

A DAY WITH THE LITTLE TOTS

How the Motherless and Fatherless Infants of Portland Are Made Happy and Cared For in Loving Manner by Their Gentle Guardians.

WHAT person would have a queer sort of a heart who would not be interested and touched by the little toddlers and the helpless infants at the Baby home.

Such little waifs to have such big histories—big in pathos and big in potentiality. Which one of the 23 would most interest another visitor? I cannot, of course, say, but to me the two weakest baby girls given up for adoption, was the most appealing.

Each Has Its Own Bed.

In the baby dormitory each in its little white bed were the first and second sized babies, these from two days to a year old. Thirteen little, white beds and from these in sole, in dust, and in fire issued the imperious demand for food and for attention.

Even little monster was able to join in with a lusty cry which bore no trace of foreign accent.

What would the "men with one chicken" do in such a situation? Wouldn't some of us who think we know a thing or two about babies get nervous trying to take care of 13 babies all at once? And wouldn't the dinner get mixed? But "there's nothing like system," said the good house matron in charge, and I think she knows, for certainly the babies were admirably handled.

It is pleasant to see what generous provision is made for their comfort, now that they are in the new building. Wide and ample hallways, smooth, well-kept and sanitary floors, big sunny windows and carefully screened broad verandas where, even in rainy weather, the babies can play safely and happily. The fine wire screen keeps out obnoxious insects, lets in the sunshine, and keeps in the babies.

How the larger toddlers enjoyed having their picture taken. Not that they quite knew what it was all about, but it is always pleasant to be the object of attention. Coming indoors again was, however, a different matter, and I could not but laugh at the lugubrious note which one small boy set up, and the pertinacity with which he followed me about, placing himself directly in my path, lifting up his streaming countenance and producing a deep and mellow howl. The course of reasoning was plain. I had been in some way the cause of that breach of freedom, ergo, I might be moved by such manifest sorrow to repeat the experience. That the young man considered himself a moving spectacle was very evident. His performance was interest-

ing, but a little overdone from the artistic standpoint.

Details of Housekeeping.

It is very interesting to see the kind of housekeeping, its equipments and its details, which cares for so large a family. So many little high chairs; so many kinds of cereal foods; so many little garments and all in perfect order; so many baby bath tubs; so many nursing bottles; so many jars of sterilized water, labeled with each tiny infant's name and containing the rubber nipple for his or her exclusive use—these things are particularly interesting to all mothers and careful housekeepers. It is worthy of passing notice that since its inception, the inmates of the Baby home have had the best medical attention in the city, which has been given gratuitously. What that means in personal sacrifice of time to a busy medical man, taking into consideration the distance to be traveled and the uncertainties of suburban car service, we may consider, and be reproved for our very indifference to the welfare of others.

Through many years of ups and downs, the Baby home has welcomed, cared for and passed on into happy homes or to the sheltering care of other institutions several hundred infants. Some of these are now on the verge of manhood and womanhood, some are the light of the homes of foster parents; all have had a chance.

Of the causes which bring the little ones here, it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. The usual reason is the desertion of the little family by the father. The mother must turn bread-winner and so, reluctantly, she puts her little ones into other hands and bravely faces the future. A little brother and sister I saw whose mother, cruelly deserted by the man who had promised to "love and to cherish" is working hard to pay for their support at the home.

Poor Little Orphans.

Perhaps the next in point of numbers is the class of cases in which one parent has died. If the father, the mother's situation is the same as in the first instance. If the mother has left, her babies half-orphaned the helpless father, turns to this association to look after his motherless children. One such case was spoken of, where the mother of six children died, and the father brought three of them to the Baby home. Two have grown beyond its age limit and been taken to the Catholic home at Beaverton, one still remains.



EXTERIOR OF THE BABY HOME.

There are other cases where the family has broken up by dissenation and a baby left without its birthright of love and home.

Most pathetic of all, though not by any means the most numerous is the case of waifs brought into the world under the stigma of shame and sin and abandoned before they have ever known a mother's care.

There used to be a foolish notion that such an institution as the Baby home fostered crime, affording an easy escape from the responsibilities of unwelcome motherhood. Such a feeling is now seldom met. One has but to consider a moment what would be the heritage of the unwelcome little stranger, if it survived under such inauspicious a beginning, or the other possibility, that the little new life might come to an untimely end. To know that the home which takes in and cares for such unfortunate and finds them permanent homes is an education away from, rather than an encouragement toward, the dark side of paternity.

The larger influence of the Baby home, its education along domestic lines of the unfortunate mothers who have placed their babies there, the strengthening of the ties which bind mother and child, as she works for its support, the loving care which each child as it goes out into the school world, and the far-reaching beneficence of the institution to the state, cannot be fully told.



LITTLE ONES TAKING THE AIR.

The block which is now occupied by the Baby home was a gift from Mr. and Mrs. Kern and the funds for building were given by general subscription. The state furnishes an annual appropriation and the remainder of its financial and supplies are provided by individual subscription.

The board of directors is made up of Mrs. L. M. Cox, Mrs. David Dalgleish, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Adolph Wolfe, Mrs. D. C. Burns and Hon. H. H. Northrup. The advisory board consists of Hon. George H. Williams, Hon. W. W. Cotton, Dr. A. W. Moore, A. H. Birrell, Paul Westinger, H. C. Eckenberger, F. S. Dunning, Mrs. W. C. Alvord, Mrs. H. W. Scott, Miss Felling, Miss Williams and Mrs. H. W. Goddard.

F. S. Akin is secretary, A. L. Keenan, treasurer; Mrs. H. B. Robertson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. O. M. Booth, vice-president; while through many strenuous years Mrs. L. W. Sitton has been the president, and has given freely, as in her wont, of time and money and personal service to build up and increase the efficiency of the cause which is so near her heart.



WHERE THE LITTLE ONES SLEEP.

Austria's Richest Citizen an Archduke



ARCHDUKE FREDERICK. THE ALBRECHT PALACE IN VIENNA.

BY Russell Holmes. ACCORDING to the income-tax returns recently published, Austria's richest citizen has an income of something over \$2,000,000 a year, for which he is taxed more than \$100,000. That fact, which has been called to America, may have aroused curiosity as to whom the individual is and how he came to accumulate such a vast fortune.

He is the Archduke, Frederick Marie Albert William Charles of Teufen. He offers no such incentive to the straggling poor youth as do the self-made multi-millionaires of America, for he never worked for a living, nor have his ancestors for generations back. He inherited his great possessions. But that

fact does not appear in the least to diminish his enjoyment of them. He is a chubby-faced man, with nose of those deep, care-worn furrows, one is accustomed to see on the faces of those great American financial magnates who started in life with what Andrew Carnegie has declared to be the most blessed of all inheritances—poverty. He has a good appetite, and his stomach has never gone back on him. He is never troubled with insomnia. He has an abundant crop of hair, and all his teeth are sound.

Strange Birds at Crater Lake

GOVERNMENT ornithologists and zoologists, who have been making a study of Crater Lake park and carrying on investigations regarding the bird and animal life of the park, have found the park contains many birds and animals that are found nowhere else in the west. It is believed that, under the protecting hand of Uncle Sam Crater Lake park will become a great "zoo," not of imported curiosities but of many birds and animals living and thriving in their own natural element.

It is found that the park contains not only the common deer of the western mountains but also the mule, or white-tailed, deer. A few elk have also wandered across the line and will find a safe retreat in the park. Brown and black bear are found in the hemlock forests. There is a species of mammoth porcupine that makes its home near the lake, with such neighbors as woodchuck and chipmunk. Near Mount Thielsen is a colony of beaver,

possibly the only colony of these interesting animals in all the western states. Rare Birds and Animals. Among the birds are the raven, eagle, crossbill and eagle. On account of its high altitude, which ranges from 5,000 to 8,000 feet, with an abundance of snow the entire summer, very few of the common birds of the lowlands and valley venture up there, with the exception of the robin, the lark and the hummingbird. Once in a while a snow-white plover, a wanderer from Fallon bay, visits Crater lake. Ducks, mostly of the mallard kind, find an undisturbed retreat on the lake but do not nest there. The porcupine of Crater Lake park is especially interesting from the fact that it is much larger than the common porcupine of the west and east. This Crater lake porcupine is as large as the Asiatic species, reaching a length of two or three feet without the tail. Its principal characteristic is its ornament of spines and quills. The forest has

rather than retard its work of gathering food.

Both the crossbill and the magpie are very tame and soon become intimately acquainted with visitors and campers; in truth, the magpie becomes too familiar, as he will pounce down and help himself to any dish the table is laden with when the camper spreads his table in the open.

Colony of Rare Beavers.

The most interesting of all the animals of Crater Lake park is the colony of beavers which have their dam across a mountain stream near the foot of Mount Thielsen. This Oregon beaver differs from the well-known Canadian species in that it is smaller and without the flat tail. But it is just as skillful as a hydraulic engineer, and just as cunning in its constructive ability. There are about 100 or 150 little workers in this colony, and their dam is fully 1,000 feet long, being 15 feet wide on the bottom and four feet wide on top. The dam is seven feet high and is built to stay, despite the heavy freshets of winter and early spring. They are expert woodcutters. When they hew down a pine or hemlock they waste no part of it. The trunk and limbs they cut into proper lengths for building or repairing their dam, and the bark is peeled and carried into their burrows for a winter's food supply.

English Novel and the Decalogue

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

ACCORDING to a recent charge of the bishop of Norwich, the English novel of today has declared war on the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount, and is doing its utmost to introduce into English homes the morality of the slums and the jungle. His lordship, it appears, has carefully examined some 80 London stories, and out of this number "17 strive to be good, 10 are indifferent, and 53 are bad." Below the terrace of the palace is the Albert fountain, with figures representing the chief rivers falling into the Danube. Seldom living amidst these great treasures, the archduke and his family spend most of their time in another palace at Presburg, the ancient capital of Hungary.

Not only so, if the bishop slips up the situation correctly, the English people are in a bad way.

No people that mock and ridicule the English people have but to turn to their great Shakespeare to learn how absolute the moral law is, how independent of all human convention and ruling, and how it keeps right on about its business, utterly regardless of man's folly or contempt. The good bishop deprecates, among other things, the "infidelity" of the novels in question, and as a churchman the bishop could not very well do anything else than to lament the afore-said lack of faith; but it were well to bear in mind the fact that far worse than any infidelity of the letter of the

Paris Owes Messenger Service to American

By R. F. Tate.

IT will soon become generally recognized that the best way to get a novel enterprise successfully launched in a European city is to put it in the hands of an American girl. One of the chief obstacles to the introduction of up-to-date things in these old world communities is red tape. The more there is of it, the more of a social there are whom it provides with snug billets. Therefore, they resist all innovations until they are able to impose all manner of absurd rules, regulations and restrictions upon them—in short, tie them up with their blessed red tape.



MISS DAISY ANDREWS AT HER DESK IN PARIS.

In Paris another American girl, Miss Andrews, erstwhile of New York, has accomplished a far more momentous feat—one which many men had essayed before and failed. She has established the long-needed messenger boy service. Already one may note smart, soldierly lads in a dark gray uniform, speeding along the Avenue de l'Opera, the Rue de la Paix, or the Boulevard des Italiens, with a dreadfully determined get-out-of-the-way look in their smug, youthful faces.

Not content with applying the Anglo-American system to Paris, Miss Andrews has improved upon it by introducing two innovations. It occurred to her to add a cyclist call at the same price as the other calls. By this means long distance errands are much more rapidly accomplished. Secondly, there will be a police service attached to the call box. A Jeweler, we will say, sets the ledger at "Police" before leaving his business. The burglar will inevitably

come into contact with some wire connecting with the ledger, will get it ringing in the call office of the quarter and will be pounced upon by the police whilst he is unsuspectingly filling his pockets with diamonds and pearls.

Lives in Nature's Heart

Must Be Fearless Men.

THE examinations for forest reserve positions are conducted under civil service rules. To pass these examinations a man must be of sound body, the requirements in this respect being pretty much the same as of that of the army. He must have good eyes and good ears; must know how to pack a horse, make a camp in the woods and fight a forest fire, and must be absolutely fearless. The rangers are paid from \$60 to \$75 a month.

Every day the ranger patrols his district, that is, he walks across it, making a careful note of everything and keeping a sharp lookout for smoldering campfires. He carries a few cooking utensils on his back, also his rifle, ax and a little food with which he prepares his noonday meal out on the trail. By night he is back at his main camp. This daily patrol, though lonely, is a daily silent march through a land of everlasting greenness in which the ranger is a monarch and all the wild things of the deep woods are his subjects. There is a strange fascination in this life of the ranger. "Once in the woods, always in the woods" the "old men" of the business declare. That it is a healthful pursuit is attested by the fact that no other branch of the governmental service can show so great percentage of "nearly perfect" men as is found in the forest patrol.

The ranger's greatest difficulty is in protecting the forest against fire set by careless hunters and campers. Especially is this true in districts traversed by wagon roads and pack trails. Post Warning Notices. At every turn of these roads and trails and at each camping place warning notices are posted conspicuously. These warning notices state, in big type, that campfires must not be left burning or smoldering, that the fire must be smothered or quenched and that it must not be built against a log or standing tree. The penalty for which violators are liable is \$50 fine or imprisonment for a term of several years or both. Each ranger, as a governmental officer, has full power to arrest. But in spite of the warning notices and the threats of fine and imprisonment hunters and campers will leave their campfires burning or ruthlessly set fire to logs and standing trees "just to see them burn."

When the ranger discovers lawbreakers of this sort, no matter how many of them there may be, it is his duty to make arrests and to take them in custody. To arrest a man or party of men out in the wilds, where there are none to come to one's assistance at the call of a whistle, is a far different matter from making an arrest on a crowded street. It is at times like this that the real bravery of the ranger manifests itself.

all is well, but when women become arrogant, when women give to the world where she can see nothing holy in the world, then we very fondly believe and the end is not far off. Let us hope that, despite the will from the bishop of Norwich, the men and file of the British people are not heart of oak, and that the world of which he complains is not made by the degeneration of London, even.