

Babies Welcomed in Flats in Fashionable Neighborhoods



ATWOOD
DUNWODIE
COLE

COURTLANDT HOLDOM



IN THE BABIES' ROOF GARDEN

come out to see it this afternoon."
"Tomorrow, probably," said the woman, extricating herself and pursuing the search.
The result was the same on the whole scale of prices from \$75 up and in all parts of the city. In one building in a desirable location near the park where the flats rented for \$50, an offer was made to rent her two together. On a corner of Astor street an apartment which rents for \$2,000 to \$3,000 had a third floor that she could have. It was claimed that there was not so much objection to children, on account of the elevators. It was the same way with many of the better south side apartments.

Roof Garden for Children.

At the Bryson, where the apartments rent for prices from \$1,800 up to \$3,000, she found a garden on top of the house especially for nursemaids and babies. Places for hammocks and canopies were arranged purposely, said the janitor, so that the baby could have his morning nap in the fresh air. There are also quite a number of children in the apartment. Chambers L. Pierce lives here, who has a child under 2 years. Judge Jesse Holdom is an inmate who has a boy of 3. Howard G. Coles is also one of the tenants who has a boy also under 2, while Nelson E. Barker lives here with his family, in which there are small children. Mrs. James G. Hubbell also brought her two children, who are still small people, through their babyhood here. One of

the tenants has five boys, and that there are not many more such families is said to be simply that most applications come from childless families. In the Raymond on the north side Mrs. Emmons Blaine and Mrs. Scully both have children.

Jumping from this class of apartment to those that rent for an average of \$50 and \$80, the rule of "no children" was frequently met. That this rule could be set aside for a "consideration," however, was the suggestion made by one agent.

"If you see a flat that you like and offer \$5 a month more for it there is hardly anything in the city that you can't have," he said. "The trouble is that the people with children stand on their rights and would think that if they made such an arrangement as this they were being held up. 'Pay a tax on our children? Indeed not!' the fond parent will say every time, while the truth is that it is no more than fair that the landlord should have a little extra for the damage they do. Half of the trouble anyhow comes from the mothers thinking that no matter what their children do they are perfect. It never occurs to them that they bother anybody else. And instead of entertaining them they let them take care of themselves. They all say, the same thing. 'My children are not a bit of bother,' or 'Mine is just such a little baby; you know he couldn't do any harm.'"

Refused in Cheaper Flats.

A look for flats from \$30 to \$50 brought forth many complaints in the same strain, and in many cases refusals of entrance. At one place admittance was refused to a flat building in which there were already evidences of small people. The landlady, though fat and good natured, proved obdurate.

"But you have children here already," said the looker.
"Yes, but we are not responsible for that," said the landlady. "We never intended to allow a child in the flat, but Tommy, the first we had, arrived after his parents had lived here a year or two, and we couldn't turn them out. We got used to him, and, although we have never taken any more children, we got many young couples that came because the flats were small, and after Tommy we couldn't refuse to let other people rent just because a baby arrived. And my, how they came. They have arrived until the building has a reputation for babies."

"What do they do that makes them such a bother? It isn't what the babies do. It's what the mothers do. For instance, take a new baby the first summer. He is taken out in the cab by the maid at least once and perhaps twice every day. His mother dresses him up beautifully and puts a lace umbrella over him and tucks him in with blue silk things, and he is so sweet that he soon has all the children in the neighborhood after him. Pretty soon the maid gets tired and draws the perambulator up to the front steps, and from this time it draws children like flies. They are so thick in the front door that everybody has to climb over them. Now, wouldn't you think that mother would have enough sense to tell the maid to go on walking or go over into the park? She doesn't. She thinks it's just the thing to have all the children in the neighborhood admiring her angel. The next year probably she has let her maid go, so she straps him into a high chair on the back porch with his playthings. His next move is to throw the things on the porch floor, and as he has a croquet ball and a fire engine with wheels, most likely they make some noise. Then, as nobody comes after him, he reaches and howls. The next summer she ties him up with a clothes line in the back yard."

Mothers All Think Them Angels.

"But mine are never allowed to behave that way," interrupted the visitor.

"O, I know; that is what they all say. They are all angels, but we won't take any more in, ma'am. We have enough trouble with those that come."

This, however, is not the spirit in which the babies are regarded in the higher priced apartments, where provision is not only made for the play of the small men and women, but where they are popular with the older tenants. A visit to the Bryson disclosed the fact that the most popular inmate of the apartment just now is probably the weak old baby of Mrs. Reagan, who, although exceedingly small, already exults in the large name of Chester McArthur Reagan. Over here the provision made for the babies is not limited entirely to the roof, for in the basement are also playrooms for rainy days, some of which are public property, and one or two of which are rented especially for the little ones of a family.



LOGAN
PIERCE



It doesn't make any difference how many children a woman has, she can get any number of flats in Chicago if she looks in fashionable neighborhoods, in fact, those very places from which children are popularly supposed to be most strenuously "barred."

This statement is made by a woman who looked for a flat, handicapped by four cherubs, all boys, and from 7 years down. She was also blessed with a husband who did not object to putting a hundred or two a month into the rent if necessary. She wanted the best for her money, however, and expected to have to plead for a place to exist, even with the mitigating circumstance of not being exactly pinched in the matter of rent.

She discovered that it is not the exclusive landlord with perfectly appointed buildings in fashionable localities that is the aider and abettor of race suicide. This popular idea, according to the real estate men, is entirely a fiction. Instead, she found that it is the "would be" swell flat holder of the middle class apartment who is actively opposed to the existence of children, at least on his own premises.

Families with Nursemaids Welcomed.

"It is in that particular part of society," she was told, "that knows not governess nor nursemaid, and where the domestic machinery is divided between mother and the cook, that children are considered as a real menace. It is only in the happy and easy going family of this kind that the cherubs can escape to make lovely little sand piles in the front hall and to smear their faces with beautiful jam sandwiches on the front steps."

"In the really best class of apartments in Chicago these things cannot happen. In the first place, a family who will rent in this kind of an apartment building has a nursemaid who knows her business. It also employs a governess who knows her, or else the children are sent to a fashionable school and are called for every morning by some kind of a conveyance, and later in the day as carefully returned and deposited inside, each before his own entrance."

"There are other things. The people who live in this kind of an apartment spend long summers away in green places. This is especially on account of the children. Then the apartment is sure to have elevators. This in itself is a great point in favor of the baby, as the question of the ob-

jectionable baby carriage, which somehow always gets left in the front hall, is done away with. The walls, too, are deadened, so that if the baby walls at night it doesn't disturb anybody, and his brothers and sisters can even be spanked without the mother feeling ashamed of herself.

"All of these things make the way easy for the woman with the young family who looks for a really choice apartment. Perhaps the landlord who asks from \$1,000 to \$3,000 a year rental thinks it discreet to be conciliating to any sized family who can pay the price. Perhaps the sight of a fashionable woman with a large number of children so fills him with astonishment that he can't object."

Theory Proved by Experience.

At any rate, he doesn't. All this is just as stated by the real estate men, and it was proved by the experience of the woman who looked the other day. She first asked for something out on the lake shore within near distance of the elevated.

"Let's see," said the agent. "How many children did you say?"

"Four," said the woman modestly, hesitating a second. The fact was that the family was adopted anyhow, for the time being, and she didn't quite remember. Four was enough, she decided, for a fair experiment, as she announced that the oldest was 7.

"Let's see, 7, 5, and 3, and a baby, I suppose?" said the agent obligingly.

"Seven, 5, and three, and the youngest twins," remarked the looker, warming up to the subject and wishing she had said more, it was so easy.

"We have something that I think will suit you. It is near the lake and three blocks from the L station, twelve rooms, on the second floor, and \$110. I'll call the landlord up and see what he says to the children. It's a good many, you know."

The woman held her breath. It was one of the swiftest apartments on the north side, with two or three baths, and porches overlooking the lake. She thought of Venice and cities by the sea, and already saw herself beautifully domiciled with the angel babies until she felt vividly what a calamity it would be not to get it.

"There is no objection," said the agent, turning around at the telephone. "The landlord wants to know if you can