

MOTHERLESS BABY, 'RAISED BY BOOK', IS MARVEL OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION AND A GLOBE TROTTER

Stanley Koenig's Army Captain Father Had Only Printed Instructions to Guide Him in Far Alaska

STANLEY KOENIG, "book baby" and tiny globe-trotter, is a claimant for honors as a "physically perfect baby."

Deprived of his mother by death, Stanley, now four years old, has been brought up by his army captain father "by the book."

In a dreary Wyoming army post, in bleak Alaska, in mountainous Switzerland, sunny France or romantic old Italy, Stanley has progressed from cooing infancy to prattling babyhood with only his father and a grizzled old army "striker" as his mentors.

And "the book."

As a result he is a living example of the fallacy of the axiom that a father cannot also be a "mother" to his son.

Today Stanley is physically perfect and above the average mentally, although not a "mental prodigy."

He never has been ill a day or missed his father the loss of an hour's sleep.

He obeys promptly and without a murmur.

He sleeps soundly and eats the simple food put before him.

Loves "Daddy," Mud Pies and His Hobby Horse

He loves to make mud pies and ride his hobby horse.

And he adores his daddy, Captain F. Koenig, U. S. A., who took him to Alaska when he was six months old, and after eighteen months there, westward to all parts of America, and to the high spots of Europe, with temporary residences in France, Italy and Switzerland.

He's just a normal, happy, unusually healthy child, is Stanley, who has never had a mother's care, but who has found in his father's constant companionship a substitute which has done him no harm, but rather made of him as nearly perfect a child as could be desired.

And in addition to this he is one of the most traveled young men of his age.

Young Stanley has built snowmen at Fort Seward, and, crowing and waving his chubby fists in glee, been seen across the Alaskan snows behind teams of Eskimo dogs; he has been lost in Paris; he has been on camps in Switzerland with his father, his fat little legs toiling hard to keep up with "daddy," as they walked through the steep streets of



Stanley Koenig has sailed the Seven Seas

"Book of Infant's Feeding." That book he swears by and that book Stanley lives by.

Thesis of Novelist Disproved by Facts

"Have you read 'This Freedom'?" asked Captain Koenig, meditatively. "Yes? Well, then you know that it attempts to prove that children cannot be brought up properly without a mother's love and care. And that—that is just what I can prove isn't true. But still it rather scares me sometimes to think of Stanley being alone so much without either his mother or his father, because, of course, I am away all day at the office."

"As soon as Stanley gets up in the morning, he wakes me," continued the captain. "I dress him—and then I go back to sleep until breakfast. We have breakfast together—he usually sits on my lap as we eat."

"I come home as soon as I can in the afternoon—about five—and I am with Stanley until he goes to bed at six. Six? Why of course six! What time would you expect a boy of four to go to bed? It isn't at all too

Infant Breaks All Known Rules in His Raising and Has Toured Europe

prodigy. "He speaks only English," added Captain Koenig as if it is unusual for a four-year-old boy to know only one language. "When we were traveling last summer I was careful that he be taught no other language. I learned four at one time, but I shall not let Stanley do that."

Captain Koenig was born in New York City in 1892. His father, now a retired physician living in Italy, always was fond of travel, and took his son with him on his trips through France, Italy, Germany and Egypt. Young Koenig attended school in all these places, and while still young, became an expert linguist. Dr. Koenig could certainly not say with any degree of truthfulness, "My son is not at all precocious," because when he was fifteen his tutors—he received all his early education from tutors—had prepared him for Columbia University.

In 1911 when he was nineteen years old, he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1912 he received his degree of Master of Arts.

Had Thrills Galore in Wartime Germany

There was no thought of entering the army then—Mr. Koenig became one of a group of six college men who were taken by John Claflin, of New York City, and scientifically trained in department store management.

After he had finished his training with Mr. Claflin he was sent to Tacoma as advertising manager of a department store there and later became assistant to the general manager.

Then Mr. Koenig's particular bubble of life, which had always been colorful, and gay with the reflections of varied interests and pleasures, expanded, grew dark and was streaked with the vivid brilliance of adventure and love and war and death.

In November of 1914 he went to Europe—to Germany—where he remained until May, 1915. Presumably, Mr. Koenig was doing free-lance work as a reporter—but a few too many meetings not quite secret enough, several telephone calls overheard, and he was expelled from the country as a spy suspect.

"How did that happen, Captain Koenig? Were you a spy?"

"I said a 'spy suspect,'" this with a slight smile.

Sent out of Germany, he returned to America and for a short time was again connected with his old firm in Spokane, Wash.

In 1916 he enlisted in the Twenty-

back to the States, his son was two years old. Part of the next year they spent at Edgewood arsenal, part of Baltimore. And then Captain Koenig was ordered to Washington.

There he lives at 2325 Tilden street, with Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Robey, who have a small child about Stanley's age.

There are cook, maid and nurse to take care of Stanley in the daytime, and in the morning and at night, he has "daddy."

Trips Through Europe Are Baby's Vacation

And for three glorious months last summer he had his Daddy every day as they traveled in France, Italy and Switzerland.

"We went on a boat—a big boat," Stanley confided with charming directness, the dimples flashing in and out as he looked up with that trusting smile and, putting out a pudgy finger, patted the visitor's hand as he added, "I see you" in indescribable childish tongue.

"What does you do Sunday's?" he queried, changing the subject with infantile rapidity. "My daddy takes me to the Zoo to see the nephant 'n the animals."

"I should like to go to the Zoo sometime," said the visitor.

And the bond of friendship was tightened—and sealed, as the owner of the finger stated bravely and briefly. "Picnic in the park. I show you animals."

"My daddy has a horse," continued Stanley, who places everything and everybody who has any relation to his father in the circle of glory which surrounds his "daddy." And since his daddy has a horse it was quite evident that to him any one who did not have a horse was quite outside the pale.

"N I have a horse too—upstairs in th' attic—a hobby horse."

One Word From "Daddy" and Stanley Obeys

Stanley moved closer to his father and grasped his sleeve firmly with both hands as his father started to leave. His baby eyes looked straight ahead—for if he looked at "daddy" he would see the look which meant "obey" and there was nothing in the world Stanley wanted to do more than disobey and cling on to his coat. So he looked down thoughtfully at the smudge of dirt which showed just below the brief leg of his khaki trousers and continued to hold on.

But he let go slowly at the "Stanley, you must go and play now. Daddy says so."

His god had spoken and hard as it was to obey there was no choice, so he walked slowly up the steps, a hand waving a wistful good-by.

Probably the secret of his rather perfect behavior is his yielding almost without question to his father's slightest request.

A friendly little chap, he is always surrounded by admirers and during his travels has made many friends, but he is unspoiled, and his whole-hearted adoration of his father has simplified the ever troublesome "do's" and "don'ts" of early life.

He even eats unquestioningly what his father places before him.

Feeding Problem Was Acute in Europe

"Getting the proper food for him in Europe last summer was quite a problem," says Captain Koenig. "In Paris it was impossible to get a simple dish like oatmeal. First you had to have a permit and then a written order from the head equities to the chef—fact it was quite a feat to get any oatmeal at all and I had to give up in despair. So I fed Stanley omelets for breakfast, omelets for luncheon and omelets for dinner."

"When we were in Switzerland he had to live on goat's milk and black bread for four days. He could not drink boiled milk—I was afraid the cow's milk was not healthy, so the child had to drink goat's milk and eat the regular peasant's black bread."

"I had one experience that was amusing—and almost tragic," continued Captain Koenig. "I had just got off the Paris express at a frontier station to see something about the customs exchange. 'Come on, Stanley, I said, and reached out to take his hand—but there was no Stanley.'

"Aver-vous vu le petit enfant," I demanded of a man standing near, but with an indifferent shrug he signified his complete mystification of what I was driving at and walked off. I tried to assemble my Spanish vocabulary and asked again, this time in Spanish. But no one had seen the "Criatura."

"I went back into the compartment to get my baggage so the train would not leave with it while I was hunting Stanley, and there he was curled up on the rug fast asleep. He had never left the compartment."



Stanley and his "Pop"

Captain Koenig is of the army; his little first lieutenant here is of the navy. Their part has never part, however

caves which the gently lapping waters only too soon destroyed.

Straight and sturdy is Stanley, with deep-set gray eyes and soft, red, rather pouting lips, which part slowly as he looks at you with steady gray eyes and then smile—and smile—until his nose wrinkles up and his eyes twinkle, until his fat little cheeks have as many dimples as his hands!

Epidemic of Influenza Cost Him His Mother

The youngster was born in Los Angeles October 5, 1915. In December of the same year Captain Koenig was sent to Fort Russell, Wyoming, to take command of the fort, and immediately upon his arrival there his wife became ill. It was influenza

—so sure and sudden—that hardly had she fallen ill before she died. Two weeks after her illness began Stanley was left motherless, and Captain Koenig assumed the double duties of father and mother.

It was in April that Captain Koenig was ordered to Fort Seward, to take charge there, and to Fort Seward he took Stanley.

He was not on regular hourly duty, and so there were many hours he could devote to his son.

"He slept a lot," said the captain laconically, when asked how he managed to take care of the baby.

With only his orderly to assist him, Captain Koenig took care of Stanley, prepared all his food, and entered for the quarters in which they lived.

And to Captain Koenig the most valuable thing in Alaska was not the gold nuggets or the silver mines. Just about the most precious thing in the whole of Alaska was a small book labeled

early. It is very plain that you don't know much about caring for children," he added authoritatively but not condescendingly.

"Stanley has his supper at five thirty, and then I give him his bath and put him to bed. I always have dressed him and put him to bed, and I always will, I'll never allow any one else to do that until he can do it himself."

Baby Likes the Zoo if "Daddy" Is Along

Stanley's three great joys in life are to go to the Zoo, play with the kiddie car and be allowed to creep into bed with his father instead of sleeping in his crib by himself.

And his life is being regulated differently from that of his father when he was a child.

"There is nothing precocious about Stanley," contradicts the father. "He is physically perfect, but his mentality is not greatly above the average. I do not approve of precocious children, and I shall see to it that Stanley is not a

first infantry, with which he has been connected since.

Won Los Angeles Girl After He Entered Army

Captain Koenig's marriage to Kathleen Kavanagh, of Los Angeles, took place the year following his enlistment. Miss Kavanagh was known throughout the West for her golfing ability, as she held the championship of Colorado, San Diego and other California cities.

Then came her death.

And Captain Koenig became the child's inseparable companion.

"I had this book of 'Infant Feeding,'" he said seriously, "and that told me what Stanley should eat. I was with him constantly as my duties would allow. He was such a good baby—he never cried during the night, and once he went to sleep he would not wake up. I have never lost an hour's sleep because of the boy, and he has never been ill a day in his life."

When Captain Koenig was ordered

Keeps Two Families Happy by His Choice

"The whole thing is this," said Captain Koenig briefly. "Many persons think it is unusual that a man should take care of his child by himself—but I want Stanley with me. I don't want to give him up to any one else."

"And, anyway," he added, "I am between two fires. Both his grandparents want him. My wife's family are always writing and asking me to bring Stanley to them—or let him spend just a few months with them. And, of course, my family are just as anxious to have him as Mrs. Kavanagh is—so there you are. If I let her have him my family would never speak to me again, and if I gave him to my family to take care of, she would never speak to me again."

"So I shall just keep him myself."

And to Stanley, that young worshiper, this is the most satisfactory arrangement in the world, and the only cloud on his horizon is the fact that his daddy can't stay home and play with him all day long.