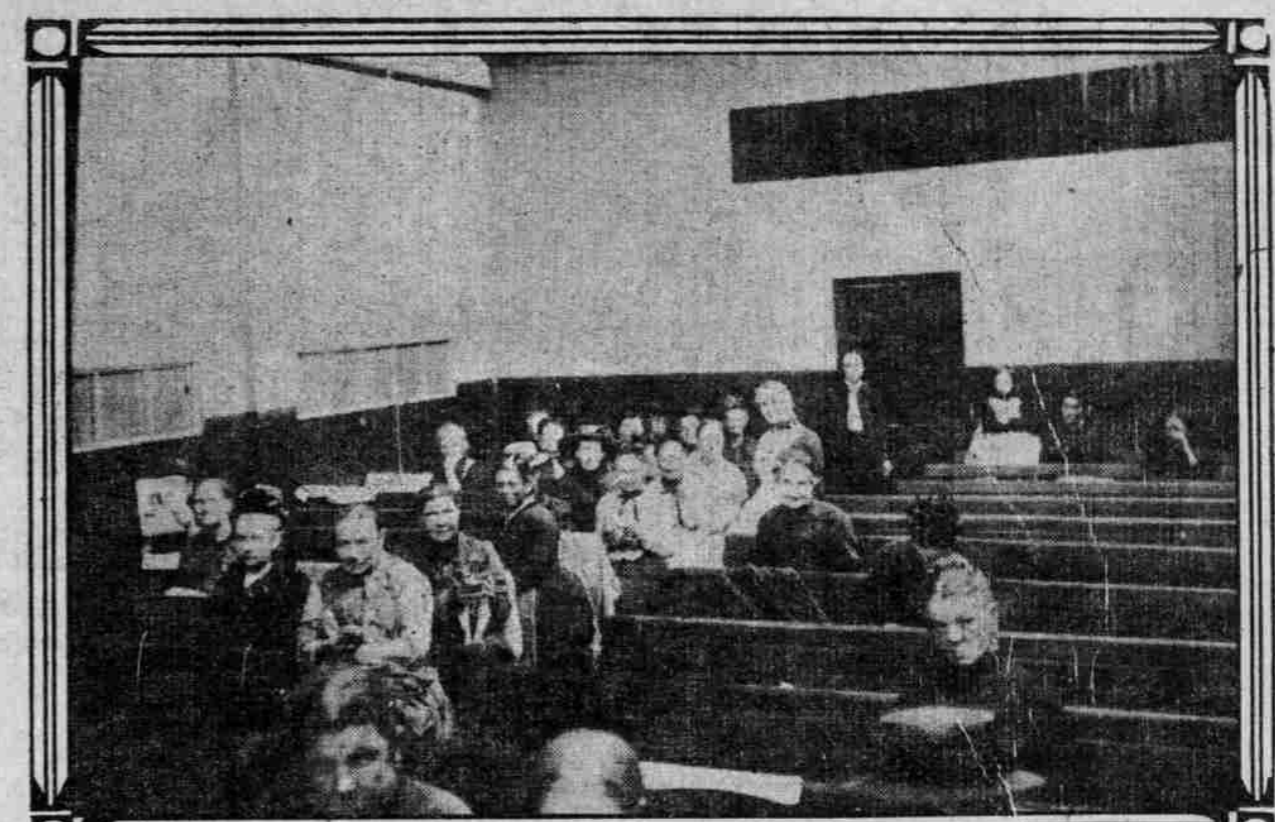


Duchess of Marlborough JOINS THE ENGLISH SALVATION ARMY



LATEST PHOTO OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH Who has recently joined the Church Army, an organization for social service among the poor. She has begun her duties by visiting the wives of prisoners

FAMOUS 'PENNY SIT-UP' IN WHITECHAPEL DISTRICT OF LONDON. By paying 2 cents a night paupers are allowed to sit up on benches from 6 P.M. until 3 A.M. The Duchess of Marlborough is deeply interested in improving the conditions of these people.

BY W. B. NORTHROP.
London almsland now counts the Duchess of Marlborough among its most energetic social workers. While the news that the Duchess of Marlborough had joined the Church Army has been cabled to all American newspapers, little has been said concerning the work this famous American lady of title will be required to do as a member of one of the most peculiar religious bodies in the world.

Joining the Church Army as an active worker is a far different proposition from simply writing out a check for so many thousand dollars to be spent for charitable purposes.
The inside story of just how the Duchess of Marlborough came to join the Church Army organization has not yet been told. The Church Army, it must be explained, is a part of the regular Church of England, and is, in a measure, the Church of England run on Salvation Army lines.

For many years the Duchess of Marlborough has been more or less interested in London social work and has done much to relieve the intense suffering which usually takes place in the winter months among the unemployed. Four or five years ago, she chanced to meet the Rev. Wilson Carlisle, who practically founded the Church Army 25 years ago.

Rev. Wilson Carlisle.
Mr. Carlisle is one of the most unique personalities in the English religious movement. Having the entire to the most exclusive circles of English society, he never loses an opportunity to bring before the rich the misery of the poor. Last year it was the Rev. Mr. Carlisle who induced King Edward to open the King's Labor Tents in the Strand. The King not only lent his name to these tents, but contributed large sums of money personally. Several Royal Princesses even visited these institutions and witnessed woodchopping by the unemployed.

Being a friend of the King and combining work among the poor with his "social functions" among the rich, it was quite natural that Mr. Carlisle should meet the Duchess of Marlborough. He was not long in persuading her grace that it would be a good thing to spend some of the Vanderbilt millions in relieving human distress.
Last year, it will be remembered, the Duchess of Marlborough opened the "Marlborough Relief Depot" for the purpose of helping married men with families. On this occasion, the Duchess only supplied the money for the relief fund and lent her name to the undertaking. She did not engage actively in the work until she recently met Mr. Carlisle at her home in the Riviera.

As one of this minister's "unique dodges" for raising money he makes it a point to visit the Riviera each year during the season and to get as many wealthy people as he can—combining as she does, business with pleasure. He pays regular visits to Monte Carlo, Nice and other places. It is said he has even extracted money from the famous bank of the great gambling resort.

How He Enlisted the Duchess.
During a recent visit to Nice he was invited by the Duchess to stop at her beautiful Mediterranean home, Beaulieu. It was just at this time that the disagreement between the Duchess of Marlborough and her husband had reached a crisis, and her grace was easily persuaded to turn her attention to religious work. Mr. Carlisle brought before her the life stories of many unfortunates and easily showed her where she could do an immense amount of good work. Some of the touching tales narrated concerning prisoners' wives brought tears to her eyes.
The result of Mr. Carlisle's visit to Beaulieu was that the Duchess of Marlborough contributed a large check to the Church Army Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society and also promised to interest herself personally in the wives of prisoners.
On her return to London recently she placed herself in touch with Church Army

officials and has already begun practical work among the poor. Though devoting her attention almost exclusively to discharged prisoners and their wives she intends to take up other branches of Church Army work before very long.

Self-Imposed Tasks.
The tasks imposed upon the Duchess of Marlborough are by no means easy. Helping to find prisoners suitable employment, on their release so that they will be removed from the temptation of falling again into evil ways is extremely difficult. In England when a man has "lost his character"—that is, when he cannot get a good recommendation—it is almost impossible for him to make a living. It is very hard to find any employer who has sufficient trust in human nature to give an ex-convict a job.

Another extremely trying part of this work is dealing with the wives and families of prisoners while their husbands are locked up. Hundreds of women under such circumstances are too proud to go to the workhouse or to beg, and the amount of acute suffering endured by them is almost appalling. With little children dependent upon them and deprived suddenly of the breadwinner of the family through some rash impulsive act, these women are often driven to desperation. It is often found that a person of sympathetic manner can do more good privately among these people than can be done by officials connected with a regular organization. It is in this capacity that the Duchess of Marlborough hopes to make herself useful.

That she has taken up her duties in earnest, is attested by the fact that she has already paid a number of visits to various branches of Church Army work. The Women's Shelters in the East End of London have particularly interested her and she has come face to face with some of London's most terrible poverty.

Mingling With Unfortunates.
One night not long ago the Duchess of Marlborough attired in the garb of an ordinary working woman, paid a visit to the famous "Penny Sit-Up." This place is in the Whitechapel district and is a resort for women who have not the usual 3 cents required for the "coffin-bed" on the floor in the night-refuge for the poor. The "Penny Sit-Up" consists of a large room across which run a number of wooden benches. On paying a penny (2 cents in American money) a woman is allowed to sit up all night on one of these benches. On cold nights in the winter every available seat is occupied. No one is allowed to lie down on the floor, as there is no accommodation for this form of rest.

Occupiers of benches, by sitting close together, are able to retain an upright position. Patrons of the Penny Sit-Up must leave their wretched rooms by 9 o'clock in the morning.
After visiting the Penny Sit-Up the Duchess of Marlborough expressed her horror at seeing so many old women compelled to endure the hardships of this place. It is since visiting some of these dens that the Duchess has realized some of the terrible conditions which prevail.

It is a very singular fact that London, with all its splendid charities, has very few night shelters for women and young girls. With the exception of one or two large institutions, such as The Providence Row Night Refuge, there are no places where respectable women who may be penniless can seek shelter, not only from cold and darkness, but from the human wolves who prey on destitute and homeless women.

Millions on Starvation's Verge.
Unless one takes the trouble—as the Duchess of Marlborough is doing—to visit personally many of these resorts of the London submerged, it is impossible to realize the depth of poverty in the world's metropolis. Reliable figures show that there are in England 15,000,000 people constantly on the verge of starvation. How these people manage to live is a profound mystery to those who do not come into actual contact with them.
It is certainly a novel experience for the Duchess of Marlborough, with her command of millions, to meet people who find it difficult to raise the necessary 2



HUMAN DERELICTS ASLEEP IN A LONDON NIGHT SHELTER. Interior of the largest shelter of the Church Army.

cents for a night's lodging in the "Penny-Sit-Up."
It is truly astonishing how far a few cents will go in London among the poorest of the poor. In the Whitechapel district, sleeping accommodations may be obtained for 4 cents per night—the possessor of this princely sum being privileged either to sleep in a coffin-like arrangement on the floor, or else in a box-lid, raised above the floor like the bunks of a ship.
These raised-lid arrangements are preferred by the poor as being less accessible to rats and mice, which infest many of these places. It takes a pretty nifty woman to sleep comfortably while rats scampers over the counterpane—or rather over what would be the counterpane if a piece of tarpaulin did not take its place.

Living on Ten Cents a Day.
For 1 cent a half a pint of so-called tea and a fairly decent slice of bread may be obtained in many of these places. Menus among the poor do not vary greatly from meal to meal. Bread and tea for breakfast, and tea and bread for dinner, occasionally graced by the addition of a kipper—a small fish, costing 1 cent—constitute the usual daily food supply for the average pauper. Many of the poor in London manage to eke through the day on this meager fare. It may be said that a pauper can live in London for less than 10 cents per day.
Despite the cheapness of living, however, thousands of these people find it difficult to exist. It is only through such organizations as the Church and Salva-

tion Armies that they are able to keep body and soul together at all.
Since the Duchess of Marlborough joined the Church Army her example has been followed by other members of the nobility. Other aristocratic helpers of the Church Army are Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise Augusta, the Duchess of Somerset, the Duchess of Sutherland and others.
All of these nobilities have joined the ranks of the Church Army directly through the influence of Mr. Carlisle who merely calls himself the honorable secretary of the organization. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Carlisle is the Church Army. It is practically a "one-man show." Without him, it would probably soon come to an end.

Preacher Who Plays the Trombone.
Mr. Carlisle is a most interesting personality. His methods of religious advertising would do credit to any enterprising business concern, even in these pushful times.
When he first took charge of his little church of St. Mary-at-Hill in London the congregation numbered 25. Mr. Carlisle opened up business by smashing all church properties. He began with a lantern lecture on "Furniture-proof three" which he employed as an illustration for a biblical text. The congregation jumped from 25 to 80 the first month of his pastorate.
His next move was to play a trombone in the pulpit. Then he increased the popularity of his services by giving lantern lectures on every conceivable topic from wireless telegraphy to votes for women. Some of his lectures are

illustrated with very sensational pictures. On one occasion recently he had "fake" photos showing the escape of prisoners from Dartmoor jail.
Mr. Carlisle had not been in charge of his church very long before it achieved the reputation of being the most eccentric place of worship in London. It was his custom on Sunday afternoons to parade through the streets at the head of a procession of supplied assistants playing on his great trombone. The City of London police regulations do not permit the holding of open-air meetings so the Rev. Mr. Carlisle was compelled to deliver his sermons "on the move."

Undignified Advertising.
In this outdoor work Mr. Carlisle adopted the novel expedient of addressing himself to individual persons in the crowd. He would single out young men and ask them very pertinent questions about their home life and other things. He won many converts in this way. Perhaps some were scared into a profession of faith rather than be subjected to a searching public examination.
Mr. Carlisle's methods inside the church were quite on a par with what took place outside. He depended mostly on the lantern, phonograph and brass band to get religion into his people.
No prayer or hymn books are required at his church as all hymns and prayers are thrown on a screen; and even the sermons are delivered by phonograph.
He also holds from time to time in his church at St. Mary-at-Hill a number of unique services. For instance, at Easter there is an egg service at which every member of the congregation is ex-

pected to bring as many eggs as he can. These are piled up on the altar and distributed among the poor. The record egg service brought in some 700 eggs.
Another unique ceremony is one in which members of the congregation are expected to bring dolls instead of eggs; and these also are distributed among poor children.
A popular scheme which won much favor among the poor is the putting up of memorial brasses which the poor can have erected in the church at a cost of 75 cents each.

The Church Army.
By these original devices Mr. Carlisle has not only managed to fill his church, but has attracted a very influential congregation. Some years ago he finally evolved the idea of establishing a church army.
This organization had not been in existence for many years before there were established in connection with it prisoners' aid societies, free soup kitchens, free lodging-houses, workshops, labor colonies and other departments of social work. One of the most successful undertakings in connection with the church army is a farm colony at Holmwood Dorking. Here pioneers are prepared for taking up practical life in the new world, and every month large numbers of immigrants are sent out to Canada, Australia and America.
The Church Army today numbers over 30,000 men and women actively connected with the work. This number is divided up into members, associates and pioneers. The head of the organization, though

now 60 years old and a man of considerable wealth and moving in the highest circles of society, believes in the simple life. His bedroom at the Church Army headquarters is only 4x3 feet and is furnished with the plainest of camp beds, a box that serves as a chair and a couple of clothes pegs instead of a wardrobe. On the walls is the singular text, "Go for the worst."

Received Princesses.
Not long ago Mr. Carlisle received a visit from two Princesses of the royal family. They were accompanied by the King's equerry and two ladies-in-waiting. They invited themselves to lunch, much to the reverend gentleman's embarrassment, as he was only able to offer them some cheese and bread and water, which, however, they seemed to enjoy immensely. Doubtless the enterprising Church Army director did not lose the opportunity of getting a contribution for "his poor." On their departure he remarked that the lunch had cost him only 34 cents. "Never before was royalty entertained on so small a sum," he said.
The singular hold which Mr. Carlisle seems to have on the upper classes of society enables him to exert a wide influence among people who ordinarily would seldom think of the poor. He is often invited to spend weeks at a time at their homes and it was while on a visit to the Duchess of Marlborough that he was enabled to induce her to join the army and to undertake practical work in connection with the organization.
Friends of the Duchess of Marlborough have been astonished at the great interest she has taken in this work, for up to this time most of her attention has been centered almost wholly in society affairs. London, April 12.

Woman and the Check.
(Denver Post.)
A woman stepped up to the window of the paying teller in a Denver bank Tuesday morning and pushed a check through the grating. "You don't have to pay me," she said. "Why, I thought it was a bill and that I had to pay it."

She did so.
"Is this your name?" he asked.
The woman sighed. "Yes," she replied, "that's my name. It calls for \$4, doesn't it?"
"It does," said the teller.
While the man in the cage was looking the check over the woman fumbled in her handbag and then placed a five dollar bill before him.
"Take it out of that, please," she said. "It seems to me I'll never get through paying bills."
For a moment the teller was puzzled. Then he realized that the woman didn't understand the check. "You don't have to pay me," he said. "I have to pay you \$4."
He pushed back her five dollar bill and gave her \$4 in silver. The woman was very much surprised. "You have to pay me," she said. "Why, I thought it was a bill and that I had to pay it."

Bill Jackson's Motor Car.
Judge.
Bill Jackson had an auto that was gentle, swift and fast. It was a real beauty. A sweeter piece of racing goods 'twould be a task to find.
A little while ago he drove it. It was loved by one and all.
Until one day Bill fed the thing destitute alcohol.
Now, something in that alcohol was out of whack, I guess.
For when Bill grasped the steering-wheel, with lower-like care, and gently pulled the low speed on, that auto gave a snort.
And fell to making circles like a fox-infested sport.
The crowd looked on in wild amazement. They yelled "Whoa!"
As down the street like forty cats the car began to go.
And when Bill turned the squawker on, all nervous like and ask.
Instead of a "honk, honk, honk" it said "hic, hic, hic."
The auto went plumb crazy. It was dancing scottish reels.
And waiting early down the street upon its two wheels.
And when good Deacon Potter accidentally smelled its breath.
He went home drunk with whoops of joy and beat his wife to death.
The auto threw its muffer off and terrorized the town.
It leaned on fops' lampposts till each one of them fell down.
Until at last, with awful leap, it landed in a swoop.
Its front wheels through the window of the "Scalded Cat" saloon.
Bill really shook the power off and bawled the wreck away.
He got it slobbered up at last, but ever since that day
He's stuck to common gasoline. With curs words that appal.
He 'lows he's had enough of that a-natured alcohol.