

# 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 grew a couple of inches right there on the Commissioner's best Wilton rug. But all he said was, "I am 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 gettin' on. He's my baby even if I have given him up."

"No he isn't." The Commissioner's voice hardened. "I told you when you said you didn't want to keep him, that 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 throwing 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 does 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 one 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 never got out," she kept saying over and over to herself and then she thought, "I must find something new to hang to."

So she opened her eyes and fastened them on 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—his pony, his boat, a fine home Bobby had fallen in love with. 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 passed 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.

"Goodness 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, exquisitely gowned, 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 disapprovingly. "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, fopping 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 slicker as bright and yellow as Johnnie's marigolds. There was a rakish sport hat which looked storm-wrecked. Water trickled off the lap of the brim on to the Commissioner's best rug. The oddest thing about it was a great bundle of potato sack- ing 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? 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 slicker. 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 from the society woman to the Commissioner and smiled. It was more than a nice smile; in fact, it set off the face just

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Major M. G. 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 projecting 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 of position. The expert dentist can show by photographs how adenoids and enlarged tonsils may lead to a thick tongue or a projecting lower jaw, or the lack of 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, for 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 the 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 excellent story-writer who, when his villain is doing his worst, represents him as "hissing" out sentences without a single R 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:

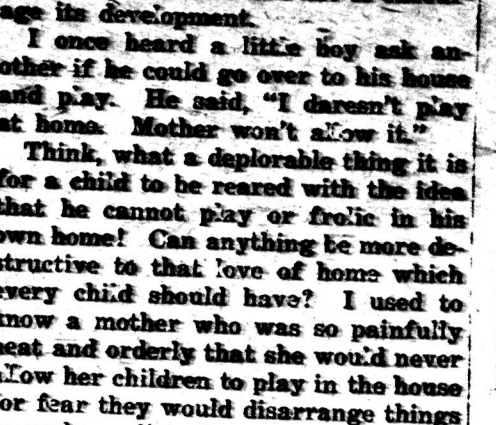
"I guess I don't need anybody put at my disposal," he observed, or rather belittled, the R's rolling from his tongue with a hearty burr.

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 art. 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.



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 Marlowe.

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 1/2 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 Importance of Educating the Child in Music.

Few are the parents who realize that piano 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 their 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.

—Dr. C. H. Lerrigo.

## 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 wealthier in his readers' eyes.

—Tennyson.

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

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## The Biggest Job of Life.

Effie was a girl in our office, very efficient, always making herself acquainted with new work. As changes occurred 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 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 scared pallid 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 school's teaching, 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?

I'm not 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 well 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. Lerrigo.

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CANADA FROM Charlottetown, Prince Edward Is. L. Daugherty inter City commenced nor's Island, when Stewart, in the gathering of people starting the machine that boring throughout the winter Halifax, N.S.—N. enue in 1924 amount and that of New B. 173,000. In Nova S. agriculture accounts mines \$28,500,000; fisheries \$8,777,255,000,000, and tou 00. The New Br made up of agricu mines \$2,250,000; fo fisheries \$4,650,000 \$23,400,000, and to 000,000.

Saint John, N. months the boom in advantageously affe market here. A nur have gone forward t ther consignments the demand necessit Quebec, Que.—De water falls of the cated on the Manicou the north shore, fift Bersimis, has been Ontario Paper Co., tario, which operate the Chicago Tribune with the Provincial Ontario Paper Co. a for the water powe concessions, to erect mill, which is expecte and in operation w time.

Fort William, On Corporation, which

who will take command of the air defence forces of separate unit of national

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