

A SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL FOR CIVIL SERVICE CASES

An interesting conference of public service associations was held in Sydney, Australia, in December last, all the states, as well as the Commonwealth and New Zealand, being represented. The conference was honored by the presence on the opening day of Sir Gerald Strickland, Governor of New South Wales, and the Hon. R. D. Hall, Minister for Justice, who both evinced, in speeches of considerable length, a keen interest in the service matters. As the "Court of Appeal" is becoming a moot subject in many of the services of many countries, the resolution passed by the conference in this regard is of interest:—

'That it is desirable that there should be constituted in each State an Independent Court of Appeal, such Court of Appeal to consist of three persons, of whom the chairman shall be a Supreme Court or District Court Judge, one shall be the representative of the Commission, who shall not be an officer of the Department in which the appellant is employed, and one shall be the representative of the division to which such officer belongs, elected under the regulations by the officers of the division to which such officers belong, in the State in which such officer performs his duties.'

TOY-STREWN HOUSE.

Give me the house where the toys are
strewn,

Where the dolls are asleep on the chairs,
Where the building blocks and the toys,
balloon

And the soldiers guard the stairs;
Let me step in a house where the tiny
cart

With its horses rules the floor,
And the rest comes into my weary heart
And I am at home once more.

Give me the house with the toys about
With the battered old train of cars,
The box of paints and the books left out
And the ship with her broken spars;
Let me step in a house at the close of day
That is littered with children's toys,
And dwell once more in the haunts of play
With the echoes of by-gone days.

Give me the house where the toys are seen,

The house where the children romp,
And I'll happier be than man has been
'Neath the gilded dome of pomp;

Let me see the glitter of bright-eyed play
Strewn over the parlor floor,
And the joys I knew in a far-off day

Will gladden my heart once more.

Whoever has lived in a toy-strewn home,
Though feeble he be and grey,

Will yearn, no matter how far he roam,
For the glories disarray;

Of the little home with its littered floor
That was his in the by-gone days

And his heart will throb as it throbbed
before

When he rests where a baby plays.

—Edgar A. Guest in Detroit Free Press.