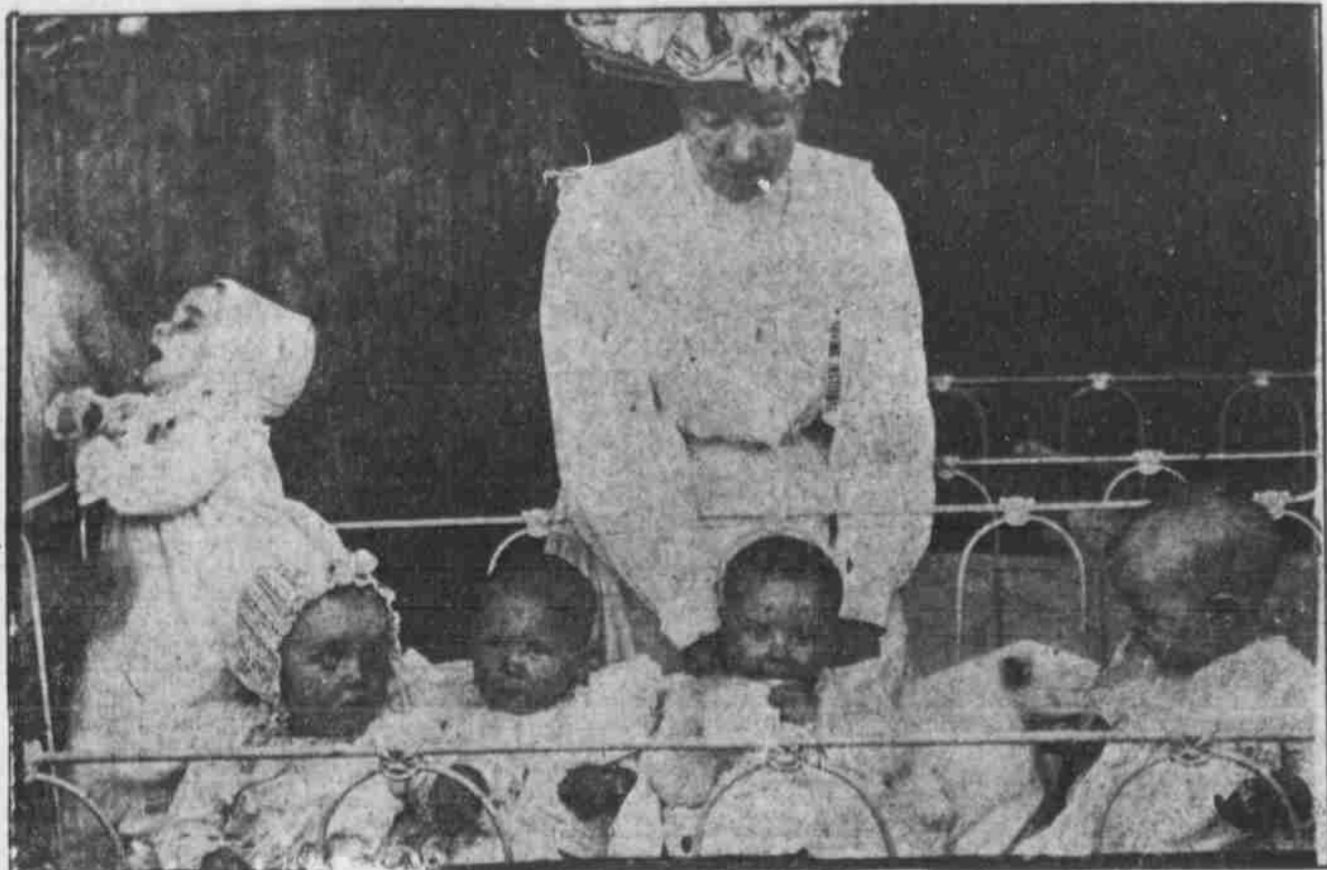


King Ak-Sar-Ben's Kindly Care for the Youngest of His Subjects



MRS. EDWARDS ARRANGING A "NEST" OF PATRONS.



ONE OF THE NURSES.



ONE LITTLE GIRL WANTED TO BUY A BABY.

ONE of the most interesting, as well as useful features of the King's Highway was the "rest" for infants established by J. L. Brandeis & Sons, and operated by a corps of nurses from the Child Saving Institute, under the direction of Mrs. A. M. Edwards. This check room for babies was a new idea in Ak-Sar-Ben circles, and proved a success, so much so that it will be repeated next year and from year to year as long as King Ak-Sar-Ben shall remain at the old stand. The nursery was opened on the first Monday of the carnival, and kept open until the closing evening of the Highway. Through the means of the nursery over 350 mothers enjoyed the Highway in a manner that meant serenely to themselves and rest and comfort for their babies.

Origin of the Idea.
During the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival of 1904 Emil Brandeis, one of the present board of governors of the Knights of the Highway, noticed many tired mothers trudging up and down the streets of the carnival grounds with their little ones. It occurred to Mr. Brandeis that some special provision should be made at the annual street fairs for the care of the babies and rest of the mothers, so when the King's Highway was started the rest room was opened. The booth was a commodious one, located near the entrance of the Highway. One room was fitted with cots and trundle beds for the future rulers of the Kingdom of Quivera, while another room was arranged for the mothers of the little citizens of industry. Small retiring rooms were fur-

nished and every convenience a mother and baby could wish were offered free of charge. For those who are "the first in command," a well-stocked commissary department was maintained. Johnny Jones could have modified milk if his ma said he should. Salie Tucker could have her's straight or mixed, while Tommy Tucker could take a snooze and dream of trees filled with milk bottles. It was not exactly a case of "ask the man and you shall receive," but rather one of "ask the nurse." The staff of twelve nurses alternated in shifts and most of the time had plenty of work to do.

Public Took an Interest.
From a purely spectacular standpoint the baby booth was one of the attractions of the Highway. The balmy weather permitted opening the front of the booth to the public, with the result that thousands stopped at the "rest" and paid their compliments to the tootsie-wootsies. Here is a partial description of some of the scenes seen at the "rest." In a number of cots and trundle beds are a dozen or more babies sleeping soundly; over in one corner a number, somewhat older and more wide awake, are playing with toys. One little boy tries to get all the toys and the little folks begin their battle of life by filling claims for the toys some with lusty yells, while others show they believe possession is nine points of the law. A kindly nurse comes along and takes the little boy who wants all the toys and places him where he may play by himself and kick the shingles off the place if he wants to. In another corner is a baby girl enjoying



OTHERS BESIDES BABIES LINGERED A WHILE AT THE "REST."

a little banquet to herself. Her fists are doubled up, she does not want to fight, it is just her way. In a rocking chair a nurse is trying to lull a tired little traveler to sleep. The boy came many miles, but has not yet taken kindly to the "rest." He goes to sleep in a few minutes and then kicks the cover off. A mother comes in and asks for her baby. Finding the infant still asleep, she returns to spend another hour on the grounds and take a ride on the elephant. Another mother walks by and just takes a glance to see if her child is sleeping. Two mothers arrive at the "rest" and check their little ones and then sit down in the rocking chairs in the west room provided for that purpose. And so it goes.

Methodical Ways at the Rest.
Everything at the "rest" was done in a systematic manner. The name, age, address and father's name of every baby cared for was recorded under a consecutive list of numbers. No unclaimed babies were left at the close of the Highway. The youngest baby cared for was three weeks old, there were three one month old, seven two months and so on up to 3 and 4 years, although two years and under was the rule. Wednesday fifty-two were recorded, the highest number for one day. Many mothers just dropped in for a few minutes or so, which cases were not recorded. The babies came from all parts of Nebraska and Iowa. A number of instances were noted where the mothers said they could not have come to Omaha had they not read in the newspapers of the "rest" on the grounds. A number of amusing incidents occurred in connection with the baby booth. One

bright little girl, accompanied by her mother, called at the booth and looked on with interest for some minutes at the display of babies before she ventured to ask one of the nurses, "Can I buy a baby? I have saved my money for a year, and now I've found out where I can get one." The girl was quite sincere in the matter, and thought she would be able to get "a real live doll." It developed that the girl's mother had promised her a doll that could open and shut its eyes, and talk. The matter was explained to the little girl, but she went away rather downcast. She returned next day and spent an hour with the babies.

No Accidents Recorded.
Not an unpleasant incident nor an accident marred the work of the "Rest," and its success is admitted by all who gave it any attention. The world has been interested in babies ever since Brother Noah was awarded the contract to build the ark and prepare for a heavy rain. Poets have written about them, humorists have given them every consideration, sages have listened to them, and the angels have whispered to them. They are the ties that bind and the music of the home. Great things have been said and written about the hand that rocks the cradle. "Don't forget the babies," was the thought in the minds of those who planned the "rest" for babies at the King's Highway. The work has been commented on by many and it is the intention to carry out the scheme on a larger plan next year. All connected with the booth feel their labor was not spent in vain and that the cause was a good one.

St. James Orphanage and the Work It is Doing for the Public

WHEN the fair for the benefit of St. James Orphanage opens to the public at the Omaha Auditorium on the evening of Thursday, October 19, the people of this kind ever will view the greatest event of its kind attempted in this city. The projectors and managers of the fair have set a definite point for their efforts and they express a confident determination to reach that point. When they have done so they will have achieved the culmination of an ambition as worthy as any that ever inspired human endeavor.

The object is to raise the necessary money to clear a heavy indebtedness from the fine property near the village of Benson known as St. James Orphanage. This debt amounts to something like \$20,000 and it acts as a drag and a hindrance to the work of which the institution is capable to such an extent that the authorities in control of the Orphanage have decided to get rid of it. For this purpose a nonsectarian committee, composed of almost three scores of the leading citizens of Omaha, was formed, and they in turn divided up into committees having the various features and details of the fair in charge. All of the Catholic churches of the city and about all the denominations are represented in the personnel of the general committee. The object is at once so commendable and of such general interest that the best efforts of the busiest business man were cordially enlisted.

While conducted under the auspices of the Catholic church, St. James Orphanage

has never closed its doors, and never will close them, to any little one who needs care and shelter. God's children all look alike to the good sisters who are devoting their lives to bringing the promise of heaven and temporal happiness to the neglected and forgotten ones of earth. The institution is made a home to the full extent that is possible under the circumstances. Inside the building and about the grounds the surroundings are of the best for cleanliness, for health and for advancement along esthetic lines to the full capacity of the small waifs who are cared for. Teaching is not neglected, but there is no effort made at proselyting or coercion in the matter of religion. While relieving the pitiable distress imposed on the innocents in their charge, the sisters are alive to the need for training the mind at the earliest point where comprehension of good and bad begins. The schooling afforded is elemental, but it has the supreme merit of being clean, wholesome and inculcating a wholesome reverence for the moral precepts.

History of the Institution.
St. James Orphanage building was begun in 1850, and in the following year was occupied. With an abiding faith in the Providence that fits the buck to the burden, the good sisters began their work under a load of debt that would have discouraged any but those of immeasurable faith. For years, through stress almost to the point of discouragement, the sisters have carried the burden, giving generously



GROUP OF CHILDREN WHO ARE BEING CARED FOR AT ST. JAMES' ORPHANAGE.

of their lives and potent energy to keep the institution afloat. They have had the full confidence and help of the diocesan authorities and have enjoyed the aid of many persons and firms not of their own faith, but in the hurry and bustle of ordinary life many who might have been willing to assist, and could have done so without much

self-denial, have overlooked the opportunity. Finally the point was reached where something had to be done. Payments due were crowding, and yet the hundreds of more helpless charges in their care had to be provided for from day to day and week to week. A fire in 1903, which de-

stroyed the north wing, added its incubus to the troubles of the good women of the Orphanage, borne with heroic patience for so many years. After these fourteen years of struggle and of sacrifice—through all of which the work of the institution has been carried forward unflinchingly—the Sisters of Mercy are to see their hopes real-

ized. They are to be the unseen heroines of the tremendous effort which is to culminate in this great and generous bazar.

Campaign for Charity.
For ten nights there will be such a campaign for a heaven indorsed charity as will do people's hearts good to see. Young women and men will vie with their elders to whom charity has become second nature, in accumulating the like and the big coins which are needed to make up the purse necessary to pay off the orphanage debt. The managers and controlling spirits have given it out that they will be satisfied with nothing less than the amount that will relieve the Sisters of Mercy of their debt. The Orphanage must, they say, be put in the position where it can discharge to the very limit the duty it has taken upon itself to care for the deserted, the neglected and the helpless of this city of Omaha.

All indications seem to point to the realization of the fondest hopes of the sisters and their enthusiastic friends. And when this has been done Omaha folk, regardless of religious lines, will have abundant cause for taking to themselves another draught

of mental elation for worthy work well done.

Transformation of the capacious Auditorium from a horse show situs to a charity bazaar is to be accomplished in the early days of the coming week. The time will be short, but the spirit that moves is equal to the great task. And when the transformation has been made a fact the visitors to the Orphanage fair will behold a scene that should excite every charitable soul and open every money bag. "God loves a cheerful giver."

From Tree to Newspaper
In how short a time a tree can be converted into a newspaper was tried recently. At 7:35 a. m. three trees were felled and taken to a nearby paper factory. By 9:34 the first sheet of paper issued from the machines. The printing works of the nearest newspaper were about two miles distant. The paper was carried there in a motor car at full speed, the presses set to work and exactly at 10 a. m. the newspaper was ready printed. The whole process from the forest to the reader thus only occupied the space of two hours and twenty-five minutes.

Happy Golden Wedding Anniversary

ON September 13, at their home in this city, was celebrated the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ayres. Their three daughters, Mrs. Thomas Rath of Minneapolis, Mrs. Gustav Stepp and Mrs. Charles W. Eckerman of Omaha, together with their families, attended the celebration. A wedding dinner was served at 5 o'clock, goldenrod being used for decoration. A large bell of this flower, which in name and color so well typified the occasion, especially since the celebration was held in Nebraska, was suspended over the center of the table. At the close of a toast to the bride and groom of fifty years a string was pulled and a shower of gold pieces descended on the table.

Albert L. Ayres was born in Plainfield, N. J., September 23, 1830, so passed his

three-quarter century mile post but a few days after his golden wedding anniversary. Priscilla Vernon was born in Cheshire, England, November 28, 1838, and came to America with her parents when 8 years old. This young couple was married in New York City September 13, 1855, and lived in Newark, N. J., until 1861, when they moved to Oskaloosa, Ia. In 1871 they returned to Council Bluffs, where Mr. Ayres ran the Union bakery for many years. In 1888 they moved to Lincoln and in 1902 to Omaha, to be near their daughters. Mr. Ayres is the only living member of his family, but Mrs. Ayres has a sister, Mrs. Martha V. Hall, living in Newark, N. J., and a brother, James Vernon, living in Council Bluffs. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ayres are in excellent health and it is the hope of their many friends that they will live many years.



MR. AND MRS. ALBERT L. AYRES.

Gossip and Stories About People of Note

Mr. Hay and Journalism.
MR. ROBERT Martin Larnier writes interestingly in the current Harper's Weekly concerning the late John Hay's attitude towards newspaper correspondents during his term as secretary of state, which was in curious contrast with that of Mr. Hay's predecessors. While Mr. Hay was not only invariably courteous, encouraging, and helpful to the journalists who constantly besieged the State department for news, others who were in office before him maintained a very different attitude. Mr. Blaine, for instance, was not always entirely frank in the hints which he threw out for publication, and seemed to derive personal amusement from balking a good newspaper story. Thomas F. Bayard regarded the most trifling item of routine information originating in his department as sacred. Mr. Olney and Judge Gresham made it a rule never to give out news until a final decision was reached; and John Sherman and Judge Day believed that profound secrecy was the essence of diplomacy.

Mr. Depev's Mistake.
A gentleman who stands close to Chauncey M. Depev says that while most men are inclined to believe that they would do better if they had their lives to live over again, Mr. Depev is certain that he could vastly improve in results if he had a second chance. "It was a fatal day for Depev," said this gentleman, "when he discovered that he could move a political meeting to laughter when he chose or set a convention in a roar. While he did not neglect the other graces of oratory in his countless after-dinner speeches, he did cultivate his talent for humor and made a point of always having on hand a few good stories. His talent and reputation grew side by side and when it was too late he discovered that audiences were disappointed and

thought him not 'up to the mark' if he indulged too long in a serious vein. It was a mistake that he has bitterly regretted, for he is capable of serious thought and real oratory. If he had it to do over again he would be one of the most serious statesmen in the United States senate today."

Mistaken for a Footman.
In her book, "A Southern Girl in '61," just published, Mrs. D. Girard Wright tells a capital story about General John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. He was invited by a certain woman of rank in London to luncheon. The woman had just advertised for a footman. Mistaking the hour General Breckinridge reached the house before the appointed time and by some accident was ushered into Lady Blank's presence without being announced. The day was in June. Owing to the heat the blinds were drawn, letting in subdued light. Lady Blank, glancing at the advancing figure, to the astonishment of the visitor, greeted him thus: "Have you a reference from your last place?" The general took the situation instantly and, with a twinkle in his eye, unobscured by the hostess, answered, respectfully, "Yes, my lady."

"What were your duties?" was the next query. "Well, my lady, in the last three places I held I was vice president of the United States, major general in the confederate army and secretary of war of the Confederate States of America."

A Gentle Reminder.
Colonel L. B. Pease, who was for a long period editor and publisher of the Woonsocket Reporter, was responsible for many quaint sayings and delicious bon-mots. Upon one occasion he attended a crowded reception in Harris Hall, and, staying quite late, was surprised to find his hat had been

taken and a very poor substitute left in its stead. The following night he called the attention of his readers to the fact in the following manner: "The gentleman who inadvertently took our new silk tie and left a very inferior article in its place will do us infinite kindness by returning ours. He will receive our warmest thanks and two apologies—an apology for the trouble we have given him, and the apology for a hat he has left us."

The Honorary Humorist.
Mr. Gillian, the president of the Newspaper Jokers' club, that visited John D. Rockefeller at Cleveland the other day, gives an entertaining account of the visit, which concludes as follows: "Others may know Rockefeller as a miser; others may know him as the richest man in the world; others may know him as a caricature and the butt of the jests of us who were that day his happy guests. But we who were there know him as a pleasant, young-old gentleman with a pleasing voice of gentleness, benevolent intonation, with unbounded courtesy, with a boy's enthusiasm and enough energy to carry him through many more phenomenally eventful and successful years."

Big Man in Every War.
Sir William Macgregor, governor of Newfoundland, is one of the most remarkable men of the British colonial service, both physically and intellectually; and, indeed, his herculean strength has contributed in no small degree to impress the savages, over whom he has been called upon to rule in the past, with a sense of the power of the British empire. He is the only colonial governor to wear the Albert medal, which is the civilian counterpart of the Victoria cross. He received it for the heroic rescue of the crew and passengers of the steamship Syria when it was wrecked at the foot of a precipice near Suva, the capital of the Fiji islands.

Head of Iowa Knights of Pythias



J. W. HUNTER, NEWTON, IA.