

Where The Children of the Poor Enjoy Themselves.



about to cross the street with a companion when the saw-stroke came full speed up the street.

"Gen, let's hurry across," said the older.

"No, we mustn't," said the other, going back to the wall in all haste. "I'll bet God himself couldn't get out of the way of that thing."

One of the most pathetic things is the love that the little girls have for flowers, and their extreme ignorance about them.

"Is there any more flowers?" one little girl asked in the awe-struck tones.

"No, course they're not," replied an older girl scornfully, "they're just goods with 'umery thrown on 'em."

It is the endeavor of the institute workers to get the children into the institute classes, and what is of still more importance and really harder to do is to get them to consent to take a bath at the institute.

"Rosie was asked when she had taken a bath.

"The doctor made my mamma give me a bath after I was sick with the measles."

"Why, how long ago was that?" asked the superintendent, immediately fearing contagion.

"Why, that was when I was 8; I'm 12 now, going on 13," said Rosie, calmly.

A day or two after Rosie had been given her first bath in four years, her mother appeared at the institute and gave most gorgeously in an evident attempt to impress the women in charge.

Enough for Life.

She wanted a bath and was most effusive in thanking them for the transformation in Rosie. She took a bath and appeared promptly the next morning for another, and continued this program for four days. Then she stopped coming, and the attendants think she fancied that she was bathed enough for a lifetime.

A small boy when asked about bathing looked very much frightened, and replied that he did take a bath once, but it nearly killed him and he didn't want to try it again.

All nationalities meet on the playground, and though they are generally unable to understand a word of each other's conversation, they manage to play together, the more peaceably perhaps on account of the impossibility of argument.

Many kinky-haired, dark-skinned little tots enjoy both the playground and the institute classes, and as usual with this race they take an especial interest in religion.

Two little colored lads who had been attending Sunday school were arguing as to whether there were any "big" children in heaven, one insisting positively that there were not any there.

"Haw, course they is," said the other child triumphantly. "Did you hear the Sunday school teacher tell about nigger Demus the other day, an' he's in heaven." The argument was closed.

All the work the People's Institute is doing is good, but nothing it has ever done gives more joy to the human heart than has the providing of the playgrounds for the little children of the poor.

By Nancy Katherine Burney.

How do little children of the Portland poor amuse themselves—the sad-eyed babes of want—where do they spend their brief playtimes?

If these questions had been asked a year ago the answer would have been: In the streets and back alleys and along the waterfront. If one named all the places where children shouldn't play it would give a pretty good idea where they did spend their play time. Where else should they go? Of course, the plaza blocks were there, as green, perhaps greener, because the children shunned them, than the two of those blocks are now. But a plaza block did not then make an exciting playground—there was nothing there but grass and trees, and the children were told not to climb the trees, and, anyway, the "cop" was always watching.

A few, a very few, had paid memorable visits to the City park, and returned to flaunt their superior adventures of travel over their less fortunate friends, and to regale a special "gang"

with tales of their wonderful adventures there. They told of live animals and real flowers and swings—real swings, where you could swing as long as you liked "for nothin'"; but even this Garden of Eden was not without a snake; you could only look at the animals through the iron bars of the cages; the flowers of wondrous colors were not to be picked, and you could not sit on the soft lawn and eat your luncheon, for numerous signs warned you to "Keep off the grass."

People's Institute's Work.

And then the People's Institute took the matter in hand and asked the park committee to grant two plaza blocks for a children's playground. The two blocks across the street from the custom house were obtained for the purpose and were appropriated to fit them up for the special use of the children. The People's Institute agreed to engage a superintendent for every afternoon during the winter and for all day during the summer and a special policeman was to be on duty there from

12 m. to 5 p. m.

Two of the old cheerless plaza blocks have been transformed and the children of the poor have a real playground where they can "do things" and do them "for nothin'."

When the playground was first started the children were distrustful of such good fortune, but the ones who did venture through the gates of the girls' block, which was fenced in, came back with such glowing accounts of the new playground and the lady who was always there and who told beautiful stories of the things that might have happened if fairies and gnomes had their way that the heroines of trips to the City park were deserted and the "playground kids" became the notables of the hour.

Little by little the children gained confidence; nothing was expected of them beyond having a good time and playing fair, so the "playground kids" gained in number and importance, until every spare moment was spent there and their old bugaboo, the "cop," became their best friend and was often

appealed to for the time of day, especially on school days.

Where the Little Girls Play.

The girls' playground is furnished with every variety of swings, and spinning jennys and see-saws are there for those who prefer a more strenuous amusement. The younger children have sand boxes, where they can build castles and make pies to their hearts' content. Next year it is hoped that money will be forthcoming to build a pavilion where the institute classes may be held. The boys' block is not fenced, although it should be, in order to keep the men from bothering the lads. Around the whole block is a race track, and there is a handball court, horizontal and swinging bars, climbing poles and swings, and these make the time pass agreeably for the little fellows, who without the means of using their surplus energy in harmless sport, would probably find themselves in the juvenile court much oftener if it were not for the playground.

NEW BOOKS AND THEIR PUBLISHERS

HISTORY OF NORTH AMERICA—Volume XVII, edited by Dr. Guy Carleton Leveson.

South—By Philip Alexander Bruce, corresponding secretary Virginia Historical Society.

In the editorial introduction Dr. Leveson says: "The subject of the south since the Civil war is a complex one. The years offer such examples of heroic effort, such persistent struggle, such triumphant result, that the historian finds himself tending to an exaltation of mind that requires the strictest control to reduce to matter-of-fact statement. The author of the present volume has felt the inspiration and the necessary restraint incident to his division of the history of North America. Himself a native of the south and in close touch with the tremendous advance that has sprung up in the great admiration as did the heroism of the south in the Civil war, an active participant, indeed, in the movement that has made the south of today, he is particularly fitted to write on the subject assigned him. His personal knowledge has given him the point of view of the southerner, and the training in accurate investigation which enabled him to produce the histories associated with his name has caused him to expand his field of observation to all accessible data."

Thus the editor, introducing the author, forecasts the value and authenticity of the work and stimulates an interest in the reader which Mr. Bruce has found no trouble in holding throughout the volume. The period to be covered in this portion of the work begins just after the decade of reconstruction. The last federal soldier was withdrawn from the south in 1876, but as the author says: "The calamitous inheritance from devastating war, and a political regime even more destructive, could not terminate all at once, the poisonous growth that had sprung up could not be cut away in a night, nor could the malignant influence spread abroad die away in a day. A decade was to pass before the south would give unmistakable signs of a new birth of prosperity in every department of industry. The period between 1880 and 1890 is the most remarkable in its recent history, for it was in the interval that the southern states really shook off the first time the frightful after-effects of the years of war and reconstruction."

The author does not confine his history to this period, however, as he brings it up to date, but uses it rather as the birth period of the "New South." The feature that will give this volume its greatest permanent value as a reference book is the exceptionally clever manner in which the author has classified and systematized his material. In this age the reader, or even the average student, has not time to delve through pages of miscellaneous matter to find one fact or comparative figures, and when a history or book of reference has its material so arranged that the information desired can be found quickly, under its own specific heading, the value of the work is doubled. This classification has characterized every volume of this great history, but it is particularly noticeable in this one.

complex problem of the south, past and present, with all the elements and conditions which have brought it to its present status and showing its economic relations with present problems. The resources of the south and their development are then taken up under various heads, as "The Product of the Farm"—forests, sea, mines, hand and machine, and one or more chapters are devoted to each. Then we find the growth of cities, exports and imports, financial and transportation facilities, educational, literary, social and political conditions, and the work concludes with a general summary of the whole. Much of the heavy part of the book is necessarily statistical, but is of immense value and full of information. In presenting the educational side of the south we can notice, in view of well-known facts made public largely through the Southern Industrial Educational association that the author is something of an apologist, for in every case where truth compels him to give figures and facts not complimentary to the south, he finds excellent cause for their existence—all true, but lamentable, and yet given with such genuine conviction that conditions and not the people are to blame for them.

In speaking of the invasion of the south by the compulsory school law, Mr. Bruce jars a sensitive nerve in Oregon when he says: "Missouri and Oregon are the only American commonwealths that have not the borders of the south which have so far failed to adopt a compulsory attendance law." Oregon has not failed to adopt a law as well as incorporate a clause in its child labor law, but has never succeeded in making it strong enough to be enforced by an administration that didn't want to enforce it.

The chapter devoted to literature casts a less brilliant light on southern achievement than on any other subject the author presents. "Except Poe, who is now justly considered with Hawthorne to have been one of the only two noblest poets that has been written in the United States since the end of the war. Even in the field of literature which the author does not attempt to favorably compare with other sections of the nobler poets that has been written in the United States since the end of the war. There are now at play in the larger centers of southern population influences that are certain to improve the literary taste of men and women capable of fine literary achievement."

chronological table as those before it, and has a great number of handsome illustrations, none of which is subject to criticism save the portraits of Andrew Carnegie, which seems incongruous, and can only be excused as the donor of several monumental libraries which illustrate his generosity to the south.

The portrait of Booker T. Washington is much more significant of the new south, as it speaks volumes for industrial and race development, while the other savors of benefits unearned. On a general survey, however, the book is not far to be impressed at the magnificent manner in which the author has handled a difficult subject, with justice at every point, and yet with that inspired admiration which is illuminating and helpful. George Barrie & Sons, 1313 Wall Street, Philadelphia.

"Brier-Pack Philosophy"—By "Peter Rabbit," translated by William J. Long. As one turns almost nauseated from the overabundance of fiction, yet too weary from the wear and tear of the world to read its quiet, convincing way one hardly notices the rapture. If Mr. Long's philosophy of "Peter Rabbit" and learn the sweet reasonableness of human life as well as the sweet reasonableness of animals so near together.

It is a rare book in its restfulness, and the wholesome outlook it gives one on life of all kinds and its possibilities. It is not, as one might infer from its title, an animal story, or book for children. The character of the "Rabbit" is simply assumed in order to look at every doubtful question in an impartial way. The author rides no hobby, he challenges no controversy, and he insists upon no scientific theories; he simply takes the "Rabbit's" view of animal and human life and works it out with sweet reasonableness.

they will not return to their accustomed haunts; and since they love the accustomed haunts they put off the journey as long as possible. When the time comes if they are not hurried swiftly away in the meantime, they go down to sleep, still thinking to put off the journey. What follows the sleep we do not know. Our first sleep is perhaps as great a mystery as our last. To sleep at all, to lose consciousness of the glad bright world in a mass of darkness and dreams, would seem a terrible thing if we had not become accustomed to it when we were too young to think. So with this last sleep whose long silence puzzles us. We expect to awaken and nature has never yet deceived us. Therefore, we sleep at all, as we have lived, gladly and without anxiety."

Mr. Long has shown a wonderful breadth of observation and his pure simplicity of style makes his writings a pleasure to read. He is a healthy, vigorous and inspiring. No one could read it and not be better morally and have purer thoughts, and a book that will do this without leaving an aftermath of a question mark when it is read is a rare thing. The book is published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. Price \$1.50.

"The Upper Hand"—By Emerson Gifford Taylor. This is a tale so full of life and vigor, it almost seems to belong to a past age, and without a redeeming moral to lighten its somber effect. Squire Warden was what he pleased to term himself, "a respectable member of society." He was scrupulous in all the observations demanded of that position, careful of his appearance, and regular in his habits, and exceedingly proud of his ancestors, and felt it his duty to become as rich as possible, with little regard as to how the money came. In achieving his wealth two instances came to the notice of the villagers of Kingsford: one when he made the will of Zilba Wilder and the money came to himself instead of to a worthless son, James, and the other when he foreclosed and took the mill property away from shiftless French.

The story is one of mystery from beginning to end. It opens with the maid finding Squire Warden one morning in a disheveled condition, the room in disorder and the squire suffering from a severe burn on the wrist, and a tiny girl, the permanent guest of the home. Instead of unraveling as the story goes on it becomes more and more complicated, and when trouble arose at the pull with young French as leader, and a certain Captain Bassett appears, a little light begins to break, but the cretinity and inhumanity of the man who had the upper hand makes a story almost repulsive and hardly credible, while it is neither elevating nor educational; but it has the merit of being interesting and without a page that can be omitted without losing the thread of the story. A. S. Barnes & Co. Price \$1.50.

The second of Langdon Warner's papers on Khiva, in the October Century, a description of "Khiva from the Inside," has reproductions of a number of photographs made by Mr. Warner during his sojourn in that almost forbidden city. These are probably the first pictures ever made in that remote and little known spot, where Mr.

WORLD'S CHAMPION BULLDOG OWNED BY WOMAN

(By a Staff Correspondent.)
W H Y English women who exhibit dogs for prizes at shows should affect bulldogs, especially the champion bulldog of the canine species, in preference to any other type, must ever remain a psychological puzzle to the mere man. The most successful exhibitors of bulldogs in England are women.

Mrs. Edgar Waterlow has just achieved a world's record with her Nuthurst Doctor, which at the London Bulldog society's show has just registered his eighteenth championship. Moreover, these championships have been won in a fair field; not by the too frequent process of following the same judge round the country. No less than 18 different judges have accorded championships to Nuthurst Doctor. He has won more than 500 prizes. At this last show he was awarded no less than 11 "specials." So far as show purposes are concerned, "The Doctor"—as he is fondly called by his legion of admirers—is the monarch of bulldogdom. His supremacy in ugliness there is none to dispute. Money could not buy him. His fair owner has refused \$5,000 for him. She is a wealthy woman, and has gone in for breeding bulldogs as a hobby, and to win prizes by exhibiting them. A slender delicate-looking little woman, without the faintest suggestion of anything "sporty" about her, she is about the last person in the world one would set down as the owner of the world's champion bulldog.

"At first," she told me, "I was disposed to take up horse breeding as a hobby, but you cannot keep a foal by your side continually, and somehow I always wanted something that I could look after personally and make a companion of. My husband made me a present of a German Garden fawn, being a serial collector of animals, and the story of the Williams goes merrily on. Besides these there are several short stories. All the departments, such as kitchen, dress and fashion, art and literature, are well sustained, with several new features added.

POISONOUS BEANS

Their Importation From Java Stopped by the French.

The importers of dry beans at Marseilles, where this trade is considerable, are much agitated in consequence of the interpretation placed on the fact that certain livestock in various parts of Europe died after eating Javanese beans. Four cases of poisoning were established after their arrival in Hanover. Another case was established in Scotland clearly due to Javanese beans. At Paris some horses died from the same cause, and in the Kurs some barnyard animals were poisoned. These accidents in France were noticed in relation to beans which could not be sold



Mrs. Waterlow and Nuthurst Doctor.

brother also, and offered him for 10 pounds (50) at which price my husband bought him mainly that Bill might have some one of his kind to frolic with as he grew up and not feel lonesome. "Bill died young, and the dog bought for a mere song to provide him with a playmate has lived, as you know, to beat all championship records, and is today worth a small fortune. Yet I have always believed that Bill, had he lived, would have proved the finer dog. But after Bill went I transferred all my affections to the Doctor. His looks—as is always the case with bulldogs when properly treated—betray his character. He

is as gentle and playful as a kitten. For all the blue ribbons that have been tied to his collar he isn't a bit stuck up, and has no idea that he is the finest bulldog that ever faced a judge. Only once has he shown any temper. That was when a postman tried to hit him with a stick. The postman missed, but the Doctor didn't, and that postman never tried to hit him again."

The Doctor is only five years old, but is already the grandfather of several prize winners. There are now 23 bulldogs at Mrs. Waterlow's kennels, most of them the Doctor's progeny.

for allotment in Holland, Germany and Scotland.

Mr. Piazza explains that the further importation of these beans will be fought by his syndicate, and that the Burmah beans have never given cause for complaint or administrative measures. "We are persuaded," he writes, "that the administration will maintain rigorous measures only against Java beans, alone dangerous and destructive. We are at your disposition to submit type samples of Burmah white beans to the interested services. The importance of the interests engaged is so considerable that a prompt decision should be forthcoming."

Immediate Relief. "Yes," replied Mrs. Lapsing, "Bophron suffers terribly from neuralgia. The only relief she ever gets is when she has an epidemic inserted in her arm."

The Machine. From the New York Tribune. The battleship "cannot go to the back," says the Cuban insurgents. True, but they seem to forget that the machine can.