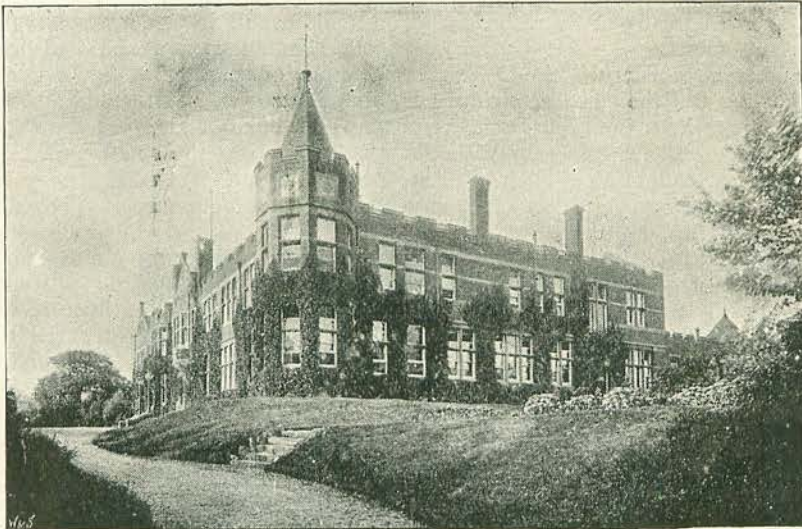


Illustrated Interviews.

No. XX.—DR. BARNARDO, F.R.C.S. Ed.



From a Photo. by]

“BABIES’ CASTLE,” HAWKHURST.

[Elliott & Fry.



WHEN it is remembered that the Homes founded and governed by Dr. Barnardo comprise fifty distinct institutions; that since the foundation of the first Home, twenty-eight years ago, in Stepney, over 22,000 boys and girls have been rescued from positions of almost indescribable danger; that to-day five thousand orphans and destitute children, constituting the largest family in the world, are being cared for, trained, and put on a different footing to that of shoeless and stockingless, it will be at once understood that a definite and particular direction must be chosen in which to allow one's thoughts and investigations to travel. I immediately select the babies—the little ones of five years old and under; and it is possible that ere the last words of this paper are written, the Doctor may have disappeared from these pages, and we may find ourselves in fancy romping and playing with the babes in the green fields—one day last summer.

There is no misjudging the character of Dr. Barnardo—there is no misinterpreting his motives. Somewhat below the medium height, strong and stoutly built, with an expression at times a little severe, but with benevolent-looking eyes, which immediately

scatter the lines of severity: he at once impresses you as a man of immovable disposition and intentions not to be cast aside. He sets his heart on having a thing done. It *is* done. He conceives some new departure of rescue work. There is no rest for him until it is accomplished. His rapidity of speech tells of continual activity of mind. He is essentially a business man—he needs must be. He takes a waif in hand, and makes a man or woman of it in a very few years. Why should the child's unparent-like parent now come forward and claim it once more for a life of misery and probable crime? Dr. Barnardo thinks long before he would snap the parental ties between mother and child; but if neglect, cruelty, or degradation towards her offspring have been the chief evidences of her relationship, nothing in the wide world would stop him from taking the little one up and holding it fast.

I sat down to chat over the very wide subject of child rescue in Dr. Barnardo's cosy room at Stepney Causeway. It was a bitter cold night outside, the streets were frozen, the snow falling. In an hour's time we were to start for the slums—to see baby life in the vicinity of Flower and Dean Street, Brick Lane, and Wentworth Street—all typical localities where the fourpenny

lodging-house still refuses to be crushed by model dwellings. Over the comforting fire we talked about a not altogether uneventful past.

Dr. Barnardo was born in 1845, in Dublin. Although an Irishman by birth, he is not so by blood. He is really of Spanish descent, as his name suggests.

"I can never recollect the time," he said, "when the face and the voice of a child has not had power to draw me aside from everything else. Naturally, I have always had a passionate love for children. Their helplessness, their innocence, and, in the case of waif children, their misery, constitute, I feel, an irresistible appeal to every humane heart.

"I remember an incident which occurred to me at a very early age, and which made a great impression upon me.

"One day, when coming home from school, I saw standing on the margin of the pavement of the woman in miserable attire, with a wretched-looking baby in her arms. I was then only a schoolboy of eleven years old, but the sight made me very unhappy. I remember looking furtively every way to see if I was observed, and then emptying my pockets—truly they had not much in them—into the woman's hands. But sauntering on, I could not forget the face of the baby—it fascinated me; so I had to go back, and in a low voice suggested to the woman that if she would follow me home I would try to get her something more.

"Fortunately, I was able to let her into the hall without attracting much attention, and then went down to the cook on my errand. I forget what was done, except that I know a good meal was given to the 'mother' and some milk to the baby. Just then an elder sister of mine came into the hall, and was attracted as I had been to the infant; but observing the woman she suddenly called out: 'Why, you are the

woman I have spoken to twice before, and this is a different baby; this is the third you have had!'

"And so it came to pass that I had my first experience of a beggar's shifts. The child was not hers; she had borrowed it, or hired it, and it was, as my sister said, the third in succession she had had within a couple of months. So I was somewhat humiliated as 'mother' and infant were quietly, but quickly, passed out through the hall door into the street, and I learned my first lesson that the best way to help the poor is not necessarily to give money to the

first beggar you meet in the street, although it is well to always keep a tender heart for the sufferings of children."

"*Hire babies! Borrow babies!" I interrupted.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "and buy them, too. I know of several lodging-houses where I could hire a baby from fourpence to a shilling a day. The prettier the child is the better; should it happen to be a cripple, or possessing particularly thin arms and face, it is always worth a shilling. Little girls always demand a higher price than boys. I knew of one woman

—her supposed husband sells chickweed and groundsel—who has carried a baby exactly the same size for the last nine or ten years! I myself have, in days gone by, bought children in order to rescue them. Happily, such a step is now not needful, owing to changes in the law, which enable us to get possession of such children by better methods. For one girl I paid 10s. 6d., whilst my very first purchase cost me 7s. 6d. It was for a little boy and girl baby—brother and sister. The latter was tied up in a bundle. The woman—whom I found sitting on a door-step—offered to sell the boy for a trifle, half-a-crown, but not the mite of a girl, as she was 'her living.' However, I rescued them both, for



From a Photo. by

DR. BARNARDO.

{Elliott & Fry.

the sum I have mentioned. In another case I got a poor little creature of two years of age—I can see her now, with arms no thicker than my finger—from her drunken 'guardian' for a shilling. When it came to washing the waif—what clothes it had on consisted of nothing but knots and strings; they had not been untied for weeks, perhaps months, and had to be cut off with a pair of scissors—we found something tied round its waist, to which the child constantly stretched out its wasted fingers and endeavoured to raise to its lips. On examination it proved to be an old fish-bone wrapped in a piece of cotton, which must have been at least a month old. Yet you must remember that these 'purchases' are quite exceptional cases, as my children have, for the most part, been obtained by legitimate means."

Yes, these little mites arrive at Stepney somewhat strangely at times. A child was sent from Newcastle in a hamper. It bore a small tablet on the wicker basket, which read: "To Dr. Barnardo, London. With care." The little girl arrived quite safe and perfectly sound. But the most remarkable instance of all was that of little Frank. Few children reach Dr. Barnardo whose

antecedents cannot be traced and their history recorded in the volumes kept for this purpose. But Frankie remains one of the unknown. Some time ago a carrier delivered what was presumably a box of Swiss milk at the Homes. The porter in charge received it, and was about to place it amongst other packages, when the faintest possible cry escaped through the cracks in the lid. The pliers were hastily brought, the nails flew out, the lid came off, and there lay little Frank in his diminutive baby's robe, peacefully sleeping, with the end of the tube communicating with his bottle of milk still between his lips!

"That is one means of getting rid of children," said Dr. Barnardo, after he had told me the story of Frank, "but there are others which might almost amount to a

respectable method. I have received offers of large sums of money from persons who have been desirous of my receiving their children into these Homes *without asking any questions*. Not so very long ago a lady came to Stepney in her carriage. A child was in it. I granted her an interview, and she laid down five £100 notes, saying they were mine if I would take the child and ask no questions. I did not take the child. Again. A well-known peer of the realm once sent his footman here with £100, asking me to take the footman's son. No. The footman could support his child. Gold and silver

will never open my doors unless there is real destitution. It is for the homeless, the actually destitute, that we open our doors day and night, without money and without price. It is a dark night outside, but if you will look up on this building, the words, '*No destitute boy or girl ever refused admission*,' are large enough to be read on the darkest night and with the weakest eyesight; and that has been true all these seven-and-twenty years.

"On this same pretext of 'asking no questions,' I have been offered £10,000 down, and £900 a year guaranteed during the lifetime of the wealthy man who made the offer, if I would set up a Foundling Institution. A basket was to be placed outside, and no attempt was ever to be made either to see the woman or to discover from whence she came or where she went. This, again, I refused. We *must* know all we can about the little ones who come here, and every possible means is taken to trace them. A photo is taken of every child when it arrives—even in tatters; it is re-photographed again when it is altogether a different small creature."

Concerning these photographs, a great deal might be said, for the photographic studio at Stepney is an institution in itself. Over 30,000 negatives have been taken, and the photograph of any child can be turned up at a moment's notice. Out of this arrangement romantic incidents sometimes grow.

Here is one of many. A child of three



From a) "TO DR. BARNARDO, WITH CARE." [Photo.]

years old, discovered in a village in Lancashire deserted by its parents, was taken to the nearest workhouse. There were no other children in the workhouse at the time, and a lady visitor, struck with the forlornness of the little girl waif, beginning life under the shadow of the workhouse, benevolently wrote to Dr. Barnardo, and after some negotiations the child was admitted to the Homes and its photograph taken. Then it went down to the Girls' Village Home at Ilford, where it grew up in one of the cottage families until eleven years old.

One day a lady called on Dr. Barnardo and told him a sad tale concerning her own child, a little girl, who had been stolen by a servant who owed her a spite, and who was lost sight of years ago. The lady had done all she could at the time to trace her child in vain, and had given up the pursuit; but lately an unconquerable desire to resume her inquiries filled her. Among other places, she applied to the police in London, and the authorities suggested that she should call at Stepney.

Dr. Barnardo could, of course, give her no clue whatever. Eight years had passed since the child had been lost; but one thing he could do—he could turn to his huge photographic album, and show her the faces of all the children who had been received within certain dates. This was done, and in the course of turning over the pages the lady's eye fell on the face of the little girl waif received from a Lancashire workhouse, and with much agitation declared that she was her child. The girl was still at Ilford. In an hour's time she was fetched up, and found to be a well-grown, nice-mannered child of eleven years of age—to be folded immediately in her mother's arms. "There could be no doubt," the Doctor added, "of the parentage; they were so much alike." Of course, inquiries had to be made as to the position of the lady, and assurances given that she was really able to maintain the child, and

that it would be well cared for. These being satisfactory, Dorothy changed hands, and is now being brought up under her mother's eye.

The boys and girls admitted to the fifty Homes under Dr. Barnardo's care are of all nationalities—black and white, even Hindus and Chinese. A little while ago there were fourteen languages spoken in the Homes.

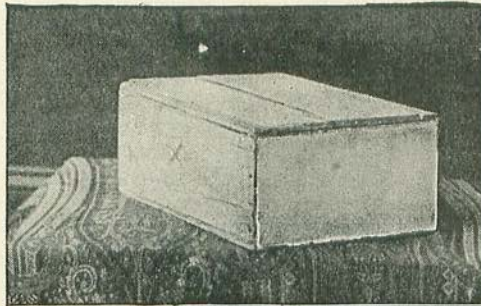
"And what about naming the 'unknown'?" I asked. "What about folk who want to adopt a child and are willing to take one of yours?"

"In the naming of unknown children," the Doctor replied, "we have no certain method, but allow ourselves to be guided by the facts of the case. A very small boy, two years ago, was discovered destitute upon a doorstep in Oxford. He was taken to the workhouse, and, after more or less investigation to discover the people who abandoned him, he came into my

hands. He had no name, but he was forthwith christened, and given the name of a very celebrated building standing close to where he was found.

"*Marie Perdu* suggests at once the history which attaches to her. *Rachel Trouvé* is equally suggestive. That we have not more names of this sort is due to the fact that we insist upon the most minute, elaborate and careful investigation of every case; and it is, I think, to the credit of our institutions that not more than four or five small infants have been admitted from the first without our having been able to trace each child home to its parentage, and to fill our records with incidents of its early history.

"Regarding the question of adoption. I am very slow to give a child out for adoption in England. In Canada—by-the-by, during the



FRANKIE'S BOX,
EXTERIOR.



From a FRANKIE'S BOX, INTERIOR. [Photograph.]

year 1892, 720 boys and girls have emigrated to the Colonies, making a grand total of 5,834 young folks who have gone out to Canada and other British Colonies since this particular branch was started. As I was saying, in Canada, if a man adopts a child it really becomes as his own. If a girl, he must provide her with a marriage dowry."

"But the little ones—the very tiny ones, Dr. Barnardo, where do they go?" I interrupted.

"To 'Babies' Castle' at Hawkhurst, in Kent. A few go to Ilford, where the Girls' Village Home is. It is conducted on the cottage principle—which means *home*. I send some there—one to each cottage. Others are 'boarded out' all over the kingdom, but a good many, especially the feebler ones who need special medical and nursing care, go to 'Babies' Castle,' where you were—one day last summer!"

One day last summer! It was remembered only too well, and more so when we hurried out into the cold air outside and hastened our footsteps—eastwards. And as we walked along I listened to the story of Dr. Barnardo's first Arab boy. His love for waifs and strays as a child increased with years; it had been impressed upon his boyish memory, and when he became a young man and walked the wards of the London Hospital, it increased.

It was the winter of 1866. Together with one or two fellow students he conducted a ragged school in an old stable. The young student told the children stories—simple and understandable, and read to them such works as the "Pilgrim's Progress." The nights were cold, and the young students subscribed together—in a practical move—for a huge fire. One night young Barnardo was just about to go when, approaching the warming embers to brace himself up for the snow outside, he saw a boy lying there. He was in rags; his face pinched with hunger and suffering.

"Now then, my boy—it's time to go," said the medico.

"Please, sir, *do* let me stop."

"I can't, my lad—it's time to go home. Where do you live?"

"*Don't live nowhere, sir!*"

"Nowhere! Where's your father and mother?"

"Ain't got none, sir!"

"For the first time in my life," said Dr. Barnardo as he was telling this incident, "I was brought face to face with the misery of outcast childhood. I questioned the lad. He had been sleeping in the streets for two or

three years—he knew every corner of refuge in London. Well, I took him to my lodgings. I had a bit of a struggle with the landlady to allow him to come in, but at last I succeeded, and we had some coffee together.

"His reply to one question I asked him impressed me more than anything else.

"'Are there many more like you?' I asked.

"'Heaps, sir.'"

"He spoke the truth. He took me to one spot near Houndsditch. There I obtained my first view of real Arab life. Eleven lads—some only nine and ten years of age—lay on the roof of a building. It was a strange sight—the moon seemingly singling out every sleeper for me. Another night we went together over to the Queen's Shades, near Billingsgate. On the top of a number of barrels, covered with tarpaulin, seventy-three fellows were sleeping. I had the whole lot out for a halfpenny apiece.

"'By God's help,' I cried inwardly, 'I'll help these fellows.'"

"Owing to a meeting at Islington my experiences got into the daily Press. The late Lord Shaftesbury sent for me, and one night at his house at dinner I was chaffed for 'romancing.' When Lord Shaftesbury went with me to Billingsgate that same night and found thirty-seven boys there, he knew the terrible truth. So we started with fifteen or twenty boys, in lodgings, friends paying for them. Then I opened a dilapidated house, once occupied by a stock dealer, but with the help of brother medicos it was cleaned, scrubbed, and whitewashed. We begged, borrowed, and very nearly stole the needful bedsteads. The place was ready, and it was soon filled with twenty-five boys. And the work grew—and grew—and grew—you know what it is to-day!"

We had now reached Whitechapel. The night had increased in coldness, the snow completely covered the roads and pavements, save where the ruts, made by the slowly moving traffic and pedestrians' tread, were visible. To escape from the keen and cutting air would indeed have been a blessing—a blessing that was about to be realized in strange places. Turning sharply up a side street, we walked a short distance and stopped at a certain house. A gentle tap, tap at the door. It was opened by a woman, and we entered. It was a vivid picture—a picture of low life altogether indescribable.

The great coke fire, which never goes out save when the chimney is swept, and in front

of which were cooking pork chops, steaks, mutton-chops, rashers of bacon, and that odoriferous marine delicacy popularly known as a bloater, threw a strange glare upon "all sorts and conditions of men." Old men, with histories written on every wrinkle of their faces; old women, with straggling and unkempt white hair falling over their shoulders; young men, some with eyes that hastily dropped at your gaze; young women, some with never-mind-let's-enjoy-life-while-we're-here expressions on their faces; some with stories of misery and degradation plainly lined upon their features—boys and girls; and little ones! Tiny little ones!

Still, look at the walls; at the ceiling. It is the time of Christmas. Garlands of paper chains are stretched across; holly and evergreens are in abundance, and even the bunch of mistletoe is not missing. But, the little ones rivet my attention. Some are a few weeks old, others two, three, four, and five years old. Women are nursing them. Where are their mothers? I am told that they are out—and this and that girl is receiving twopence or threepence for minding baby until mother comes home once more. The whole thing is too terribly real; and now, now I begin to understand a little about Dr. Barnardo's work and the urgent necessity for it. "Save the children," he cries, "at any cost from becoming such as the men and women are whom we see here!"

That night I visited some dozen, perhaps twenty, of these lodging-houses. The same men and women were everywhere, the same fire, the same eatables cooking—even the chains of coloured papers, the holly and the bunch of mistletoe—and the wretched children as well.

Hurrying away from these scenes of the nowadays downfall of man and woman, I returned home. I lit my pipe and my memory went a way to the months of song and sunshine—one day last summer!

I had got my parcel of toys—balls and steam-engines, dolls, and funny little wooden

men that jump about when you pull the string, and what-not. But, I had forgotten the sweets. Samuel Huggins, however, who is licensed to sell tobacco and snuff at Hawkhurst, was the friend in need. He filled my pockets—for a consideration. And, the fine red-brick edifice, with clinging ivy about its walls, and known as "Babies' Castle," came in view.

Here they are—just on their way to dinner. Look at this little fellow! He is leading on either side a little girl and boy. The little girl is a blind idiot, the other youngster is also blind; yet he knows every child in the place by touch. He knew what a railway engine was. And the poor little girl got the biggest rubber ball in the pack, and for five hours she sat in a corner bouncing it against her forehead with her two hands.

Here they come—the fifty yards' race down the corridor; a dozen of the very smallest crawling along, chuckling and screaming with excitement. Frank leads the way. Artful Frank! He is off bottles now, but he still has an inclination that way, and, unless his miniature friends and acquaintances keep a sharp look-out, he annexes theirs in the twinkling of an eye. But, then, Frank is a veritable young prize-fighter. And as the race continues, a fine Scotch collie—Laddie—jumps and flies over the heads of the small competitors for the first in to lunch. You don't believe it? Look at the picture of Tommy lying down with his head resting peacefully on Laddie. Laddie! To him the children are as lambs. When they are gambolling in the green fields he wanders

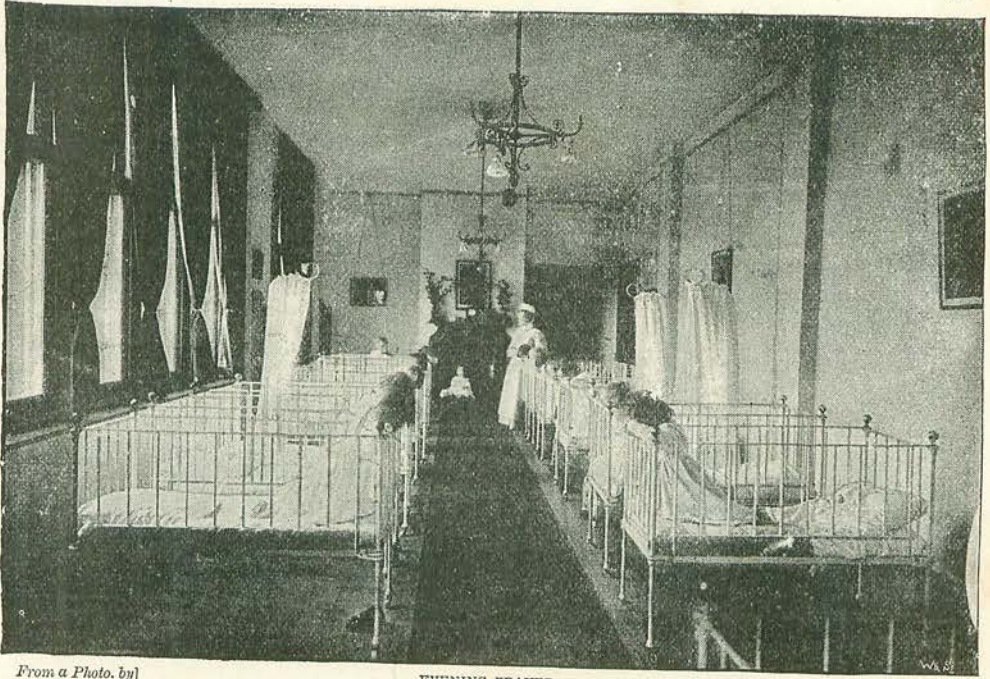


W&S.L.

From a Photo. by]

"LADDIE" AND "TOMMY."

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

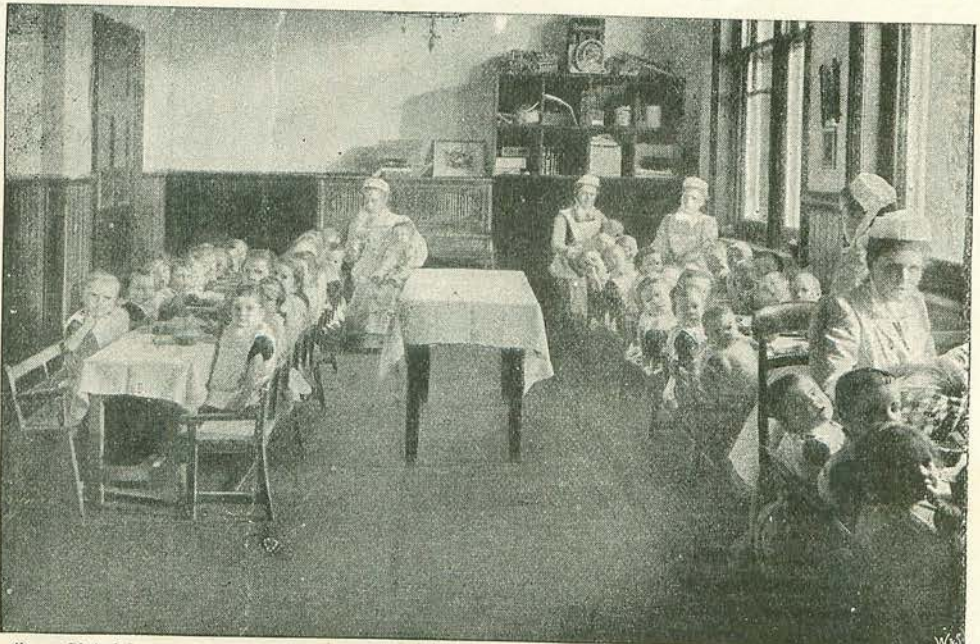
EVENING PRAYER.

[Elliott & Fry.

about amongst them, and "barks" them home when the time of play is done and the hour of prayer has come, when the little ones kneel up in their cots and put up their small petitions.

Here they are in their own particular

dining-room. Never were such huge bowls of meat soup set before children. Still, they'll eat every bit, and a sweet or two on the top of that. I asked myself a hundred times, Can these ever have been such children as I have seen in the slums? This is



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE MID-DAY SLEEP.

[Elliott & Fry.

little Daisy. Her name is not the only pretty thing about her. She has a sweet face. Daisy doesn't know it; but her mother went mad, and Daisy was born in a lunatic asylum. Notice this young man who seems to take in bigger spoonfuls than all the others. He's got a mouth like a money box—open to take all he can get. But when he first came to "Babies' Castle" he was so weak—starved in truth—that for days he was carried about on a pillow. Another little fellow's father committed suicide. Fail not to observe and admire the appetite of Albert Edward. He came with no name, and he was christened so. His companions call him "The Prince!" Yet another. This little girl's mother is to-day a celebrated beauty—and her next-door diner was farmed out and insured. When fourteen months old the child only weighed fourteen pounds. Every child is a picture—the wan cheeks are no more, a rosy hue and healthy flush are on every face.

After dinner comes the mid-day sleep of two hours.

Now, I must needs creep through the bedrooms, every one of which



From a Photo. by]

SISTER ALICE.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

"ANNIE'S BATH."

[Elliott & Fry.

"Who are you, my little one?" I whispered.

And the whisper came back—"I'm Sister's Fidget!"

"Sister's who?"

"Sister's Fidget, please, sir."

I learnt afterwards that she was a most useful young woman. All the clothes worn at "Babies' Castle" are given by friends. No clothing is bought, and this young woman has them all tried on her, and after the fitting of some thirty or forty frocks, etc., she—fidgets! Hence her name.

"But why does that little boy

is a pattern of neatness. The boots and shoes are placed under the bed—not a sound is heard. Amongst the sleepers the "Midget" is to be found. It was the "Midget" who came in the basket from Newcastle, "with care." I had crept through all the dormitories save one, when a sight I had not seen in any of the others met me. It was in a double bed—the only one at "Babies' Castle." A little boy lay sleeping by the side of a four-year-old girl. Possibly it was my long-standing leaning over the rails of the cot that woke the elder child. She slowly opened her eyes and looked up at me.

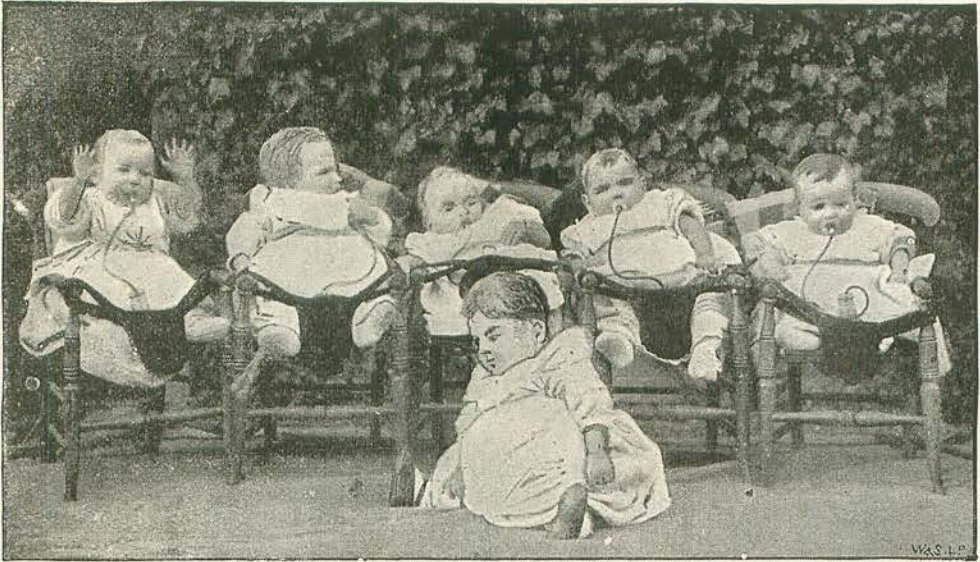
sleep by you?" I questioned again. "That's Erney. He walks in his seep. One night I couldn't seep. As I was tying to look out of the window—Erney came



From a Photo. by]

IN THE INFIRMARY.

[Elliott & Fry.
Vol. v.—24.



From a Photo. by]

"A QUIET PULL."

[Elliott & Fry.

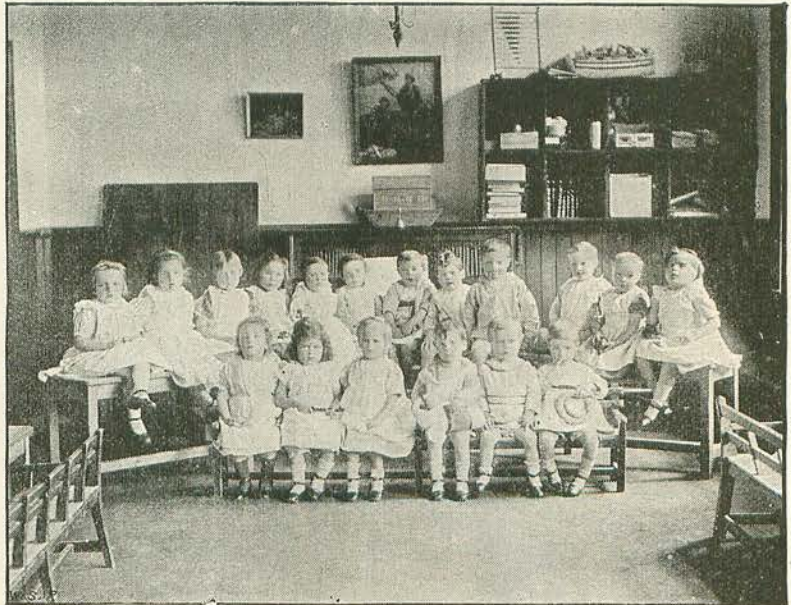
walking down here. He was fast asleep. I got up ever so quick."

"And what did you do?"

"Put him in his bed again!"

I went upstairs with Sister Alice to the nursery. Here are the very smallest of them all. Some of the occupants of the white enamel cribs—over which the name of the babe appears—are only a very few weeks old. Here is Frank in a blue frock. It was Frank who came in the condensed milk box. He is still at his bottle as he was when first he came. Sleeping opposite each other are the fat lady and gentleman of the establishment. Annie is only seven months and three days old. She weighs 16lb. 4oz. She was bathed later on—and took to the water beautifully. Arthur is eleven months. He only weighs 22lb. 4oz. Eighteen gallons of milk are consumed every day at "Babies' Castle," from sixty to seventy bottles

filled per diem, and all the bottle babies are weighed every week and their record carefully kept. A glance through this book reveals the indisputable fact that Arthur puts on flesh at a really alarming rate. But there are many others who are "growing" equally as well. The group of youngsters who were carried from the nursery to the garden, where they could sit in their chairs in the sunshine and enjoy a quiet pull at their respective bottles, would want a lot of beating for



From a Photo. by]

IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

healthy faces, lusty voices, and seemingly never-to-be-satisfied appetites.

A piteous moan is heard. It comes from a corner partitioned off. The coverlet is gently cast on one side for a moment, and I ask that it may quickly be placed back again. It is the last one sent to "Babies' Castle." I am wondering still if this poor little mite can live. It is five months old. It weighs 4lb. 11oz. Such was the little one when I was at "Babies' Castle."

I looked in at the surgery, presided over by a fully-qualified lady doctor; thence to the infirmary, where were just three or four occupants suffering from childish complaints, the most serious of which was that of the youngster christened "Jim Crow." Jimmy was "off his feed." Still, he could shout—aye, as loud as did his famous namesake. He sat up in his little pink flannel nightgown, and screamed with delight. And poor Jimmy soon learnt how to do it. He only had to pull the string, and the aforementioned funny little wooden man kicked

his legs about as no mortal ever did, could, or will.

I saw the inhabitants at "Babies' Castle" in the schoolroom. Here they are happily perched on forms and desks, listening to some simple story, which appeals to their childish fancies. How they sing! They "bring down the house" with their thumping on the wooden desks as an accompaniment to the "big bass drum," whilst a certain youngster's rendering of a juvenile ditty, known as "The Muffin Man,"

is calculated to make one remember his vocal efforts whenever the hot and juicy muffin is put on the breakfast table. Little Mary still trips it neatly. She can't quite forget the days and nights when she used to accompany her mother round the public-houses and dance for coppers. Jane is also a terpsichorean artiste, and tingles the tam-



From a Photo. by]

THE NURSING STAFF.

[Elliott & Fry.



W.S.L.]

From a Photo. by]

"BABIES' BROUGHAM."

[Elliott & Fry.

with a highly respectable donkey—warranted not to proceed too fast—attached to it. Look at this group at the gate. They can't quite understand what "the genelman" with the cloth over his head and a big brown box on three pieces of stick is going to do, but it is all right. They are taught to smile here, and the photographer did not forget to put it down. And I open the



From a Photo. by]

AT THE GATE.

[Elliott & Fry.

bourine to the stepping of her feet; whilst Annie is another disciple of the art, and sings a song with the strange refrain of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!"

Now, hurrah for play!—and off we go

gate and let them down the steps, the little girl with the golden locks all over her head sharply advising her smaller companions to "Come along—come along!" Then young Christopher mounts the rocking-



From a Photo. by]

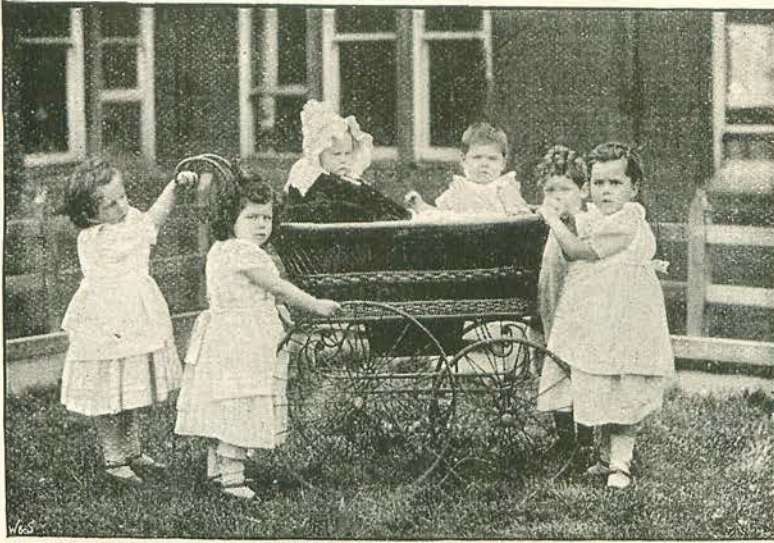
IN THE PLAYING FIELDS.

[Elliott & Fry.

helter-skelter to the fields, Laddie barking and jumping at the youngsters with un-suppressed delight.

If you can escape from joining in their games—but they are irresistible—do, and walk quietly round and take stock of these rescued little ones. Notice this small contingent just starting from the porch. Babies' brougham only consists of a small covered cart,

horse of the establishment, the swinging-boats are quickly crammed up with passengers, and twenty or thirty more little minds are again set wondering as to why "the genelman" will wrap his head up in a piece of black cloth and cover his eyes whenever he wants to see them! And the Castle perambulator! How pretty the occupants—how ready the hands to give Susan and Willie a



From a Photo. by]

THE "CASTLE" PERAMBULATOR.

[Elliott & Fry.

them sing to-day—they were made to sing—let them be *children* indeed. Let them shout and tire their tiny limbs in play—they will sleep all the better for it, and eat a bigger breakfast in the morning. The nurses are beginning to gather in their charges. Laddie is leaping and barking round the hedge-rows in search of any wanderers.

trip round. They shout, they jump, they do all and more than most children, so wild and free is their delight.

The sun is shining upon these one-time waifs and strays, these children of the East—the flowers seem to grow for them, and the grass keeps green as though to atone for the dark days which ushered in their birth. Let

"Castle" congregate on the steps of their home. We are saying "Good-bye." "Jim Crow" is held up to the window inside, and little Ernest, the blind boy, waves his hands with the others and shouts in concert. I drive away. But one can hear their voices just as sweet to-night as on one day last summer!

HARRY HOW.



W.S.L.e

From a Photo. by]

ON THE STEPS.

[Elliott & Fry.