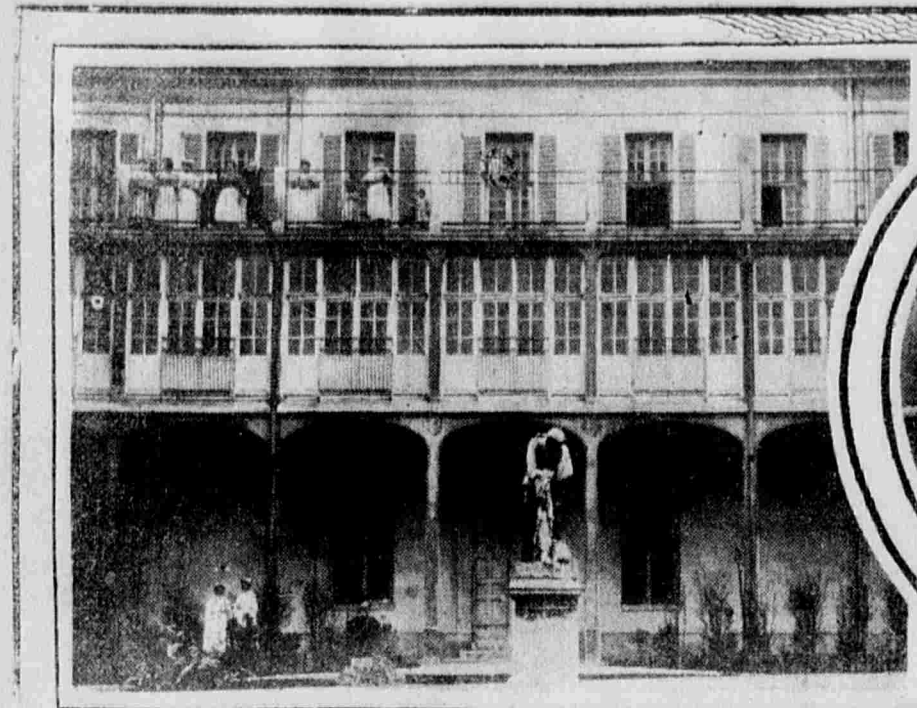
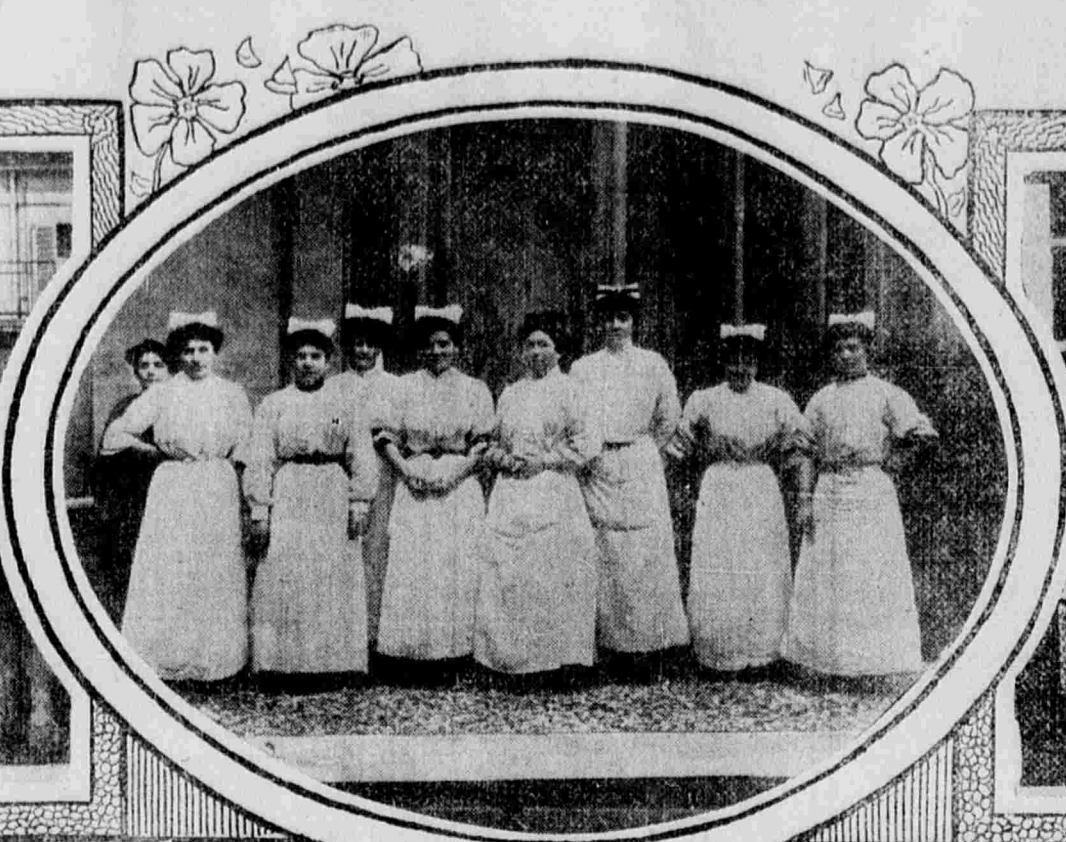


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



THE HOSPICE DES ENFANTS ASSISTÉS



SOME OF THE NURSES



A ROW OF THE LITTLE FOUNDLINGS

Pure Milk Supply Britain's Great Need

Special Correspondence.
LONDON, April 23.—Probably there is no subject which is receiving more attention in England to-day than the problem of a pure milk supply. John Bull has at last yielded up to the fact that the chief cause of the enormous infant mortality which disgraces this country is due to the way in which the milk on which the infants are fed is produced and handled, and there are indications that he is really going to do something about it at last.

The newspapers are printing columns about the milk supply, the doctors and the public health authorities are preaching pure milk, and at last parliament has taken the matter up and is going to legislate. John Burns, the president of the local government board, is about to introduce a bill which will deal with one phase of the existing evils, and it is hoped that the aroused public opinion will have its effect on the farmers and milk dealers by insisting on a pure and better supply.

GERMS NOT NOTICED.
The present state of the English law affecting milk is anomalous. A dairyman who sells milk containing added water, or which is even naturally deficient in the normal quantity of milk fat is heavily fined, but the milk he sells may contain as much dirt and as many disease germs as can be imagined, and it is no one's business to interfere.

But even if the milk were cleanly produced and properly handled at the farm, the conditions under which it is handled before it reaches the consumer in London and other large towns are sufficient to render it a dangerous article of food. It comes to the city in huge cans or tins, and sometimes the vessel which they dip into the churns are not as clean as they might be.

DANGER OF CONTAMINATION.
It is after it reaches the city dairyman, however, that the danger of contamination is greatest. Every Londoner is familiar with the milkman's cry of "Milk-o-o-o!" with which his morning sleep is regularly destroyed, and with the clatter of the milk wagons as they rattle through the streets when he ought to be enjoying his early morning sleep. These milk wagons look strange to American eyes. They resemble nothing so much as a small chemical fire engine.

Imagine a little cart with the seat for the driver in front and at the back two highly polished brass churns about five feet high. These churns rattle over every stone in the pavement and sometimes the milk can be seen splashing over the edge. A small boy hangs on standing on a little board behind, and as the driver pulls the horse up on his haunches at the front door the boy hops off and deposits a can holding a couple of gallons on the door-step with a maximum of clatter. He then picks up the family milk-can of black tin, which has been left on the doorstep, perhaps hanging from a hook outside the door, bangs it about until he is sure everyone in the house is awake and fills it with a tin dipper from the large can. Then he hops on the board again and yells "Milk-o-o-o!" at the top of his voice. The driver shouts to his horse and goes off at a gallop to wake up the next customer. It is a point of honor with London milkmen that they must never drive at less than a gallop.

BOTTLE SYSTEM TRIED.
Anyone can easily imagine the possibilities of contamination in this method of delivering milk. The large can is open on the dusty door-step and the small can has been standing there perhaps all night. Sanitarians and others have urged the dairy companies to adopt the American system of delivery in sealed quarts and pint bottles, but the dairymen have smiled and said that what was good enough for their grandfathers was good enough for them. One London company, however, recently, however, adopted the bottle system, and its managers have been surprised at the increase in trade which they have obtained since they have done so.

Even if the delivery was all right, however, the production of milk in the English country-side is all wrong. The English farmer is not a scientist. He knows and cares nothing about germs and he does not realize the value of fresh air for his cows. The cow-sheds and milking places are dark and close and dirty. The cows are packed close together, and the milk is often contaminated by the manure of the cows. The milk is often contaminated by the manure of the cows. The milk is often contaminated by the manure of the cows.

ly encrusted with filth, particles of which may necessarily find their way into the milk.

STARTLING RETURNS.
The result can easily be imagined. Dr. Collingridge, the medical officer of health for the city of London, took samples of milk recently as it arrived in London at one of the great railway stations. He found that 37.5 per cent of the milk contained particles of cows' excrement and hair and the variety of disease germs which he found were enough to make a Londoner forswear the use of milk forever. More than 48 per cent of the samples were tuberculous.

Disgusting as the filth is it is comparatively innocuous compared with the danger from disease, and it is this that the bill which John Burns is about to introduce, aims to prevent. Veterinary experts declare that a third of the cows in England are suffering from tuberculosis in a more or less advanced stage and it has been proved, many contend, that bovine tuberculosis can be transmitted to man in the milk of tuberculous cows. A large percentage of infantile death-rate in England is caused by tuberculosis which has been traced to infected milk. Mr. Burns' bill will insist on the destruction of tuberculous cows and the payment of proper compensation to their owners. It will also give local authorities power to condemn and destroy unsanitary cow-sheds and to insist on the ordinary principles of cleanliness being observed by the milkers and the handlers of the milk.

PEER'S MODEL DAIRY.
A Several attempts are being made to solve the problem by voluntary effort, but they must of necessity be partial in their application. Lord Rayleigh, an immensely wealthy peer, has started a model dairy near London where all the cows are carefully tested for tuberculosis and where the strictest cleanliness is insisted on. The milk is cooled as soon as it is drawn from the cow and is brought in London in locked churns and guarded against all contamination. Local authorities such as town and borough councils have started similar dairies, but they are few and far between. The milk is cooled as soon as it is drawn from the cow and is brought in London in locked churns and guarded against all contamination.

POOR SUFFER MOST.
Of course it is the poor who suffer most. The well-to-do, as a rule, have intelligent enough to insist on a pure milk supply and to boil or pasteurize it before use. It is in the little back streets where the babies die like flies that most of the impure milk is sold. A London milk vendor was prosecuted last year for selling milk that was unwholesome and unfit for food.

PAINLESS OPERATIONS.
He was a mortal who was much to be pitied. For several days he had suffered a martyrdom from toothache and now he had delivered himself into the hands of a dentist who largely advertised the "painlessness" of his operations.

After a busy five minutes the offending molar was drawn, and the victim was trying to ascertain the extent of the damage to his jaw.

"Is that what you call painless?" he asked.
"Certainly," smiled the wielder of the forceps. "It was entirely painless to me."

Paris the Dumping Ground for Abandoned Foreign Babies.

Aliens Go There With the Avowed Purpose of Getting Rid of Their Progeny
And the State Takes Care of Them and Provides Them With Foster Parents.

Special Correspondence.
PARIS, April 26.—The French have a griddle of protective tariffs all round their frontiers. You must smoke state-made tobacco and strike state-made matches. Everything that is of foreign manufacture is rigidly excluded or made to pay a prohibitive duty—everything with one exception—babies! Little as the reader may have suspected it, Paris is the dumping ground for abandoned foreign babies, six to seven hundred of whom are annually consigned to its kindly care. This astonishing fact has only lately been revealed to the man in the street by the sensational abandonment in a Paris hotel of two babies by an Englishwoman who apparently came over from Poolestone for that purpose. As no one claimed them, the poor little waifs were taken to the Hospice des Enfants Assistés, or Foundling hospital, and it was thus that I learned, from the director, M. May, all about this interesting institution, which is almost unique in the world, for Russia is the only country with a similar charitable organization, modeled on the French one, it is true, but far inferior in point of development.

OFFICIALLY ABANDONED.
Yes, foreigners may come, dump their children down in Paris and return whence they came free of all anxiety as to their fate, free of all responsibility as to their future. No awkward questions are asked, or if they are asked they need not be answered. There is only one condition: the child must be officially abandoned and not be clandestinely deserted, for that is an offense punishable by law. And thus it comes about that among the six or seven hundred alien babies which pass annually through the portals of the Hospice des Enfants Assistés, almost every nation under the sun is at some time or other represented, the Turk not excepted.

RUSSIANS AND POLES.
The vast majority consists, however, of the offspring of Russians and Poles, stranded on their way to England and the new world. These people are fully aware of the existence of the hospice and they do not hesitate to dump their cumbersome progeny on the hospitable soil of France in the certain knowledge that they will be cared for. Russian and Polish babies located in London even cross the channel for this purpose, and it is no uncommon occurrence for a woman about to become a mother, to come over and be confined in a Paris hospital, declare that she intends to abandon her child, and straightway return to London.

FOUNDED ABOUT 1788.
The vast organization called the Assistance Publique, with its annual budget of \$12,000,000 and of which the Hospice des Enfants Assistés is a part, was created shortly after the year 1788. A foundling hospital, of course, existed previously, but the hospice in its present form is a creation of the men who made the great revolution. It is based upon the broad and humane principle that it is better for the state openly to take over and rear the offspring of destitute citizens rather than expose a child to the cruel risk of desertion by its mother.

FORMAL ABANDONMENT.
A mother walks through the open doorway into the office. "I wish to abandon this child," she says to the official. It is the duty of the latter to point out to the mother the gravity of the step she is taking and remind her that in abandoning her child she is renouncing all claim upon it and will remain in absolute ignorance as to its future career. She is urged not to take such a step unless absolutely compelled. All this is purely a matter of form. It is extremely rare that such friendly counsel induces a change of purpose. The person is not bound to make any declaration at all as to the infant's

name or his or her own identity. The conversation may be limited to this: Question—What is this child's name? Answer—I do not know. Question—What is your name? Answer—I do not know. Very well, Good day, madame. Good day, monsieur.

EVERY FACILITY AFFORDED.
Every facility is thus granted for evading awkward questions as to identity, so that there is no excuse whatever for the abandonment of an infant on the doorstep or on a bench in the public squares, as used to be frequently the case and as still happens, though very rarely.

HOW BABIES ARE NAMED.
Should the parent abandoning the child declare its name and other particulars, so much the better; otherwise the authorities have to name it themselves and give it what is termed an "état civil," that is to say, a civil registration. When the infant has been deserted from the place where it was found, the two little children, for instance, whom I already have alluded to and who were deserted in a hotel in the Boulevard de Rochechouart may quite conceivably be now bearing respectively the names of M. and M. Marie Rochechouart. But one thing is certain; from the moment an infant has been received into the Hospice des Enfants Assistés its future name is already decided.

DULY TAGGED.
Until it has reached the age of six or seven years, every "foundling" wears underneath its clothing a little bone necklace, from which is suspended a medal bearing its name and number, so that it may be easily traced if lost. As soon as it is sufficiently intelligent to know its own name and where it lives this necklace is dispensed with.

SECRET NOT DIVULGED.
It is an absolute and very humane principle of the authorities never to divulge to the outside world the fact that their nurselings have been "children of the street." That step does not come until the child is old enough to be discreet. The authorities are very anxious to keep the name of the child secret, and they are very anxious to keep the name of the child secret.

EATS LIKE A CANKER.
The director of the Hospice des Enfants Assistés, with respect to his numerous family, declined absolutely to quote a single instance of the successful "foundling" by name. He remarked that these poor children always retain the mournful recollection of the fact that they were "abandoned." It is a phenomenon which M. May has again and again observed that the child when it has grown to man or woman's estate forgives its mother for having given birth to it, forgives her even for having abandoned it, something, however, eats like a canker worm at its heart, the fact that its mother never has sought to trace its whereabouts in after years.

"Why," said a poor domestic servant one day to M. May, "does not my mother at least try to find me?" And when the kind-hearted director, seeking to console her, said, "If your mother were to find you, she probably would only be a burden to you," the girl replied, "Ah! Monsieur, at least I should have some one belonging to me. I should not be alone! It is this feeling of being alone in the world which seems hardest to be borne and which begets a certain melancholy in them. 'One of my boys,' continued the director, 'is now the captain of a transatlantic liner. He wanted to become an officer in the army, but unfortunately we set about it too late. Well, I feel certain in my own mind, that if he had succeeded in his desire he would have been the first to lead a forlorn hope and fall at the head of his men!'"

ROUSSEAU'S BOAST.
There is only, so far as I have been able to gather, a single instance of a foundling having become a figure in history. That is the great philosopher, D'Alembert. As for the still more famous Jean Jacques Rousseau, it is notorious that he made no secret of the fact that his children were regularly laid at the door of the Foundling Hospital. So, at least, he himself declares. It seems probable however, that this was merely a vain boast, for there is not a scrap of written evidence of this in the archives.

I already have mentioned that the annual budget of the Paris Assistance Publique is about \$12,000,000. This enormous sum is furnished by the communes of the department of Paris and the state. A certain percentage of the proceeds of the Paris Mutual, or betting at racetracks, and of the sale of theater tickets also is assigned to the Assistance Publique. The budget of the Hospice des Enfants Assistés amounts to about \$2,000,000 annually. The latter organization exists primarily for newborn foundlings, but it also receives a number of children, for orphans are admitted up to the age of 15 or 16.

ADOPTED BY THE STATE.
It is worth recording that once a child has been received into the Hospice des Enfants Assistés, even if he is an alien, it is adopted by the state and may not therefore be given to any private individual to be adopted as a child. Thus, in the case of the two little English waifs already referred to, coming from abroad, several applications from persons willing to adopt them, but all were rejected. It may be said that France with her practically stationary population has no interest in accepting alien children who are destined to swell the number of her citizens. This may be so, but such a consideration would not detract from the generosity with which for years past "Marianne" has taken to her bosom the cruelly abandoned offspring of her sisters. That she does so out of the goodness of her heart is evident to all who, like the writer, have been privileged to see the poor little waifs sitting clinging affectionately to their nurses in the wards of the hospice.

"After all," said the kind-hearted director, with a smile, "that difference of a few hundred added to our budget in the thousands of children we receive annually!"

SAINTLY PHILANTHROPIST.
No description of the Foundling hospital would be complete without a reference to St. Vincent de Paul, the good genius of abandoned infants. In his time—there was born in 1578 and died in 1660—there was a particular spot for his ministrations in front of the cathedral of Notre Dame. It was called "Our Lady's Bed" and the little ones were picked up there and taken to various hospitals. The compassionate heart of Vincent de Paul was touched by the sufferings of these innocent babies and he took up their cause with the fervor of a Peter the Hermit or a Savonarola. His ardent preaching, his court and, fired with religious zeal, they took off their jewels and gave them to the good priest for his "Bonne Déesse." There is an old painting in the creche of the hospice, by an unknown master, showing St. Vincent de Paul with a table receiving the jewelry which princesses, duchesses and other great ladies are lavishing in front of him, while two babies are swaddling clothes and looking for all the world like Egyptian mummies lie at his feet. Thanks to this saintly philanthropist, the service of the Hospice des Enfants Assistés was created in 1658, but it was not until the Revolution that the system was organized as we now see it.

FOUNDING OF HOSPICE.
In 1814 the convent of the Oratory Fathers, situated in what is now the Rue Daubigny-Rochereau, was converted

Cook Turns Pirate And Single-Handed Captures Vessel

Special Correspondence.
SYDNEY, April 2.—Details have just reached this city from Tarawa, British Guiana, of a most cold-blooded but highly romantic instance of single-handed piracy. Joseph Mortimer, a burly Belgian cook, has been committed for trial on the charge of forcing the captain and mate of the American-built schooner on which he was employed to walk the plank in regular old-fashioned Captain Kidd style. After disposing of them in this fashion, with the help of only a cabin boy, he attempted to navigate the ship into an Australian port, intending there to sell her. Knowing absolutely nothing about seamanship this strange crew succeeded only in running their craft on to the reefs which fringe the Gilbert Islands in the south Pacific. There they were arrested and held for trial by the local authorities.

The cabin boy, George Jackson, an English lad, broke down and told the gruesome story. It appears that the schooner, which was a two-master of about 50 tons burden and named the Neuvre Tigre, hailed from Callao, Peru, and was engaged in the coastal trade. On her last voyage she left that port with a cargo of coke, carrying a crew of four all told—the captain, the mate, Mortimer the cook and Jackson, the cabin boy.

ATTACK ON THE MATE.
The vessel had not been at sea many hours when the night being a dark one, Mortimer crept on deck with a tomahawk and, stealing up behind the mate who was at the wheel, aimed a terrific blow at his head. Had it reached its mark the mate would have been dashed to the man's brains out, but while unconscious of any danger, the mate moved his head slightly. Instead of his head the tomahawk buried its edge in his arm. The mate immediately turned and grappled with his assailant, at the same time shouting for assistance.

The cook was a powerfully built man and it was apparent from the first to Jackson, the terror-stricken cabin boy, who watched the desperate struggle from a safe distance, that he would ultimately triumph. After an unsuccessful attempt to wrench the tomahawk from the grip of Mortimer, the mate broke away and sought safety in the rigging.

CAPTAIN TO RESCUE.
The commotion and the shouts of the mate had by this time brought the captain on deck. He took in the situation at a glance, but before he could seize a weapon, Mortimer was upon him and rendered him unconscious with a blow of the tomahawk. Then the cook ran to his bunk below and awaited the rising of the dawn.

Into the present Hospice des Enfants Assistés, for until then the little foundlings had no fixed abiding place, but were taken to whatever charitable institution they could receive them. When the Revolution broke out, the country aflame with patriotic ardor, the little foundlings were characterized as "children of the fatherland" and Napoleon turned them to good account by deciding that they should all henceforth be trained to become seamen of the fleet. This regulation was carried with the end of the first empire.

Nothing now remains of the original hospice except the creche or grande salle and the infirmary. The exterior of the old building, as seen from the garden, is shown in the illustration with the statue of St. Vincent de Paul, the creator of those devoted women named Sisters of Mercy, whose lives are spent in tending the sick.

THOUSANDS ABANDONED.
I have said that about 4,500 infants are abandoned to the hospice every year. The number of children who annually pass through the hands of the hospice is, however, nearly double that total for the children of the sick poor are looked after while their parents are in hospital or otherwise prevented from attending to them. It would be difficult to say how many babies are to be found in the hospice at one time, for the number varies greatly, but one would be generally able to see several hundreds. The abandoned infants are, as I have explained, put out to nurse in the country within 24 hours of their arrival. They are paid for until they are 13 years of age. From that time forth their foster parents may employ them, but must give them a certain wage. At the age of 21 the foundling is free, but in a great many cases, one might almost say the majority of cases, the old or boy is by that time a part of the family in all but blood. So strong is often the attachment between foster

most immediately reappeared with a loaded shot-gun which he had evidently prepared in advance. Pointing it at the mate who was still perched in the rigging he gave him the alternative of jumping overboard or being shot. After an unsuccessful attempt to argue the cook into a more pleasant frame of mind the mate chose the former alternative and took a header from the rigging into the sea. The horror-stricken cabin boy from his post forward saw him come up and start to swim towards a small island which he believed to be the starboard bow, but before long he sank again and is believed to have drowned.

FORCED TO JUMP OVERBOARD.
By this time the captain had regained consciousness and the cook, standing over him with the shot-gun, gave him also the option of being shot or jumping into the sea. It did not take the captain very long to decide which was the lesser of the two evils, for he immediately took a header over the rail and behind the forward mast almost as he went overboard, Jackson says, he threw him a plank, but does not know whether he got hold of it or not. It is extremely doubtful, however, and Jackson is sure he suffered the same fate as the mate.

Mortimer then advanced threateningly upon Jackson, who was crouching behind the forward mast, and dead with fear. Standing over the youth the cook forced him to promise to help him take the vessel into an Australian port, and exacted a vow from him that he would never tell of the events of the day. The cargo was jettisoned and the name of the vessel changed to the White Rose and expected to get a good price for the boat when he succeeded in getting her into an Australian port.

SAILED ON THE ROCKS.
With this curious crew of two, neither of whom knew enough about the business to box a compass, the voyage was begun. However, they did the most obvious thing and always sailed with the wind. They might have cruised several times around the world in this way without seeing the shores of Australia had they not one morning brought up at the Island of Apamama in the Gulf of Salween. The island was a stormy one, and it was not long before the vessel was hard on a reef and a hopeless wreck.

It was in this condition that the schooner was discovered by Captain Malcolm, the master of the trading craft, Laurel. Boarding the wreck he found Mortimer and Jackson thoroughly sick. The vessel was taken to be taken to Fiji and the captain was about to give them passage when the local magistrate objected and declared that he intended to re-christening her the White Rose and expected to get a good price for the boat when he succeeded in getting her into an Australian port.

The two men were later arrested and it was while they were on their way to Tarawa for trial that Jackson made known the true story of the Neuvre Tigre and her last voyage.

child and foster parents that Mrs. Youdell, the late nurse, assured me she knew many instances where the foundling recovered by the father or mother who abandoned it has refused absolutely to quit its foster parents.

The creche or grande salle, of which a portion is shown in the illustration, is a vast place with lines of snow-white cots in which the little ones are placed as soon as they arrive and where they await the doctor's visit and their removal to the country. If I should certainly choose as its motto: "Humanity and Cleanliness."

R. FRANKLIN.