

ST. MARY'S ORPHANAGE AT BEAVERTON

THE GOOD WORK OF AN INSTITUTION NEAR PORTLAND FOUNDED BY ARCHBISHOP GROSS



PHOTOS BY T. A. SHOGREN

It is a 45-minute ride by rail, and one leaves the city and all suburban suggestions of it far behind. It is then that one comes upon Beaverton, a hamlet set down in the midst of one of Oregon's beautiful rural landscapes. Unless one has been forewarned he leaves the train and walks a mile and a half to reach St. Mary's Home, a refuge for nobody's boys. If he knows his ground he will travel to the very entrance of that place on the steam cars. But few know, and many walk beyond Beaverton. In either event the traveler meets a hearty welcome from Father Moore and the good sisters who are doing God's work for and God's will by a company of bright, healthy little lads who are growing into good and useful citizens.

The little men of St. Mary's range in age from 4 to 15 years. They are of a dozen nationalities, of all sizes and tempers, but all of one condition, homeless but for the Christian charity and fostering care of their devoted benefactors. They are society's lost lambs, left out on the bleak and bare mountains of adversity, who have been found by the shepherds and folded on a beautiful demesne which the ever-watchful Catholic Church has prepared for them that they may be saved from the abyss.

A Pastoral Picture.

The home farm has 800 acres of as fine land as one might wish to see. It is diversified woodland, meadow and fallow ground. On a slightly eminence stands the big, homelike house where the youngsters live, and conveniently surrounding which appertain to profitable and prosperous farming.

The whole place is quiet with the mel- low, resonant silence of the country, save for the music of happy voices on the playground. In the cool, dark woods there are hard songs and a festival of wild flowers.

In the marsh hard by there is the croak of frogs, and in the knee-deep clover fields the bleat of sheep. On the tiled land there is the muffled sound of horses and men at the Spring plowing, the cawing of crows alert for the feast, and the aromatic waves of rich brown earth receding from the plowshare. It is a sweet place for the city wearied to drowse and rest, to drink in the sounds that do not jar the ears and the beauty of the scene, but the purpose of it all is not idle, and there is in it a great lesson for the idler. For the boys who live there from sunrise until early bedtime there is a round of study and light tasks of work about the house or in the fields, with



THE CHAPEL.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

DORMITORY, ORPHAN HOME.

enough romping to keep Jack from becoming a dull boy. For those who devote their lives to the boys there is work, hard, honest work which is profiting the world. There is much devotion to religion, a saying of masses and vespers, many crosses, much care and responsibility, with only a little, a very little relaxation of mind and body between early to bed and early to rise. But in the ultimate it is all very good and helpful and uplifting. A great work is being accomplished, quietly, modestly. A consecrated work, and every day the world is being made better by it.

St. Mary's Home was founded through the efforts of the late Archbishop Gross in 1891. Six hundred and forty acres were

purchased, an old donation claim, and a substantial, comfortable frame building, containing 32 rooms, was built. At the opening there were but six charges, four boys and two girls, all of one family. In the 13 years which have elapsed since then 292 children have come into the home from a cruel world, in which they were helpless, and most of them have gone out again into the same cruel world, but prepared to help themselves in a battle with it. Some few have gone into the little seminary near by, but very few.

A few years ago it was decided to make St. Mary's strictly a boys' home, so the little girls were sent to St. Paul, to a home of their own, and the babies to Park Place, near Oregon City. At the

present time there are 84 of the little fellows, but almost every day one or more leaves and one or more enters. Many of those who lived at the home in the early '90s are now grown and are filling lucrative and honorable places in life. Unless all signs fail, many, if not all, of those at present in the home will grow to be men of whom their benefactors will be proud.

The boys come from families of all shades of religious belief and of none. The majority of them are of Catholic antecedents, but a large minority, in fact, almost half, are of Protestant or non-religious parentage. The only prerequisite required is that they be poor and in need, free from contagious disease and

of sound mind. The agents of the church do not require that they be of the faith. The divorce court is most responsible for their being there, and the history of their short lives is a harrowing story of unnatural and brutal parentage. Some are full orphans, and others have one parent living. In a number of instances either the mother or father pays the nominal sum of \$5 a month for the care of children, being unable to give them a home elsewhere. Several have been committed by the courts of the state, which pay a like sum for their care, but the most of them are cared for and educated without the requirement or expectation of remuneration. It is a sad commentary on our civilization that some

must bear the burdens of others, and that is the reason why it must be that St. Mary's is the home and the school of the little children of the poor, the helpless and the unworthy.

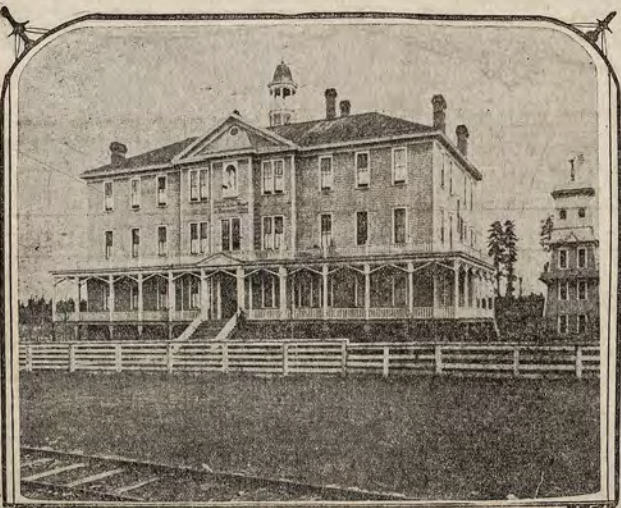
The superintendent is the Rev. Father A. Moore, a priest of some ten years of service. He was in charge of the La Grande parish for six years, and has been at St. Mary's since 1901. He is a rare combination of minister, teacher and farmer, which makes him especially useful in his present charge. He is a student who delights in a library of good books, a farmer who knows what to plant

and when and how to harvest, a lover of nature and a frugal, careful manager. The boys love and respect him to a degree which is a delight to see. He works for them alone. He jokes in their fun and understands completely the boy's nature. They study to please the father and their highest reward is a smile or word of commendation from him. He is a gentle man who rules good-naturedly and by reason of his love for his charge. During his term as superintendent the usefulness of the farm has been greatly increased. New ground has been broken and the quality and quantity of the stock greatly increased. New buildings have been erected, among others a well-managed steam laundry and the Home made more nearly self-supporting than ever before. The annual cost of maintenance is in the neighborhood of \$50,000. Of this \$50,000 is represented in cash about \$2000 in the products of the farm. The receipts from all sources last year were a few hundred dollars short of balancing the account. It is Father Moore's hope that a manual training school will soon be established at



FATHER MOORE.

(Continued on Page 41)



THE ORPHANAGE BUILDING.



THE CHILDREN OF ST. MARY'S.

ST. MARY'S ORPHANAGE AT BEAVERTON

Continued from Page Thirty-Four.

Home so that the boys may be taught trades and better prepared to make their own way in the world. It is understood that the diocese contemplates such a school in the near future, to be conducted by one of the brotherhoods.

Health, Finances and Personnel.

During the past three years there has not been a death at the home, and but little serious illness. In that time 131 boys have been received and discharged. The Home infirmary is now without patients, and the one sick boy is now being treated at St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland. The remainder of the company of boys are a rosy-cheeked, healthy lot, and are kept so because Father Moore believes in fresh air and exercise, and sees to it that out of school hours the youngsters are at play or at their light tasks as much as possible out of doors.

Much of the credit for the good which the Home is accomplishing is due to Sister Johanna, the mother superior, and the efficient corps of Sisters who are her assistants. If the boys had the choosing of their mothers they could not possibly select better than the patient, loving women who care for them and who

are training them up in the way they should go.

Sister Frances has direct charge of all the boys and presides over the schoolroom in which the younger ones are taught. Sister Genevieve teaches the older ones, and the two schoolrooms on the first floor of the building are well equipped and admirably conducted. Instruction in the common branches is given up to the work usually given in the seventh grade of the public schools. The large sewing-room is in charge of Sister Aloysia, and here almost all the clothing of the boys is made. Sister Gertrude presides over the dairy, and under her direction the sweetest butter, the finest cream and the freshest milk is prepared for the big family to which she caters. Sister Agatha is in charge of the steam laundry, which does work superior to that turned out by the city plants. Leo Carroll, who has seen but 13 years, runs the engine, and is absolutely trusted in its management. He is a good example of the work accomplished by the Home. Sister Walburga presides over the big dining-room, where the boys eat their bountiful meals of plain, wholesome fare. Sister Dominicia is mistress of the dormitories, and looks

to the sleeping arrangements of the youngsters.

The kitchen, first in the thoughts of the boys and nearest their hearts, for they are real boys of the old-fashioned kind, is a joy to the casual visitor, and it must be a grand place indeed to the lads. It is spotlessly clean and as orderly as that of the Portland Hotel. The entire house and grounds are neat to an almost unbelievable degree, but it is in the kitchen that the art of keeping house is most effectively demonstrated. Sister Katherine, who is head cook, and her assistants, Sister Bernardine and Sister Benedicta, must be credited. Such loaves of flaky, brown-crusted bread, such hundreds of jars of tempting jams and preserves and canned fruits in the pantry, all put up by the sisters; such aromas from well-cooked meats; such coffeecake and gingerbread! It is no wonder the boys are healthy little chaps and as full of harmless mischief as they could well be. I am near enough my boy days to feel the thrill of the kitchen, and the culinary department of St. Mary's explained many things to me.

In connection with the management of the household mention of "Grandma," a dear old lady, whose special mission is to care for and mother the three home

"bables," must not be forgotten. Grandma did not take the veil. She gave two daughters to the sisterhood, and now, at 75, she is spending life's evening in nursing the little children of the great mother church.

An Afternoon Stroll.

One who goes to St. Mary's Home cannot miss seeing another fine institution, which is its neighbor, St. Mary's Academy, a well equipped and splendidly conducted boarding and day school for girls, over which Mother Theresa so graciously presides. The school property adjoins the home, and the two have much in common.

To tell what might properly be said about St. Mary's, near Beaverton, as I saw it one day last week, would fill many columns. I went for a walk, a long stroll over the wide farm, with Father Moore as guide, philosopher and friend, and a valliant company of nimble youngsters as an escort. We saw the fine cattle and sheep and hogs, the work horses, the poultry. We all but lost ourselves in the smelly woods, and fished reckless young ones out of the clear, swift current of the creek. To go there is a little journey worth taking. Those who go will feel like doing something to help, even if it be only the giving of castoff clothing. If it be great or small, of material things or only of moral support or prayer, if one is of the praying kind, the object is worth the giving.

It is worth going to see and helping because it reawakens one's faith in good

things. One is at once saddened by the badness of some of his kind, who make such fostering care necessary, and gladdened at the sight and example of others of his kind who, forgetting self, follow the long path to lift up the fallen, care for the needy and cherish the fatherless and the forsaken.

As I said good-bye, with the evening well come, I foolishly tried to quote to the excellent father a certain passage in a certain book which came to me haltingly and uncertainly, after this fashion:

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my little ones—"

The engine bell drowned the rest of my effort, but the good man smiled good-bye, and understood. A. A. G.