

YOUNGSTERS FROM THE SPRUCE STREET MISSION HAVE AN OUTING.



THE GIRLS SACK RACE.



THE BEAN BAG IS IN THE TREE



THIS IS EDDIE

TAKEN BY A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLICAN.

Last Saturday morning, while the football whistles were still blowing, a withered old woman came slowly from her tenement house down on South Third street. She was leading a bright, cheery, curly-haired, white-headed little boy of 4 years. Her back was bent by age and care and lines, great wrinkles seemed her toothless, bony face; her hands were lean and leathery; she walked with a dragging step and an upraised chin that pointed sharply out from a head that leaned far away from the humped shoulders. The boy was—just a bright-faced boy, with long, white curls falling about his ears, a black straw hat set crookedly on his head and held by a rubber band, a white shirt waist, and a pair of blue jeans trousers that stopped half way down his bare legs.

SPRUCE STREET MISSION.

The door was closed, for it was too early for the janitor to be around. So the woman and the child sat down on the door sill and waited. The early morning crowds of workers strode by in an endless stream, but none stopped to give them more than a passing glance. The woman looked patiently upon the throng; the child looked wonderingly. Presently he became restless.

The Party Is Completed, and the Trip Begins.

This it was that Eddie and grandma were the first to be ready for the Spruce Street Mission excursion to Ramona Lake, out on the Suburban Railroad. They belonged to the mission, and every Sunday grandma took Eddie to hear the talks and the singing and to say his lesson to the fine lady that came from out in the West End to hear it. They knew the dapper little man, well. They called him "missioner"; so did the other mission people. The fine ladies and the gentlemen at the mission called him "sir"; while the business world called him Clifford Rugby Croninger. Mr. Croninger could not talk long to Eddie and grandma. But he found a way to get them into the mission and then he went off to see his friend, the dealer in sporting goods, and get a box of balls and a bundle of bats for the boys to play with when they got to the picnic grounds; to see his friend, the grocery man, and get a lot of coffee sacks to be used in the sack races; to see another friend and get some bean bags for the girls who could not play ball; to see the special car man, and close up the details for the special car that was to take the mission people on the trip; to see another friend, who had a box of candy for the little ones, and to see a lot of other people, and telephone to a lot more.

school lesson. Then came Mr. W. H. Danforth and Mr. J. A. Stamen and Mr. J. E. Purr, all of whom talk at the mission meeting and go to see the sick and destitute mission people. And before them and with them and after them came other troops of children and grown folks. Some came from the houses right around the mission; others came around one corner, and others around another corner. All had on their best clothes. And all were talking and happy.

Mr. Croninger had been in and out so often that nobody could keep track of him. But after awhile he came quickly in and said the car was ready. Then all the children and all the grown people stood at the head of "Hop Alley" while a young man told them to "stand right still" and took their picture.

Inside the Car, and on the Back Platform.

It was a long ride out to Ramona Park, where the picnic was to be held. But Eddie did not mind that. He sat on the inside of the car seat, next to the window, and looked out at the green things—so many green things—more than he had ever seen before. He reached his hands out and pulled leaves from the close-hanging trees in spite of what grandma said; for the other children were doing it. The other children were enjoying it all as much as Eddie was. There were two messenger boys who had a day off and they carried the big bunch of red bats. There was the biggest boy in the crowd, thin, wiry, dark-skinned, who looked and acted too fast, except that he was not impudent and did not push the smaller boys and tease the girls. There were the three sisters—the two older ones in red frocks, and the baby in a slip that had been white, but was not white now, and all of them as like as those peas in a pod. There were Irene and Lucy and two of three Marys and Grace and Julia and Jen. There were Bill and Billie, and Will and Willie, and John and Johnny, and Jim and George, and Bud and Saunders—a round little tot who had been named for the president of the mission, and who never could keep his stockings up—and all the other mission boys and girls that were too young to work in shops and factories, and, therefore, had time to go on the excursion. Each was as much a part of the party as was Eddie—that is, so far as they were concerned; to Eddie they were simply playmates taken along to keep him from getting lonely.

Out on the back platform Mr. Saunders was telling something of the work of the mission. "Spruce Street Mission was started eight years ago down around Sixth and Spruce streets," he was saying. "Over a year ago we moved to our present location. There has not been a night that a meeting has not been held, except on the night of the tornado. The first Saturday night of the strike there was no talk, but the house was open. I think it safe to say that there have been a lot of conversions in that time. I get letters every day from all over the country, telling of the success of people who were first led from evil ways by the mission."

Mr. Croninger was saying: "The best results are not from actual conversions of older people. The hope of the work lies in influencing and improving the children." And Mr. Hayes was saying: "People do not know the nature and sentiments of the people of the slums. They have no more idea of what they think and feel and believe and suffer than they have of the code of ethics in vogue in the South Sea Islands."

Mr. Croninger: "There are two classes of people who visit the slums, aside from those who are really interested in the work. Those who are made sick by the sights there and those who are convinced of their own superiority over the denizens of the dark half of the city."

Mr. Saunders: "It is not so much that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, as that it doesn't care."

Mr. Hayes: "The evidences of youthful depravity that one finds are simply appalling. A pretty 13-year-old girl—a pretty girl who sang like a mocking bird—came under our care, and we tried to do something with her. But we found that there were few things in the way of crime and immorality that she was not committing every day of her life, even while she was attending the mission regularly. A detective reported that the mother was totally depraved, and had corrupted the daughter, who was an apt pupil, at a very early age."

Mr. Saunders: "These people are not innocent visitors to the slums, as is a rule. They only live as they have been educated. They only believe, act, work and love

they have been taught. They are ignorant of those things which lead the other part of society to live more in accordance with the rules of right."

Mr. Hayes: "But there are many people in the slums who were not raised there. They are the victims of bad habits."

Mr. Saunders: "Yes, but if we get hold of these people there is a chance for direct conversion. When a man or woman has known and practiced the difference between right and wrong, there is always an opportunity of reforming him or her. That reminds me of the time I was taken for a gambler. I was on my way to the mission one night when a ragged and half-drunken man stopped me and asked me for a dime to buy a drink with. 'Looks like you've had about enough drinks,' said I. 'If you are hungry I'll buy you a meal, but no drink.' 'That's what I want,' he said. 'I asked you for money for a drink because I took you to be a prosperous gambler, who might give me a dollar on a good third story. But I don't want any more to drink. I'm drunk.' I took him to a restaurant, and after he had eaten he came around to the mission. There he told me he was a Cincinnati shoemaker, and that he went on a spree every time he got paid. He promised to quit it and go back to Cincinnati. I have never heard from him since."

Mission Work, Mission Workers and a Joke.

Mr. Croninger: "Some of them can't quit drinking. But I know one fellow who did. He was a printer. He resided into the mission one night, drunk and bent on raising a disturbance. We talked to him awhile, and then he went to sleep. When he awoke he was nearly sober, and we wanted to talk to him in some way. He wanted to relate his experience. 'If you will let me another drink, I'll make a talk that will curl your hair,' he said. 'I can give an experience that is worth talking about, I'll make a good story.' We talked to him until he was quite sober. I took him to a cheap lodging-house that night, promising to call and take him to breakfast. When I went back, he was gone. Two or three days later we met again, and I took him to a luncheon. He was sober, but much downcast. I didn't see him any more until a friend told me he was at the morgue. There he was, as one of the boys who called a 'stiff,' with a card marked No. 29 tied to his neck. He had taken rough on rats. His people, who live in St. Louis, allowed his body to be buried in the pauper's field."

Mr. Hayes: "Do any of you remember the case of an old man who was helped by the mission winter before last? He was paralyzed in one arm and the other arm was cut off. The people in whose house he lived would not let him have any fire; he was too much trouble, anyway. They said, 'One bitterly cold night his feet and legs were frozen stiff. We heard of it, and went to help him. The old man said he would be as hard as iron, but do you know, he actually begged our pardon for putting us to the trouble of seeing him hauled to the City Hospital? Well, he did. He died a few days afterwards.'"

Mr. Croninger: "That's talking shop. Do you know that the average mission worker is leoparded? He can't talk anything but missions. It's 'missions' this and it's 'missions' that. Let's talk about something else. Most of these children have never been to the West in their lives. These green fields and woods are new to them. Did you ever notice that flowers are about the only thing all classes of people appreciate? And especially these people. You can take a bouquet into a house where they would slam the door on tracts."

Mr. Hayes: "Yes, and some of those kids will get their heads knocked off if they don't stop leaning out so far to grab the trees. Take your head in there, Mary!"

Mr. Saunders: "Ever hear about the Arkansas negro who came to town and took a ride on a street car? He was interested in the scenery, leaned so far out of the window that his head struck a trolley pole. It splintered the pole. The negro rubbed

put dem poles so close fer? Might-a knowed de'd git broke?"

Mr. Hayes: "These kids are not enjoying themselves. They think they're in church. Make 'em yell!"

The Wonderful Swings and the Game of Baseball.

Some of the children evidently knew what a park was like; most of them, plainly, did not. As soon as the car had stopped on the switch at Ramona Park the former scrambled off with the cry: "Let's swing!" The others stood about, wonderingly, the little ones with one or more fingers in their mouths, waiting for some one to lead them. The three sets formed a chain, the oldest sitting in front, and the other two straggling along at arm's length behind her. The one in front knew what a swing was; the others didn't. Of course, they had sat on a clothesline hung in a fence corner down on South Sixth street, but that was not much fun, not worth making all this fuss over. Grandma knew what a swing was, too; she told the queer-looking, short-haired woman who was with her and Eddie that she used to swing in the Old Country, and she mimicked the time when her brothers used to swing her to and fro in a big vine that hung between two old oak trees. Sure, that was a long time ago, and she was afraid it would make her sick to swing now, although she did not get sick when she was coming over. Eddie had never seen a swing that he remembered, but the other kids were going to swing, and he was going too. So he dragged grandma along as best he could—until grandma gave him a jerk that sent him sprawling on the grass. The man dragged him to his feet again, and said: "Eddie! Don't run off! You git lost! Stay wit me!" Eddie stuffed a block flat in his eye, and trotted along without a word.

When the three sisters got to a swing, they found it very largely a mystery. The oldest had forgotten the hang of it, and whenever she tried to get on the seat, or tried to put the two smaller girls on the seat, the awkward board would tip and they would slip to the ground. But the young man who wore a Kansas City convention hat went to their assistance, and, holding them hold on tight, swung them and ran under them and pushed them way up among the branches of the trees in front until they got dizzy.

The Games, the Dinner and the Boat Ride.

Eddie did not take part in the foot races and the sack races and the rope-jumping and the bean bag races. He only stood and looked on while Irene got in the way of Mary, who was "jumping" just where the camera man could take her picture, and while Sally and Grace held hands and should hold the end of the big rope, and while Sally and Grace held hands and while the girls and then both boys and girls got into coffee sacks and ran for a prize of a stick of candy.

After the games there came the dinner. It was a wonderful dinner—dragged out from the mysterious recesses of a dozen baskets, piled on a long table under three big trees, and put into any number of little wooden plates. When the children had been seated on the grass and at numerous little tables and on various settees, the gentlemen and ladies began to pass the well-filled plates around. Eddie had a handi-cup in this contest. Almost as soon as the first basket had been opened, he had received a stick of candy from Mr. Croninger; then he had secured an apple from the same source; then a peach. When Eddie had finished this he climbed upon a bench that stood beside the table closest to where the

turn. If they were slow in getting there, and had already reached the top of the hill when the organ in the merry-go-round pavilion began to play, of course, they had to start back. Perhaps it was grandma, and perhaps it was Eddie, but one did not go fast enough or slow enough to suit the other and there was a disturbance. Eddie would not keep hold of grandma's hand, and when grandma's withered old fingers closed in a tight grip about his arm he began to howl. Then grandma's withered old fist whacked him in the back. This made Eddie mad. He ran from grandma with a scream of anger, and tried to catch the hand of another woman. When she would not help him he ran in another direction, grandma holding after him with this, piping calls of "Eddie! Eddie! You had best! Come!" Every now and then she would come in arm's length, and her fist would whack against his back. Once he fell and grandma caught his wrist and gave him a jerk that drew him to his feet and almost to his back again. Eddie squirmed away, but grandma soon clutched him and jerked and pushed and whacked him and screamed at him: "Sit up! What you mean! All dese ladies hear you be bad!"

Just see how that old woman is beating that poor little child! cried one of the ladies down by the merry-go-round pavilion. But grandma did not mean to be cruel; she was only anxious for Eddie to behave, and was correcting him according to her rights—something as an old she-bear would and her best loved cub, tumbling a dozen feet away with a howl from her paw. Eddie was not cowed, as a child not used to such treatment would have been; he did not even seem to be frightened. He was just angry; and when Mr. Croninger ran up the hill and took him in his arms he called back loudly to grandma—and forgot the incident.

And then the merry-go-round started. Eddie had been lifted to a seat with a number of other children, and was very well satisfied to be away from grandma. But when the broad-shouldered man in the dull yellow sweater gave a jerk at the handles of the movable platform and the floor rose up and the whole thing went swinging around, it was different. Eddie did not like it. He had not the slightest idea where he was going to land—and he yelled for grandma, of course, the merry-go-round had to stop until Eddie could be lifted off. He was very well contented to stay with grandma now, and when the merry-go-round made another trip, so that all might have a ride, grandma was a passenger with Eddie in her lap. And Eddie was perfectly contented.

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ligger gave him, as soon as ever being afraid, and when his time in the boat was ended did not want to get out.

The Day Is Done and the Outing Ends.

It was nearly dark now, and pretty soon the special car came in on the switch, and baskets and bundles and coats and hats and ropes and bats and balls and weeds and grass and flowers were loaded into it.

The sun had gone down behind the green and yellow hills that lie across the tree-studded valley beyond the little railway station when the last of the third children had been loaded into the car, and when the homeward trip was begun, the little stars were twinkling merrily far above the park and the railroad track and the green trees and the woods, and the cows and horses that waded about in the high grass of the fields. Eddie watched the stars and the hills and the trees and the cows and the horses, and the stars began coming through the water and fanned his pretty white face until roses came into the cheeks, and tossed the white curls back in a fluttering stream. Then his blue eyes closed, his head sank back into the inn arms of grandma, and he was sound asleep. So were all the Marys, and Lucy and Jen and Grace, and two of the Three Sisters. The smaller boys were asleep, too—Saunders, with his rebellious stockings still slipping down over his torn shoes, most of the Bills, Billies, Willies and Willies and Bud and Johnny, and the other little ones. But as for the two messenger boys and the big boy, never a wink nor a blink did they take.

AN ADVENTURE.

From the California Courier.
Three smart young men and three nice girls
All lovers true as steel—
Decided in a friendly way,
To spend the day a-hoed.
They started in the early morn,
And nothing seemed amiss;
And when they reached the leafy lanes
They in like
rose in this
They wandered by the verdant dale,
Beside the rippling rill;
The sun shone brightly all the while;
They heard the songbird's trill;
They sped through many a woodland glade,
And when they reached the swale,
They sat in
They sat
The sun went down and evening came,
A lot of them, they said;
Too long they tarried on the way.
The clouds grew black overhead,
Down dashed the rain; they homeward flew
Till one unlucky miss
Slipped sideways—'twixt Great Scott!
Wearalimexduplithkth!



THE MISSES LITHEBURY OF COMPTON HEIGHTS

Where Eddie and Grandma Create a Diversion.

Grandma and Eddie had come up to see