

HOUSE HUNTING WITH CHILDREN

Trials Of a Mother Who Found Many Doors Closed Against Her Two Little Boys

By One Who Has Tried It.

SUBSCRIBING a place to live in a city, when there are small children in the family, is an ordeal that would try the patience of a saint—and I make no pretensions to that rank. I have seen the faces of landladies fitted in the air, as they sniffed at the idea of permitting children to live in their apartments. The doors have been shut in my face when I told that I had two little boys. I have spent hours running down the addresses given in the classified ads and have returned at night weary and discouraged. I have rented through a real estate agent, a furnished house, packed up our belongings, and have been refused admittance when I reached there.

These are but a few of our experiences in house hunting in Portland, but now that we are comfortably settled in a new flat, on the first floor in a good residence district, our troubles seem to be ended and I do not mind telling our experiences.

At a look at our two little boys, one past 5 and the other a year and a half old, as they play in the room with me, my heart still burns with indignation when I think of those weary hunting days. I am tired against them when I applied for the privilege of paying a big rent for rooms wherein to live. Our difficulties drove home to stern realization the truth in the oft repeated statement that flat dwellers and apartment house inmates are out of place if they have children.

I cannot blame the owners and landladies of these places of habitation for not wanting children on their premises, because no one knows better than a mother how the little fellows, bubbling over with animal spirits, like to romp and play—bound to scratch and mar, more or less, and this is not profitable to the owners. I do not blame many of them for their manner of refusing to rent their rooms.

One woman, I remember, used what she evidently considered a diplomatic way of refusing us. She had gone through the rooms and inspected them. They were furnished very ordinarily. "Do you object to children," I asked. "I saw a quick change in her countenance. She need not have spoken, I knew her answer."

"How old are they?" she asked, trying not to be too abrupt in her refusal. "I told her."

"Are they boys or girls?" "Boys." "If they were girls there would be no objection," she then told me. You may imagine how consoling this information was. "Boys are so lively," she continued. "I couldn't think of renting my rooms out to a family of boys." As my husband is employed during the day, the task of hunting a place to live fell almost entirely upon me. One of my greatest disappointments came when I found a nice five room apartment, equipped with every convenience that just suited me. The rent was high, but as I was so well pleased with the place I did not intend to let that stand in the way. I held my breath when the landlady came to tell me the worst that we had two small children. But I told him—that ended our negotiations. My hope that my search was ended was blighted in a moment.

My heart was heavy when I went out on the next day, so I did not look any further that day. That evening we saw two advertisements of furnished housekeeping rooms which said, "No objection to children."

Before I reached the first place I became dubious because of the ill-appearing neighborhood. But I went on and found the house. It was as un-

tempt in appearance as its surroundings. The inside proved to be no better than the outside, so of course taking rooms there was out of the question. Then I sought the second place, where there was no objection to children. This appeared much nicer. The neighborhood appeared to be more respectable and was many degrees removed from the poverty stricken appearance of the first place. I had visited the house twice to rise again I climbed the steps and rang the bell with a much lighter heart than I had before four days.

When the door was opened my heart was greeted with a queer stuffy odor. Life seemed to ebb from my limbs. I wanted to sink into a seat and see no one and hear no one. In the place of the exhilaration that had buoyed up my spirits I felt as if I was dusted and monopolized that would fall on me when I would describe my feelings. If the other places I had sought were too nice for my boys, my babies certainly were too nice to be housed in such places as these.

When our own home, where we lived before coming to Portland, had not been furnished luxuriantly, it had been furnished well, and my boys were used to much nicer surroundings than I found in many of the places where a big rental had been asked and children were refused admittance. But I could not explain this, and it probably would have made no difference if I had. I was simply up against a condition where the right of children to live is not recognized—where the ban is placed upon them—and I found it useless to try to break through it.

The Search Continued. During the next few days I continued my search. I read the lists of advertised rooms night and morning. And I never failed to investigate where I saw a sign displayed in a window or on a door. I did not keep an accurate account, but it seemed to me I was "turned down" dozens of times on account of our children.

Finally we decided to see if we could rent a furnished house or cottage, where the children would have more freedom and not be so unwelcome. The more we thought of this the more the idea appealed to us. Our own furniture was stored in the town where we lived before we came to Portland, and we did not want to send for it, or buy more, until we knew that we should be permanently located here.

I turned from studying the ads of "furnished housekeeping rooms" to these listings "furnished houses for rent." Soon I read the description of one that appealed to me. It was advertised in the name of a real estate agency. I called on the agency. The first question I asked the man who waited on me was if there were any objections to taking children in the house. He assured me there was none. Then I asked about the details of the house. As they seemed to be satisfactory, I decided to go and see the place. That evening my husband and I went, taking our boys with us. The house proved to be all the agent had claimed for it. And besides there was a nice big yard enclosed with an iron fence. Nothing could have been more suitable for us. The owner of the place was out of the city and her parents were occupying the house. They showed us through it, and listened to our explanations of pleasure over our luck in awakening a place which so nearly suited our needs. We told them how pleased we were, and that we would go to the agent the first thing the next morning and rent the place. They

smiled and seemed to share our enthusiasm.

The next morning my husband visited the agent and paid a month's rent, and told him we would move in the next day, which was Friday, that so lucky day. We relinquished the two rooms where we had been staying, packed such personal belongings as we had with us and saw them loaded into an express wagon and started on their way across the city to our new home.

"Well, this home will be worth all our trouble and disappointments," my husband said to me as we were going to it. "We have looked the city over, and we do not need to fear that we are missing any chance to do better."

The shades of evening were falling over the city when we alighted from our streetcar a block away from our destination, and we were anticipating a comfortable night's rest from worry and vexation. As we turned the corner of our street we saw the express wagon standing in front of the gate with its load still intact and the driver sitting on the steps that led up the terrace.

"Surely that man isn't waiting for me to help him unload," said my husband. "What can be the matter with him?" We questioned our steps, but before we reached the expressman he shattered our pleasant anticipations by saying, "They won't let me unload this stuff."

"I guess they will," my husband assured him. "I'll see about it." He walked up to the door and was met by the couple who had shown us through the house two days before.

"We can't let children in," the woman explained, and we were wondering who she was. Would it be the children in! This was a pretty time to tell us that. My husband showed her his receipt for the first month's rent.

"That doesn't make any difference," she replied. "I know my daughter wouldn't want any children in the house."

"But, madam," my husband said to her, "we had our children with us when we were here and you showed us through the house. You knew the children were ours. We asked the real estate agent specially if there was any objection to children, and he told us there was none. We have paid our rent, so I guess we will have to move in."

"No, you can't move in," she set her foot down with determination, while her husband stood by, standing first on one foot and then the other. "I am sorry, but I didn't like to tell you when you were here that my daughter objected to children. Anyway, I thought the agent would do it."

"Your method of showing kindness to one's feelings is remarkable for its effectiveness," my husband remarked dryly.

"As we have no other place to go we shall move in for the night, at least, and tomorrow we shall see if the agent can straighten this matter out," he continued.

So we unloaded our belongings and piled them on the front porch which we had thought we were going to enjoy by ourselves, and stayed there that night.

My husband went to see the agent the next morning. The agent again assured him there was no objection to children. He wanted my husband to take a note addressed to the couple in the house demanding that they vacate. He refused to do that, and insisted that the agent make a personal visit to the house and straighten out the entanglement. The agent went, but was unsuccessful.

What a predicament for us! After hunting for weeks for a place to live, way to turn.



Before this time darkness had enveloped the city. Our position was becoming acute, and it looked like we would have to go to a hotel for the night. Then some one directed us to apply at a certain—some other—apartment—house, which we did by telephone and were told there was an apartment vacant which we might have. It was 10 o'clock when we reached it. I took one hasty glance at the rooms and accepted them without further delay. Here we have lived comfortably for more than three months, and may I be delivered from ever again having to hunt for furnished housekeeping rooms in a city while our children are small.

I stayed at the house Saturday, till my husband finished his day's work, then we started out again to find a place where we would be admitted. Three times that evening we applied for rooms and each time our boys, who were not old enough to understand why we were dragging them around in such a frantic manner, were rejected.

MEXICAN REPUBLIC TOTTERING UNDER REGIME ESTABLISHED ONLY LAST YEAR

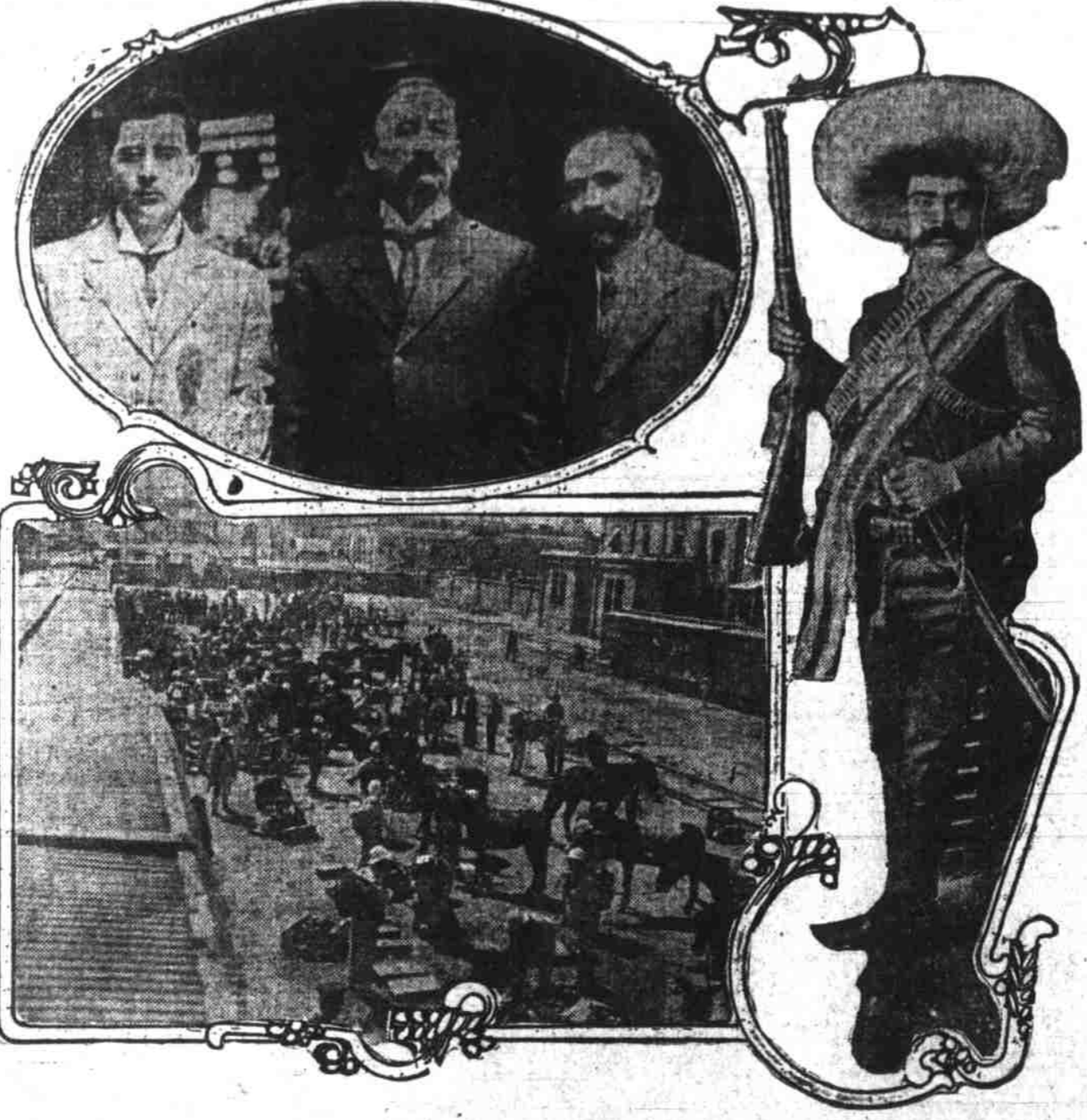
Madero Has Failed Signally in His Promised Restoration Though He Is Not Entirely to Blame

WITH the Madero government tottering, the country over run by bands of marauders and revolutionists, and the United States army ready to dash across the border, the Mexican republic faces another grave crisis in the history of its stormy career. Unlike its predecessor, the present revolution has no recognized head. Orozco in the north and Zapata in the south are probably the most powerful leaders, but there are countless bands of robbers, masquerading under the name of rebels, and committing crimes of every sort. In the event of the downfall of the government, it is likely that these leaders would spring at one another's throats, and precipitate such a chaotic condition that intervention by the United States would be the immediate result.

Not a year has elapsed since Francisco Madero Jr. overthrew the Diaz government, and made himself president of the republic, yet in that time the country has seen only a few months of peace, and is now plunged into an even more destructive civil war.

That Madero has failed in his proposed restoration, is now an assured fact, though the cause of his failure have, in a great measure, been beyond his control.

The chaotic conditions of Mexico today are the same in almost every respect as those which immediately preceded the downfall of the Diaz regime. The bands of marauders who were fighting for reform, liberty and justice, the people were promised emancipation



Top—President Francisco I. Madero Jr. and two of his advisers, at left, and General Zapata, revolutionary leader in southern Mexico. Bottom—Federal troops in a street of Mexico City.

Prevalent Chaotic Conditions Similar to Those That Immediately Preceded the Downfall of Diaz

and south and those under the Joint Command of General Zapata controlled the majority of the states of Mexico.

Present conditions taken in the aggregate give little idea of the character of the people behind the revolution. The right of liberty, justice and freedom blocks the operation of a horde of peons, flushed with success of their battles and glorying in the excitement of compelling an easy living through force. Were earnest and efficient endeavor made to restore justice and liberty to these forces it is doubtful whether they would lay aside their arms and again contend themselves with pastoral pursuits.

The only method by which peace may be restored to Mexico, in the opinion of close students of the situation, is through the reuniting of the disrupted government under the rule of a man of herculean strength who will restore order through evolution and not revolution.

THE WOMEN OF DICKENS

AT THIS time, when Charles Dickens is being read more extensively than ever before, because of the recent centenary of his birth, a few words about the great writer are not amiss. Many have said that Dickens wrote for men readers entirely. I dispute that assertion.

Of all male novelists, Charles Dickens is the most fair in his delineation of women. He treats the female characters in precisely the same fashion as he treats those of his fellowmen. He has no theories about women, no prejudices, no preconceived ideas. He neither adulates nor patronizes. He simply takes his women by the hand and presents them to us without word or comment.

And what a gallery of living women has he not collected for us! They are good and bad and indifferent, just as one finds them in the world around us. They are every age and all ages. He has no prepossession apparently in favor of young women, or pretty women, or clever women; no aversion to old women, or ugly women, or stupid women. Fanny Squeers is contemptible and Sairey Gamp detestable, but they are so by reason of their intrinsic nature, not by any set exposition on the part of their author. Dickens never rails at women; he never puts boundaries for her; he never relegates to her an arbitrary "sphere." He never for a moment assumes the masculine, god-like role of the arbiter of her destinies or of her life. The woman question, as far as one can judge from his novels, did not exist for Dickens—except, indeed, that woman must be accepted as a constituent part of creation, no more, no less, valuable than any other constituent part. He can put aside such female figures as Sally Brass and the "Marchioness," but he does not in the slightest degree use the common novelist's trick of "pointing" the contrast. There are there simply born into the world, and the one is the "Marchioness" and the other is Miss Brass, and they live and move and have their being directly faithful to their respective type

BURGLAR PROOF SAFE

With characteristic thoroughness the Germans have devised a real burglarproof safe, so cleverly designed that it will baffie even the burglars who work with the latest of oxygen and acetylene blowpipes. It is called the carrousel, or "roundabout safe."

It exhibits a polygonal steel structure revolving freely on ball bearings. It is built into a wall, and when the outer door is closed a small electromotor is set in motion, whereupon the safe starts revolving ceaselessly and noiselessly on its axis within its stone chamber. Any tampering with its motions causes an alarm bell to ring.

So long as the safe continues to revolve the blowpipe can have no effect upon it, since the flame cannot be applied long enough to any particular spot to make an impression.

UBEE, A UNIQUE TOWN

College Park, Indiana's smallest incorporated town, is possibly the only town in the state whose officers have always served without recompense and where no arrest has ever been made. At present there is so little demand for a policeman that the man elected to the position last fall has failed to qualify.

College Park, known as Ubee in the United States postal directory, has about 35 voters, and a population of possibly 35 men, women and children.

The Ubee village includes a handsome expanse of college campus which covers some of the most picturesque territory north of Huntington. The college building forms the center about which the residence quarters are built. The place took on the form of a town corporation in 1897, since which time it has improved the main street by macadamizing and curbing and cement walks.

Madero Is Impolitic.

The first move in office as dictator of the republic incensed all thinking Mexicans. He appointed cabinet ministers in no way connected with the campaign of the rebels. He voted to the rebels to preserve order in the place of the federal troops, and set about the righting of Mexican wrongs with equivocation. The situation needed a man with an iron hand. Madero did not possess this qualification.

He had confiscated the rich man's store lands and divided them with his army south the soldiers, under General Zapata, made no pretense of terminating their warfare. They grew in numbers day by day in spite of the federal troops sent against them, till the whole of southern Mexico was in a turmoil.

Then followed the generation of the rurales, the men upon whom Madero relied to maintain order throughout the republic, the return of General Bernardo Reyes, his disgrace and imprisonment and finally the defections of the