iron working is done. It is in its infancy, and no boys have been employed within it as yet. The adult expert who is at present employed by the Association will not be able to employ boys until a few months shall have elapsed.

The farm was naturally the first thing to be placed in operation when the Republic was started. A farmer was the first regular employee and from very small beginnings, it has developed until at the present time there is one of the largest farm buildings in the country. The Republic started with forty-eight acres of ground; now it owns or controls three hundred and fifty acres. About a score of young fellows are employed by the farmer. There is a herd of nearly fifty cattle, eight teams of horses, a number of pigs, a modern piggery and the beginnings of a poultry plant. A well-equipped dairy is also installed and first class butter is made therein. In all these branches the boys work. There is quite a divergence of pay on the farm. The smallest as well as the highest wages are given by the farmer. The haying



IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

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and harvesting, and care of the garden, require faithful service and careful supervision. The boys as a rule enjoy the farm work, although they object somewhat to the long hours. In the winter the teams haul the ice and coal for the Republic. Almost as large a force of boys is required in the winter as in the summer. Practically everything raised in the line of general produce is consumed within the Republic. Boys may be seen hoeing the potatoes and other vegetables, using horse cultivators, or at work in the hay fields.

Mention has now been made of the principal industries. Two or three years hence there will be still more.

Perhaps it would be well just at this point to say a few words about the adults and their relation to the industries of which they are in charge. They are all employed by, and receive a salary in United States money from the Junior Republic Association, just as they would if they were working for any school or institution for the teaching of their trade to the wards. After this the similarity between the Junior Republic and an institution or trade school

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ceases, and the following method is adopted. Each one of these adults takes possession of his shop in the Republic and operates it as if it were his own, for example, the carpenter will run his shop in just the same way that he would operate it in any community of adults, excepting that the money which he receives and pays out in his enterprises within the Republic is the currency of the little state. If he gets a contract from the Junior Republic Association for putting up a building within the Republic he will agree to do the work for a certain sum of money. Instead of receiving the money for this work from the Association in the United States currency, he will receive the same amount in Republic money. With this money he purchases the material with which he constructs his building, at the same rate for which he would pay for it in United States coin. He also pays his young workmen with the Republic money. For repair work on cottages, or for new furniture manufactured for them he receives Republic currency from housekeepers or the Republic Association. He has of course the privilege of employing his young carpenters

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and discharging them at will. In other words to boil the whole matter down to a sentence, he runs his business just as it would be run outside.

It may be asked:—how do the citizens get work? Let us then return to those three new boys whom we saw a short time ago in the office. They are just entering the plumbing shop, and it will be a safe guess that they are looking for work. Will they probably succeed? Perhaps not at the place they are first applying, but sooner or later, unless they are too particular, they will be successful, as labor is in great demand on account of the rapid growth of the Republic. Probably in course of time they get the job they like best, and possibly this is at the beginning if the boy in making an application to the employer, who conducts the business of the trade he prefers, makes a good impression, or has had some previous training in that line of work.

After they commence working human traits present themselves. To illustrate what I mean, I select for an example the probable experience for a few days of that new citizen who came

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from the well-to-do home. He gets the job in the plumbing shop which he has just entered together with the other two new fellows, they not being successful and having to look elsewhere. He takes off his coat, rolls up his sleeves and goes to work with a vengeance, and keeps up his speed for about ten minutes. Then the lack of "stick-to-it-iveness" which was noted in his make-up in the Superintendent's office asserts itself.

"Why didn't I choose printing?" he says to himself. "It's much more in my line."

His boss passes at the moment. Reserve in letting his wants be known has never been one of the boy's shortcomings, and he blurts out to his employer:

"I don't think I like plumbing; I guess I'll give it up and be a printer."

"All right," exclaims the boss plumber, "that's your right; this is a free country."

The young man grabs his hat and coat, bolts out of the plumbing establishment, and hurries over to the printing shop.

"I want a job as printer," he demands of the proprietor.

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“Have you a recommendation from your last employer?” chirps the boss.

“No, I really didn’t have an employer, I only worked for the plumber a little while.”

“Why did you give it up?” asks the printer with a scathing glance.

“Oh, I think I like printing better.”

“I can’t use you,” says the printer icily, as he resumes his proof sheet.

The boy walks out of the printing shop, with a much more subdued manner than when he entered. Perhaps carpentering will be just as good as printing, he muses, as he walks toward that establishment. He enters and says with a little less assurance than he did to the printer:

“Can you give me a job as a carpenter?”

“Have you been working any place?” asks the carpenter.

“No, er - a - mo - er - er - yer - a you er - you see I started out to be a plumber,” he stammers out.

“Why did you leave?”

“Well, I thought I’d like printing better.”

“Did you try to get a job with the printer?”

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“Yes, but - er - er - well - er - he wanted a recommendation from the plumber.”

“Well, so do I,” says the carpenter as he moves in the direction of the buzz-saw.

“Guess if I get any work around this place,” says the boy to himself, “I’ve got to get a recommendation from that plumber. It’s rather humiliating but I judge a fellow has got to swallow his pride in this place. This isn’t just like it used to be at home.” And with that he heaves a deep sigh and back to the plumber’s shop he goes.

“Will you please give me a recommendation?” he says to the plumber.

“What for?” exclaims that dignitary, straightening up and looking at him sternly.

“So I can get a job,” says the new boy humbly.

“You want a recommendation for a job, but not for work, I see,” shouts the plumber. “Well, you can’t work me for anything of that kind. Good-by.”

The new boy steps out of the door as humble as anyone could possibly wish a boy to be. When he was at his home, after having been

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dismissed from boarding-schools, he had persuaded his parents that he would like to take up some sort of business. The father, thinking that possibly the experiment would be a good one, had secured him a place with a large firm where a great field of opportunity was open providing he made good, but lack of "stick-to-it-iveness" had asserted itself the first day, and the boy had given up work and returned to his home, wherein he had loafed for several weeks until he had secured another position through the instrumentality of his father. Again after working in his new place for about a day, he had given it up or was discharged and back he had gone to his home with all its comforts, which were his without monetary considerations.

But to-day he walks out of that plumbing shop; he looks all about him in despair; he has no father or mother to whom he can go for free food and shelter. He is up against the stern laws of political economy. There are nice cheery homes right here in the Republic, but they are not his until he has earned money to pay for their comforts. The hours that fol-

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low are sad ones. He gets good advice in large quantities from the citizens about him, prosperous and otherwise, some of whom have been in the same boat. Finally, a business-like citizen, who has taken a contract to put down a cement walk, and who is employing several lads about his own age, tells him he will give him a job at shoveling cement, but that he has got to work "to beat the cars." With enthusiasm he accepts the offer, and goes at the work with right good will, and it is possible he will continue at this job for several days, or until he has acquired the habit of hard work. When he has established himself in this respect in the eyes of the populace, both citizen and adult, he will have little difficulty in getting a job at some good trade or other line of work which is more to his liking.

Perhaps, on the other hand, when he came out of that plumbing shop in despair because he had not received a recommendation, and realized for the first time that he had the responsibility of earning his bread and butter, he did not fully appreciate the good advice of citizens and friends to get almost any job that

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he could so long as he could earn a living, but instead concluded he would devise some easier way, trying to borrow money for example. Perhaps he discovered after trying this method that it worked for a day or two with certain free-handed citizens but ere long he would find out that even they would give up helping him after a little time. When he could borrow no more, the possibilities would be that he would begin to sell extra clothing, which he had brought with him.

That resource exhausted, possibly he would begin to beg, or run away, or steal but in any of these three cases it would mean imprisonment;—the begging or running away would mean sentence to the work-house, stealing would mean imprisonment as a convict. In the event of either work-house or prison, laborious work would be in order and no one would consider for a moment his desire not to do hard work. Through this hard road he would finally come to the point where he had at least learned to be industrious, and that would mean the beginning of better things.

The every-day business life within the Re-

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public has had both its amusing and pathetic sides. However, labor and capital have worked together very harmoniously up to the present time. There is an interesting story in reference to an "eight hour law" in which the girls figure quite prominently, which might be in order at the present time. It happened some years ago before there were so many industries. Farming was really the only occupation for boys. It was also before the day of Woman Suffrage.

The young citizens had been in the habit of working about eight hours each day up to the time when our story opens. This being the season commonly known as "haying time," it seemed necessary to work some extra hours each day in order to save the crop. The boys had worked right willingly without any complaint whatsoever. Peace and harmony reigned supreme until a labor agitator came upon the scene in the person of a bright young fellow who had lost his job as a sort of lawyer's clerk to the leading law firm in the little community. He was not strong in manual labor but was brilliant in schemes for the

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evasion of the same. This sort of thing not being regarded with favor by the more prosperous citizens and helpers he lost his jobs one by one until he was reduced to the pitch-fork, which he considered beneath his dignity.

The boss of the gang that was cocking the hay announced his intention to have it drawn in that afternoon; a process which would clearly necessitate working until six P. M. They had commenced in the morning about seven A. M. Our youthful labor agitator manifested open hostility to the scheme and on the way to dinner he took occasion to gather the entire company about him and delivered himself as follows:

“Fellers: it’s a crime, nothing less than a positive crime, to work more than eight hours a day. What difference does it make if the hay does spoil, when our personal rights are being assailed by demanding us to work for more than eight hours. This is a Republic and the town meeting is the place where we secure our rights. I propose we go at once to the town hall, call a town meeting and pass a law

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declaring we shall not work more than eight hours each day. Our work will then be completed at four P. M. to-day and immediately thereafter we will celebrate our emancipation by a baseball game.”

His harangue produced the desired results; he was cheered to the echo and the whole crowd rushed into the town hall while the bell was frantically rung by a half dozen excited citizens. The meeting was called to order and a hastily prepared bill reducing the hours of a day's work to the number of eight was presented. One citizen ventured to protest, but his voice was drowned in a tumult of howls, hisses, cat-calls, and general demands that the question be put to vote. The instant the speaker put the question to vote, the roof was almost lifted by the vociferousness of the chorus of "Ayes." Now we will have the "Nays" he said triumphantly. One clear strong "NO" was hurled forth defiantly by the rebel; but it was so weak when compared to the volume that had preceded it that it actually sounded pathetic and the boys all laughed. Then they rushed to their meals shouting exultantly after

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they had induced the President to sign the measure. "Three cheers for the eight hour day," they exclaimed as they marched off to the hay field with bats and balls, masks and mitts. "We'll work until four P. M. and then we shall have a great old game down there in the field until supper time."

Shortly after the boys left for the fields, a group of girls in the dining-room of the Republic Hotel began to discuss with great animation the new eight hour law.

"Why," said one of them, "that law is fine, that's just the thing for us girls."

"How so," they exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why, don't you see," said the speaker earnestly, "some of us went to work this morning at five-thirty A. M. and others at six A. M., and our eight hours will be up at half-past one or two o'clock."

"Sure enough," they exclaimed in chorus, "but do you think we can use the law," asked one girl doubtfully.

"Why not," said the spokesman indignantly.

"Sure enough, why not," chimed in the rest of the company.

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“Now,” said the leader, “I propose that we carry this good news to all the rest of the girls that work in the cottages, and after so doing I propose that we fix up some baskets of lunch and get some of the Aunties to go with us on a picnic to the woods for the rest of the day.”

About two P. M. there was unusual confusion about the Republic as a score or more of girls sallied forth from the various cottages in holiday attire and with loaded baskets of provisions and took up their march to the woods which were in the opposite direction from the hay fields. Then a dead calm of four hours fell upon the little village. Goldsmith's “Fair Auburn” could not have been more silent. Promptly at six P. M. boys' voices were heard on the road that led from the hayfield. They were discussing the sundry merits of the eight-hour law and the great game of baseball they had just finished playing. As they entered the little village visions of prospective supper began to intrude on the other pleasant deliberations.

“Eight hour law is all right, so is baseball, but there is one thing that knocks them all out,

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and that's 'grub,' " shouted one enthusiast.

"Sure I'm so hungry I could eat a horse," yelled another.

"A horse isn't in it," said the funny boy of the crowd. "I could eat a 'saw-horse,' " and amidst similar exclamations the whole crowd appeared *en masse* at the center of the village and then disbanded with a rush to their various homes. The largest of the groups moved toward the Republic Hotel with perfect assurance that a hearty supper was awaiting them. They were so engrossed in their self-satisfaction that they discovered nothing out of place until they walked past the dining-room door. Suddenly one fellow stopped and fairly shrieked:

"Look in that room; where's our supper?"

The shock was electric: with gaping eyes they stared into the empty room.

"Perhaps it ain't six o'clock yet," said one fellow optimistically inclined: but just at that moment up rushed a wild-eyed boy from one of the cottages shouting quite out of breath:

"The girls and women have all cleared out of our house over there."

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They raised their eyes and looked in the direction of the other cottages. Evidently something was wrong in those as well, for boys were observed peering in windows and knocking at kitchen doors. A few moments later an excited crowd of boys had gathered on the porch of the Republic Hotel. "Where are those girls, we want to know," was the substance of their outcry. About this time a quiet citizen who had been working in the office at the Republic all of the day came up to the group and blandly said:

"What's the matter, fellers?"

"What's the matter! Great Scott, where's our supper; can you tell us where those confounded girls are?" shouted a hungry lad.

"Oh! the girls, is it," said the delegate from the office. "Why, they went away from the grounds to-day about two P. M."

"What did they do that for?" yelled a fellow from the rear of the crowd.

"Oh, they said their eight hours were up about two P. M. They commenced work this morning from five-thirty A. M. to six A. M., and have been working steadily ever since,

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don't you see, and their eight hours would be up about two o'clock."

"But we didn't mean that eight-hour law for the girls," yelled the agitator, who had proposed the bill.

"Ye're right we didn't," shrieked his followers.

"Oh, that ain't a fair deal," protested one fellow.

"Ye're right, Jimmy," shouted several others, "the girls ought to have it just the same as the fellers, and I guess they've got us where the hair is short this time," laughingly added the funny lad.

"Guess we were a little speedy in making that law," said a freckled-faced boy with a hard scowl at the agitator.

"You're right, old chap, that's what I was trying to tell you, when you fellers was all against me up in the town meeting," said the boy who had been the only one to oppose the bill. Discovering it was the psychological moment to renew his protest against the eight-hour law, he at once entered into an impromptu speech, the substance of which was a denuncia-

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tion of not only demagogues in general, but the one in particular who had led them into this difficulty.

“What’s the matter with our going up and repealing that law,” said the freckled-faced boy.

“That’s the talk,” came a chorus of voices; and headed by Joe, the fellow who had been unpopular in the morning because of his opposition, they stampeded to the town meeting hall where he at once took charge of the meeting. The agitator came in almost unnoticed and took a seat in a far corner of the room.

“We vote to repeal that bill, don’t we, fellows,” said Joe.

“We certainly do,” they yelled.

“Now,” he said, “that we have that out of the way, I propose that we make a new bill and that is, that before we vote on a new law it shall be pasted at least three days on the bulletin board and that will keep us from passing fool laws like we did this morning, because we will have a chance to think a bit, don’t you see? The way it has been done, some fool of a fellow will get an idea and yell, ‘Town

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Meeting; Town Meeting; Town Meeting;' and the bunch will think they are hurt and come up and do just what he tells them to do. If you pass this bill to regulate this matter it will be what they call safe and sane legislation. Will we do it, boys?"

"Sure we will," they shouted with enthusiasm, and when the bill had been written in proper form and they called for the "ayes" they came with as much enthusiasm as when the affirmative vote was called in the morning. When the speaker asked for the "nays" the labor agitator simply ground his teeth;—but they all went to bed without their supper.

CHAPTER XII

THE REPUBLIC HOMES

HALTING in the trip about the Republic, directly in front of a neat yellow cottage, the guide declares: "This is the Pioneer Cottage."

This was the farmhouse located on the land when purchased for Republic purposes. It was in this building that the Pioneers who started the Republic were domiciled. It has undergone several improvements since that day, and is now quite modern in its makeup. No more are the young people obliged to walk from it to a spring some distance away for all the water of the Republic. All they are obliged to do now is to turn faucets and they have both hot and cold water. It is now a boys' cottage; board and lodging in this home are about \$4.00 to \$4.50 per week according to the rooms. Entering it one is at once im-

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pressed by its hominess. He will be greeted by the pleasant little housemother who occupies this building with her husband, who is the master-plumber. They, together with about eight boys, constitute the family of the "Pioneer Cottage." This lady, with her husband and child, in no way attempt to be exclusive or to regard themselves as subjects for better rooms or special dishes at table or other favors to the exclusion of the other members of the household. She introduces her boys to you with the same motherly pride that she does her own child. The piano in the room furnishes a medium for many pleasant evenings. A visit to the second and third floors show pleasant little rooms occupied by the boys with a display of pictures, books and college pennants. Every one of these rooms is decorated according to the taste and purse of the occupant and they rival the rooms of the average college boy in coziness. The dining-room with its mission furniture and bouquets of flowers on the table looks particularly attractive. A glance in the kitchen completes the view of the cottage, and inspection of the house would not be complete

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without this glance. Here are two or three girls engaged in preparing the dinner.

Entering the room they may be heard singing some popular air or old folk song. They stop, and some rise and step forward greeting the visitors cordially as they are introduced by the housemother. These girls live in one of the girls' cottages but work out during the day. They receive from \$3.00 to \$4.50 per week and out of this they pay for their board and lodging. Like the boys, they go to school for half a day.

There are eight other cottages similar to the Pioneer, some for boys and some for girls. A few of the cottages are a little more modern and have better equipment, and these charge about one dollar a week additional for board and lodging. Some cottages have certain advantages over others, such as lawn-tennis courts, croquet grounds, fruit, abundance of shade, or grounds a little larger in extent, and the guide explains that extra board is not charged for these advantages, only superior household accommodations bringing higher board.

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In each one of these homes there is a good motherly woman, who plainly has a personal interest in each individual member of her household. Each housemother, or "Auntie," as she is often called, makes the rules she desires for her own particular household, just the same as the mother, wife, or boarding-house keeper does in all well-regulated homes. Some require silence in their building after nine P. M.; others have no rule at all requiring quiet; some insist on rising early on Sunday morning and holidays the same as any other time; other Aunties will allow their boys, on such occasions, to lie in bed until they are ready to get up; some Aunties allow free access to the cookie cupboard; others have rigid rules debarring the boys from the kitchen. If a boy does not like the rules of the Auntie he may look up lodgings elsewhere. If a boy's behavior is unbecoming, or he is not able to pay his board, the Auntie of the cottage may dismiss him from the house.

A visitor may turn to the guide and say: "I like your 'cottage system.' "

The fire flashes in the boy's eye, as he turns

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sharply and replies: "Madam, we do not have a 'cottage system,' we have cottages without the system."

It will be learned later that this bright expression by the citizen guide was not his own. A friend of the Republic was one day bemoaning the fact to Judge Mack of Chicago, that people were continually praising the Republic on the excellency of its cottage system. This "institutiony" term did not please the friend any more than the terms "matron," "inmate," and "dormitory." The idea of calling these abodes, which were as near like natural homes as two peas, a "cottage system," was exceedingly abhorrent. "How shall I give them the correct idea?" said the friend. "Why just tell them you have cottages without the system," replied Judge Mack in his characteristic way. Friends and citizens have acted on his suggestion and the full significance of the Republic home has been impressed with this statement.

Next come the two hotels, one for the boys and one for the girls. While these buildings are much like the cottages already mentioned

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in furnishings, they have a little more of a hotel air. The number of guests varies from time to time but they usually have from twenty to thirty each. The second floor of these two hotels have private rooms and compare quite favorably with the private rooms in the cottages; the third floor, dubbed the "garroot," a corruption of the word "garret," is a long open room with single beds. This "garroot" is the cheapest lodging place in the Republic; a bed can be secured for about ten cents per night. Each of these hotels has a proprietor in the person of a nice motherly woman, and in the boy's hotel the proprietress's husband is sometimes one of the partners of the firm. The dining-rooms of these hotels are clean and homelike. The fare varies, in case the necessity of citizens somewhat improvident demands it. One can live in the boys' hotel providing he is willing to content himself with lodgings in the "garroot," and meals without butter, pie or cake, for the sum of \$2.00 per week. Most of the hotel guests have a newness in their manner, indicative of a short residence in the Republic.

One of the most interesting rooms in the

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girls' hotel is the sewing room. Here every day girls are busy making new garments or repairing old ones. On certain days of the week the regular sewing class is held. This is a part of the regular school of the Republic, but on account of lack of room in the regular school building it has to be held at present in the girls' hotel, but when the schoolhouse is enlarged the sewing class will have a permanent place. This sewing class under the head of its very competent teacher, has done much for the advancement of the girls of the Republic. They are obliged to go through a certain course beginning with the simplest kind of sewing and continue till they know how to cut and fit a suit for themselves; after they have accomplished this, they may enter the more advanced class where they sew not only for themselves, but for the Republic and others. Formerly the girls preferred to buy ready-made things, because it was less work, even though the clothes did not fit as well, but lately choose in most cases to buy the goods and make their own clothes. A few who are so busy in the houses that they cannot make their own clothes hire

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one of the more expert citizen dress-makers to do their work.

Traversing the walks of the Republic, very few boys and girls are seen apparently below the age of fifteen years, and upon making inquiry it will be found that these are the children of helpers, with a few exceptions. One of the principal difficulties for several years within the Republic was caused by having citizens in which there was too great disparity of age. For the first seven years it was not uncommon to find many boys in the Republic ranging from ten to fourteen. Probably two-thirds of them were below the age of fifteen, the remainder ranging from fifteen to twenty years. This condition produced economic problems innumerable. A system adjusted for boys and girls of twelve years was entirely too easy for young people of eighteen; if it were adjusted for citizens of eighteen years it was a bit strenuous for the little fellows; if it were fixed up to meet something between the two extremes things were just as bad, I'm not sure but they were worse. The age of citizenship was twelve years; finally the citizens raised the voting age

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to fourteen and the Republic Association discontinued taking boys and girls below the age of twelve. This improved conditions somewhat: later they changed the voting age to sixteen and no boys were taken below the age of fourteen years, and even then they were not admitted at fourteen years unless they were unusually large physically. This was generally regarded as an advanced step in bettering the conditions.

Owing to the fact that few little boys and girls are in the Republic, the inhabitants are as lusty a lot of young men and nice girls as can be found in a day's journey.

They have a song, the first two lines of the second verse declaring in no uncertain tones that:

“Republic boys are brawny,
Republic girls are fair.”

and the visitor will bear evidence to the truth of this statement. This means that the Republic is not deficient in its athletics, for proof of which one might consult the leading high schools, preparatory schools and college fresh-

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man teams within a radius of one hundred miles of the Republic. The football and baseball teams not only play leading schools upon their own grounds but also play return games. They frequently go to the cities unaccompanied by any adult and their conduct is exemplary. In football they are particularly strong. No cleaner players ever stepped on a gridiron: neither a team that will play harder when the odds are against them. They have never been known "to lie down." "My, they are greased lightning, but they strike fair," declared an unhappy high school principal as he recounted the story of his previously undefeated team meeting its Waterloo at the hands of the Republic eleven.

Newspapers in various cities where the Republic boys have played frequently give complimentary evidence of the gentlemanliness of the Republic team.

CHAPTER XIII

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

LEAVING the hotels, a walk of a few rods in a diagonal direction takes the visitor to a building whose architecture brings forth the inquiry as to whether it was not the Chapel. The guide assures the enquirer that it is not the Chapel, but, with a comical look in his eye, adds: "It is the jail."

It is the jail but it is useful for other public service as well. It is also the Government building. The reader has now visited the homes, and he has visited the shops, and he has seen the economic life of the Republic in which adults as well as citizens have performed a part, but the purposes for which this building exists embody prominently the real heart of the Junior Republic, its Citizen Government, in all the affairs of which, excepting the Supreme Court, the young citizens are supreme.

It will be learned that the source of power

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in government matters is the Town Meeting. The pure democracy of the Town Meeting was installed in the Junior Republic Government, after several years of representative government, which had been established when the Junior Republic was founded. In those early days elections were held every fortnight, in order that the summer citizens might have a part in the government. After the summer feature of the work had been abandoned the citizens struggled along, holding frequent elections and delegating their powers to a legislative body with which they were constantly quarrelling. Sometimes their representatives were able fellows, at other times they seemed to be careless of their responsibilities. Finally, a leading citizen came to the front with the idea of substituting the Town Meeting for the legislature; this suggestion at once seized the popular mind and was carried unanimously. The young man who brought about this excellent measure was William O. Dapping. He was the second President of the Republic and at one time a judge. He was one of the brainiest boys and was very valuable in many instances in the development

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of the little commonwealth, but the one thing for which he will go down in Junior Republic history is his introduction of the Town Meeting system in the little community. The Town Meeting stands first in Junior Republic Government. It is held the first Monday evening of each month, and is the arena for many a "wordy" conflict. Much is at stake; the action of that body is no play affair. What it says goes.

The officers of the Junior Republic and their duties are as follows.

The President is elected by the citizens on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, in other words the general election day of our country. Sometime during the second week of the following January, the day varies, he is inaugurated amidst much pomp, and holds his office for the term of one year. This position has always been occupied by a boy; while a girl is eligible, there seems to be a tacit understanding that the candidate is to be a boy. The bills passed by the citizens in Town Meeting assembled, become laws after his signature has been placed upon them. If he



THE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.

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vetoed the bill, it may still become a law by a two-thirds vote.

The President makes a limited number of appointments, the most notable of which is the Judgeship. He also possesses the power of removal from office of those he has appointed but no others. His work and position is principally of an honorary nature and he really has very little to do except to maintain the dignity of the office. Unquestionably his influence with the citizen-body is disproportionately great by virtue of his office and this means if he is the right sort of fellow he can accomplish much good for his fellow-citizens.

A Vice-President is elected and inaugurated in company with the President. This office is frequently held by a girl. This position really involves greater responsibility than that of President. The Vice-President presides at the Town Meeting and this is no easy matter, for some of these assemblies cannot be charged with lacking spirit. Few people need more knowledge of parliamentary rules than the presiding officer of a Junior Republic Town Meeting. The Vice-President is the chairman of the

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Board of Officers who have in charge all of the police, prison, and health affairs of the Junior Republic. This Board of Officers is commonly called the "Commissioners." There are three members on this board, they are the Vice-President, Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury. The latter two, stripped of their high-sounding names really mean a Secretary and Treasurer. These officers are also elected for the period of one year. The Secretary has custody of all the official documents of the Republic and acts as secretary at the Town Meeting, and is also secretary of the Board of Commissioners. The Treasurer is custodian of the public funds, collects the taxes, and has charge of all of the citizen government's financial matters. The Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer each has his separate duties but it is when they get together in combined effort or as commissioners that their power is apparent.

The Judge of the regular court is appointed by the President and holds office during good behavior. This office brings a distinction and picturesqueness that eclipses the Presidency.

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Ask ten leading citizens of the Junior Republic which position they would prefer to hold, if they were equally capable of both, that of President or Judge, and we venture to say that seven at least would prefer the Judgeship. This position has usually been held by the most brainy boys. Several of them have taken up the profession of law after leaving the Republic. Every Tuesday evening the Judge sits on the bench and dispenses justice. He presides in all cases both civil and criminal. Appeals from his decision may be taken to the Supreme Court composed of the Executive Committee of the Junior Republic Association. This, as has been stated before, is the only place where adult powers officially enter in the Junior Republic Government.

The District Attorney is elected by the citizens and holds his office for one year. To a certain degree the moral standards may be gauged according to the efficiency or non-efficiency of the District Attorney. He probably comes in for censure of all sorts, more than any other public official. He will be termed a coward, a zealot, a conniver with criminals, a

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persecutor, a spy, and sundry other sorts of a rascal according to the point of view, all within the space of a few hours.

A girl Judge is appointed by the President for the purpose of trying cases that would not be nice to take into the regular court. Sometimes, but much more rarely in proportion than in the big Republic governed by adults, a girl is participant in some immoral speech or action that leads to her indictment.

The girl Judge may act as a regular Judge in case that dignitary is absent or in any way involved in a case. She may also issue warrants for arrest in case of his absence. Another girl is appointed as District Attorney by the President, to give attention to the prosecution of such cases. When this court is held the only ones in attendance are the girl officers, girl jury, girl clerk, girl witnesses, and the women helpers of the Republic. All other cases of girls, involving larceny and things of a kindred nature, are tried in the regular court. In the regular court the girls sit on the jury just the same as the boys, excepting in cases of the Boys' Private Court where boys are

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involved in cases that border on the immoral.

The clerks of the regular court and the girls' court are officers of a somewhat minor nature.

Search Warrant.

In the name of the people of the George Junior Republic:

To officer _____, I swear

by oath or affidavit having been this day made before me by _____

that _____

You are therefore commanded (in the daytime) to make immediate search on the person and property of _____ for

the following article or articles _____

and if you find the same or any part thereof, to bring it forthwith before me at the court of the George Junior Republic.

Dated at the George Junior Republic, Town of Dryden, County of Tompkins, State of New York

the _____ day of _____ 19 _____

Judge of the George Junior Republic

FORM OF SEARCH WARRANT USED IN THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

They are appointed by the presiding Judge and look after the documents connected with their court, and hold office like the Judges during good behavior. They have charge of all the

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clerical work of their court and take note of the testimony of witnesses.

The work of the police officer and prison keeper is combined. Two boy officers and one girl officer are appointed by the Commissioners to hold the position which involves police service and prison guardianship. They give their entire time to these duties, with the exception of the time they are in school. There is no gainsaying that their responsibilities are great. Their work requires courage, intelligence, and a certain amount of brawn. The handling of some of the sturdy specimens, which come to the Republic and shortly thereafter land within the prison, is no child's play. Some of those for whom they have official care have kept adult officials on the verge of nervous prostration. There have been some rare youths holding these positions and there have been others who have become intimidated, or so over-officious that the Commissioners have removed them summarily after brief service. One boy officer is on duty with the prisoners during the forenoon, the other in the afternoon: both are on duty at night. Of course they are liable to be called

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for police duty at any moment. In such case the officer who is not guarding the prisoners at the time responds to the call. There is little fear of a police officer receiving physical in-

George Junior Republic

Freeville, N. Y., _____ 19__

I, the undersigned, do hereby promise to forfeit the sum of _____ Dollars if _____ does not appear at the _____ court, holding its session on the _____ day of _____ 19__ to answer to the charge of _____

Signed,

_____ Bondsman

Witnessed this _____ day of _____ 19__ at the George Junior Republic, Town of Dryden, County of Tompkins, State of New York.

Witnesses,

BOND GIVEN FOR THE APPEARANCE OF A PRISONER

jury in exercising police service. If he feels that he is about to tackle something beyond his physical powers he is empowered by law to call on citizens for aid, and they must respond or suffer punishment.

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

The girl police officer's duties are confined practically to acting as keeper for the girl prisoners. She has full police powers, but uses it only in the arresting of girls by warrant, although there have been occasions where girl officers have arrested boys and boy officers have arrested girls. If a boy officer discovered a group of girls stealing flowers from a neighbor, he would not run after the girl officer to make the arrest. Neither would the girl officer decline to exercise her authority if she chanced to discover boys in a neighbor's cherry tree.

Those arrested for petty misdemeanors are at once taken before the Judge. If the crime is not too serious, good citizens are not usually required to give bail for their appearance in court, but the offender may go on his own recognizance. Other arrested persons are held in the prison until some responsible citizen goes their bail. Arrest for serious felony may involve imprisonment, until a formal examination, without bail; but generally they are allowed bail until the time of their trial, providing it can be secured from responsible citizens.

The names of leading citizens are placed in

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

a box and six names are drawn therefrom; these individuals serve as a "grand jury" for three months. Girls as well as boys serve on this jury except for private cases, which have a special grand jury of girls or boys only, according to the character of the case. In the

GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

Freeville, County of Tompkins, State of New York,..... 19.....

In the name of the people of the George Junior Republic.

To officer..... of the George Junior Republic.

Information upon oath having this day been laid before me, that the crime of.....

in said county, on the.....day of.....19.....was committed, and

accusingthereof

You are therefore commanded forthwith to arrest the above named, and bring him before me at the Court of the George Junior Republic, in the Town of Dryden, County of Tompkins, State of New York.

.....
JUDGE OF THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

WARRANT OF ARREST

event of their finding indictments, if arrest has not already been made, warrants are at once issued, and within a few hours or at most not later than a week the person charged with crime is brought up for trial. He is given his choice of being tried by judge or jury. He also has the opportunity of having a lawyer provided for him by the state if he is too poor to pay

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

for legal service. Usually the prisoner prefers to select his own counsel, and will sell his only pair of shoes if necessary to secure funds to hire the leading "criminal" lawyer. In the event of his choosing to be tried by jury instead of that body consisting of twelve, as in the big Republic, there are four jurymen. This

George Junior Republic

_____ In the name of the people of the George Junior Republic
you are hereby commanded to appear before the _____ of the George Junior Republic
on _____ 190 at _____ o'clock,
P. M. to act as a Petit Juror.

Dated at the George Junior Republic, Town of Dryden, County of Tompkins, State of New York.

Chief of Police

SUMMONS FOR A JUROR

act was brought about by a special law enacted in the Town Meeting. The four jurymen satisfactory to all parties are found among a group of citizens who have been drawn to the number of twenty as "Petty Jurors" for the term of one month.

If the prisoner is found guilty of a felony and the Judge concludes to give him a prison

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

sentence he will probably send him to the reformatory. The sentence may be for any length of time, from one day to one year. Of course a sentence for a year would mean that the prisoner had committed a very serious crime. The prisoner at this point may resort to an appeal to the Supreme Court and pending the time for that body to assemble he may be admitted to bail or held without it, until that body holds a session. If he makes no appeal he begins at once to serve his sentence. He is then under the control of the Commissioners already mentioned and their agents, the prison-keepers. If his conduct is good, the chances are that the prisoner will be allowed to go out of the prison "on parole" long before the expiration of his sentence. He must, however, observe certain rules laid down by the Commissioners, such as, "work eight hours a day at least, at manual labor, or in school, retire at nine P. M., attend all profitable lectures and all religious services of his faith, spend his evening from seven to eight P. M. in the library of the Republic, etc." Otherwise, with the exception that he is not able to vote, he will seem to be

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a regular citizen. If he violates these rules he will be returned to the prison and start all over again. If, after a time, there is again improvement, the parole will be tried a second time. At the expiration of the time for which the Judge sentenced the prisoner, he is released from the prison, if he is therein at the time, or from his parole if he is out of prison. He then becomes a full-fledged citizen of the Republic.

If a prisoner is sentenced for a misdemeanor or is unable to pay his fine in case he is ordered to pay one by the Judge, he is known as a "work-house prisoner." He can work off the money he is fined in the work-house at the rate of a dollar a day. Of course he does not forfeit his citizenship by being a work-house prisoner. The only case where forfeiture of citizenship occurs is when a prisoner who has committed a felony is sent to what is known as the "Prison Gang." This corresponds somewhat to the States Prison outside. No matter what his sentence may be on the "Prison Gang," he is obliged to serve at least two-thirds of it, only one-third is allowed off for good behavior,

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and the prisoner loses his citizenship. It may be restored, however, through a special pardon of the President. The "Prison Gang" sentence is rarely used of late years.

The Republic being so small, it is impossible to support more than one prison; all the prisoners are as a result placed within this one department and worked together on public improvements or in school. There is no apparent difference to the casual visitor although some of the group are known as reformatory prisoners, others as work-house prisoners, and others as bail prisoners, meaning the group who are earnestly longing for some one to come to the keeper's office and furnish bonds for their appearance at the next session of the court.

"What punishments do you have in there?" the visitor may ask the guide.

"Well," he replies, earnestly, "if you behave when you are a prisoner you have nothing to fear, and you can count on getting out on parole, just as quickly as you deserve to be let out, but if you think you are going to go in there and have your own way, you're goin' to get it in the neck."

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

Then he proceeds to explain that while the good prisoner does not receive special favors, on the other hand he will not receive marks. A violation of a prison rule means a mark. The significance of a mark is asked. The guide explains that if, for example, a boy has received a six months' sentence, and during the first days of his imprisonment violates some rules, his keeper jots a mark down against his name for each violation. His fellow-prisoners will convey the news to him that he had better not get many of those marks for it means trouble in the future, so he concludes to act on their advice and be good. He succeeds so well that after a few weeks' service on his sentence, the Commissioners say to him: "We will now let you go on parole, providing you have no marks against your name." The keeper then looks up his record, and finds that he has ten or a dozen marks, which were given during his first days in the prison. "All right," say the Commissioners, "you can serve one day for each one of those marks, beginning with this moment, and if your conduct is good, during the time you are serving them you will be let out

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on parole, at their expiration." The guide gives his hearers to understand in no uncertain tones that the possession of marks is conducive to reflection.

Do the prisoners ever refuse to obey? Sometimes, but if they do they conclude that it is not profitable. Open refusal to do as they are told, or open rebellion is met with force sufficient to overcome. Insubordination is not looked upon with favor by the youthful officers. The law must and will prevail. Neither the young citizens of the Republic nor their friends of more mature years have any apologies in that connection. Whenever stern remedies are obliged to be given they must be administered according to Junior Republic law, in the presence of representative citizens, the Headworker, and a member of the Supreme Court, if one chance to be present.

If an officer should use any unnecessary force he would be subject to punishment, and also be liable to have civil action taken against him by some youthful lawyer within the Republic, who would act as counsel for the prisoner.

There is a Bar Association in the Republic

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composed of all the young lawyers. In order to be admitted to the Bar, one must pass a legal examination before a committee of three members of the Bar Association, one of whom must be the Judge.

More items of interest which the guide imparts to his hearers in reference to the government might be given, but as they are a little more minor in their importance, and as the government building itself has not yet been described, I refrain from so doing.

The guide steps up to the entrance of the jail, opens an ordinary wooden door, close behind which is seen an iron-barred door; sometimes it is locked, on other occasions it is wide open. At the present time it stands open and the visitors step inside of a large airy room with cement floor and painted walls. In the center of this large room and occupying fully two-thirds of the place are ten steel cages; each one containing bunks for two prisoners. The prisoners are standing in line in the vacant space at the front of the cells. The keeper, an average sized boy with a business-like manner is making a careful inspection of his prison-

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ers and giving them some directions in a straightforward manner with the final injunction that they had better keep an eye out and heed these new rules or there will be trouble. The first thought that flashes through one's mind is: "Why is it that this group of boys, over a dozen in number and in some cases larger physically than the keeper, obey his rules?" There is ample evidence in their manner that they intend to obey. The reason is obvious. While they might feel inclined to "do him up" and would probably be able to accomplish the purpose, the matter would not stop at that point. They would have to reckon with the citizen-body surrounding them outside, and they usually obey the rules implicitly. A perusal of the prison records reveals that the bulk of the prisoners are of the newer element of the Republic society. Scan these faces carefully, fasten each one in the memory and when a subsequent visit to the Republic two or three years from this day, is made, a great transformation will be noticed. It is very probable that the President, Judge, and some of the Commissioners at that future time are prisoners to-day.

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While a thing like this would be a miracle outside it is not an uncommon occurrence in the Junior Republic.* The prisoners work outside during the day. They are locked in the cells at night. A library is located right there within the prison and they have plenty of opportunity for reading. However, being a prisoner in the Republic is no joke.

The girls' jail is in a modest little cottage in another part of the Republic. After a visit to the boys' jail, the door of this cottage is entered with a mental picture of more barred cages, but the surprise will be great when nothing of the kind is to be seen. Whether it be an injustice or not, the fact remains that the girls' prison is only a prison in name, except for the fact that two or three girls are there dressed in a uniform of brown gingham, and that their sleeping rooms are devoid of furnishings, and that they sit at a table covered with oil-cloth. Aside from this one would think that he was

* A book entitled "The Young Malefactor" by Thomas Travis, has erroneously stated that forty per cent of Junior Republic citizens have failed to make good. This book I consider in most respects of general excellence and trustworthiness, but it is greatly in error in this statement.

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in one of the girls' cottages. This prison is under the rule of the same government commissioners as the boys' prison department. A matron (this by the way is the only place in the Junior Republic where the term "matron" is allowable) looks after the physical wants of the girls. The girl prisoners work about their prison or in the laundry. It will be a pleasure to see that the percentage of girl prisoners is small and here again the visitor will note by consulting the records that it is the recent arrivals who are the prisoners. In the girls' prison there is also a schoolroom for the use of the inmates, and this is also used for the Girls' Court.

The school for the boy prisoners is held in the regular court-room of the government building. No prisoner is debarred from his school privileges during incarceration.

The day passes quickly, and with the evening comes one of the most interesting features of the Republic life. The prolonged ringing of a bell announces the assembling of the Court. The visitors are, therefore, just in time to see one of the famous sessions of the Junior Re-

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public Court. As they step into the court-room which adjoins the jail, they find the room already crowded to the point of overflowing. They wriggle through the crowd, jammed at the rear of the building. The guide gets the eye of a court officer, nods to him and points to his guests. The court officer beckons to follow and he takes the strangers well down to the front of the room, selects a good point of observation, and motions a group of citizens already occupying the space to relinquish it. Two or three of them had started to give up their seats before advised to do so by the court officer, but one or two evidently yield them with reluctance.

Directly in front and elevated on a platform is the Judge's Bench, to his left against the wall and a little lower down is the Jury Box, to his right and on the same level as the Jury Box is the desk occupied by the Clerk of the Court. To the left of the Judge and a little below him is the Witness Chair, directly in front of the Judge's Bench is the Bridge and Prisoner's Rail which is used for the Police Court. In front of the furnishings just described is an open space which is occupied by

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the counsels and their clients in the case. A door near the Jury Box leads directly to the prison. All is divided from the spectators by a low railing, passage through which is gained by a gate presided over by a court officer.

A large portion of the space for on-lookers seems to be occupied by visitors from the big Republic who have come to see the little community of boys and girls. They apparently represent all classes of society, but the scholarly type seems to predominate, which gives the feeling that the majority of the visitors are there to learn things rather than to be entertained. Citizens of both sexes who came early enough to secure seats, are sprinkled about among the outside visitors, and most of them seem to be giving these visitors anecdotes and general information relative to the Court.

Pretty well down in front are a group of citizens who do not give up their seats to visitors. This group it will be learned are the citizens who have been ordered there for jury service. In the aisles to the rear of the well-filled seats is a space for standing room, and every inch is taken by citizens. The citizens

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in the court-room as a rule with the exception of those who are there on official business, are not the foremost personages; the latter have seen so much of the Court as is also the case with most of the helpers, that it has ceased to be of the vital interest that it was during their first years in the community.

If girls are present, having been subpoenaed as witnesses or jurors, their housemother is present in the court-room.

There is a great deal of talk and moving about incidental to the work in hand; this causes much confusion which is brought to an instantaneous end the moment the official at the door shouts "Order in the court-room; hats off." The Judge is about to enter the room, and at the same time the officer orders everybody to rise. Visitors as well as citizens respond and all remain standing until the Judge is seated. There will be no whispers after this, or the court officer will command silence in a loud voice. The company now sits down and the court crier shouts out the monotonous: "Hear ye, hear ye, this Court is now open for business," etc.

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The Clerk of the Court then begins to call the names of citizens who have been impanelled as jurors, and they respond. If they do not answer one may rest assured that they are ill or have been excused by the Judge before the court opens. Non-appearance would mean contempt of Court, and this offense is not overlooked by the Judge.

The calling the roll of jurors having been accomplished, the Clerk of the Court shouts: "Police Court now open." He pauses a moment and then glances at the list of names of those who are to appear. This list has been furnished him by the Chief of Police.

"John Smith, charged with trespassing," he calls out. John Smith works his way out of the crowd of boys standing in the aisle at the rear of the court-room. He walks down to the gate, passes through it and steps up to the prisoner's rail directly in front of the Judge. "Dave Hirschman, officer in the case," adds the Clerk. Hirschman steps on the bridge between the prisoner and the Judge. The Judge glances at a copy of the charge which has been placed in front of him and says:

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

“Smith, you are charged with trespassing in the Carter Cottage, Sunday evening last. Are you guilty or not guilty?”

George Junior Republic.

The District Attorney of the George Junior Republic:

Officer _____ to-day arrested

_____, charged with _____

upon complaint of _____ The crime was committed

_____ 19 ____ by _____ at

_____ and the details are as follows:—

The witnesses for the State are as follows:—

Signed,

Chief of Police, George Junior Republic.

(If arrest was made with warrant, State so in details.)

FORM USED FOR CHARGE AGAINST PRISONER

“Not guilty,” says Smith.

Officer Hirschman is then ordered to raise his right hand, and the Clerk administers the following oath: “Officer Hirschman, do you

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promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" Hirschman answers: "I do," in a matter-of-fact way, and then proceeds to give an account of the affair, the details of which I will not relate, as it is the form of procedure that I wish to describe. While Hirschman is testifying, Attorney Schneider steps forward by the side of Smith. He has been engaged to appear as his counsel. Schneider now proceeds to cross-examine Hirschman, after which Hirschman leaves the stand and calls up the housemother of the Carter Cottage to support his statement. She comes forward and is sworn in just the same as if she were one of the citizens. Then she gives her evidence and is cross-examined by Schneider. Markham, one of the boarders, is next called to the witness-stand by Hirschman, and is likewise questioned and cross-questioned. There being no other witnesses for the prosecution, Lawyer Schneider calls witnesses for the defense. They are sworn in, questioned and cross-questioned just the same as the witnesses for the prosecution. Perhaps Schneider puts Smith on the witness stand to testify in

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his own behalf, in which case Hirschman, the police officer, takes particular delight in grilling him with cross-questions. After listening for a few moments the Judge says: "I have enough evidence, I find you guilty, and will fine you one dollar," and then sometimes with a kindly, and at other times a stern admonition, according to the character of the prisoner or his own humor at the moment, he will discourse to the prisoner on the advisability of respecting other people's rights.

Smith walks over to the Clerk of the Court and pays his fine if he has the money, if not he looks wistfully about the court-room, displaying signs of distress. If somebody does not come forward at the moment there will be a crisis. He can't return to the company through that gate until that fine has been paid. If he has no money and no friend comes to the front to help him in his emergency, the officer escorts him to the side door, which leads to the prison, through which he passes. He is turned over to the prison keeper and he spends that night and the next day in jail in lieu of paying the fine.

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If the Judge after hearing the testimony says: "I find you not guilty," Smith looks happy, walks back through the gate, presided over by the court officer, and joins his friends in the court-room.

"Peter Jones, disorderly conduct, complainant Officer Hirschman." Peter Jones does not rise from a seat in the court-room or wriggle through the crowd and march to the front, when his name is called, for the reason that after he was arrested he could not get any one to go his bail. He was regarded as being liable to skip by those who had collateral. Therefore, when his name is called, the sidedoor leading to the prison is opened and the court officer leans through it and shouts: "Peter Jones." Then the prison keeper inside the jail says to a turnkey: "Bring out Peter Jones." The visitors in the court-room can plainly hear the creaking of a cell door, followed by a sharp clang as it is slammed shut, and they know that Peter has just emerged from his close quarters. In another moment he shuffles through the door leading to the court-room and steps up to the prisoner's rail, confronting the Judge. The

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

case proceeds in the same manner as Smith's. If he is found guilty and the case is a fine and he is able to pay the same he walks through the gate to liberty. If he can't pay his fine or the order of the Judge is imprisonment instead of fine, back to the workhouse he goes.

So the cases go on until all of those properly belonging to the Police Court, have been finished, then the Clerk of the Court rises and says: "Police Court adjourned; Criminal Court now in session."

The words are no sooner finished than an intelligent looking boy, or perhaps it may be a girl, comes from some place in the court-room, and walks down the aisle through the gate, and up to the Clerk of the Court. This individual is no other than the foreman of the grand jury, which held a session a few evenings ago, and those official looking papers that he is handing the Clerk of the Court are indictments found by the grand jury. This finished, the foreman of the grand jury returns to his seat in the court-room, and that is the last seen of him.

The Clerk glances at the name and calls out: "James Robertson." James Robertson rises

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from his seat in the audience in the court-room, providing he is out on bail, and accompanied by his counsel, Lawyer Kish, moves inside the rail to the place assigned for prisoners and their lawyers. If Robertson failed to get bail then there is the same clanging of doors in the jail as before described, and he appears in

CRIMINAL COURT of the GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

The people of the George Junior Republic
against

The Grand Jury of the George Junior Republic, of the Town of Dryden, in the County of Tompkins,
State of New York, by this indictment accuse _____
of the George Junior Republic, of the Town of Dryden, in the County of Tompkins, State of New York,
of the crime of _____ committed as follows:

The said _____ on the _____ day of _____
190 . at the George Junior Republic, of the Town of Dryden, County of Tompkins, State of New York,
did

THE INDICTMENT

the court-room from the prison entrance where he is met by Lawyer Kish. The District Attorney then comes inside the rail and gets actively to work with papers, officers and witnesses in the way of getting things ready to conduct the case for the State. Then the Clerk of the Court reads the following indictment:

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

“The Grand Jury of the George Junior Republic, of the town of Dryden, in the county of Tompkins, State of New York, by this indictment accuse James Robertson of the George Junior Republic, of the town of Dryden, of the county of Tompkins, State of New York, of the crime of larceny committed as follows:

“The said James Robertson, on the twenty-first day of April, 1909, at the George Junior Republic, of the town of Dryden, in the county of Tompkins, State of New York, did willfully and unlawfully take a pocket-book containing ten dollars from the room of John Miller.”

After the indictment is read the prisoner and his counsel are asked if they wish to read the indictment or have any objections to offer. The prisoner is then called on to plead. Through his counsel he will plead “Guilty” or “Not guilty.” If he pleads “Guilty,” the whole affair is ended. He has but to receive his sentence and start at once serving it. Circumstances may be such that the Judge will suspend sentence.

If he pleads “Not guilty,” then the work of securing a jury begins. One by one the names

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

are called from the Panel and examination proceeds as in any case in the big Republic. After a jury satisfactory to both parties is secured, the trial begins. It is conducted in exactly the same form as any court in the land. After witnesses have been examined and cross-examined by each side, the opportunity comes for the District Attorney and prisoner's counsel to make their pleas to the jury and here we have some very clever bits of argument in the way of summing up.

The Judge's charge to the jury follows. The court officer is then brought forward, and duly sworn to see that no one communicates with the jury during their deliberations. In his custody they pass to the jury room, and there is suspense on the part of every one, particularly James Robertson, until they return. If they say, "Not guilty," that ends the matter and the prisoner is formally discharged. If they say, "Guilty," then comes sentence, and its service begins at once, unless there is an appeal to the Supreme Court for a reversal of judgment or a new trial.

During an intermission in the session, while

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

a jury is deliberating on a verdict in an assault case, the visitors are taken inside the rail, and introduced to the Judge. He is dignified and modest. His English is usually perfect. His face shows force of character in every line. One feels assured that it will not be a long step to take for this leader of boys to be a leader of men. If he is talked with about the cases he has tried, it is noted that he does not like to discuss his own judgments, and something in his manner also conveys a rebuke when some complimentary things are said to him about the decisions rendered that evening. He does not like to be praised for doing what he regards as a duty. However, he speaks with enthusiasm of the work of the Judges who have preceded him. He becomes a little reminiscent, and tells of incidents he has witnessed in that court-room or of others of which he has heard. He tells of that day when Lawyer M's client, for whom he had struggled manfully to secure acquittal, was found guilty. When M. heard the verdict he grasped the prisoner's rail to keep from falling, then turned to the Judge and bursting into tears he exclaimed: "Oh,

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

your Honor, that jury is absolutely wrong. I know they have made an awful mistake. I am sure that Sam (his client) is innocent. If some punishment must be given, please sentence me in his place and let him go free.”

Then he tells of another case where Frank A. was sitting as foreman of the jury deciding whether Harry Q., his best friend, was guilty or not of a serious charge. Frank had sworn that his personal friendship for Harry should in no way influence him in rendering judgment according to the evidence brought out in the trial. When the jury returned after lengthy deliberation, the Judge asked Frank as foreman for the verdict. White as a sheet he arose and said sternly: “Your Honor, we find him guilty as charged in the indictment.” Then he turned to the prisoner as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and said: “O Harry, I had to do it! I had to be true to my oath.”

Humor occasionally creeps into the proceedings of the Court; but laughter is instantly suppressed by the demand for order from the matter-of-fact Judge. On one occasion, at least, even His Honor momentarily lost his dignity,

THE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

and nearly went into convulsions of laughter. The case happened some years ago.

Jack C., like sundry other male citizens of the Republic, was impressed with the vivaciousness and beauty of a little Irish lass by the name of Katie. She was about sixteen years of age. One day Jack in a fit of good humor in the presence of several citizens seized Katie about the waist and planted a kiss upon her fair cheek with a resounding smack. Katie indignantly flew to the police officer, and demanded his arrest. Moreover, she appeared in court and pressed the case against him. Of course, there was nothing for Jack to do but to plead "Guilty." The Judge looked at him for a moment and said sternly: "I'll fine you five dollars." Jack smilingly nodded assent to this announcement of the Judge, jammed his hand in his pocket, pulled out the money, tossed it to the Clerk, then turned to the young lady complainant who stood a few feet away, and exclaimed enthusiastically: "Katie, that was the bargain of my life. It was dirt cheap at any price." At which everybody in the court-room, including the Judge, lost his dignity.

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The Judge is asked some questions about the Supreme Court and its decisions. He speaks of it in glowing terms and pays tribute to its fair decisions. He assures the visitors that they have not fully seen the Republic until they have attended a session of that august body. He then gives to one of the visitors a book of Supreme Court decisions, two of which follow.

Case 4

GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

vs.

WALTER FRECKLETON.

Jacob Smith for the State.

I. The facts in this case are as follows:

Freckleton was serving as Chief of Police. Some prisoners escaped, owing, it is claimed, to his negligence. The case was brought before the lower court; Freckleton was found guilty, and sentenced to a term in prison.

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II. Appeal is based on the following ground:

That upon the jury which convicted Freckleton there sat two of the grand jury that brought in the indictment; so that the trial was not a fair one.

III. It is urged on behalf of the State that by reason of the number of citizens subject to jury duty being small, it was found necessary to call upon two of the grand jury in order to make the panel complete.

IV. It is forbidden by the law of the New York State that members of the grand jury which indicts shall sit upon the trial jury in the same case. It would be contrary to public welfare were it otherwise. The statute fixing the exact number of a jury is obviously of less importance than this law.

The Court therefore decides that the appeal is well taken, and reverses the decision of the lower court; and sends back the case for a new trial.

The Court calls attention to the fact that the true way to deal with this difficulty is to pass a law reducing the number of persons necessary to sit for a jury. As the number of citizens in

THE CITIZEN GOVERNMENT

the Republic increases, the jury can be restored to its present number if desirable.

T. M. OSBORNE,

J. W. JENKS.

Case 9

GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC

VS.

GEORGE OFFER.

Samuel W. Silver for the Appellant.

Richard Feinberg for the State.

I. The facts of this case are as follows:

On the evening of January 1st, after the prisoners had retired for the night, James Drowne, who had been placed in charge in the absence of the regular policeman, allowed the amusement of story-telling. Among others, one story was told that was not decent. This circumstance was discovered about a week or ten days afterward, and in accordance with the information furnished by some of the prisoners,

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Drowne was arrested for obscenity. Afterwards the crime was charged upon the defendant. The President of the Republic deputed William Cleghorn to make investigation of the matter, and following his investigation the defendant was held by the Judge, tried, convicted, and sentenced to two months on the gang.

II. The appeal is made on two grounds: First, That the proceedings were illegal, Cleghorn having no proper authority to conduct a preliminary examination, and Second, That the evidence given by the prisoners was insufficient and illegal, inasmuch as, being convicts, their evidence is inadmissible.

III. The Court finds as follows:

First. The proceedings, while not in the most desirable form, can hardly be held to be illegal. Citizens are frequently called upon in special cases to perform police duty, as in this case. Cleghorn was called upon by the Executive of the Republic to perform the duty of police magistrate, the judge at that time being away from the Republic at school, and Cleghorn, as one of the police commissioners, was a proper person to perform the duty. (The Court desires to

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point out, however, that it would be extremely desirable to have a definite officer appointed for the purpose of giving preliminary hearing and suggests that the old custom of having a policeman do this seems to be desirable. It does not seem wise to allow the Judge, who is ultimately to try the case, to conduct the preliminary hearing; for it is essential that a Judge should not only keep himself strictly unprejudiced but that he should avoid every appearance of prejudice.)

Second. The Court finds that the evidence of the prisoners is not illegal, and would have been necessary in any view of the case; and the Court does not see how a new trial, for which the appellant has asked, will be likely to be of any benefit or use. The decision of the Court, therefore, is against the appellant and the decision of the lower court is sustained.

G. S. MILLER,

F. W. RICHARDSON.

The undersigned, not agreeing with a majority of the Court, begs leave to submit the following dissenting opinion:

It appears that no proper record of the case

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in the lower court was made,—that is, no proper record was kept by the clerk of the court in the case. The Judge admitted that the only records were some slips of paper upon which were written the testimony of the witnesses, and that these were destroyed after a private hearing by himself of the witnesses. The undersigned wishes to point out that a proper record, in a bound volume which has been provided for the purpose, should be kept of every case as it comes up, including the names of the witnesses, the verdict, sentence, and all the important details of the case. In the absence of these no satisfactory decision can be reached by the Supreme Court. In the judgment of the undersigned the proper disposal of the case would have been to refer it back to the lower court for a new trial.

T. M. OSBORNE.

The arrival of the jury brings this pleasant talk with the court officials to a close. The jury, unable to reach a verdict, come out of the jury room for instructions. These were given

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by the Judge, after which they returned for further deliberation.

The Judge, concluding that the jury might be out for some time, orders the court reopened, and tells the District Attorney to proceed with another case.

As the prisoner, whose name has just been called, marches up before the Judge, the visitors give a start of surprise for it is no other than the young fellow whom we saw in the office that very morning, who had come to the Republic in charge of the Deputy Sheriff. The indictment is read charging him with larceny. In those few brief hours he has committed a theft. A boy who is seated near, says that the young man, during the noon hour, had told some of the citizens what a terror he had been in the city from which he hailed. He also told them how he had "done time" in a reform school. He had evidently thought that the group he was addressing would be agreeably thrilled with the accounts of his dare-deviltry, just as gangs in the city whom he had known had felt about such episodes. Those fellows back in the big city had always looked upon

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him and others of his kind who had "done crooked things," as heroes, but these boys here in the Republic, after hearing him enlarge upon his unsavory exploits, had concluded they would shun him. They at once said to one another: "We have got to look out for that fellow. If he has stolen outside as much as he declares, he will be looking around for an opportunity to relieve us of the extra cash for which we have been working."

Of course they said nothing to the new boy regarding the opinion they held of him; but their manner was such that he felt he had made a wrong start. He had not gained popularity by his remarks as he felt ought to be the case, when his record was to be considered. Evidently these Republic fellows didn't appreciate heroes, as they were regarded by the standards of the gang, and it made him feel queer. Perhaps they thought he was just giving them fairy tales, and was not the hero he declared himself to be. Very well; he would prove it to them. He would seize the first opportunity to steal. It came within a few hours. A prosperous citizen owned a watch which he carelessly dis-

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played in his vest pocket. This the prisoner had deftly picked while the unconscious victim was engaged in conversation with a visitor. Straightway he went to a group whom he thought by their manner would approve of his achievement, but one of them went off quietly and told the policeman. To the new boy's surprise, within a space of fifteen minutes after he had committed the crime, the boy policeman had him in custody and on his way to the jail. He had been able to spend the afternoon in reflection in his cell. Evidently the more he had thought, the more bewildered he had become, for now, as he stood there before the Judge, he was the personification of bewilderment. His face was a study as he stood there looking about him, and realizing that boys of his own age were handling his case.

A young lawyer was secured to take his case; and for a few moments these two individuals held a subdued conversation. The lawyer told him in an undertone: "Those sort of things don't go up here, as you will very soon learn. You can console yourself that you are not the first one to learn this lesson in the Junior Re-

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public. I know personally what it means to have the feeling that the fellow who gets the best of the authorities is a hero. I advise you to plead 'Guilty.' "

So the new boy goes back in front of the Judge, and when his Honor asks him whether he is "guilty" or "not guilty," he says: "I am guilty." Then the Judge sends him to the reformatory for one month. This is the minimum sentence for such a crime. He is then turned over to the prison keeper, who at once orders him to take off his citizen's clothing and don the prison garb, which he hands him. He puts on the rough suit of blue jeans, looking rueful all the while; after which he is escorted to the prison cell, locked inside and told to get all the sleep possible, for he will have to be up early in the morning in time for breakfast, as the prisoners must be in the ditches by seven A. M. The keeper then leaves him and the new boy leans up against the cell door and soliloquizes: "Outside I was the whole thing when I 'crooked.' The more I worked the game, the bigger fellow I was with the 'bunch.' I thought it was great to 'do time,' and so did all



STEEL CAGES IN THE JAIL.

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the guys, but in this 'joint' the fellers don't seem to feel in that way. I feel like cryin' here just like a woman, but I never felt that way when I was in the 'Jug' outside. I wonder what's the matter?"

What was the matter? Outside he was popular with his kind because he was a terror, and therefore there was romance in performing dare-devil acts even when accompanied by lawlessness; but here in the Republic he was not a hero, when he was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced, and placed in charge of a boy-keeper, by the boys themselves.

The fact that the boys had locked him up because they couldn't trust him had taken all the romance out of wrongdoing.

CHAPTER XIV

THE VISIT CONCLUDED

IT is not too much to say that when the Court closes and the visitors leave the building it is with a feeling akin to awe. If they have ever for a moment harbored the thought that Junior Republic Citizen Government was only on paper, their minds are changed for all time. Any one hereafter who hints to them that self-government does not prevail in the Junior Republic, will be confronted by an emphatic assertion that he doesn't know what he is talking about. Thoughtfully they walk toward their hotel, but sleep may be far from their minds.

They pass a cottage. It is brilliantly lighted. They hear shouts of laughter. It is a strange sound coming so closely after the silence of the court-room. The guide smiles and says: "Would you like to go in there? I guess they won't put you out."

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The visitors enter the hallway and receive a cordial greeting from Mrs. Greene, the house-mother, who is giving her time and services to the Republic citizens. The young girl whose birthday is being celebrated also comes up and extends greetings, as well as other girls connected with the household. Everything is in a buzz. There is happiness written in every face. The boys are well dressed and display as good manners as one could find in any boarding school in the land. The girls, tastily dressed and bedecked with ribbons, look as wholesome and pretty as any group of seminary girls in the country. The rooms are decorated with evergreens and flowers and the spirit of the whole place fills one with enthusiasm. Before the stranger is aware of the fact he is entering as heartily into the old-fashioned games as any of the company. One of the most active participants in these games is Miss Edith H. White, a young woman, whom all the boys and girls call "Auntie White." They are spinning the platter, and she is moving about busily engaged in collecting the forfeits. She was the first volunteer worker who came to the

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Republic for a longer period of time than a few weeks during the summer vacation. Her fondness for social life made her the natural leader of entertainments in the Republic. For several years she has spent the larger part of her time in the Republic. It will be learned also that other women and some men who are worth while spend a portion of their time in the Republic. It is their testimony that the young citizens have been more to them than they have been to the citizens. However that may be, the coming together of these people and the citizens of the Republic on terms of social equality, has been a tremendous advantage to the general progress of the Junior Republic idea. It is the purpose of directors of the Republic to use the right kind of men and women, who have time at their disposal for purposes of this sort as the Junior Republic extends to other parts of the country. But to return to the birthday party.

After refreshments there are more games. Then some one asks "Mother" Greene if she cares if they dance a little while. We learn that some of the housemothers object; but this

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one does not and chairs are straightway cleared from the room. One of the girls takes her place at the piano, two of the boys open up violin cases, tune their instruments, and in a few moments everything is ready for one or two waltzes and two-steps; then as a final number they have a Virginia reel for those who cannot dance the waltz or two-step. After the dancing all gather around the piano and sing the Republic Alma Mater, which is followed by "Good-night, Ladies," and then the Republic "yell" is given for the hostess and the girl with the birthday, and with cheery goodnights all around everybody starts for home. Some of the boys escort the girls, but it is done under the chaperonage of the housemother of the cottage in which the young woman resides.

The next morning, after a night at the cozy little inn, the guide meets his charges and conducts them through the rest of the Republic. The pleasant relationship of the previous day has caused him to be quite confidential. In no uncertain tones or manner, he gives utterance to his allegiance to the little Republic. Was it always so? No, he tells his hearers that, in

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the early days of his Republic life, he ran away; that he got in jail; that he wrote letters to friends declaring he was being starved to death with the hope that they would secure his removal from the Republic; he adds that his hatred toward the little community at one time was intense, but by degrees he settled down to hard, muscular work in the ditch and mental tasks in school. Little by little he bettered his condition, he became interested in the government, athletics, services in the little Chapel, and various other things that changed his attitude completely.

“I’ll tell you what the Republic is like,” he says with a stern look in his face. “There isn’t a worse place in the world, if you don’t behave yourself; on the other hand,” changing his tone and expression to one of cheerfulness, “there isn’t a better place, if you do.”

Some one asks him if he had smoked before he came to the Republic. He declares that this had been the case, but that he has now given it up completely. He admits that he first “cut it out” in the early days of his career because he didn’t wish to be arrested, but that he had

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finally lost the desire to smoke. When asked if the cigarette law had not been instigated by some adult, he scorns the idea and says that one of the boys away back in the early days, who had been elected to the legislature, had said: "I've got a bill to have you chase out cigarettes, because I know cigarettes put a feller on de bum. I'm an example of it myself; therefore when it's up to me to make laws for the fellers, if I'm on the square, I'll put things out of business that hurts de bunch." And the cigarette bill was straightway passed.

"Could the citizens vote to reinstate cigarettes?" "Yes, I think we could," he replies; "but I don't think that we would. I remember I had some talk with a lot of fellows about it once when I was a prisoner. I'll tell you about it." And then he tells the following story.

"One day in the winter time several years ago, when the thermometer was 'way down to zero, and a blizzard was howling outside, the janitor of the school-house, a shiftless sort of fellow, got us prisoners and took us in the schoolhouse to do up his janitor work. There were so many of us that we got it cleaned up

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in a hurry, and then we got around the stove to get warm. There were two or three citizens of the crowd who were not particularly industrious, who came in and sat down by us prisoners. There were no keepers or officers about; just the janitor who was in charge of us. While he was a straight fellow to the extent that he wouldn't let us run away and would keep us from rough-housing, he didn't exercise much care over our talk. We knew he wouldn't 'snitch,' and so we all got rather chatty and confidential and expressed our sentiments clearly and freely.

“One said: ‘Hang it, I don't like the Republic because you can't smoke cigarettes. Now, if this is a Republic, why can't the citizens pass a law in Town Meeting saying we can smoke?’ All the rest of us thought it would be a good thing. Then the fellow who had brought up the idea said: ‘Let's just start a party right now to do the business. A few of us are voters, and besides you fellers will all get out of jail before long, and you can join our party; then we'll get some more votes in other places around the Republic, and we'll go up in Town

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Meeting, and you bet we'll get in our fine work and see to it that that cigarette law is kicked out.' They seemed to grow quite enthusiastic with the idea, until some fellow said: 'Say, even if we did pass a new law that we should have the right to smoke cigarettes, Daddy George wouldn't let it go through, so what's the use.' Then up spoke the janitor: 'Fellers,' he said, 'I'll join your party, for nobody likes to smoke better than I would, and I'll just encourage you a bit by saying I know Daddy George pretty well, and although I know he is down on the boys smoking, he is so stuck on the Republic being the real thing that I don't think if the citizens passed the law he would do anything more than say: 'I am awfully sorry you did such a fool piece of business.' So I don't think that his interference would bother us, but I'll tell you where I really think the difficulty would be, and that is to get the majority of the citizens themselves to vote for it. Let us see, there is John Hurley, the President; you know he wouldn't sign the bill, even if it passed the Town Meeting, because he is down on smoking, and it would take a two-thirds vote

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of the citizens to upset his veto. So there's a handicap right at the start, besides there is the Judge, the District Attorney, and a few of the other leading citizens who would oppose it, and each one of those fellows has got some guys who will vote just the way they do, and then there are those confounded girls, every one of them would vote against it and I'll tell you what, in a straight out and out fight, we wouldn't even get a look in with such a bill.'

"We sat there looking deep into the fire or out of the window at the snowflakes while the janitor was throwing that argument into us. We knew that what he said was perfectly true, and when he got through one of the prisoners said: 'I guess you're right, Charlie; there surely hain't no show.' Another prisoner said: 'I guess we'll have to wait a while before we smoke to any extent;' and then Charlie said: 'Yes, what smoking we do we've got to do on the sly, and when we get caught, 'do time,' just the very thing some of you fellers are doing now,' and he got up from his seat and said: 'Get in line, you prisoners,' and then he marched us back to jail."

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“It’s funny,” said the guide after this story, “but my whole ideas have changed since that day, for now if the prisoners were holding a conference as we did that blizzard day they’d mention my name and say: ‘Confound that fellow, he’ll fight any bill that would let smoking in the place.’ ”

This interesting bit of conversation has taken place while walking from the Inn to the Hospital Building. As there are no patients at the present time within the Hospital, who will be disturbed by the visit, the party enters and glances about. The room in which they are is the reception room, light and airy; across the hall is the operating room, looking business-like enough with its adjustable operating-table, and other fittings. In the right wing of ‘his building we find a ward for girls on the first floor; the second floor corresponds to the first and is reserved for contagious diseases. On the opposite side of the building is a corresponding wing for the boys modelled exactly as the one for the girls; a diet kitchen and nurse’s room is found in this building between the girls’ and boys’ wards. If a boy, or girl,

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is sick and has money he must pay for medical attendance; if he has little money at hand he is trusted to repay it as he can. Dr. Homer Genung, the village physician, who has been one of the most helpful and faithful friends of the Republic and who is also one of the members of the Executive Committee, is the physician in charge.

This next large yellow brick and stucco building is the school-house of the Republic, known as "The Hunt Memorial." Large as it seems, even at the present time it is quite too small and the donor has given funds to add two wings, each of which is to be as large as the original building. This will work marvels in the Republic, for the school is one of the features to which special emphasis is given. The new additions to the building will furnish us a structure that will give ample accommodations for years to come. In this building is a large study-hall almost surrounded by windows, a view from which shows a landscape including many hills and a most beautiful country miles in extent. There are also class-rooms for the various subjects, and a

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chemical and physical laboratory. The pupils in this school are doing either high school work or are in the advanced grammar grades. There are two sessions each day from eight till twelve A. M. and from one to five P. M. At the present time there are eight teachers including the principal. The school is thoroughly organized and is conducted on the same lines as a high school outside. The citizens have practically nothing to say about the conduct of the school or its discipline. The Republic receives \$100 a year from the State for the services of each teacher; the Junior Republic Association pays the balance of the expense for the support of the school with the exception of the money paid by the two or three tax-payers within the district. Probably the Junior Republic School District has the smallest number of tax-payers of any school district within the State. Students may be prepared in this school for entrance to the leading colleges and universities. Each year the list of Republic citizens who enter college is increasing. Boys from the Republic have entered Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, the University of Pennsylvania, and some of the

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smaller colleges. In most cases the reports of their work are satisfactory. In one or two instances they have done unusually well. Their Republic training seems to fit them particularly for the study of economics. A professor in Cornell said some years ago, that the students and he were quite amazed at the logic of a former Junior Republic citizen when problems of political economy were presented for discussion. One day the professor asked the young man how it was that he got at the logical method of solving the economic difficulty so clearly, "Why, professor," he replied, "it's the easiest thing in the world. I simply call to my mind what would happen in the Junior Republic, if that economic problem presented itself, and that gives me the cue to the whole situation."

The assembly hall of the school building is used for lectures, entertainments, town meetings, and until the gymnasium is completed, it is used as a ballroom at the presidential inauguration and the annual celebration on the Tenth of July.

A short walk brings the visitors to the Wil-

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liam F. Miller Memorial Library. This building was presented by the Hon. Gerrit Smith Miller and his wife in memory of their son. Mr. and Mrs. Miller came to the Republic from time to time in its early days and rendered valuable aid. They were like a relief expedition to a besieged garrison.

The books of the library are all carefully selected by Mrs. Miller. Experts who have examined the library declare it to be one of the best equipped libraries of its size in the State. It is open at all hours of the day, and in the evening, until nine P. M. It is not a circulating library. The librarian is one of the girl citizens and receives three and one-half dollars a week. Many a pleasant hour is passed by the citizens of the Republic in the library; particularly is this the case during the long winter evenings.

The guide conducts the visitors through a beautiful wooded path which finally opens upon a lawn covered by one of the greenest of swards. On a little rise of ground in the center stands the House-in-the-Woods, a home whose doors stand open to every citizen. Here

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live one of the dearest friends of the Republic; known to the citizens as Sister Anne, and her two cousins called Sister Jane and Sister Frances, all three happily absorbed in being "helpers" along various lines. A description of the Junior Republic would not be complete without recognizing the influence of these friends and their home upon Republic life. Fortunate will every new Republic be if it secures as an adjunct, a home, practically within its borders, approximating the House-in-the-Woods.

The chapel of the Republic is a beautiful little building with a seating capacity of about three hundred. Services of all faiths are held within this building. The pulpit and altar furnishings, and baptismal font are memorials. There are three beautiful memorial windows. In the bookracks of the seats are various rituals, catechisms, gospel hymn books, Bibles and a manual of devotion, prepared especially for the Republic by the late Bishop Henry D. Potter, who frequently visited the Republic and was one of its trustees, and Bishop Andrews, Charles Cuthbert Hall, and President Faunce.

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Institutions in general are usually classified as Catholic, Protestant or Jewish, but the Junior Republic, being unlike an institution, but rather resembling a village, it follows that church and state must be absolutely separated. The Republic officers, like the founders of the American Commonwealth, do not officially recognize any particular faith, but encourage all faiths, in their work with the young people. Therefore, to be consistent, if a Presbyterian, Jew, Catholic or Unitarian boy or girl, comes to the Republic, it is not for the Junior Republic officials to provide a service or minister of such particular faith for the youth, any more than it is for the mayor or officials of a city to provide officially for services of the religious faiths just mentioned. Who, then, is to look after this matter? Why it is for the Presbyterians, Jews, Catholics, or Unitarians, in the Junior Republic and in the big Republic to see that those of their faith who are citizens of the little community receive instruction according to their belief, and every encouragement for the different religious sects to do this work is offered by the Junior Republic

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Association and the Junior Republic citizen officials.

Thus, the citizens of the Republic are aligned under the standards of their particular faith in the Junior Republic village to the same extent that the representatives of these faiths have taken advantage of their opportunities. Following is the order of services usually carried out in the Junior Republic chapel.

Nine A. M. Catholic Sunday School or Mass.

Eleven A. M. General service presided over by some minister or priest.

Twelve M. Sunday School.

Eight P. M. Evening Service.

Mid-week Prayer Meeting at eight P. M.

There are no Jewish Rabbis nearer than Syracuse or Elmira, but whenever a Jewish minister comes he may hold a service for the Jews.

Republic citizens have been confirmed in the Catholic and Episcopalian Churches while they were in residence at the Republic. Some of the citizens who have wished to be Baptists have been immersed, others have been baptized by various Protestant ministers. One of the

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Republic citizens is now studying for the ministry.

One thing that is especially to be noted in the religious affairs of the Republic is the good feeling of each particular faith for the other. There has never been a religious controversy in the place. The Catholic, Jew, and Protestant get on just as well and perhaps better than the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist get on in the big Republic, and yet each is true to his particular faith.

The visitors are now escorted to a little green cottage about a third of a mile from any of the other buildings. This is the last building that they shall visit, but its mission is significant, and makes a fitting ending to this tour of the Republic buildings, although in appearance it is the most humble of the lot. It is located in the midst of a little group of apple trees. This is the cottage where colonies receive a few months preliminary training before they migrate to some new part of the country, which has decided to have a Junior Republic. The house is very simple in its furnishings. There is not a single vestige of modern improvement

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about it. Water has to be carried from some distance, and wood has to be collected for the fires. The young people must not have luxuries; barely comforts at this cottage for it is quite possible that in their new home, they will find crude conditions, and they must be trained to encounter hardships. About a dozen sturdy boys are working about the place, and right among them, with coat off and sleeves rolled to the shoulders, and swinging a pick axe as lustily as any in the lot, is the man who is to be the Superintendent of the new Republic. His wife or a housekeeper with the aid of two boys is doing the work of the household. After this colony has been transplanted to its permanent home, another will take its place in the cottage and train, preparatory to going to some other state, which is desirous of having a Junior Republic.

CHAPTER XV

METHODS OF STARTING A REPUBLIC

THE Junior Republic idea was worked out during the summer of 1894. On July 10th, 1895, it was put into operation. It immediately became the center of attention throughout the country, undoubtedly due to the novelty of boys and girls carrying on a well-organized Republic by their own efforts. Nearly everybody was well disposed, perhaps because the idea furnished them amusement and one always feels kindly toward the thing that amuses him. A few recognized the great underlying principle but regarded the scheme merely as an experiment. An inner circle before many months regarded it as past the experimental stage and instead of wasting time worrying over the question whether the idea would succeed or not devoted efforts to developing the idea so that ultimately it might be established in other states and perhaps nations,

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and thereby become of untold benefit to the world.

In the meantime individuals from a few other centers began to express a determination to start Republics in their localities. Efforts were made to dissuade them from so doing until the Republic at Freeville had been generally regarded as past the experimental stage. However, in two places the work was commenced; the Carter Republic at Redington, Pa., and the National Republic at Annapolis Junction, Maryland, this latter supported by the people of Baltimore and Washington. A few years later a farm located at Litchfield, Connecticut, was given to the Freeville Republic. This was afterward used for boys below the age of fourteen years.

At the end of a dozen years the Republic at Freeville was on a substantial working basis and had grown to a good sized village. Certain boys who had been regarded as "problems" had not only turned out fairly well, but had gone still further and achieved brilliant success. Individuals opposed to the Republic idea had been obliged to admit that so far as

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the Republic at Freeville was concerned it was successful beyond doubt, but would it be in other climes; was it not after all a one-man affair? The founder of the Republic together with a gradually increasing number of people believed in the principle and held that the principle was greater than any one man. To that end it was finally determined to demonstrate their faith in the principle and establish an organization whose purpose should be the establishment of at least one Junior Republic within every state of our union which should be open to all boys and girls who were physically and mentally sound from all classes of society, preference, however, to be given to those who most needed its benefits.

On February 1st, 1908, the National Association of Junior Republics was formed in New York City. The Republics then in existence united together as a nucleus for the work. From that day forward the establishment of Republics was in order, and it did not take very long to discover that the work was not devoid of difficulties. The introduction of the idea and the getting the coöperation of people,

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the securing of land, and such matters were easy compared with the task of securing suitable men as superintendents or head workers, men who realized that the great art of running the Republic was not to run it at all, and suitable helpers to coöperate with him, for it is a well-understood fact with Republic workers that the helpers are quite apt to be greater problems than the boys and girls. Of course there are decided exceptions represented by those who have common sense and have had extensive experience in some one of the Republics, and this especial difficulty will be obviated as we get more people trained in the Republic's methods. For they must have training for the work to be efficient. No matter how well equipped or experienced they may be in work for boys or girls in other fields, it is quite possible they will be complete failures in the Junior Republic.

The policy pursued in starting new Junior Republics is to make haste slowly. There is a good deal of general interest in the work in every State. I believe we could start out, organize this interest, and in less than five years

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have Republics started in every one of the States and Territories, but most of them, because of the lack of knowledge of the fundamental ideas and likewise lack of experience, would fall to pieces within a short space of time, or retrograde into private institutions with little or no self-governing features, and would simply be Republics in name. How to avoid this disastrous result is foreseen to be one of the grave problems confronting us.

After an organization is formed within the State much care must be given to the instruction of the pioneers, composed of the citizens and helpers, on a farm set aside for that purpose at Freeville, N. Y. The same practical training that would be given to a colony about to migrate to a new country would be given to this group in addition to the self-governing features. After their training they would go to the new State, and then the battle would begin. And let me assure the reader that it would not be a skirmish merely, but through much tribulation alone it would finally succeed, if it so deserved; if not, it would very properly cease to exist, and then we should

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start all over again at some later day. Yes, Junior Republics have had their troubles. Some of them have seemed to be on the point of collapse but none of them has yet hauled down its standards and it may safely be predicted that the weakest of them will ultimately prevail, providing it sticks closely to the great underlying principles of government.

Thus far the Republics have been organized in one of two ways.

First. A group of people within a State have got together and organized a Junior Republic Association, with a Board of Trustees. They are then incorporated under the laws of the State. During this time they have looked about for a suitable location and secured a farm by purchase or gift.

Second. Some individual or individuals have given a farm for the establishment of a Republic and thereafter the Board of Trustees has been formed, the Association incorporated, and the work then begun in just the same manner as in the first instance.

Application is made by the Junior Republic Association in each State for admittance to the

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National Association of Junior Republics, and if they are carrying out the Junior Republic principles, they are admitted to, and will have the benefits of the federation.

Of course I claim no patent right on the Junior Republic idea, but I earnestly entreat individuals or organizations not to undertake the work unless they are to carry out the idea fully and conscientiously, and in no event until they have carefully studied the Junior Republic in actual operation.

When I commenced this book it was my intention to have a second part beginning at about this point and devoted entirely to the discussion of boys and girls of all classes of society, based on my observations of the young people with whom I have been so closely associated in the Junior Republic, and also from my experiences with young people in various places and divers social conditions; but there was so much to be said, that I have concluded to reserve the discussion of this subject for a later publication. I will, however, outline under ten headings a few facts and theories, based

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on experience, which I hold tenaciously to-day.

First. That every normal boy with a healthy body has certain characteristics in common with all other boys of every class and condition of society.

Second. That hero-worship, dare-deviltry, love of praise, curiosity, comradeship, and lawlessness, particularly in the son of our neighbor, are some of the principal characteristics.

Third. That physical energy, vitality, superabundance of spirits, in the normal boy, is bound to have some outlet.

Fourth. That the traits enumerated under the second heading, bundled together and placed in the organism of a youth possessing the qualities under the third heading, who is irresponsible and care-free, because he has parents, friends or some society to furnish food and comfort, is liable to result in a vigorous crop of wild oats during the "teens."

Fifth. That relief comes finally to the average boy as described in the fourth heading, during the transit of "fool's hill," in the form of responsibility for his own support or that of

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others, or for the responsibility of property, earned or inherited.

This revolution in his course of life results in his using his stock of characteristics, described under the second heading, and his energy under the third, as potent forces in the commercial or professional world. I will describe him under this heading as a World's Worker.

Sixth. That the World's Workers are divided into two groups:

(a) The better sort who do right for right's sake.

(b) The other sort who do right for policy's sake, who believe in and uphold laws only to the extent that the law is beneficial to their personal interests.

But a and b, however different their standard of ethics, unite together as possessors of property and make laws for its protection against the lawless.

Seventh. That the lawless are quite generally composed of youth in their "teens," conducting themselves as outlined in the fourth class, and in addition those of more mature

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years, who have not had the good fortune to have the shock of work or starvation come to them as described under the fifth heading.

Eighth. That the World's Workers forget the point of view they held when a few years earlier they were grouped under the fourth head or the conditions which caused their change of life as described under the fifth. Therefore, when some injury befalls their property or person, by the act of the lawless, as described under the seventh, who are naturally undisciplined and unsystematic, they cry out: "The criminal needs discipline; we must devise a *System* for his reformation.

Ninth. That the *System* is put in operation by law of the World's Workers, and bears the various names of Prison, Reformatory, Reform School, or Industrial School; but it fails in its purpose because the *System* is given the right of way, the individual for whom it was devised is a secondary consideration. Life under the *System* is unnatural and un-American.

Tenth. That the only way to remedy the defect is to organize a community or village, like unto any other town or village, and intro-

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duce the conditions as described under the fifth heading and it is fair to suppose that the results will be beneficial, even if in some cases nothing more is accomplished than the standard of b, under the sixth head.

While I think it is possible in course of time to make this method apply to all ages of the lawless, I advocate its immediate application to boys as described under the fourth heading. Moreover, I would not limit it solely to those boys but would suggest giving every boy in the country an opportunity at some time during his "teens," to have a bit of this practical training in citizenship.

A few final words in closing this book. No one can be more keenly aware than I am myself of the task confronting me in the winning of permanent success for the Junior Republic idea, but it is a task that I have taken up with full knowledge that it will sooner or later triumph and be a benefit to many boys and girls, instead of to a comparative few. I know that it will succeed because underneath the idea rests the principles that have caused our country to

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become a great nation and I believe in our country and its ideals. If our Republican form of government is wrong, then the Junior Republic is wrong. If our Republican form of government is right, the Junior Republic is right, for they are identical. Granting this fact, the only opportunity for difference of opinion is that some may say young people are not capable of assuming and fulfilling such responsibility as devolves upon them in the Junior Republic. I reply that a long experience has taught me that they are *absolutely capable*.

(1)

THE END

