

HOUSING A WOMAN'S IN PORTLAND

MISS BOND'S HAPPY EXPERIENCE AT THE YOUNG WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION AND THE CITY'S FREE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

(Next Sunday Miss Bond will relate her experiences at public employment agencies in Portland. Clearly, some of these concerns are pitiable.)

BY EDITH M. BOND.
Few people realize—much less appreciate—the good work done by the Young Women's Christian Association in a city like Portland. Although more or less familiar with the operations of this organization in other cities, I must confess that my Portland experience I had never realized the full measure of good deeds being daily performed by this body of earnest women who devote much of their time and money for the benefit of their less fortunate sisters.

The "Y. W." as it is affectionately termed by its members, never does its hospitable doors; day and night it stands ready to receive homeless and friendless women who are in need of its attention. In addition to the many branches of its routine work, the institution has a special representative in the person of the night matron at the Union Station, who has through her tact, common sense and sisterliness set the arduous feet of many homeless and hopeless girls into the right path.

I entered the doorway prepared for a more or less officious greeting—the usual stiff formality of cross-questioning, searching glances and patronizing mannerisms too frequently encountered in institutions of this character. I had even mentally pictured a sharp-faced female presiding over a businesslike looking desk, whose probing orbs and pointed queries would seek to discover whether or no I was an impostor, an elderly maiden sustained by a Christian-duty desire to befriend a needy sister, yet withholding any cordial advances until the inquisition should prove the applicant's right to favor. And right here I met my first real disappointment.

There were several refined-looking women in the office—such a secretary, as I afterward learned—and awaiting my turn. I discovered that these women were attending to the wants of a number of other visitors like myself, with tactful patience and evident cordiality that aroused my sincere admiration.

"Good morning,"
The pleasant greeting started me out of my reverie, and I turned to encounter a bright-faced little woman with a smile that fairly radiated sunshine.

"The matron at the depot," I began awkwardly, "told me to come up here. I am a stranger just arrived in the city, and I want to find a place to stay until I can get work."

"Oh, yes," she said encouragingly. "And what is your name, please?"
I told her, and supplemented the information with my brief story, all the while conscious of a kind but searching scrutiny that seemed to be weighing me in the balance. Apparently I was not found wanting, for after a few questions I was passed on to the matron, who arranged to have me remain that night in the special dormitory provided for such transient guests as I, who are glad indeed to secure a clean cot bed with snowy linen, and safe protection, for the small sum of 35 cents. But employment was the main object of my mission, and mindful of this fact I soon sought out the office where this very important branch of the Y. W. C. A. work is carried on. It is situated on the second floor of the building, and as I waited for my interview with the secretary I noted several other girls obviously bound on the same errand. In conversation with one of these, a young Jewish girl, I learned more of the good work being done by the institution. My informant was a Portland young lady of good family, I should infer, and she told me her only reason for wanting employment was to be independent.

"I want to have money of my own to spend as I like," she said. "Papa buys my clothes, of course, but he never seems to think I need any money." Just the time-honored excuse offered by girls who elect to earn their own living in preference to the humdrum monotony of household tasks.

The employment secretary, to whose presence I was shortly admitted, offered me much good advice and friendly words, but little else. She was a well-bred woman, as was evidenced by the utter absence of any trace of patronage on her part, and the gentle tact with which she drew forth the details of my story.

"Just what kind of work would you like?" she asked.
"Almost any kind except general housework," was my answer. "I have had no experience of any sort except in teaching a few terms in a country school."

This latter information seemed to give her an inspiration, and she picked up a letter from her desk.
"Here is just what you would like," she said, smilingly, "a lady at Hood River wants a nursery governess who can teach music and take care of two young children, and it appears to me that this is the very thing for you."

"Twenty-five dollars a month and board; you could not hope to make as much at any sort of office or store work, and a good home would be assured you."

I hesitated. "But I can't teach music, and I don't want to leave Portland," I said. "Have you no places in stores or as office assistants?"

She shook her head thoughtfully. "Such positions are very seldom secured in this way," she replied. "The applicant must present herself at the place of business and be engaged directly by the employer. Besides there seems to be a dearth of such jobs at present, while the demand for domestic help is greater than ever. I have six good situations here now. You could not possibly make enough at clerking as a beginner to pay for your board and room, while in a position as a domestic that important feature would be assured you, at least."

"But I have no references," I ventured. She smiled sympathetically. "They amount to very little nowadays in this sort of employment. One's face is often one's best recommendation, and I am certain you would have no trouble in getting a good situation. The difficulty is that so many applicants now are so woefully incompetent."

I murmured my thanks and took my departure, Miss B. assuring me that she would offer me the first opportunity that presented itself.

Down stairs my cheerful little friend of an hour before again approached me and smilingly said:

"What success?"
"None," I replied, forlornly.
"Well, cheer up," she said. "Portland is full of opportunities for bright girls, and remember that you are always welcome here when you need advice or encouragement."

Asking my name—which she had not done up to this time—she told me hers, and then introduced me to several of her colleagues. Later she showed me over the first floor of the building, explaining its many delightful features. "Come in tonight, Miss Bond," she said finally. "We have an informal social then, and I should be glad to introduce you to some of our girls. Never mind if you are not a member; you soon will be, I hope, and I shouldn't wonder if you might turn out one of our very best workers. Good-bye; don't forget tonight." And with a last friendly smile she dismissed me in order to greet some new arrivals who claimed her attention.

As I left the building I felt for the moment rather ashamed of myself for the deception I was unwittingly practicing upon these good folks, who were so conscientious in living up to their motto of "noblesse oblige." Not once had they made me feel conscious of my shabby attire or unimpressive personality, although I felt certain that no detail of either had escaped them. Now that my perfidy is revealed, I hope they may be induced to believe that in this case the end justified the means.

Miss B. had mentioned the city's free employment bureau, and, spurred on by my dogged determination to secure a job before night, I decided to test its worth. Procuring a directory in a nearby drugstore, I found the location of this agency, and also of several others. My onward march was resumed, and after some delay I was soon standing in the office of the city's free employment bureau on Madison street.

"You have had no practical experience except a few months of teaching, and you wish a job at once?"

My questioner was studying me frankly, but as I was becoming used to this part of the performance by now,

I did not flinch as I answered in the affirmative.
"Can you cook?"
"Not enough for a household job."
"Waitress?"
I shook my head doubtfully.
"Nothing in the way of clerking or office work?" I asked.
"Oh, no," she replied. "We have few calls for such positions. People who want clerks and office assistants never grant to the employment agencies for them. The applicant must apply personally at the place of business."

She surveyed me again, meditatively. "What about a place as companion and maid to an invalid lady?" she inquired. "I know of just such a job. The lady is much alone, and there are no children. Visions of gruel, sponge baths and sick-room odors passed before my eyes in chilling procession, and I shook my head decidedly. "No place as nursery governess?" I asked. "I love little children and could teach them, I know."

This suggestion brought a quick smile of recollection to her kindly face and illuminated it with a light of happy inspiration. "Why didn't I think of it," she said quickly. "Why, it fits your case to a T," and she began rummaging over her address book with nervous haste, murmuring softly to herself as she endeavored to recall something. I didn't quite understand it all, but patience is my forte and I waited until she was pleased to enlighten me.

"It was last week," she said thoughtfully. "A gentleman for whose family I had recently found a waitress was in here and wanted to secure a nurse for the children of a friend of his. As I remember it, there were three children, and the girl was to have entire charge of them. Seems to me the salary was \$30 and board. Ah, here it is, but I can't remember what the friend's address was."

A moment's reflection, then the phone was called into use, and soon I was hearing my character and general qualifications—as they appeared to my new-found benefactress—proclaimed to the lady at the other end of the line. It was embarrassing but intensely amusing, and it seemed to arouse the contemptuous wrath of two waiting visitors, brave with jewelry and nodding plumes. They bore the unmistakable stamp of the "kitchen mechanics," but that fact that what they sensed as a good job was being wasted on such a verdant fright as I appeared to be was too much for their self-control, and muttered expletives of "mutt," and "tobster," and "green guy" plainly indicated the state of their feelings.

"Yes, I'll send her right up. You'll like her, I'm certain." The agent hung up the receiver and beckoned me to the desk.

"Here's the address," she said cordially, "and here's a slip of identification. If you accept the place your employer will notify us. If you do not take it, you must ask her sign this paper and return it to me. I have another place in prospect for you if this doesn't prove what you want." She waived aside thanks with a pleasant smile and turned to appease the rising wrath of the two bespangled females.

It was noon when I reached my destination, and I was told to wait until the lady of the house was through luncheon. The plump little maid who answered the door invited me into the kitchen upon learning my errand. Here a fat Irish cook took me under her wing with Hibernian motherliness and regaled me with a good meal as she listened to my story. I was then speeded parlorward.

A few less questions, some moments of silent and thoughtful scrutiny—and the deed was done. Just ten minutes after the interview began I left the house, the position engaged and with orders to report for duty at 9 the following morning.



THE MATRON AT THE DEPOT
I BEGAN AWKWARDLY.

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Talk With Emmeline Pankhurst

Ruth Cameron Describes the Motherly Woman, Twice a Jailbird, Who Has Aroused Militant Spirit.

BY RUTH CAMERON.

I TRAVELED many miles the other day to meet a woman who has twice served her terms in prison, and over whom at this very moment a third sentence hangs—a jail bird, I suppose you might call her.

What do you think of that?
And the jail bird who was worth going so far to see, as countless thousands of readers who are interested in the woman's suffrage cause have already guessed, was Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the first and foremost of the famous English suffragettes.

She is a woman who has been turning England upside down and making its Prime Minister's life a burden by her efforts to get the right to vote for English women.

Whether you are a believer in woman's suffrage or not, I am sure you will be interested to meet through me a woman who believes in her cause so thoroughly that she has not only gladly gone to prison for the sake of it, but also has inspired many other prominent English women to do the same.

When you read the cable reports of Mrs. Pankhurst as leading a tremendous crowd of 30,000 people to the House of Commons and presenting a suffrage petition, or as being dragged out of a political meeting for trying to ask the speaker if he believed in woman's suffrage, or as being dragged off to jail by a squad of burly policemen, you probably think of a hard-featured Amazon—most likely with short hair and cowhide boots—don't you?

I did.

Imagine my surprise then when I found at the New York Women's University Club, where I met her, a slender little sweet-faced woman with beautiful gray hair that really crinkled the way it does in the picture, gray eyes with crinkly lights in them that no picture could possibly show, and a general air very much more motherly than militant.

Naturally, she asked me what she told of what the women in England have done under her leadership to get the right to vote for women seemed the more startling as coming from this sweet personality.

In the first place, Mrs. Pankhurst explained to me the question that so many people want answered—why the women of England thought it necessary to resort to such very unique methods.

"For about 36 years women in England have been trying to get a bill to give women the right to vote, before the English Parliament," she said. "To do this it was necessary to get the Prime Minister and the Cabinet to take the necessary steps to let the bill come to a vote. They tried to do this, but were refused, on the ground that all the time of Parliament was pre-empted for more important matters, and that woman's suffrage, though undoubtedly just, was not yet a question of practical politics."

"Then some of the women went to ex-

Premier Balfour, who is a suffragist, and asked him how they could make it a question of practical politics.
"Kick up a row," answered the statesman laconically. "Try first one way and then another. As soon as the public gets used to one way, invent another."

"The women remembered the remark of a distinguished Englishman, that reformers never get put through in England until the people begin to tear down the park railings, and they decided that the ex-Premier was right. They acted on his advice in a way that doubtless astonished him."

"Well, what did they do then? What was the first really militant thing done in England?" I asked eagerly.

Mrs. Pankhurst remembers that all too well. She told it with a fullness of dramatic detail that I have not space to give completely.

The skeleton of the story is this: A political meeting at which one of the liberal candidates for office was to speak was the occasion chosen for the first demonstration. The women decided that the form of the demonstration was to be like that of two of their number should get up and ask the liberal candidate what he proposed to do in the matter of woman's suffrage.

Annie Kenney, a working girl, and Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Pankhurst's oldest daughter, who was at that time studying law, were chosen to do the deed.

After the speaker had finished his speech they stood up and tried to ask the question. They were requested to put it on paper and did so, and it was sent up to the speaker. They waited for an answer. Several questions put from the floor were answered, and several written on paper like theirs. They waited and waited, until finally the speaker rose to go, and then, seeing that he intended to pay no attention to them, the two girls got up and tried to put their question from the floor.

They were promptly and roughly dragged out by the officers. Outside a crowd gathered and the girls stopped to explain their object.

The next day they were arrested on a charge corresponding to our charge of blocking the traffic and sentenced to several days in prison.

"And how do you think I felt?" said Mrs. Pankhurst, the blood rising to her cheeks at the very recollection. "You have heard people say that we did things for notoriety. Do you think I enjoyed having my daughter in prison and some of my oldest friends cutting me dead on the streets for that's what they did. Do you think any woman would have gone through that for notoriety?"

That was the only time Mrs. Pankhurst showed the slightest sign of weakness in speaking of anything she had undergone for her beloved cause.

Of her own imprisonment she spoke with entire indifference. She has been imprisoned twice—once for leading a demonstration of 15 women to the House of Commons and the other time for putting up posters inviting people to come and help the suffragists "rush" the House of Commons. Both times her health was so delicate that she spent all of the terms in the hospital ward of the prison.

A sentence suspended until a legal point can be decided is even now hanging over her head.

"And aren't you terribly afraid it will be decided the wrong way and that you will have to go to jail again?" I asked. "Why, no," she said. "It can't be decided wrong. Either way will help the cause. If we win our point that means that all the others have been imprisoned unjustly. And if they decide against us, we—what means Mrs. Pankhurst and 30 other women, also under arrest—will go to prison and protest by the hunger strike."

The hunger strike—be it explained to any one who is not familiar with that term—is a peculiar method of protest that some of the suffragettes have put into practice.

Considering themselves unjustly imprisoned, numbers of them have simply refused to eat. One woman fasted six days and five hours. When the women reached a dangerous state they were freed.

Lately, however, the government has taken to feeding the strikers with a stomach pump—that is, to pumping the food down their throats. This method has been known to result fatally and its use has caused a storm of protest in England—which was, of course, exactly what the suffragettes wanted.

If, on her return to England, the court decides against her, Mrs. Pankhurst goes to prison, she, too, will refuse to eat, and will probably be fed in this dangerous way.

On only one refusal to speak Mrs. Pankhurst absolutely refused to give any advice as to the way the suffrage campaign should be conducted in America.

"Why, that would be as impertinent as if I went into another woman's kitchen and gave her advice," she said. "I only came over here to tell you how we have done it, not how you should do it. Conditions are different and you know that far better than I."

As the great "Votes for Women" lady finally rose to terminate the interview, I put one last question.

"What was the hardest thing you ever did for woman's suffrage?" I asked. She looked at me in thoughtful wonderment for a moment, and then this woman who has undergone danger and suffered imprisonment, who has dedicated her strength and given her fortune for the cause of woman's suffrage, said simply:

"But I never did anything hard for woman's suffrage. The only hard thing would be not to be able to work for it. Doesn't that sentence help to explain why this Mrs. Pankhurst has the power to fire thousands of women to do anything for the cause she loves?"

(Copyright 1909 by Ruth Cameron.)

Good Old Days and the Present

It Cost More to Live in 1909 Than It Did in 1809, But It's Worth It.

Turners Falls (Mass.) Reporter.
EVERY other minute somebody pops up to tell us how much more it costs to live nowadays than it did, say, 19 or 25 years ago. "They" say it takes all a man can earn to keep soul and body together, and there is no joy in living. These earnest complainers can back up their statements by such solid and uncontrovertible arguments as pork, 30 cents a pound; eggs, 40 cents a dozen; butter, 40 copper bits for a pound; milk, eight or more cents a quart; beef steak, as high as the marketman's conscience allows him to charge. When it comes to clothing, millinery and shoes, the exhibits in the case are equally impressive. Granting the truth of these assertions the fact remains that the reason it is so hard for the average man to keep his head above water is because what were once considered luxuries are now counted stern necessities, and the cause for the general run of married men's early silvering or loss of their hair is the struggle to maintain their families in the extravagant manner they have acquired. If people were content in this year of grace with what they used to offer family prayers over three times a day not a few householders might be able to lay a quantity of shavings against a rainy day, instead of growing steeped, cranky and decrepit over the necessity of cashing drafts on the bank of futurity, which, as we all know, demands usurious rates of interest.

In the old days families thrived, flourished and attained honor, fame, dollars, contentment, comfort and respect on a simple diet composed largely of such things as cornmeal mush, oatmeal porridge, soups, bread, potatoes, pork, fish, pot roasts, stews and a host of other savory dishes which were low in price, but required more skill and time to prepare properly than the modern housewife is able to give. As we skinned with much a diet now? No, sir, never. Now we turn up our noses at anything less than sturgeon, ice cream, mushrooms, etc. We demand fruits and vegetables, not in season, when plenty and cheap—then we don't want them—but out of season when it takes a connoisseur to tell the difference between a strawberry and tomato if eaten without the evidence of the eyes—then it is we insist upon having them, and we pay the piper accordingly. No wonder the grocery bill for a family make the man of the house grow pale round the gills! In between times we must consume 60-cent-a-pound chocolates, and ice cream, surduses and jodas. Why marvel that it costs much money to keep our internal apparatus in such a state that we inevitably cultivate the fashionable diseases of appendicitis, adenoids and so on? The high prices of food would not trouble us were we content to subsist as our good old grandfathers were. Of course, we are not content to do this

and nobody wants to give up the present-day fleshpots and go back to the old times, but having decided that we want the good things of this present day, let us pay for the said blessings cheerfully and let it go at that. "Better 50 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Is it not?

Unless we are ready to go back to wearing clothes such as the makers of history did, it were wiser not to harp so much on the matter of cost. Years ago a man got a new suit when he needed it and wore it Summer and Winter till it simply refused to longer hang together. Now he has to get a suit for business, one for around the house, formal occasions, informal occasions, vacation, Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter and the Lord knows what all. Certainly the clothes man of today is a decidedly better looking specimen than was his ancestor of homespun and hobnob holes, and is much pleasanter to contemplate, but you can't put on style without paying for it, and as long as we must have fur-belows what is the sense of complaining because one can't get them by the simple act of wishing?

In women's clothes the difference between then and now is so very marked that no odious comparisons need be made. It costs much more to keep the modern woman in hair, face, massage creams, perfume, etc., than it did to clothe, shoe, hat and glove her grandmother, and she is a decidedly expensive, albeit a charming luxury. Needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries, his financial troubles begin," for it costs all he can rake and scrape to keep his wife looking as well as the other ladies in her visiting list, and even then he is probably reminded at least once a day that she "hasn't a single decent thing to wear."

The same may be said of the children. Nobody short of a millionaire has any business to raise children. They cost a big fortune, every one of them, and raise suicide has a very tangible and reasonable excuse for being.

And so it goes throughout the whole scale of existence. Who wants to bother with firewood, washtubs, kerosene lamps, wells, etc., nowadays? Now the poorest day laborer revels in electricity, steam heat, marbled bathrooms, hot and cold water apparatus, shower baths, washing machines, etc. You can't have these things on air, and if you spend money on them there is so much less to board, naturally. Now we have lace curtains, oriental rugs, diamond rings, automobiles and all the train of goods and chattels that make life worth living—and accordingly expensive. We have to maintain bungalows and motor boats, take long vacations and go abroad for our health. We have regular appointments with the dentist, the doctor, the masseuse, the dancing master and all the other institutions which add to our knowledge and appearance and well being, if not to our happiness. We do know things, things which were never

dreamed of by our dear old forbears. We don't like quite so much hard work, either, as our grandfathers did, and instead of teaching ourselves and our children the grand old art of doing without, we are brought up to think that it is a disgrace to be without. That is, we don't gather in all the good things of this jolly earth and the fullness thereof, we are being defrauded of our birthright. Why, we crowd in more happiness, joy, excitement and interesting things into a week of our lives than our ancestors—the best of them—were able to corral in months and months! For that reason it seems particularly ill-advised to be forever growling about the expense. We do have things every day which the wealthiest individuals of years ago could not encompass. Could we be content with their method of spending their days? No indeed! Everybody stayed at home and practiced the good old recipe for wealth. "Work like the devil and don't spend a cent." If we follow the same rule now we probably would not grow quite so eloquent over the high cost of living. Certainly it costs more to live in 1909 than it did in 1809, but let us give thanks, for less the Lord it's worth all it costs!

The Round of a Crank.

London Times.
The complete crank is a kind of collector of causes and it is difficult to discover the principle upon which he collects them. A new religion and underclothing and some insipid kind of diet are all the same to him, and he advocates them all with equal earnestness. He wants men to change their lives in every particular and protests against all the ordinary usages of the world, both in great and in small things. He does not believe that there is any instinctive wisdom in mankind or any value in past tradition and experience. For him wisdom has only just appeared among men and she has revealed herself to very few.

Lullaby Land.

Unidentified.
One for the money and two for the show, away to the lullaby land we'll go. To the gentle eyes of the child asleep! Over the hills where the dreams come down, Hush—be for the village of Shush-ya Town. Up, my sweet, so my knees and away to the dreamy wings of the child heart lay.

Three to make ready and four to go, away to the lullaby land, you know! The stanzas are ready, up, up, my love, while the star man lightens the stars above, and as we sleep on silver shoes, Walks over the ripples the lady moon! To arms that wait with a sweet enfold!

Lullaby land is a little way by the capes of dreams and the coasts of slay. Over the river that sings of rest it leads to the valley of childhood's quest. The fairy princess is here, my sweet, with gleaming sandals upon her feet.



Photo Copyright by George Grantham Bain.
Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst.