

Home for Friendless Old Ladies

"YOU MAY light another's candle at your own without loss." A visitor to the Patton Home is strongly reminded of that old proverb when he notes the unfeigned delight of the old people there in seeing someone with whom they can talk. Human intercourse is a great thing. Loneliness is something that humanity abhors, and sad as it may be to see a young person all alone in the world it is sadder to see a friendless old person with everything behind him and nothing before him but memories, memories—and more memories, of the dead past.

It was probably with some such thought in mind that the Patton Home for the Friendless was founded, that several old people alone in the world might come together and make up to one another, in what measure is possible, for home ties severed by death or something worse.

In December, 1887, the Ladies' Union Relief society was organized for general benevolent purposes, and in 1889 "The Home for the Friendless" was incorporated. Mathew Patton, a fine old pioneer of Oregon, offered to give a block of land to any society which would agree to build thereon a charitable institution to cost not less than \$1,000 in a specified time. The society was small but decided to take advantage of the offer. Articles of incorporation were drawn up and filed, stating that the corporation should be known as the "Patton Home for the Friendless" to provide assistance, food, clothing, fuel and the necessaries of any kind for the poor, afflicted and friendless.

First Officers.

The incorporated officers were Mrs. Mary A. Knox, president; Mrs. Mary Foster, vice-president; Mrs. Frelove Delay, treasurer; Mrs. Eva A. Cline, secretary; Mrs. Mary H. F. Evans, corresponding secretary. The society appointed a board of trustees to serve for a year, namely: Dr. J. J. Fisher, Rev. W. O. Forbes, Captain W. H. Foster, Dr. N. S. Spinney and W. P. Watson. The time given to build was one year and the society worked faithfully, clearing the block at an expense of \$200, but the year drew to a close and their work was only begun. Mr. Patton extended the time another year, in view of the society's earnest efforts, and with a series of socials, suppers, excursions, and donations they were able to fulfill the conditions at the end of the year.

On June 15, 1890, the cornerstone was laid, and Mathew Patton, the donor, an old man of 85 years, placed the copper box containing the papers and documents into the aperture in the cornerstone. In that box are a copy of the Oregonian of September 8, 1883, describing the first transccontinental trip to Albina, one of June 14, 1890, with a history of the Ladies' Union Relief society, a copy of the Albina Herald of April 14, 1893, of the Albina Courier, March 5, 1887, a copy of the first charter of Albina, the original bond of the deed from Mathew Patton, a copy of the society by-laws and names of members, a sketch and photograph of Mr. Patton, a photograph of the architect, P. Chappelle Brown, and a copy of the Albina Weekly Courier of June 14, 1890.

Some Hard Times.

Since the building of the home the work has progressed steadily and many new helpers have joined the ranks to take up the work. There have been periods of great difficulty when it has seemed that the home could not hold its own, but with the zeal of workers who knew their efforts would not be wasted the hard times were tided over till now the home is in a better state of prosperity than ever before. At the last legislature its appropriation, for it



MRS. MARY A. KNOX
FIRST PRESIDENT THE FIRST PATTON HOME FOR AGED WOMEN.

has for several years had state help in its support, was the only one increased and when the petition for \$10,000, which is double the amount formerly received was granted, the women of the society were more surprised than anyone else. But virtue will find its reward, so it is said, and the committee from Salem that visited the home to inspect the expenditure of former sums granted, spoke so highly of the home that the petition which had been sent in partly in desperation was readily granted. And in addition to securing the funds thus supplied the patrons of the home have the satisfaction of knowing that this committee reported it to be the best conducted and most economical institution of its kind in the state. They said that the little given the home in former years had been so well expended and made to go so far that the home was entitled to more to see how much could be done with it. So, perhaps as an experiment of curiosity, the request for more money was granted.

An Ideal Home.

The home is a large, roomy structure with a large veranda running the full length of the building and furnishing a splendid view of the hills, river and mountains. And this view is one of the greatest sources of delight and pride to the old inmates of the home. On the first floor in the new annex there is a large, cheery sitting-room where the old people gather for their services and concerts. There is a piano and an organ, and soon, at their own request, there will be a photograph. The old sitting room is used as a living room and opens off from a large dining room. The kitchen in the rear is in perfect order and furnishes a good place for "homey" environments. Excepting the entrance hall, which is large and pleas-

ant, the other rooms on this floor are all bedrooms and given to the older and less active of the occupants. Some of these have to have their meals served in their rooms, so old and feeble are they.

The second story is entirely bedrooms. The rooms are pleasant and each reflects the character of its occupant. There is as much difference between the rooms as is found in one's own home. In some innumerable pictures cover the walls, prints from magazines, photographs of friends, picture cards and anything to make it look more livable.

Best Room in House.

One little woman arose with a smile from her darning to greet her visitors and insisted that she had the best room in the house because she would not take anything for her view of the mountains. Her window ledge was lined with flowering plants, and there were cheerful blossoms on her low table. Pictures covered her walls and old-fashioned drapes on her chairs probably made her feel more at home.

In another room was an elderly German woman whose plump ruddy countenance reminded one of a bright tin pan freshly scrubbed with soap, so radiantly did it shine out good will and cleanliness. A huge feather mattress had been piled on the conventional bed fixings, and in true German style her fluffy bed towered five feet high into the room and one instinctively glanced around for a step ladder. Covering her trunk was a large crocheted cover, spotlessly white and everything on her table and dresser was arranged with German precision and symmetry. And the kind-hearted woman clasped their hands in sympathy and sincere grief and mourned unreservedly when told that the pres-



PATTON HOME.

ident of the home, Mrs. Theodore Nicolai, had gone to Hot Springs because of a bad attack of neuralgia.

San Francisco Refugee.

One room is occupied by a lovely old lady who escaped from San Francisco after the disaster, but who lost her possessions there and is now in the home without any immediate relatives to care for her. A room of interest containing one of the most interesting characters in the house is that of Miss Hawkins, the only occupant under 50 year of age, and she is blind. But her mind is wide-awake and brilliant and she is full of information which she is eager to give to anyone who wishes to listen.

Here indeed is an opportunity to give one's light for Miss Watkins welcomes her guests most cordially and begs them to remain while she shows them her library, which is large and interesting, and brings out the new magazine with its new system of blind reading in point instead of letters. She is fairly steeped in knowledge of her kind and is so ready to give it away could she only find a sympathetic listener. When you can stay no longer she follows you into the hall, still talking rapidly of her literature and inviting you to come again.

Not all the occupants are entirely on charity. Those who are able pay what they can toward their support and lend that much help to the home. Some pay the entire sum, which at its largest is

small, only to have the home care and surroundings. Others pay a part, and still others can pay nothing and have no friends to help them. These are given the same treatment, the same kind of room and the same accommodations in every way as the paying occupants. Many rooms are furnished by city organizations. The Jewish council has a room, and the British Benevolent society, the Eastern Star and several other lodge organizations. Some of these societies merely furnish the room and turn it over to the home management; others choose their own occupants and hold them at their special charge. The oldest occupants there now have been there 14 years.

The home is like one big family, and all gather together at certain hours and

enjoy each other's company. Mrs. L. E. Lambert is the matron, and she has two or three girls who assist her in caring for her charges. And it is not a mournful family, either. They laugh and try to get what enjoyment is left for them during the few remaining years of life. There is one old lady who sings and plays, and the other occupants are her most conscientious and devoted listeners at all hours of the day. And they talk proudly of the time they have been in the home, and one of their delights is to get a visitor to guess at the ages of the oldest ones. The visitor should always have enough foresight to guess 10 years or so below the probable mark, and a cackle of delight, or a disdainful chuckle will follow as the old folk try unphantly add on the extra years and gloat over your surprise. It is just another case like the young woman in her twenties whom the gallant will always guess to be in her teens.

Red-Letter Day.

Every month on the third Tuesday a tea is given at the home by the board, and these are red-letter days in the history of the old folk. They put on their best gowns and come downstairs and wear the manners of their younger days. In June there is the annual tea to attract their attention, and this is a greater day than the Fourth of July. On most holidays the Warren Bible class or the Flower Mission or some other organization visits the home and conducts a program. And all these visits are delightful to the old people, because they bring a touch of the outside world to which they themselves seldom go.

There are now 46 occupants in the home and some of these are old men. The men's rooms are confined to one wing of the building and there, too, is a ward for old men who are subject to the drink habit. They are kept away from the rest of the home and everything is done for their cure.

Honorary Members.

The old officers of the home have for the most part retired now from active work, but Mrs. Mary A. Knox, who was the first president and one of the founders, keeps up her interest energetically. Since the incorporation 28 years ago she has missed only five of the monthly meetings and has been one of the active workers in securing subscriptions and help for the home. She, with Mrs. Charles Evans, Mrs. Mary Foster, Mrs. Frelove Delay and Mrs. Eva Ford Cline, have been made honorary members, but she alone retains an active officership, that of second vice-president. The present officers are: President, Mrs. Theodore Nicolai; vice-president, Mrs. A. H. Willett; second vice-president, Mrs. Mary Knox; secretary, Mrs. Robert Lutke, and treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Rumsay. The home society now has many members.

A Beautiful Picture.

"Fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." If more of us visited the home there would not be any need for the management to ask for money to carry on the work. There would be no need for worry and wondering how the next problem would be solved. For contact with those dear old women who have seen so many years of life, and most of them in far better circumstances, passing their last days there in such cheerfully resigned fellowship, taking what life has brought to them through thankless children through death or through financial reverses—contact with them would do so much to stir the heart that the hand need only to be extended to be filled. Nor is this a sermon, but a lesson can be drawn from those cheerful souls cheerfully administered to, in some cases by old women who do not know when they may themselves be grateful for such a home when they are lost to friends and family.

HOW PORTLAND WOMEN MAKE PAPER BOXES



Girls at Work in Factory.

ANOTHER of the lighter employments for girls and women is the making of paper boxes. We have in Portland three such manufacturing plants; the work in all of them is similar.

For the beginner the work may consist first of putting the small cartons through the gluing machine. The operator dips one edge of the small carton into the glue trough at one side of the machine and guides the carton as it passes through the rollers which fold it and secure the glued edge. No great skill is required for such work, yet even at this simple task there is vast difference in the earning capacity of different girls. One will make five dollars a week while another at exactly the same task might make eight dollars.

What is true here holds true throughout the whole range of industrial work. Everything depends upon the girl—the attention which she pays to her work and the spirit in which she applies herself. A girl who is simply working to kill time, because she would rather do that than stay at home and help her mother, will perhaps make five dollars a week. She looks all about the room, watches what other people are doing, wonders how long it is until time to go home, and tily hopes that somebody

will ask her to go to the "show" to-night. Another girl working at exactly the same task tries to improve, to turn out perfect work. She gives all her attention to the work in hand and her fingers gain skill and dexterity, the hours speed by and before she is aware

of it the whistle blows for noon. The manager is not stupid; he knows which girl is doing good work and who can be trusted in a more difficult position. Soon the latter girl gets a raise. She is advanced to more difficult tasks and the other girl watches her progress

and wishes that she, too, had a pull or that she was as pretty as the other girl. So the quick workers go to the top and become more valuable to the management. There is no luck about it. The slow, stupid girl cannot earn as much as the steady, observant worker, who tries to do her best.

All of the work is piece work. So many dozen or so many hundred of a certain kind done is entered as so much credit to the girl's name. Moreover, the manager tries to equalize things so that nobody will work at a disadvantage to the rest.

Perhaps the next task given the learner will be pasting strips of paper upon the cardboard frame and later covering the whole frame of the box with paper which is cut to fit each portion.

Other girls may be employed at machines which fold the cartons used in packing the cereal foods, which are manufactured in the city. Wheatflour and Violet Oats and other familiar culinary friends are packed in the two-pound cartons. These as they come through the machines are counted and tied in bundles of 50. Other girls are engaged in picking-out the waste and preparing the cartons for the machine.

Oyster shells are made in the largest paper box factory in the city. These are clamped by machinery, but are folded and the handles are put in by the girls. A clever machine is biting off pieces of wire and bending the ends, keeping a supply of the handles ready. The girls have a little awl with which they punch a hole in the pall, having first waxed the awl with a piece of paraffine, then they slip the handle in and the completed palls pile up quickly.

The latest phase of paper box making takes place in a room where the daintiest and prettiest of the ornamental candy boxes are covered with specially designed paper and ornamented with brass-corners or legs.

The workers here are girls of many years' experience, deft, quick workers



Group of Factory Girls.

who have worked up to their present position by steady application at the slower and less interesting parts of the work.

As I said, no one can place an absolute value upon the results of this kind of work. I was courteously given the

privilege of looking at the payroll in the largest factory of this kind in the city and the wages paid vary all the way from \$2.50 a week to \$14 or \$15.

These last named are paid to the girls in the advanced class of workers, efficient, quick workers, who have had

many years' experience and are particularly skillful in one line of work. At the machines the average is \$7 and \$8 a week.

In the paper box factories I found pleasant rooms, well ventilated, nothing arduous in the work and a pleasant spirit prevailing between employees and employer.

THE SOLUTION OF A GREAT WORLD QUESTION

By Max Nordau.

WHAT will the future do to solve the great question of food supply? I have often thought over this question and have come to the conclusion that here one of the laws of nature will come into operation.

The excess of the European population will flow out of the continent in the direction of the least resistance. This least resistance is offered by the colored races, and these, therefore, are of necessity doomed, first of all to be displaced by the sons of the white race and then to be annihilated.

The feeling of mutual responsibility which is gradually being embraced by

all Europeans will not extend to the non-Europeans. That uniformity of civilization which makes the peoples of Europe like one another, will not subsist between these and the inhabitants of the remaining continents. The application of force which in Europe will be prospectively well guaranteed an easy success beyond its bounds.

The European emigrant will not remove out of the temperate zone, which is the most beneficial and agreeable to him, farther than may be absolutely necessary.

He will first of all settle the whole of North America and Australia, and the whole of Africa and America, south of the torrid zone.

Then he will take possession of the southern coast of the Mediterranean sea and penetrate into the more hospitable portions of Asia.

The natives will first of all try to organize resistance, but will soon see that their only salvation is in flight. They will retreat before the European, and in their turn overwhelm the malarial and feebler landholders, treating them in the same way as they themselves have been treated by the stronger whites.

Every generation, however, will produce in Europe a fresh superfluous swarm of human beings, who will have to emigrate; the new current will mount

up beyond the high-water mark of the earlier stream, and the summits of European colonization will press further and further into foreign continents, always more and more approximating the equator.

The inferior races will soon completely perish. I fail to see any deliverance for them.

Missionaries may supply them with ever so many Bibles and ever so much external Christianity, and theorists of philanthropy, who have never seen a negro or an Indian outside Hagenbeck's caravans, may wax into ever so much enthusiasm about the son of the wilderness and the romance of the Maoris and

Caribs, yet the white race is better prepared for the struggle for existence, and just as the white man requires the land of the savage to live upon will he take it without any hesitation.

The black, yellow or red specimens of humanity will then be nothing else than foes of the white race who will make its existence difficult or impossible for it, and the latter will treat them just as it has the foes of its children, flocks and fields, just as it has treated the great feline animals of Africa and India, the bears, wolves and buffaloes of the primeval European forests—it will extirpate them root and branch.

This also should be mentioned in connection with any kind of factory work. Without exception when the proprietor was told that the information was desired for publication he would say: "Well, tell country girls not to come to the city to go into factories. Tell them to stay at home."

This is not because of any unfriendly feeling toward country girls—not at all. It is because those who see all sides of the question know that a girl is far better off at home in a little country town or on a farm than she is in the city alone. A girl who has not tried it imagines that a wage of seven dollars a week is quite princely. When she tries it she finds that the sum is barely sufficient to live on and that when she has paid for room and board and laundry she will have very little, if anything left to buy necessary clothing. She could earn half the sum at home and be better off and happier.