

In the Home of a Thousand Babies

BY RUTH SAWYER.

PART II.

Pride flared luminous in the boy's face. He squared his whole body and drew a couple of inches right there on the Commissioner's best Wilton rug. But all he said was, "I aim to treat 'em right."

The boy gone, a child-mother took his place. The Commissioner's voice changed. "No use coming in, Rosie. I told you that last time. Your baby is being well taken care of; he's in a fine home; he'll be a fine boy some day."

The girl's weak pretty face lost some of its sullenness. "I got where I jes' had to know how he was getting on. He's my baby even if I have given him up."

"No he ain't." The Commissioner's voice hardened. "I told you when you said you didn't want to keep him, when you gave him up he would stop being yours, and that you must stop thinking about him as belonging to you any longer." The Commissioner's voice softened a fraction. "It is the best for the boy, you know that. And remember, you are making a new start. Keep straight and work hard and when you have fun make it the right sort of clean fun. If you do, I know life will give you something to make up for losing your baby. Say that to yourself every day."

The girl went her way and Boyd came in with more papers to sign. She looked the Commissioner over with a cynical stare. "Say, why don't you quit? What's the use of knowing your life away for the kind of human dirt that's just blown out? She's not worth it. None of them are—not the worry and time you put on them. You've only got one life—enjoy it; all the same in a hundred years." With the final thrust, Boyd went back to her machine.

The Commissioner pushed her work from her and sat back to think. After all, how much of it would matter in a hundred years? The world was full of Rosies. Would her lifetime of work bring down the number any appreciable amount? Would the stock bred from these Rosies grow better and go into the making of a sounder, finer society because she had taken them at the beginning and found good homes for them to grow in and fine men and women to mould them? There was a question she could not answer. Twenty years but not breed a second generation but Boyd's hundred years would tell. Only, someone else would have to answer the question. All she knew was that so far she was satisfied. So far there was no visible taint or blemish on those children, born of mentally sound parents. They stood a hundred per cent. strong as against all the wreckage that had gone into Institutions. Surely in a hundred years it would matter. If she couldn't believe that, she would give up to-day—that minute.

A streak of lightning cut the leaden square of the windows, a muttering thunder followed. She looked out on the street and the people scuttling for shelter. The rain was beating hard now; the wind was rising. Motor cars passed in an unbroken stream. She recognized one of them, the Kenton's. Mrs. Kenton was a trustee of the Orphanage, a generous woman and a selfish one—generous enough to lend her time and her car for the service of dependent babies; too selfish to take one of those babies into her own great empty home.

The Commissioner sighed as the car swept out of sight. What a home she could make for a baby! She loved babies in her selfish self-centred sort of way. And pretty! The Commissioner had a very soft spot in her heart for pretty mothers. But for all the years that Mrs. William Wallace Kenton had served on the Orphanage Board, decorated the Orphanage Christmas tree and donated the Orphans their summer picnic, the Commissioner never had been able to bring her to the point of even considering a baby. It was a humiliating fact that the Commissioner never faced without wincing.

Over her suddenly surged a feeling of utter hopelessness and exhaustion such as she never had felt before. The eternal cycle of mothers and babies and homes whirled about her until they made her dizzy. They seemed to stretch on, clear to eternity, a black eternity. She found herself panting for breath, as if someone had shut off all the oxygen from the air. She thought she heard a telephone ringing a great distance off and she tried futilely to reach out her hand through the blackness and take down the receiver.

That was the last she remembered for a long time. When faint consciousness returned, she felt as if she were trying to pull herself out of a bottomless chasm by means of a slender thread.

"I'll never get out," she kept saying over and over to herself and then she thought, "I must find something more to hang to."

So she opened her eyes and fastened them and her mind to the familiar objects about her. Here was a sure anchorage. Johnnie's bunch of marigolds flashed gratefully at her. There was Bobby's picture on his pony. What a fine home Bobby had fallen heir to! There was the big oblong

album the Superintendent had given her on New Year's Day to hold all the snapshots of her babies. She smiled feebly as she remembered what Boyd had said when she had pasted in the thousandth one: "Say, the first thing you know people will quit calling this the County Courthouse and name it instead The House of a Thousand Babies."

The Commissioner's eyes traveled from the album to the big leather chair where those well-to-do parents always sat when they came to adopt babies; and from that to the little low rocker where the child-mothers sat when they came to get rid of them. Over the settee in the corner was the blue-and-white afghan her own mother had crocheted fifty years ago. She kept it handy to bundle babies in when she had to take them far away.

Out of this maze of familiar things two unfamiliar objects suddenly sprang at the Commissioner and shook her into a complete consciousness. How long they had been there she could not have told. They stood side by side near the door and they apparently were as unconscious of each other as the Commissioner had been of them. Both had their eyes fastened hard upon her in an uncomfortable stare. It was that stare that made her realize that for the first time in her life she must have fainted dead away.

"Godness gracious, how stupid!" she muttered to herself. And then aloud, "I think it must be the heat. Would some one please open a window?"

The right-hand figure disentangled itself from the shadow and came hurriedly across the room. To her surprise the Commissioner recognized it. It was Mrs. Kenton, the one woman she had never been able to persuade into adopting a baby. She must have been in the car that passed a few minutes before. Or was it hours? Time no longer had a meaning for the Commissioner—she had touched eternity.

Mrs. Kenton had opened the window and a cool wind was taking the place of the room's oppressive humidity. She stood now, bending solicitously over the Commissioner's chair. Again the Commissioner thought how pretty she was, the poise of the lovely head, the slender, reed-like figure, exquisite gown, the chic little made-to-order slippers with their silver buckles. "The heat is enough to prostrate anyone," she was saying. "It quite overcame me—that, and the storm. Such a coward! I actually ran down the Alley here for safety." The soft voice ended in a low, musical ripple.

The Commissioner eyed her disappointedly. "Was it the storm? I thought you might have changed your mind about a baby."

The ripple became a laugh. "Dear me, no! I love them in asylums and nursing homes where I can take them presents and cuddle them and where I know I can leave them behind for someone else to take charge of. It's quite another matter."

What Mrs. Kenton intended to say was never finished. A strange flopping sound cut her short from the doorway.

"Good gracious, I'd forgotten there was another!" said the Commissioner. She turned toward the remaining figure and saw it distinctly now that the room was growing lighter with the storm's passing.

It was an odd little figure. It wore a rubber slacker as bright and yellow as Johnnie's marigolds. There was a rakish sport hat which looked storm-wrecked. Water trickled off the loppend of the brim on to the Commissioner's best rug. The oddest thing about it was a great bundle of potato sack that completely covered one arm. The Commissioner was on the point of asking if she had been hurt when the figure ripped off the hat with her free hand and sent it spinning into the corner thereby disclosing a crop of short hair, slightly reddish and framing a solemn ivory face studded with two tremendous black eyes. It was the strangest, most striking face the Commissioner had ever seen. She wondered what kind of a person the face would belong to, and why was it there? Finding no satisfactory answer in her own confused mind, she turned back to the society woman and something she could understand.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "I've always thought if you would take a baby on probation that you would find Mr. Kenton getting so attached to it he'd want to keep it?"

"But I don't want him to get attached to one."

"Why?"

"Why? It would make me frightfully jealous. I couldn't stand it for an instant."

"Jealous of a baby? God preserve us!"

The exclamation came from the figure in the rubber slacker. Mrs. Kenton looked her over with a touch of insolence in the look. "I hardly see what you have to do with it. These are strictly my affairs, you know." Then the Commissioner, "Who is she?"

"I am sure I don't know." The little figure stepped further into the room. She looked at the society woman to the Commissioner and smiled. It was more than a nice smile; in fact, it set off the face just

as a tungsten burner lights up a heavy ground-glass lamp. "I've come on business—important business. I don't know but what you'd call it the hand of God."

"Bless my soul!" the Commissioner said it under her breath.

Mrs. Kenton sniffed audibly. "I believe she's crazy."

"No, I'm not." It was said with perfect good nature. "But would you mind going back to that remark you made about being jealous of a baby? I'd like to know why?"

"There's no reason in the world why I should answer you but I don't intend anyone to think I'm at all ashamed of it. The idea of sharing my husband's affections with anyone—even a baby—is obnoxious. That's why! The society woman bit off the last words somewhat venomously.

The odd figure considered this thoughtfully while she looked straight into Mrs. Kenton's baby blue eyes. "I suppose," she said at last, "except for babies, you've got everything you want in the whole wide world."

"Far from it. I'd like a villa on the Riviera or near Capri. I'd like a racer to drive alone, myself. Most of all, I'd like some of those Russian crown jewels they are selling all over Europe." She turned to the Commissioner with a sort of frenzied excitement. "Did you see those photographs long ago? I've dreamed about them ever since. There was a neck-lace—a pearl necklace. I'd give my soul for it. If Bill would buy."

She never finished. The strange small figure cut in like a tornado, her face flaming like a torch. "Oh, you— you!" And I suppose your husband war-hips you, a woman jealous of a baby who wants above everything else to possess three beautiful relics of poor, murdered women? You dream about them while babies are brought into the world and thrown away—like this!"

(To be continued.)

A Home-Made Marker.

For anyone who reads repeatedly the same passages in a book, or who wishes to read different passages consecutively without having the reading interrupted by turning to look up the succeeding passages, some type of marker will be found helpful, both in saving time and in preserving continuity in reading.

There are various kinds of markers to be had, but a very simple, practical one can be made without expense by cutting pieces of paper into the shape of Ts. Any fairly stiff paper which is not too thick will be suitable. The short part of the T fits into the crevice of the open book, in between the pages. The long part, or arm, should be cut a little longer than the width of the book, so as to project slightly—about a quarter of an inch. It should not be over a quarter of an inch wide. The projecting end can be numbered on both sides to correspond to the number of the references. Then by inserting marker No. 1 near the top of the book, the next one slightly lower, and so on, a whole set of 20 to 30 may be placed in the book at one time and be easily visible.

Markers of this type have been used every week for several months and found satisfactory. Besides being inexpensive, they are much easier to insert than the types which one can buy.

The Seasons.

Moonlight and mimosas,
A breeze and a dream,
Springtime in a bird's nest,
And sunlight in a stream.

Garlands of red ramblers,
A high wall and a well,
Summer in the silence
Of things too deep to tell!

Apples in an orchard
Between the brown leaves lost
Autumn reaping rubies
With fingers of white frost.

Moonlight in December,
A breeze and a dream,
Moonlight, garlands, rubies,
A dream within a dream.

Katherine M. Hatch.



Next King of Norway.
The twenty-two-year-old Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, whom rumor has will soon wed Princess Astrid, a niece of King Gustav of Sweden. He is a broad shouldered, clear-eyed young man, who has been too busy getting an education to figure yet in the world's politics. He has had both navy and army training and studied in Balliol College, Oxford, England. It will be recalled that his mother is Princess Maud of England.



Major M. S. Boehm who has been re-elected president of the United Empire Loyalists Association of Canada.

Care of the Teeth.

The proud parent, who allows her baby to suck its thumb or worse still, that abomination, "a pacifier" would be horrified to know that such a habit may mar the beauty of her child for life and even be the cause of ill-health in later years. She does not know that protruding teeth, or an undershot jaw, are frequently the consequences of such childish habits.

These effects of childish habits are now well recognized by the dental profession. Many dentists earn an honest living trying, and it must be admitted, with considerable success, to remodel badly formed jaws, and bring into place teeth forced out by photographs how adorns and enlarged tonsils may lead to a thick tongue or a protruding lower jaw, or the lack of hard foods to chew may prevent the normal development of the jaw with consequent crowding of the permanent teeth out of place.

All of these malformations of the jaw which interfere with the normal arrangement of the teeth also interfere with the proper chewing and the assimilation of food. Indigestion, malnutrition and other troubles may follow as natural consequences. The practice of these seemingly harmless habits in young children may have lasting and disastrous results, not only on the health and growth of children, but upon their physical beauty. The habits referred to are all preventable. Parents should see that their children do not develop these preventable habits.

Singing is the Essence of Thought.

Voice production! How few really understand it! Of all the branches of music, that of vocalization is the most subtle and complex to teach and learn. It means not only the perfect union of speech and tone, but the power to produce tone that shall express that which speech omits, to have in your throat an instrument on which you can play with complete confidence; one that is so responsive to thought that every passing phase of emotion finds its true reflection in gradations of tone color more variable and fleeting than cloud shadows on a Summer sea.

It is because singers do not realize how wonderful and beautiful is their art that the majority achieve so little. Did they but think more they would assuredly accomplish more for the very essence of singing is thought, and that is why it is so difficult to learn to teach.

It is sometimes said that we have lost the art of bel canto (perfect singing), but this is not so. In the old days the word was the abject slave to the musical scheme of the composer, and singers loved to astonish their listeners by vocal agility, but the slave has now been enfranchised, and the word is now the master, and Saint Cecilia has to obey where formerly she ruled supreme. We are no longer satisfied with mere beauty of vocal tone and ornamental devices; we demand appropriateness of tone color and dramatic consistency, and, above all, perfect speech in song.

The Lost R's.

We are all familiar with the excitable story-writer who, when his villain is doing his worst, represents him as "chissing" out sentences without a single s in them. Punch has now caught a novelist offending in the same way with another letter of the alphabet. It says, we find in a recent novel, this passage:

"I guess I don't need anybily put at my disposal," he observed, or rather belowed—the r's rolling from his tongue with a hearty burr.

They seemed to have rolled right out of the sentence.

Mary Queen of Scots and Dancing.
The ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots was a keen musician and lover of the lute. Her teacher was the Cardinal of Lorraine, her great-uncle, who also encouraged her in her studies as a dancer. She had been described as a girl, as having "wonderful agility of body, yet very graceful, and by quiet and gentle motion of her limbs she could express any harmony of the strings."

Spray Bullets Like Water.
A machine gun mounting for airplanes, which sprays bullets as a sprinkling nozzle of a hose sprays water, is the newest war invention in England.

Fun in the Home.

A perfectly normal child cannot help expressing in its face joy and gladness because it plays such a tremendous part in the life. It is cruel and wicked to suppress this fun-loving instinct in children and not to encourage its development.

I once heard a little boy ask another if he could go over to his house and play. He said, "I daren't play at home. Mother won't allow it."

Think, what a deplorable thing it is for a child to be reared with the idea that he cannot play or frolic in his own home! Can anything be more destructive to that love of home which every child should have? I used to know a mother who was so painfully neat and orderly that she would never allow her children to play in the house for fear they would disarrange things or make a disturbance. They had to go out to the woodshed or out of doors to play; and they looked as though they were afraid to breathe in the house. They were sad, serious little creatures, who never had much of any childhood. They were always little grown-ups—prim, precise, constrained of manner.

The very presence of this dominant, fun-loving passion in children shows that a tremendous part the Creator intended it to play in the whole life. Yet how often is it discouraged in the home!

If this irrefragable longing for amusement, for rollicking fun in young people were more fully met in the home it would not be so difficult to keep the boy and girl under the parental roof. There is nothing like a happy, cheerful home. It keeps children off the streets; it discourages vice and all that is morbid. Happiness should begin in the home.

Most homes are far too serious. Why not let the boys and girls dance, frolic and play to their heart's content? Why not resolve now that they shall at least be just as happy as they can make them while at home, so that in later years they can look back upon their childhood home as the dearest sweetest spot on earth; to always think of home with pleasant memories, cherished to the end of life? The home joy is the greatest power for good in the world.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make the business of having plenty of fun in the home, instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

The Importance of Educating the Child in Music.

Few are the parents who realize that music playing is only one phase of a child's musical education. Song singing, ear training and rhythmic expression form the groundwork for success in future music lessons. All this is suitable work that can be taken in our elementary schools, and, if the public demands it, it can be given.

The present time is very opportune for all who are interested in the growth of good music in Canada, and for all parents who wish their children to have music placed in an important position in the school curriculum, for it must be remembered that, apart from its value as an educational factor, it can give the children something that no other subject can give.

The best thought, all the finest effort that men are making in education—and in other spheres, too—lead in the direction of the child, the young child. It is for him that reforms are planned and carried into execution; it is for him that philanthropists, and even party politicians, show a solicitation unparalleled in the history of the world. And it is to the child that our teachers have begun to see that they must direct their most careful and earnest thoughts.

It is characteristic of the notable awakening that has taken place within the last few years in connection with musical education that our teachers are making very real sacrifices to equip themselves more thoroughly for the benefit of the young people.

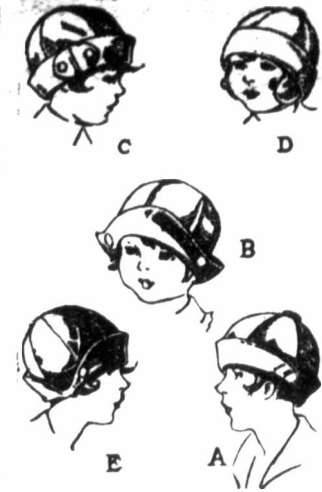
If the child's latent aural and rhythmic faculties are not wisely cultivated at an early age, the difficulties in the way of real musical perception increase in geometrical progression as he passes through adolescence to adult life.



Scientist Honored.
Einstein, the famous scientist, who has been awarded the Copley Medal by the Royal Society for his theory of relativity and his contribution to the quantum theory.

Verification.

The half-dream crumbles and falls through;
The dream full-dreamed comes true,
comes true!
—Christopher Morley.



1273 AN ATTRACTIVE GROUP OF HATS.

Left-over bits from a coat or dress may easily be utilized for making some of these hats, since they make clever use of small pieces. In every instance gored sections were used for the crowns, because they fit more snugly to the head. If there is material left over from a coat it is smart as well as economical to make a hat out of the matching pieces. Often a contrast is effective, such as having the hat, collar and cuffs of matching material yet contrasting with the coat, creating the ensemble idea. No. 1273 is in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 1/4 yard 32 or 36-inch material for each hat, with 1/4 yard additional lining for the crown. Price 20 cents.

Our new Fashion Book contains many styles showing how to dress boys and girls. Simplicity is the rule for well-dressed children. Clothes of character and individuality for the junior folks are hard to buy, but easy to make with our patterns. A small amount of money spent on good materials cut on simple lines, will give children the privilege of wearing adorable things. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

The Biggest Job of Life.

Effie was a girl in our office, very efficient, always making herself acquainted with new work. As chances occurred I Effie went from one place to another and always made good, because she was prepared. Finally she left us with a happy smile on her face and a gold band on her finger, for a job with which we had nothing to compete. In less than a year I heard Effie had a baby. And here comes the point of my story; the efficient Effie was absolutely unprepared for this newest and most important job of all. She was so proud with the responsibility and didn't know a thing to do.

There are few more pathetic objects in life than young folks who have suddenly ceased from being boy and girl, to become father and mother. They don't know what to do. How should they? Our systems of education have no course of study for such responsibilities. A little bit of physiology, a trifle about hygiene, and that is all. The public schools teach nothing, not even the high schools. Where is a girl to get this needed training?

Teach it in the home! That is the mandate. But who will teach it in the home? The mothers and grandmothers whose ideas have been painfully acquired from a mass of misinformation and superstition? Very well. They have discarded the worst of the stuff and have clung to the best, we will suppose. But that would not be considered very sane instruction in any other important subject. And how about the girls whose mothers and grandmothers have no gift for teaching, and have suffered many things themselves have reached the conclusion that their girls must do likewise. And the young fathers; who instructs them?

Isn't solving this problem, merely presenting it for you to think about. With our present social ideas I see reasons why the public schools can only give the first steps; our high schools might go further; our colleges might teach all they know. The churches and Christian associations could profitably instruct young men and young women in preparation for their responsibilities. —Dr. C. H. Farrigo.

Virgil.

Old poets foster'd under friendlier skies,
Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day
To make them weather in his readers' eyes.
—Tennyson.

Canadian asbestos which is the chrysalis or serpentine variety, is of the finest quality, and, on account of its softness, silkiness and tensile strength, is in great demand for all kinds of asbestos products, but particularly for asbestos textiles.



The kind of mother who used to say her twelve-year-old daughter was six, so she could travel on half fare, now says she's sixteen, so she can drive the car.

Motto for auto drivers—"Live and let live."

A terrible automobile accident reported recently was the breaking of a strand of beads in a man's car just the day before his wife returned from a visit.

The fool driver was sure he could make it ahead of the train. He came within a yard of getting over in safety a grave yard.

The more traffic, the more rules; the more rules, the more violators thereof.

Oh, salesman, I hate to disturb. Your car that is greatly admired, but my flyer's out there on the curb and the parking time's nearly expired.

Two things at least thieves will not steal: your character and the car you cannot get insurance on.

A married man who smiles at miles and howls at complaining because it bursts out laughing.

A 1925 Model, Too.
Mary: Why do you call your car Flapper?

Edna: Streamline body, swell paint job, quick pick-up, all kinds of speed, keeping the broke warm up quick and is always ready to go.

Motor Sense is the Sixth Sense. But, alas, thousands of people hold a driver's license and a marriage license who haven't a grain of it.

Epitaph.
The roads were rough.
The curves were sharp.
And that is why
He plays a harp.

"Do you know why they have quit pitting horns on Fords?"
"No, why?"
"Because they look too much like the devil anyway."

What is a poor fellow to do when the banks give good advice in one column of ads and the auto dealers give it in another?

But we were only fifteen minutes getting here!" expostulated the passenger.

"I don't give a hang about that," snarled the taxi driver. "The meter says we've come twenty miles. Now, you fork over."

"All right," assented the passenger, paying. "Now you get ready to come with me for driving 30 miles an hour. I'm a speed cop."

A Tom: Here's to your car and my car may they never meet!

Ford could name his cars Pyorrhoea now. Four out of every five has one.

Auto-suggestion is no whiling used to prolong life. And the best auto suggestion is not to drive more than twenty miles an hour.

Criticism: A church, a school-house, a parking problem.

The Candle.

Paris has recently held a somewhat fantastic festival in honor of the invention of the candle, though the precise date of the birthday which was celebrated must have been difficult to determine. In the thirteenth century candle-making was one of the great Parisian industries, and guilds of workers in wax and tallow went from house to house making light in the "vie lumiere" as their customers demanded. One of the classics of English scientific literature is the series of lectures on "The Chemical History of a candle," which Faraday delivered for the young people in the Royal Institute of London at Christmastide in the middle of the last century. He made a simple matter of the radiance of a small taper seem to have an epic significance.

Environment.

The genius of the keeper of a Zoo is often taxed to provide for his charges all the comforts of home. This season's cold and fog in London have been peculiarly trying to the pet and the temperament of the iguanas from Brazil. Electric light has literally saved the day for these queer, long-tailed lizards. Under the artificial rays resembling those in which they basked and gloated along the Equator, they no longer moped and refused their food, but displayed a new interest in life and a greedy appetite. Another victory is to be recorded for science in the domestication of tropic fauna in a Northern habitat.