

attending one of these camps, or of sending their boys there, speak only in the highest terms of the influence and the way in which they are conducted, and also of the benefits received by the boys coming in contact with the workers who are present.

WHAT SOME OF THE LEADERS SAY.

"The Camp is one of the most helpful features of boys' work."

"There is no place where we can so influence boys."

"For time, money, and effort expended, no other feature gives equally satisfactory results."

"An opportunity to win confidence and friendship of boys, and show them by daily life how to be Christians."

WHAT SOME OF THE BOYS SAY.

"It was at the Maritime Boys' Camp that I was first led to take a definite stand for Christ, and at another camp that I was strengthened in my resolve, and led out into fuller service."—Truro boy.

"I never spent a better two-weeks' holiday than at camp."
—Charlottetown boy.

Halifax, N.S.

The "Kid's Judge"

DENVER is an enterprising, go-ahead western city, with fine buildings, broad streets, beautiful parks, and energetic business men. It is quite safe to say that no one in this busy young metropolis is so widely and favorably known as Judge Lindsey who came into fame because of what he has done for the "bad boys" of his city, and who is familiarly known as the "Kid's Judge."

The old way of dealing with juvenile criminals was to treat them with severity without inquiring very much into their surroundings or early training. One lad who had been convicted of stealing thus describes his trial:

"Aw, de guy wid de whiskers wot sat up on de high bench looked over at de 'cop,' and de 'cop' he says, 'Dis is a very bad kid; he broke into Smith's barber shop and took a razor, and he admits it, yer Honor.' Den de guy on de high bench sends me up widout givin' me a chance to say a word."

Thus, the boy was well started on a criminal career before he was ten years old.

Judge Lindsey follows a different sort of treatment altogether. He generally tells a boy who has been brought before him that he does not believe he is half as "tough a kid" as the police make out. He tries to gain the confidence of the lads and assures them that they shall always have a "square deal" if they will make a clean breast of everything.

The Judge has introduced the probation system, and allows many boys to go on suspended sentence, with the understanding that they shall report to him every Saturday morning, bringing a written statement of their conduct from their teacher.

At these Saturday morning sessions Judge Lindsey makes it a point not to sit on the bench. He goes down among the boys and examines the report of each one with the deepest personal solicitude. If the report is good, he congratulates the boy and tells the other fellows that "Billy's got the laugh on the 'cops' now, because he has cut out swiping things and is beating every other boy in his class." If the report is bad, the judge follows up the boy with kind questions until he gets at the cause and decides upon a remedy.

His method of examination is fraternal rather than paternal. He even fosters in the boys the idea that his own tenure of office depends upon the good behavior.

"It's just this way," he says. "I'd like to keep you fellows out of Golden,"—the town where the Boys' Industrial School is located,—"but I'm afraid if I do I'll lose my job. People are always saying that I'm too lenient with you kids anyhow, and if I do let you off you'll go out and swipe something again, and then I'll get blamed for it, and, like as not, I'll get kicked out of this court."

The consequence of this is that Judge Lindsey is often earnestly assured by the boys that he "needn't worry about them getting him into trouble,"—an assurance which Judge Lindsey always receives with grave thanks.

Statistics show that 95 per cent. of the boys are treated successfully without being committed to jail. Not long ago a boy came up before the judge and handed in the report:

"Deportment bad; arithmetic bad."

"Fred, what does this mean?" he asked.

"I couldn't help it," the culprit replied. "Couldn't help it" is the most serious crime in the juvenile record. Every boy in the room was listening with strained ears and bated breath.

"You couldn't help it! Now, Fred, look here; weren't you about the meanest boy ever born when you came here five months ago with a 'cop' begging me to send you up, you were such a nuisance to every one who knew you? Didn't you lie and steal, and didn't your own mother beg me to send you to Golden so some one would make you mind?"

The boy nodded assent, the sobs were too masterful for him to venture to open his mouth. The child's hand reached along the arm of the judge's chair, mutely pleading. He was a little chap, ten years old and not well grown for that. The judge's arm drew him closer. There was a sigh of relief from the roomful of boys.

"We know it was so, Fred; I know it and all the kids know it. I guess we know how you have had to fight to get over all of that so you are a good boy, and your mother told me she never knew what a happy place it was at home till you straightened up." The sobs were buried in the judge's coat. "Don't you think it's rather low down of you, after you have proved that you can conquer all those bad things—don't you think it is low down for you to say you 'can't help it' to anything?"

Each boy as he came to the chair received the commendation or the reproof that went straight to the heart of his case, for, as the boys say, "the judge knows."

His complete winning of boys has given rise to the story that he uses hypnotism and occult suggestion. He is a deep student of suggestive science and psychology. The best books on these subjects are within his hand's reach in his home library and he has to the fullest degree what for need of a better word

we call "magnetism." Yet he denies that he ever uses hypnotism. What he does do is to take the boy by himself, put his arm around him, and say to him impressively, "You are not a bad boy. You do not want to do anything that is bad. You are not going to. You are going to stand by me and are going to do exactly what I want you to do."

The boys nearly always justify the confidence that is reposed in them.

A little schoolboy defined leisure as "the times when you are busy doing nothing." It is to be regretted that there is so large a leisure class that answers to that description—people who are busy enough, who run here and there, undertake this and that, but really do nothing. There are whole lives spent in the busy trifling that accomplishes nothing of any value. The days are crowded full of selfish pleasure-seeking, petty worries, a useless round that wears a body and mind, but benefits no one. "Busy doing nothing," describes many a one who is bemoaning the lack of leisure.—*Forward.*



JUDGE LINDSEY