

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns for Easy Dressmaking.

A very large number of these Patterns are sold, and because of their simplicity, and the excellent results that are obtained from them, they are most popular with New Zealand women. Clear directions are given with each Pattern. Designs for every description of clothing for women and children.

All Patterns 9d each, post free.

BEATH & CO., LIMITED

CHRISTCHURCH.

voters to right the wrong, her enthusiasm growing, until a stirring climax was reached, and a tearful audience applauded as they had not done that evening.

A few minutes later the shining medal, in its velvet-lined case, was handed to Louise Black, a girl three years older than Viola.

The light was out, and a tired little girl was almost in dreamland when she felt something brush her hair, and her mother's voice whispered: "I heard something nice to-night. I overheard one of the judges say to another, 'Did you ever see an easier case to decide than we would have had if number ten had been a contestant?'" With only a good-night kiss she left Viola to decide whether it had paid to "give in."

"Here is something that came in the mail, dear," was her mother's greeting as Viola entered the house.

"Oh, mother, it's a dainty little book with a lovely poem and coloured pictures, and here on the first page it says, 'To Viola from Lula Beach.'"

"The latest edition of your medal came to-day, Viola." Mr Hunt seated himself at the supper table opposite Viola's expectant eyes. "When I was at the polls to help keep this town dry I met Mr Banks. I had no idea he had changed his mind about saloons helping business, but I slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Banks, give us a dry vote, and use your influence as the biggest man in the town should use it—in the right direction.' I nearly staggered when he said, 'I intend to, Hunt, and I don't mind telling you my change of heart dates from the night your Viola spoke at the contest the temperance women had.'"

There was silence while Mrs Hunt smiled at her little daughter through tears. Then Viola, in serious tone, but with mischief in her eyes, rejoined: "I think I received a better medal than Louise did—it's the kind that keeps coming."

THE FIRST SPECIAL POLICE-WOMAN IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Perhaps you would like to know how I became the first special police-woman in San Francisco? It is rather a long story, and time will not permit me to tell you all about it, but it grew out of the fact that women were not allowed into the courts when trials were going on—that is, trials of a so-called "indecent" character. A poor, frightened little girl had to go into the court room alone, where the judge and jury were men, and the visitors' benches were filled with men; but a woman was not admitted, on the plea of "decency." We held a mass meeting to protest against this injustice and demanded that women should be admitted; but on various pretexts we were always shut out, first on one ground, and then on another. We then formed a committee of women, representing 14 or 15 different associations and women's clubs, and this committee, of which I was made chairman made application to be allowed to give help and countenance to these poor children. These little girls were of all ages from 4 to 14 years.

We had at one time 100 children as witnesses on charges made against fifteen men. The first of these men was on trial, and his lawyer claimed the right to shut out the women. I had had fifteen of these small children in my own personal care over 3 weeks, and the judge said that he did not see why one woman at least should not be allowed to sit with the girls inside the court room. We were, however, all turned out. I went upstairs to the Chief of Police, and asked him for an order to enter the court, and he willingly wrote out such an order. I went downstairs and presented it, but the attorney simply threw it into the waste paper basket, saying that the Chief of Police had no authority over him. I went again and saw the Chief, and he said, "I don't know what can be done. I wish we had women inspectors or women police." (We had

been trying then for over two years to have women inspectors, and he had given us strong support.) It then occurred to the Chief that I must be admitted if I were made a police officer. The result was that he "scored me in" as a special police officer, and gave me a police star or badge, and I went down and was admitted. I then asked that another lady might sit with me, and the lawyer agreed, "as," he said, "Mrs French was really the one he objected to."

That was how I became the first police woman in San Francisco. That star has never been taken away from me, and for over seven years I used it and it gave me access to places where otherwise I could not have gone. The White Slave traffic was then at its very worst in America, and I could get into houses of prostitution to find young girls who were missing; I could also go into homes and find out where the girls of large families slept, crowded into small quarters, and with the police star I could speak to loitering girls on the streets at night, and send or take them home.

O LITTLE MOTHER OF MINE!

Sometimes in the hush of the evening hour,
When the shadows creep from the west,
I think of the twilight songs you sang
And the boy you lulled to rest;
The wee little boy with the tousled head,
That long, long ago was thine.
I wonder if sometimes you long for that boy,
O little mother of mine!

And now he has come to man's estate,
Grown stalwart in body and strong,
And you'd hardly know that he was the lad
Whom you lulled with your slumber song.
The years have altered the form and the life,
But his heart is unchanged by time,
And still he is only thy boy as of old,
O little mother of mine!

—"Great Thoughts."