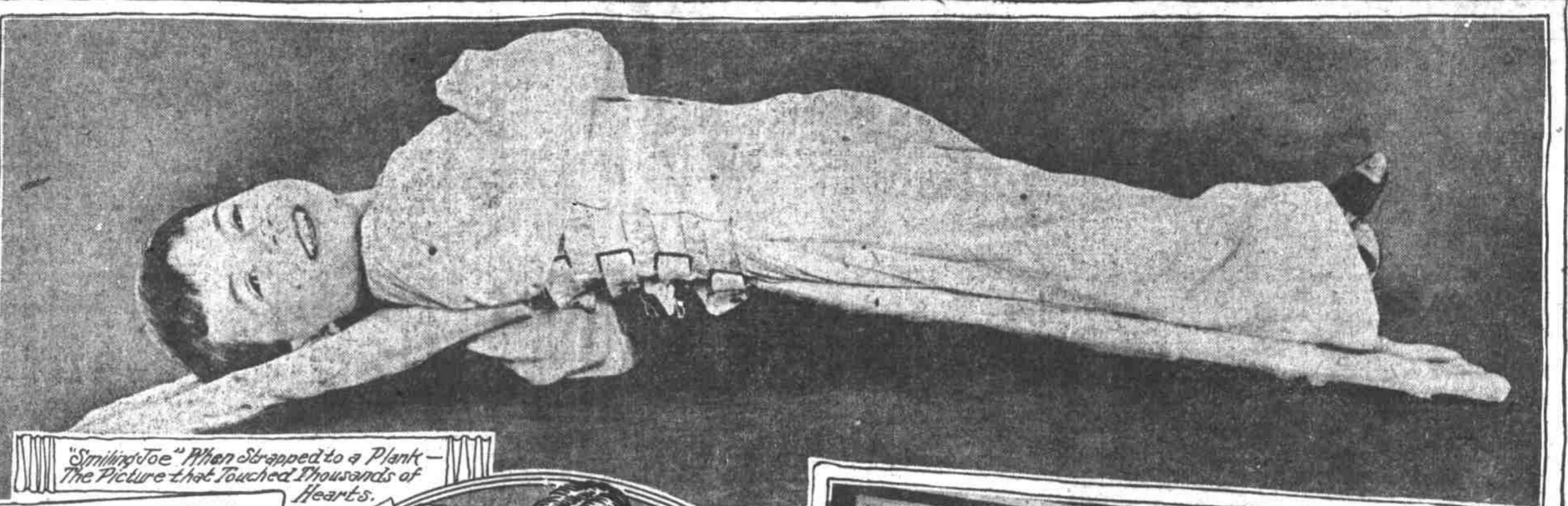


# The CRIPPLED BOY'S SMILE that WENT ROUND

## the WORLD

### Wonderful Story of the Lad Whose Case Touched a President's Heart

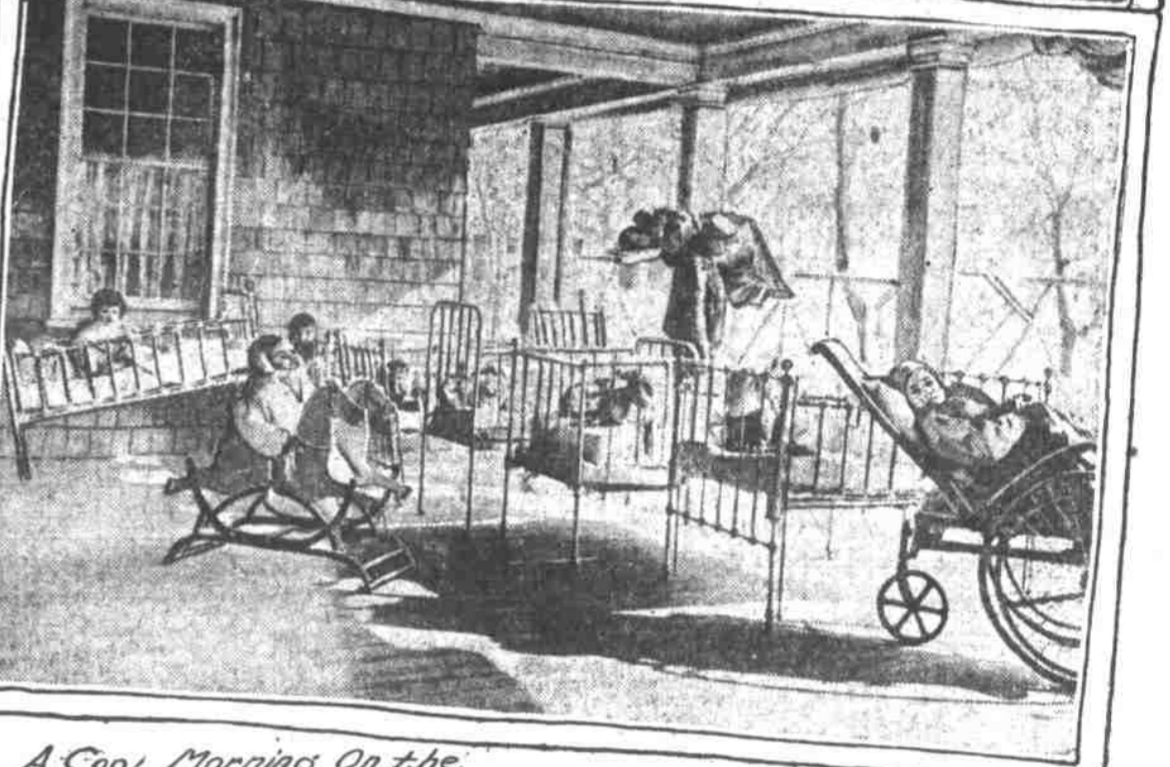
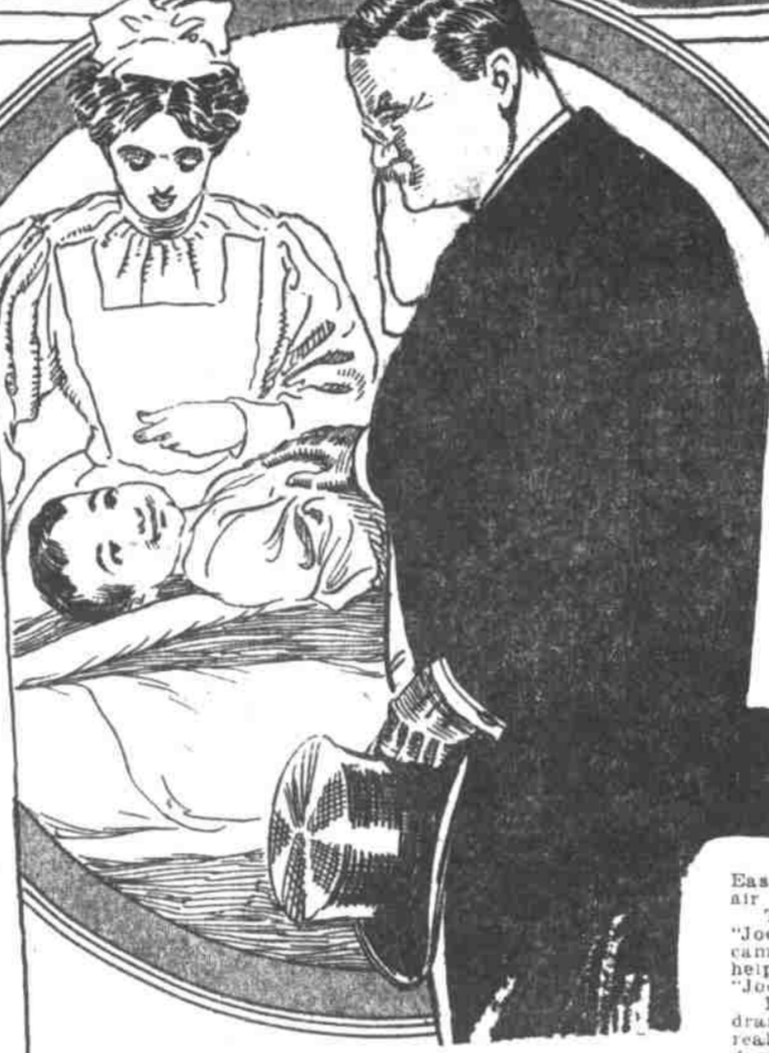
"SMILING JOE" is home again. He went back to the East Side tenement district in New York, cured, after his four long years in the sea air of Coney Island. Cured, you see. Not simply "improved," as the solemn doctors say when they let patients go back well started toward be-



"Smiling Joe" When Strapped to a Plank—The Picture that Touched Thousands of Hearts.



"Smiling Joe" As He Is Today



A Cool Morning On the Hospital Porch at Sea Breeze.

ing cured, and so make room for a few others of the four or five thousand half-starved sufferers in Manhattan who are waiting their chance to be saved from the terrible tuberculosis of the bones and joints and glands that is laming and wasting them and fitting them for crutches or the grave.

Joe—"Smiling Joe"—is cured. That means he is made into the full, glorious, mighty possibilities of a man, of a man who can use his whole heart and soul and body for a man's work and a man's life, as well as the rest of us.

It means more, much more. It means that all over this broad land, wherever hunger and the pallid air of cabined poverty help the cruel bacilli of those cruellest of diseases to do their crippling work, hope shall spring and health shall raise its drooping head, and men and women shall stand up in the form of their Creator to look life bravely in the face, saved.

YES; of course you know "Smiling Joe," the boy whose sunny soul saw mirth and friendliness in every inch of the pitiless world that always ringed him around with pain. But one is so liable to forget the details of these sad cases. What was it that made him so interesting? Was it any peculiarity of his affliction? No; his was the commonest sort of a perpetual helplessness and suffering. Was it—was it? Why, really, when one comes to recall clearly, it wasn't anything more than his smile from out of the dreadful bandages he wore.

Nothing more, in plain truth. But in the course of the last few years that smile of his—amid the dreadful bandages—has gone all over the country, so that the nation's many millions have seen it and remember it, while the nation's many thousands who have little ones enduring a like affliction know that there is at least one place in the land where there is a chance for their salvation.

lence might have recourse. Now, while America was cheerfully blissful in its ignorance of any such cures, her great city has been going right ahead, with its poisonous tenements and its ill-fed toilers, manufacturing regiments of miserable cripples every year, and manufacturing more of them every year. This state of affairs made the association very anxious to lock arms in the struggle against that terrible increase, even though the weapons and the commissariat were both lacking. So in June, 1904, the Sea Breeze Hospital, the first seaside hospital in America for the treatment of tuberculosis of the bones, joints and glands of chil-

dren, was started on the shores of Coney Island, with nothing but a covered platform and some tents. The sea and the sea air were to do the rest—and they've done it. Among the crippled jersam of the East Side, now eagerly snatched up by active charity and shipped to the care of the nurses under whose bare tents "Joe" Barron appeared a year later, with his spine beginning to weaken and a smile on his thin, drawn, little 4-year-old face that was heartbreaking in its winsoness and its fortitude. They gave him the approved treatment, the lack of which, together with the open, fresh sea air and plenty of wholesome, nourishing food, entails disastrous consequences in cases like his, just as the supplying of them means restoration to complete health. They strapped him to a curved board, fastened so tightly that he could do no more than wave his arms and twist his head about a little. Most of the poor little wretches who come to Sea Breeze have been so starved for food and light and air that it takes days, and sometimes weeks, to restore to their souls the heritage of happiness that belongs by right of birth to childhood. But little "Joe" Barron, although his martyrdom was no different from that of his companions, seemed to have brought into the world, with the misery to which he was condemned, some bright, enduring ray of the heaven whence children come. He was always cheerful, always hopeful, always smiling, as though his small heart held such a big love for all about him that he could not feel the harshness of earth's unjust sentence. Now, the new seaside sanatorium had to, and has to, exist on the dole of charity; and charity must be stimulated with words and scenes if it is to keep its beneficiaries from perishing from sheer want. So the patients at Sea Breeze were sometimes photographed, in order that charity, being stimulated, might do its utmost to keep them alive and, perhaps, enable a larger number of the small martyrs of the



Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty.

CAN a woman be a successful legislator? One woman, at least, answers yes, because, she says, with due modesty, she has proved it. She is Mrs. Alma Lafferty, who was a member of the recent Legislature of Colorado—the only woman in a body of sixty-five lawmakers. During the session her course was watched with interest not only by the people of her Denver district, but by those of the state and by many throughout the country. Mrs. Lafferty says she is satisfied with her record. The voters who elected her appear to be satisfied, too, so all is well.

East Side to feel God's sunlight and drink in the salt air of his healing ocean. The photographer happened, they say, to catch "Joe's" smile. The truth is, when he came to level his camera at that habitual optimist he could not help being helped photographing the smile, even if he had found "Joe" asleep. It made a striking picture, the essence of the drama and all at once seized fresh on the lips of life's reality—the hard bed of pain in contrast with the indomitable human courage which has lifted the world from its primeval anarchy. When the association sent out that photograph, with an appeal for charity's dole, newspaper and magazine editors all over the country—who are really human beings, albeit somewhat indurated to battle, murder and sudden death—saw in a flash the marvel of that smile. Every where they reproduced it; everywhere the people of great cities—and of the villages and farms—felt the responsive thrill which, of old, kindled pagan souls in the presence of some statue of Prometheus bound. Everywhere American men and women learned the inspiring story of "Smiling Joe." In the four years that have elapsed since "Joe" Barron was taken to Sea Breeze to be cured huge myths have grown up about the magic of his smile—beautiful myths, too, more beautiful than the poignantly tragic one of that ancient, brave Prometheus, who, stealing heaven's fire of immortality for man, was condemned to be bound to a rock while vultures preyed forever on his vitals.

BOARD HIS BEST ALLY It was reported that the face of the smiling boy had so stirred the depths of charity that it brought to the association the \$250,000 so desperately needed to extend its work. That was a glorious myth, but, unhappily, too glorious to be true. While "Smiling Joe's" picture was traveling to millions of homes here and was slowly spreading its inspiration abroad, the boy who made it possible was steadily winning his way to perfect health. Although born a cripple, with his spine crooked and his leg twisted, the stern but kindly board to which they bound him proved his best ally. Summer and winter the nurses carried him and his fellow-sufferers out to the porch, where they lay all day, breathing in the sea air; summer and winter they had the same good sea air flowing over them in great waves of health at night, for the windows of the indoor wards

were invariably open wide. Jacob A. Kline, whose interest in the poor is unfailingly alive, accompanied President Roosevelt in 1905 on a visit of inspection of the sanatorium, and "Smiling Joe's" smile touched Mr. Roosevelt's heart. The President shed tears over the little sufferer. A year of the curved board sufficed for Joe's case. It left him straight as an arrow—and as helpless as the day he was born. He had to grow muscles before he could walk, and he had to live in an enveloping plaster cast while he grew them. It made him look like an animated marble monument, and its successors stayed on his harassed body for more years, until the doctors, a few weeks ago, after all his play in the open and his sleep in the healing air, pronounced him well and let him go back home again. Those are the simple, unadorned facts about "Smiling Joe," with these other facts in place of the beautiful myth. By the summer of 1905 the sanatorium had demonstrated the astounding thing that the air of the Atlantic ocean, at the shore of the United States was just as healthful as the air of the Atlantic ocean at the shores of Europe. Any sand crab or fishhawk could have told the doctors that without half thinking, but we must be cautious and highly scientific, you see, when we are contemplating any such innovations as founding a sanatorium or boiling eggs. The association determined to try for funds to erect a large hospital, modeled on the little Sea Breeze institution. John D. Rockefeller offered to give \$125,000 cash if as much could be raised from other sources. The second sum was virtually all pledged when the photograph of "Smiling Joe" was made public. Yet the photograph brought in a great deal of money. The \$250,000 in hand now, awaiting the action of New York city in condemnation proceedings appropriating Rockaway Beach for purposes of public health and recreation. But the city can't afford it just yet, and so the thousands of little cripples on the East Side must wait and become more crippled until it can give their promised sanatorium a site big enough to accommodate it. While Joe's picture did not bring in all the \$250,000 so widely talked of, it did a great deal to arouse interest in the relieving of little invalids such as he, and was responsible for many contributions. It has spread the light of hope wherever hope was not, and has made national the force of the movement to save the innocent martyrs of our headless civilization where it might still have been local.

## The Work and Worries of a Woman Legislator



WHEN Mrs. Lafferty began her term she was regarded first as an easy victim by those who wished to introduce freak legislation. Every one with a strange, freakish bill appealed to her to introduce it. She probably received visits from more cranks than any other member of the Legislature. But not for long. Mrs. Lafferty issued her first bulletin early in the session. "No cranks allowed," she declared. "I am not for serious business and not as a vehicle for mental versatility." To this declaration she clung, and although she became one of the most prolific introducers of bills in the Legislature, freak bills were not on the list. Other legislators began to take notice of this determined-looking woman. She sat in the middle of the chamber, and her desk nearly always bore flowers or other indications of femininity. Mrs. Lafferty above all, made a reputation for two things—getting good bills through and developing into the most expert lobbyist on the floor of the House. She took to lobbying as naturally as a duck to water, and commanded one of the most powerful lobbies before the Legislature. It was largely made up of women lobbyists. Women have made a reputation in Colorado, with their votes to use as a club, as the most persistent fighters that appear before the Legislature. They have the quality of fever knowledge when they are whipped, and Mrs. Lafferty possessed this quality to its fullest extent. When a fight was raised on one of her bills she flooded the floor of the House or Senate, wherever it was occurring, with her lobby, before the enemy knew she was prepared. Through the Women's Club of Denver she held the threat of the female vote of the state against any one who opposed her, and on non-political questions the women were behind her, regardless of politics. But the strongest fact in Mrs. Lafferty's legislative career, on the face of it, is that the bill she desired to have passed above all others was defeated. More than anything else, she wished an eight-hour bill for laundry girls. It went through the House and met strong opposition in the Senate, being finally killed on the last day of the session by one vote. This eight-hour bill for laundry girls has been the pet measure of the Federated Women's Clubs of Colorado for several years. A law giving laundry girls eight hours was passed by the last previous Assembly and knocked out later by the Supreme Court. Mrs. Lafferty revived the fight at the recent session and introduced three bills covering the subject. One was not properly drawn and died in committee. A second was drawn solely for the benefit of the laundry girls and was dropped by her when House bill 324 had gained some headway. This provided eight hours for employees of laundries, mechanical or mercantile establishments, hotels and restaurants. The mercantile establishments, hotels and restau-

rants immediately set about to kill it. The Hotel Keepers' Association and the Laundry Association both have strong organizations. An attempt was made by the enemies of the measure to have an amendment introduced including telephone employees. This was designed to bring the Colorado Telephone Company into the fight, and any Colorado legislator who wishes to get through state legislation aimed at that company, its influence is more than they wish to have against them.

The amendment was defeated, and the bill finally reached the senate floor of the provision against hotels, restaurants and mercantile establishments. But those interests, having started a fight on it, were determined to see it through to a finish. Mrs. Lafferty threw her lobby into the Senate and, one after another, went to senators and told them if they wished to see their pet measures get through the House to vote for the bill.

But the Senate was in a deadlock. Not until the day before adjournment did the laundry bill come up for a vote. Mrs. Lafferty had a majority of senators working for her. One instance in particular illustrates her method. A senator had a bill for a home for mental defectives. Mrs. Lafferty had introduced the same bill in the House and was anxious to get it through. The Senate bill was then in the House, but the senator was opposing her laundry bill. She went to him and said: "If you want your bill for mental defectives to pass the House, get my laundry bill through the Senate." The senator changed his attitude and voted for her bill.

### LOST BY ONE VOTE

On the last day of the hotel and business men thronged the Senate chamber, as also did the members of Mrs. Lafferty's lobby. She went from senator to senator with pleas. But the business interest was too strong. Several senators changed position and the bill was lost by one vote. Even then Mrs. Lafferty sent for her lobby and got the bill up on a motion to reconsider, but the damage had been done and the motion was lost. Mrs. Lafferty was more successful on her other bills. She put through a teachers' pension fund bill, although it was introduced by another member of the House. She got through her bill to create a state board of teachers' examiners. In the face of a strong fight by the State Normal School, one of the most successful state institutions in the matter of getting appropriations from the Legislature, she put through her bill for the certification of teachers by any state educational institution. Where other juvenile court bills were killed, Mrs. Lafferty's went through without a change and unanimously. On purely political questions Mrs. Lafferty took no part. The direct primary law did not interest her. The bank guarantee was not nearly so important in her eyes as the eight-hour bill. The initiative and referendum and the straight Australian ballot questions bored Mrs. Lafferty. She does not believe in political theories. And she had a peculiar habit, that grew noticeable toward the end of the session, of being absent from the House chamber when the time came to vote upon a bill upon which she did not care to be recorded. For this reason some of her male colleagues have firm convictions against women legislators, though Mrs. Lafferty's credit it can be said that she never broke faith.