

50,000 ORPHANS MOURN HIS MAN AS A FATHER—THE INEXHAUSTIBLE PHILANTHROPY OF DR. BARNARDO WHO SHELTERED LONDON WAIFS.



Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo



Rescued Waif, Dr. Barnardo's Home



Carpenter's Boys Home



Laundry in Girls' Home



Trained Boys Ready to Compete in California



Boy Bootmakers, Dr. Barnardo's Home

them in special homes and along special lines before placing them out in the world. His first home began its humanitarian career in 1871, and this theory seemed to work out in satisfactory results. Then, in 1873, the Ilford village for girls was founded, followed in 1881 by the hospital for sick waifs. From time to time thereafter the remainder of the ninety-three helpful institutions were established.

During the latter years of his life Dr. Barnardo gathered in waifs at the rate of ten or eleven a day. When one home was filled to overflowing, he established another, no matter at what low ebb his bank account might be.

The widespread interest in his work was attested by the fact that he received from one thousand to three thousand letters a day, many of them containing checks. It is related that, at one time when he was sorely pressed for funds, he felt more than ever the need of a hospital building. Through ordinary business channels he undertook to secure a loan of \$250.

While he was busy with these efforts, the idea occurred to him that he was wrong in not placing his dependence in Divine Providence. "I went home straightway," he stated later, "and laid the whole matter before God." The next day a letter came from a gentleman in the south of England inclosing a check for \$500, "to be used for the purposes you have in view."

Many of the buildings—cottages, schools and chapels—used in Dr. Barnardo's work were gifts in memory of the dead. All the units in this great chain of philanthropic enterprises were made true homes in every sense of the word. More than that, they were sections of a veritable earthly paradise to the poor little creatures who had been born in cellars and garrets and left to rear themselves in the streets.

THOUSANDS SENT TO COLONIES

In consequence, there was little trouble in obtaining good homes and situations for the young people when they became old enough to assume for themselves the responsibilities of life.

Especially here always been a great demand for girls so admirably trained for domestic service. Frequently they have been engaged before they were old enough to go out, and where one was placed, there were situations open for fifty more.

Scattered all over England were the boys when they graduated from the Barnardo homes. Most of them were qualified to become expert assistants in mechanics and the trades; while thousands were placed with farmers to take up agricultural pursuits as a life business.

Throughout Canada and other British dependencies today are thousands of prosperous, happy farmers and home-owners, who delight to own that they were once Barnardo's boys, and who, but for him, would now, probably, be slouching amid the criminal and pauper riff-raff of London's slums.

No fewer than seventeen thousand children have been sent out to the colonies by Dr. Barnardo, and, as statistics show, only a cent of these have turned out badly. It is said that each child sent out from his home was well started along life's highway.

Much of the searching for slum children was done by the philanthropist in person, although no doubt a little one left at or sent to his institutions was over-turned away.

The most dangerous haunts of crime and poverty had no terror for him. Once when leaving the slums he was followed by two men for three miles. At last he turned and faced them. "What do you want?" he asked. They told him that their comrades had arranged to kill him that night, and they had followed him to protect him.

On another occasion he was set upon by a gang of girls in Drury lane and cruelly beaten with sticks, because he had taken a half-starved child from their midst, and placed it in one of the homes. The late owners had portraits of each child upon entering a home, and another when it left.

Such have been the achievements of a man who, upon beginning his great work, was compared to holy men in order to pay the few pennies weekly rent of a dingy shed.

More a real than a foster father was he to the 50,000 "nobody's children" who so sincerely mourn his loss.

HOW will "Nobody's Children" fare, now that their kind and loving foster father has been taken away from them by death?

When Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo died recently in London, he left 50,000 orphans to mourn his loss. Most of them were in England, but all over the world heart pangs were caused by news of his untimely end. This man's busy life had been devoted to

gathering homeless and friendless waifs from street and gutter. The sotsam and jetsam of humanity made up his family. He gathered the poorest, the most helpless of God's creatures and strove to make self-respecting, respected Christian men and women of them.

Dr. Barnardo maintained ninety-three homes for waifs. In these nearly nine thousand orphans were constantly clothed, fed and taught. He rescued, trained and placed

out in life over fifty thousand waifs.

Seventeen thousand children have been sent by him to Canada and other British provinces to carve careers for themselves in the world, and only 2 per cent. of these have turned out badly.

Beginning life without a shilling, Dr. Barnardo became one of the most remarkable philanthropists the world has ever seen.

NOT content simply with dreaming dreams for the betterment of his fellows, Dr. Barnardo did things. No task seemed too gigantic, no responsibility too great, if some humanitarian result could be accomplished.

Upon beginning the work, Dr. Barnardo had nothing except indomitable energy and an all-embracing love for the poor and unfortunate. After nearly forty years of loving work, his vested income amounted only to about \$12,500 a year—and this for the support of ninety-three homes and 9000 waifs.

Relaying entirely upon voluntary subscriptions—and divine assistance—he was never seriously crippled in any of his plans. When he needed money most, it came. Only last August he appealed for \$200,000 with which to wipe out a deficit on his waifs' homes. Within a week he had received \$111,888.

Shortly afterward he asked for a million shillings to add \$250,000 to the Founders' Day Fund. The first subscription, made on the spot, was for 10,000 shillings.

HE DIED A POOR MAN

Possessing the confidence of his countrymen to a remarkable degree, assistance came freely to him as the extent and commendable character of his work were better known.

That he labored purely from altruistic motives is shown by the fact that he died a poor man. Of the millions of dollars that poured in upon him from all quarters, much of it coming anonymously, nothing stuck to his fingers.

Everything that he had, everything that he could get, was devoted to the maintenance of his homes and the larger harvest of poor little neglected waifs from streets and slums.

Upon one occasion a poorly dressed woman called upon him. When shown into his office, she seemed to have no business whatever to discuss. For over an hour she sat talking on all subjects under the sun and making inquiries about the homes.

As it happened, Barnardo was desperately busy that day, and at last he said that, if she would call the day following, he would be only too glad to show her over the homes. She took the hint, and as she left she put a packet on his desk.

When the door had closed upon her, Barnardo opened the packet and found it contained \$15,000 in notes. And she had not even left her name.

Such instances were of frequent occurrence, although the amount left was seldom so large. Had Barnardo sought to benefit financially by his humanitarian reputation, he would, doubtless, have died an enormously wealthy man.

Of the ninety-three homes which Dr. Barnardo established to carry on his rescue work, eight are receiving homes, or "Ever-Open Doors," in various parts of England. The motto over each is, "No Destitute Child Ever Refused."

Here a splendid mansion, in the midst of a beautiful country, houses hundreds of little ones who have been left with no one to care for them.

For older girls in need of training for domestic service, there are training homes; there are bright and comfortable asylums for incurables and cripples, and other homes for convalescents.

These institutions are located in all parts of Great Britain, but most of them cluster about London, that great hive of physical degradation, sin and suffering.

All the boys and girls who are rescued from slum life and misery are given good educations, are taught useful trades, and, upon setting out in life for themselves, are given the helping hand and loving supervision that tend to aid them in their efforts to make good citizens and Christian men and women.

Perhaps Barnardo was led into his life-work providentially. At any rate, he had no idea of engaging in it when he went from Ireland to London in 1861, a young man of 21.

He had determined to study medicine and fit himself for the work of a medical missionary in the Orient. While studying, he established, together with several other medical students of religious tendencies, a mission in one of London's slums.

One night, after services, young Barnardo was preparing to close the little room and go home. A dirty, shabbily clad little urchin was hovering about the stove.

"You must go home now, my lad," said Barnardo. "Ain't got no home," responded the boy. "Please, mister, let me stay here by the fire to-night. I won't hurt nothin'."

"Nonsense," responded Barnardo; "your mother will be anxious about you." "Ain't got no mother." "Well, your father, then." "Ain't got no father."

"Where do you sleep, then?" inquired the now interested young man. "In sewer pipes, sheds or wherever I can," responded the boy. "Please, mister, let me stay here to-night by the fire. A sudden inspiration struck the young medical student.

"Are there any more like you without homes these wintry nights?" he asked.

"Crowds of 'em," responded the boy.

HIS FIRST PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION
The result was a bargain between waif and student. Barnardo took the boy home with him, gave him a warm supper, and then the two started out to search for more waifs.

In the first glistening alley into which Barnardo was led, his youthful guide climbed upon the roof of a shed and showed him eleven poorly clad, shivering little children huddled under the cold December sky, with no shelter and no cover.

And thrust a dirty piece of paper into his hand. "It's not much," she explained, "but it's all I've been able to save." When she had gone, Barnardo opened the paper and found therein twenty-seven farthings. That was his first public subscription.

WOMAN CARPENTER WHO REALLY WORKS

NO LONGER let it be said that a woman cannot drive a nail.

Here is a Philadelphia woman who makes her living driving nails. She is one of the most expert stair-builders in the city, and every day may be found busy at her arduous carpentry work.

Her name is Mrs. Oliver P. Ayer, and she lives at 2329 Redman street. Her husband is a stair-builder, and Mrs. Ayer works, day by day and week by week, at his side.

For some time Mr. and Mrs. Ayer have been working in new houses on Pine street, near Fifty-fourth street. Here the woman carpenter's expertness with hammer and saw has attracted considerable attention from the other workmen and visitors to the property. It also drew the following appreciative comment from Raymond T. Prettyman, the building superintendent:

"Mrs. Ayer is one of the best stair-builders that I ever saw. She and her husband make a team that is difficult to beat, and they can finish more work in a day than most teams composed of two men. They have frequently completed a flight of stairs in a day; whereas I have known two men to be twice as long doing the same amount of work."

Stepping into a new building where Mrs. Ayer is employed, a visitor would probably hear a woman's voice laughing or singing before he caught sight of the feminine stair-builder.

Although her hands have been roughened by the work, her unique employment has not detracted from her femininity. Apparently about 20 years old, and seemingly in most robust health, she laughs and jokes about her occupation—but she keeps on working.

She usually wears a heavy gray woolen skirt, with a dark shirt waist, while employed. The visitor finds her at the mitre-box sawing a panel or banister, or on her hands and knees nailing on a step.

It was after serving an apprenticeship at her husband's side for nearly three years, and in several cities, that Mrs. Ayer graduated to the ranks of expertness in stair-building. At first she took up the work for the purpose of being with him during the day; but, having learned the trade and grown to like it, she now makes it a regular occupation.

"At first," she said, in telling of her experiences, "I hammered my fingers nearly as frequently as I struck the nail. I was awkward in using the saw, but, as I grew more familiar with these tools, confidence helped

me gain a rapid mastery. Now I can go ahead and build a flight of stairs without assistance, if necessary.

"Yes, the work is hard, but I like it, and it has resulted in great improvement to my health. I have felt much better and have been stronger since I gave up housekeeping for indoor carpentry."

"Accident led me to become a stair-builder. My husband was formerly superintendent of the Montana State Institute for the Insane, but his health gave way, and he was ordered by his physicians to try active outdoor employment.

"Being a carpenter, he later took up stair-building as a specialty, and followed his vocation in various cities. We have been in Philadelphia most of this year."

"While watching Mr. Ayer at his work, I would pick up a piece of timber and try to saw it, or would drive a nail in some valueless wood. From that I advanced to sawing the banisters; then to sawing pieces of wood for the steps."



MRS. AYER AND HER HUSBAND BUILDING STAIRS

"After a time, I learned to use the hammer without endangering the lives of those around me or mashing my fingers, and I was then allowed to nail on a step or two. From that I learned to saw the panels, use the plane and level, and, in fact, all the tools of the trade."

"At first, it was only at odd times and for a few hours that my husband would allow me to stay where he was working. He objected to the appearance. I kept at it, however, gradually increasing the time of my stay and doing more work each time, until my husband got used to having me around. It has only been within the last year that I have regularly assisted in the work just as any other stair-builder."

"Even now, I do not work full time, as I remain at home for a while after the evening is over, in the morning in order to attend to my few household duties."

Some Curious Facts

Animals to the number of nearly 70,000,000 are killed yearly for the sake of their fur.

When a fish loses any of its scales, by a wound or other means, they are never renewed.

The largest moth known is the Giant Atlas, found in China, the wings of which measure nine inches across.

The wasp has been observed to waylay and rob bees while the latter, laden with honey, were returning to the hive.

Civilization does not tend to the horse's longevity. In the wild state he lives to be thirty-six or forty years old, while the domestic horse is old at twenty-five years.

"On behalf of the bears," the Berne municipality has accepted a legacy of \$70 left by an eccentric bachelor for the inmates of the well-known pits in the Swiss capital.

Near New York City there has been started a cat farm which is proving a profitable investment. The product is shipped to New York animal dealers, and sent to the owners of cats.

Among insects the most intelligent are those of the ant tribe, while next to them rank wasps. Bees usually come very lower down the scale. Bees are peculiarly stupid, but even they are not as bad as butterflies and moths.