

MAKING GOOD AMERICANS out of WAIFS

BROTHER BARNABAS' UNIQUE HOME WHERE BOYS ARE HOSTS AND SUNDAY BASE BALL AND BILLIARDS ARE ENCOURAGED



THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON BASEBALL GAME IS AN ENCOURAGED INSTITUTION OF THE HOME.



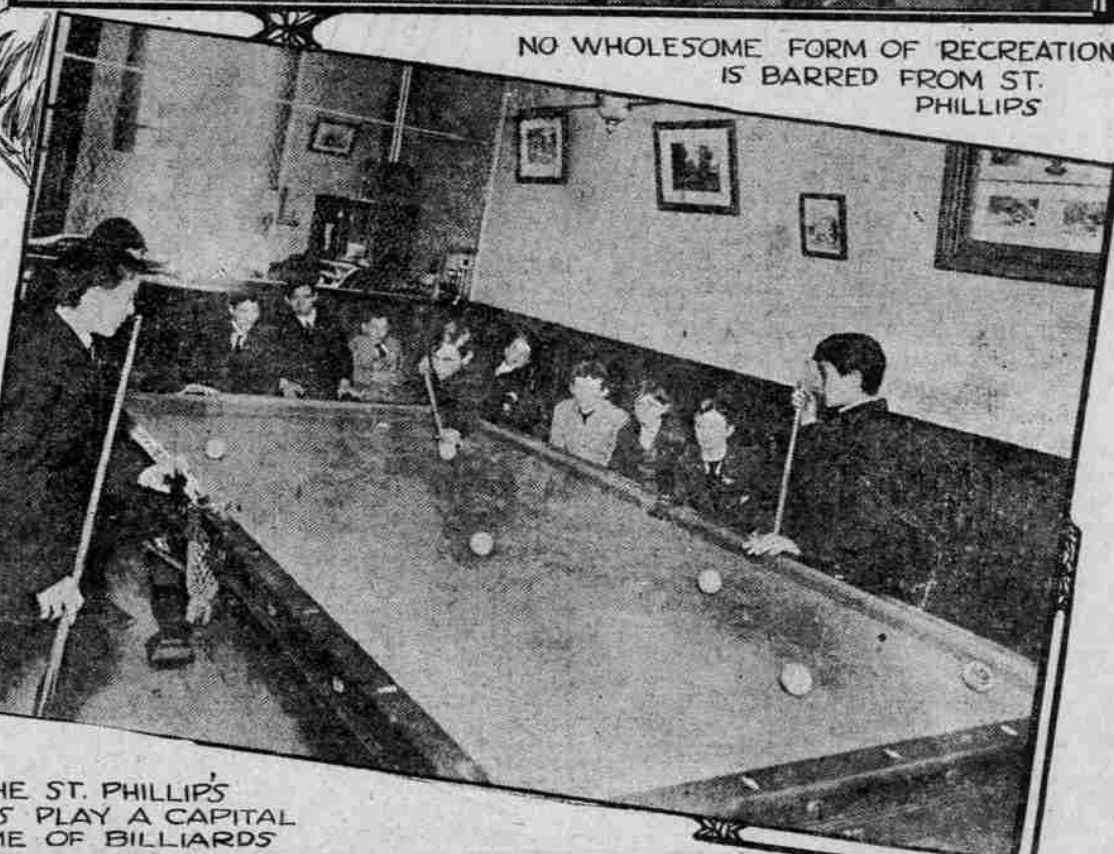
A BOY COULD HARDLY HELP FEELING AT HOME ON ST. PHILLIPS' BROAD PIAZZAS.



NO WHOLESOME FORM OF RECREATION IS BARRED FROM ST. PHILLIPS.



THE HOME IDEA IS EFFECTIVELY EXPRESSED IN THE DINING ROOM.



THE ST. PHILLIPS' BOYS PLAY A CAPITAL GAME OF BILLIARDS.

The remarkable but little known success of the most unique home for waifs in the United States, as seen and graphically described by Mrs. Burton herewith, is of direct and special interest here in Portland, for it shows how a problem that is still to be solved completely in this city has been met and conquered with splendid results in New York.

BY G. MARION BURTON.

THESE were boys as we entered the massive iron gate; boys in the broad shady avenue leading to the mansion; boys on the piazza; boys here, boys there, boys everywhere; the place was alive with them. And such merry boys, such riotous, happy boys, and above all, such well-mannered boys, that we stood amazed as we thought that but for the father of the little flock these splendid fellows might be creatures of the street, sleeping in doorways, on wharves, crawling into any miserable covering for the night and all through no fault of their own, but through the pitiless poverty that so often fairly drives the homeless lad to a life of crime. What other occupation is open to them? Who will step forward and help them to an honest position? Who, in the great vast city, really cares or even knows what becomes of the poor waif?

Who cares, did I ask? Why, the Rev. Brother Barnabas cares, a shrewd, spare little man with love for his fellow beings glowing from every feature and the milk of human kindness flowing in every vein. I do not deny that there are many men and women in every city of the Union who are earnestly endeavoring to help the friendless, but in all my sociological investigations I have yet to find as sane and practical a method as that adopted by Brother Barnabas, who in 1902, established St. Phillips' Home for Industrious Boys, with headquarters in a commodious four-story house at 417 Broome street, New York, where over 100 waifs are employed in a pleasant assembly hall and games played in recreation hall and billiard room, and evening classes held when the boys return from work in useful studies.

Home Versus Institution.

When I asked Brother Barnabas what the idea of his home was and wherein it differed from other institutions to help the friendless, his eyes twinkled and he answered: "Why you have just said it yourself. The term you used 'Home' and 'Institution' exactly express the idea. Our desire and one in which I fancy we are unique, is to inculcate in our boys a love for home and home life, for in that alone lies the primary strength of the nation. Thousands of friendless boys have passed through the various institutions of the cities in the effort to reclaim and educate them. Considerable time and money have been spent in caring for them. Of necessity, they cannot time that themselves to small numbers of children at and given time—we try to have not above 60 in our home at once, hence in institutions, the impossibility of dealing with the boy as an individual and fitting him for the social life of the community after he leaves the institution. When he has reached the working age, which is about 14 years, he starts out his new life handicapped when placed alongside the boy who has grown up in the outside world with all the culture and training of family life. At this point in his life, places like St. Phillips' Home for Industrious Boys would afford the solution of the problem. Then he would find the home conditions that it is impossible to give him in a mere institution, and would receive that individual attention to guide him and fit him to take his place in the world according to his gifts of mind and character."

No Restrictions.

I noticed that the boys at St. Phillips' Home seemed to be in the air and on a visit to their summer quarters—the magnificent Dykman Estate at 218th Street and Broadway, I asked both Brother John, whom I first met, and later Brother Barnabas. If there were no restrictions placed upon them. Both answered that they only required the boys to comport themselves as gentlemen, and this they did not attempt to inculcate by precept but by example. They never censure the lads, not even about smoking, elgarines, but trust to the subtle influences around them to instill the feelings of courtesy and manliness and suggest to them that certain habits are injurious to health. In this connection Brother Barnabas told me a funny story: "There came a boy here not long ago," he said, "who seemed at first to be a hot-blooded little rebel against all the forms of a breeding gentler than that of the streets. At dinner, the first evening, he looked

with disgust upon the napkins, 'Napkins' he said. 'Napkins' Gee, what a joint. No notice was taken of this outburst, however, and by the end of a week this same boy was using his napkin with as much satisfaction as his companions.

Source of the Recruits.

"But where you find your boys?" I asked. "Oh, here, there and everywhere," answered the Brother. "Some are told of by other boys already in the home, some are recommended by the protectorate, others we ourselves find wandering homeless about the streets, and still others come to us through the influence of our patrons and directors. Although we are a Catholic institution, we are also 'catholic'—this with a smile—"In that our boys may be of any denominations. We have no enforced religious observance save the grace before the meal, and it matters not in what condition a boy comes to St. Phillips' Home, although only those of good moral character and industrious habits are retained. If a boy, no matter what his past, be willing to take advantage of the opportunities here, both educational and ethical, but a short time elapses until one sees a decided change in the street waif. He shows a new ambition, owing to the raising of his standard of living and evinces a very practically demonstrated desire to become honest, self-supporting and a useful member of whatever his station in life."

Sunday Baseball.

The first time I visited St. Phillips' Home I was met by the disappointing news that Brother Barnabas was away, but a red-checked boy of 14 offered, most politely, to conduct me to the ball field, where he said I would find Brother John umpiring a ball game. "What?" I exclaimed. "Baseball on Sunday?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," he said. "We always are allowed to play Sunday afternoon."

And I soon found that the Brothers consider there was nothing better for the growing boy after a week of labor than innocent and hearty exercise in God's good air. The walk was a fairly lone one, as the ball field lay down the river, and the boy, seeing that I was interested, waxed enthusiastic over the various games, of which he explained there were four, from the seniors down to the midlets, as the smallest lads were cannily named.

I questioned him on many points, and he told me that all the boys paid their own board, differing in amount according to the wages earned, thus, of course, doing away with any idea of charity and inculcating in them a spirit of self-dependence and self-respect and an eagerness to achieve good positions for themselves on their own merits. Each boy also pays for his own clothing, no matter how small a sum, and a more neatly clad, fresh-looking set of lads I never beheld. No uniformity of costume prevails. Each boy selects his own clothing, thus doing away any idea of institutionalism and developing individuality of choice even in small matters. The boy also told me that they had "no end of fun at the home, and were just like one great, big family," and that when the boys left the home to board with some family either in town or country, as best suited to the nature of the employment they chose, they felt "awfully homesick at times" and came back to visit just as often as they could, to see the boys and the Brothers.

In fact, he spoke of it as I have often heard men refer to their college reunions. He said: "When a boy comes back, if he has been getting on well he often adds to the bank account opened with Brother Barnabas when he was here. If things have gone badly with him, why, he al-

ways knows he can get help here and a new start—that is, if he's been good," he added, reflectively. So I went down to the ball grounds and, meeting Brother John, watched part of a well-played game.

The Ruling Spirit.

It was left for a second visit to meet the ruling spirit of the home—Brother Barnabas. He said it would be a better way for me to get a real idea of the boys' life and their satisfaction in it to come and dine with them some evening, right as one of them, than to go by any data concerning the work with which he could furnish me.

"But would it not embarrass them," I asked, "to have a stranger, and particularly a woman, come informally among them?"

"Not at all," he replied. "We have visitors all the time, for one of our chief aims is to accustom our boys to the usages of polite society so that they may feel at ease in any company. Come unexpectedly at any time and bring any friends you wish."

So on a lovely September day two friends and myself entered the Dykman estate grounds and, walking up to the house, inquired of a group of boys for Brother Barnabas. All looked at us with polite, well-bred interest, but without curiosity, just as any group of little gentlemen might glance at strangers entering private grounds.

The brother was very pleased to see us, and as he was at the moment engaged, had one of his assistants and a couple of boys to show us over the magnificent estate. It is said that beautiful surroundings tend toward some culture, and if this true, one could not wonder that the boys were so uniformly courteous—and not with that forced courtesy that comes from being told "how to behave," but with a truly easy grace. They showed us

the conservatory, the picturesque rustic bridges, the walks through a maze of shrubbery as any host might show his guests, and when we admired some of the flowering trees, gallantly filled our arms with blossoms. Show me an institution boy who could so deport himself, or even any boy of good family from fashionable boarding schools!

The Home Life.

Returning to the house, Brother Barnabas took us in charge and we went from garret to the chef's department in the basement, where everything was as neat and clean as could be. We saw the airy bedrooms furnished with army cots, and the more luxurious beds in private rooms for any sick member of the family. We saw the laundry tubs of the great mansion, each with an ingenious shower attached for the boys to use after exercising, and finally we were led to the large dining hall, where my friends and I were separated, each being put at a different table with three or four boys of various ages. The plain dinner was most excellent, a good, thick soup, a roast with vegetables—they grew them on their own grounds—and finally a heaping plate of ice cream and a generous piece of pie, followed by coffee. In our honor Brother Barnabas treated us and all the boys to a rousing song, "St. Phillips' Home," in which everybody joined with enthusiasm. The thought of what was and what might have been in the lives of these boys so earnestly singing was enough to bring tears to one's eyes—tears of rejoicing. We were all so pleased that we entirely missed an engagement we had in the city and took our departure in haste, escorted to the subway by several of the boys.

If every city in the United States would adopt the St. Phillips' Home, and model a home of its own along the same lines, what blessings might result. As Brother Barnabas says, "the field is large and there is room for many such."

Robert J. Hogart and Mr. George B. Robinson, and it shows what standing our boys attain when you find them in good positions with prominent firms. Since 1902 about 500 boys have passed under the influence of our home and of this number 75 per cent are doing well, leading self-respecting Christian lives. Of the balance some are doing but indifferently, but very few have gone entirely away from the teachings and principles we endeavored to have them imbibe here."

Whence the Financial Support.

I asked him if they received many contributions and he told me that while presents of books, pictures, games and outings were gratefully received, he preferred any other donations to come in the form of a person joining the home as a patron. To become such costs \$10 and no single subscription is allowed to exceed that. By becoming patrons people visit the home and show a personal interest in the work and the boys, encouraging them by friendly intercourse.

Presently we adjourned to the music room, where an altogether unexpected pleasure awaited us. Under the direction of an able musical director, the boys had assembled with every sort of instrument, and very creditably performed several selections and ended with a rousing song, "St. Phillips' Home," in which everybody joined with enthusiasm. The thought of what was and what might have been in the lives of these boys so earnestly singing was enough to bring tears to one's eyes—tears of rejoicing. We were all so pleased that we entirely missed an engagement we had in the city and took our departure in haste, escorted to the subway by several of the boys.

Germany's War Losses in Africa.

London Express. Germany's war in Southwest Africa has cost \$50,000,000, which has been spent overcoming the resistance of one or two native tribes. The losses in action were heavy. Eighty-six commissioned officers were killed and non-commissioned officers numbered

220; rank and file, 1147; total, 1427. Among the colonial troops 16 officers and 195 men perished.

When Adam Got Home Late, Chicago Record-Herald. When Eve sat in the shade at night and waited while the moments passed, Of course she did not have the right When Adam came in haste at last To call him names or pull his hair Or turn her back to pout or pine. Because her loving husband never Brought any strangers home to dine.

When Adam found that he was late I wonder what excuse he made? He could not blantly tell his mate. What I tell mine when I'm delayed; He had no extra work to do. Because some clerk had gone away. There was a lack of lodger too. In good old father Adam's day.

He could not tell her that a train Had jumped the track and gone to smash. Nor that he had remained to gain A little extra bunch of cash; He could not hand his wife a check To be for her exclusive use. Thus making her fall on his neck Without demanding an excuse.

Yet Adam's case was not so bad. He had no boss to serve, 'tis true; The extra duties that he had Were far between and very few; But if upon his sleeve a hair By any chance was ever blown, Eve never asked how it got there. She always knew it was her own.

The Ideal Hostess.

Fuck. You are not greeted by the maid, SHE opens wide the door! Such warmth her welcomes pervade they thrill you to the core. You step into the living-room (Familiar non est). One lamp relieves the tender gloom, and Perhaps a fire is burning bright; before an easy chair. Or better still, a softer light is shed from two eyes there.

At first you "talk of many things" While slip the moments by; But soon Time swiftly, softly brings The talk of "you and I." The light is dim, the fire is low. No doubt you guess the rest: A penative sigh—the ember's glow— You—do what you think best.

"Good night!"—"Don't go!"—That clock is fast. (The tale is quickly told.) "No! No!"—"Oh come, this is the last!" "My, but your nose is cold!"