

WHERE ALCHEMY OF CHRISTMAS KINDNESS MAY TURN GRAY DISCOURAGEMENT TO JOY

Holiday Shoppers Urged Not to Forget Good Done by Woman's Exchange.

BY ELIZABETH LAMBERT WOOD.
"WHAT was the best pie I ever ate—the one I bought yesterday? You have some fresh ones like it—I'll take three!"

It was the wife of a well-known merchant who spoke, and proudly she bore away her purchases. Yet how could she know that when word of this praise went back to the poor little home where those pies were created that tears sprang into the tired pie-maker's eyes.

"It's been hard since the dear died," she explained with a little quiver over her lips; "and the children are so young; but now, you see, I'm really going to be able to make a living for them!"

A few months ago there was one con-sider who made nice rolls. They were fine of grain and their flavor was delicious, but they rose in irregular shapes and were baked too brown in other words, were variously unattractive. First one and then another of the ladies of the board spoke to her, advising more care. Gradually she learned. Today she can not supply the demand for her perfect product, and the windows of her little home are clean and bright and hung with fresh curtains, and her children's shoes are sound and whole, and the most bill at the corner butcher's is not so pitifully small as of old, and is paid regularly each month.

Last winter, day after day, a delicate young girl dragged her wearied feet to and fro to a factory. The work was hard and uninteresting. By rare good fortune one evening she, with several fellow girl-workers, agreed to go to the Kirmess. While there she saw a case of fancy articles labeled from the Woman's Exchange. She eyed them curiously and shyly, yet with rising hope. The next day she timidly presented a baby's bid of her own work for inspection. When she was encouraged she joyfully brought more. Now she is supporting herself well with the exquisite work of her own artistic hands.

Many times a year some tourist whose home is in a distant part of the United States will enter the local Exchange with a request to be shown some article for which there is little sale—whose maker, perhaps, is eating her heart out in anguish and fear lest her children's ears shall hear as plainly as do her own the footsteps at the door of that lean, gaunt creature who is not wholly a myth. Then comes that glad day when the long wait is ended; the article is sold; and the humble maker's heart is strengthened for fresh effort. "I try to buy from those who need it most," this sweet-faced traveler explains. This is the feeling widely spread among the women of America, those who have looked into the wonderful work done by Exchanges. By this method of sweet helpfulness the consumer is spared all pain of charity. In every sense of the word the organization is well called Woman's Exchange—a beautiful, significant name.

Requests of many kinds, some of them curious and unusual, are constantly being received by the superintendent, Mrs. Bretherton. Strangers in the city believe the information received here will be helpful and accurate, and so it is, or as near so as the conscientious manager can make it. But there did come a surprise the other day. A voice over the telephone in sweet accents asked: "Will you please tell me where I can get a nice baby to adopt? My husband and I felt sure you'd know."

A fresh gulp of breath was snatched by the superintendent and the receiver gripped anew while she struggled to re-adjust her wits. Then she gave the proper directions.

A peep taken into the kitchen one morning last week was entrancing. A light, splendidly ventilated apartment it was, and cleanly white with enamel, and with soap and armoire, and it was filled that moment with deliciously fragrant odors, and with many white-aproned, busy figures. Seven exquisitely browned turkeys stood on a side table, ready to be sliced for luncheon. A young girl-stewardess who proved to be a widow with two wee children to support—was picking the delicate white meat of crabs apart with quick and skillful fingers. Five other clean-robed women were actively busied about the range and steam table. Another was in charge of the con-signment's room, where rows of cakes and bread and a multiplicity of other good things were being received. A small girl, rather thin and pale, stood with a basket on her arm, patiently waiting for it to be emptied. There was a wistful light in her eyes as her thin nostrils quivered in the air.

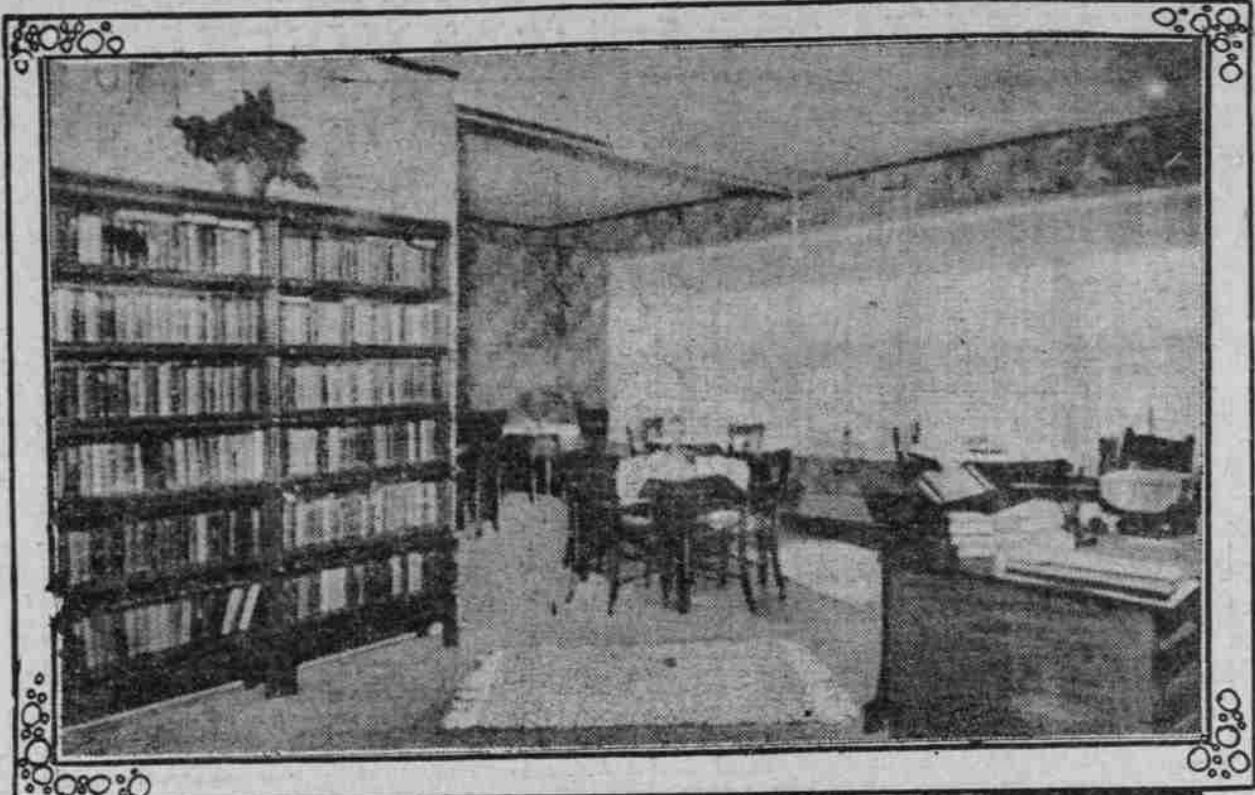
"The profit—the per cent exacted for the sale of con-signment's articles—is so small that we must make our profits mainly from the lunch we serve," some one explained. "Otherwise it would be impossible to meet the monthly payroll of nearly \$400." The dining-room seats 75 and the public has been so generous with its patronage that an upstairs room is being added. The Mayor often lends the prestige of his presence; the other day one young man was heard to ex-claim gratefully to another: "You're all right. You know the best places to eat—that's a clutch!"

Down to the last worker in that big household of busy women each one is interested in helping to make a profit for the Exchange. Late one day, after long hours full of exciting work, word came to the cook-in-charge that a policeman was waiting, anxious to have a turkey roasted. She thought a moment, then com-mented, "I'm terribly tired," she ac-knowledged with a sigh, but, brightening, added, "but I'll do it gladly. It will help out the Exchange!"

During the holiday time a thriving busi-ness is being done in plum puddings. The jacks in harbor soon learned where the most toothsome wares were to be had and every day a stalwart man with rolling gait drifts in at the door and soon sets sail again for their ships, each with a pudding tucked snugly under his arm. "It's the strangest thing," exclaimed one of the helpers. "We never sell over 10 cents worth of candy that we don't in imagination see the delight of the candy-maker when she gets her money and hears the cheering words that her wares sell well!" In answer to a question another one added, "Yes, nearly all the helpers are widows. You think that odd? But the ladies of the board know we must support our children, and they are so good, even if we are sick, or the children are not well for a few days and we have to stay home. Why just think, at the end of the month we get our full wages, never one cent taken off." A tear started in the helper's eyes; the young mother's voice was so fervent with thankfulness.

A number of different apartments—and each one useful—in the rooms here Fifth-street quarters of the Exchange. There is the colonial library of over 1000 volumes of new fiction; all to be reached for a daily rental of 2 cents. Then there is the reading-room—a comfortable, bright-windowed apartment, furnished with many easy chairs and couches and with fresh new magazines for the entertain-ment of fagged shoppers and wearied mothers.

On December 6 there is to be a house-warming in compliment to Miss Talling, the president, who has been absent in Europe several months. She is one of the ablest of many brave, helpful women who, with their tender sympathy and work have brought friendship and strength into many a struggling home-hold; into many a wavering heart. Such a spirit of love has made and will make this organization grow. But there were dark years when a few brave souls put



LIBRARY



LOUNGE ROOM



KITCHEN



DINING ROOM

When King Edward Goes to Theater

He Always Pays for His Box; Certain Rules of Etiquette Observed.

THERE are so many things pertaining to royalty of which the general public has only the most vague idea that it is interesting to give a correct insight of some of them.

In regard to royalty's attendance at the theater, there is a very general belief that these high people do not pay for their theater boxes, and that everything is free to them in opera and drama. On the contrary, however, the royal box is paid for at the same rate as it would be by any ordinary playgoer.

King Edward is the most ardent play-

goer, but he pays for his box always. He does not himself drive up to the box of honor, but he sends his equerry or secretary to engage the royal box. The matter being settled in a much more private manner, the principal of one of the Bond street "libraries," as the West End theater ticket offices are somewhat anomalously known in London, is periodically summoned to Marlborough House and takes with him a list of all the plays on the stages of the various theaters.

The King goes through the list and selects the theater or theaters which he wishes to visit in the next few days, and instructions are given to the "library" to engage the royal box for the nights named at the theaters selected.

Royal Entrance.

At the Haymarket the royal entrance is in a small street at the back of the theater, which, ending in a cul-de-sac, is almost as private as if it were a court-yard belonging to the house. In former years this entrance and the passage connecting it with the royal box formed no part of the theater itself, but belonged to a lodging-house adjoining the theater. For some time an annual rental was paid to the proprietor of the lodging-house for the privilege of using this passage. Since, however, royalty visited the theater, and one of the conditions of the arrangement was that on such occasions none of the lodgers should be allowed to appear in the passage or to open any doors communicating with it. When the theater was enlarged the lodging-house was purchased.

There are certain rules of etiquette which are observed in the great theaters when members of the royal family attend. When the box has been secured through one of the library ticket offices the manager of the office himself escorts the royal visitors from their carriage to the box in place of the usual theater attendant, and the business manager of the theater receives them at the door, as the representative of the management.

In the theaters of modern construction there are handsomely furnished retiring rooms attached to the royal box, in which it is the custom to place cigarettes and coffee.

When Queen Alexandra or a princess forms one of the party, a bouquet is usually put on a chair in the retiring room, her royal highness taking the flowers into the box with her. The programmes placed in the royal box on these occasions are invariably printed on white satin.

The King often sends for some member or members of the company or the manager, between the acts, and converses with them or him in the royal retiring room. This is always accepted as evidence that his majesty has enjoyed the play.

Horror of Evening Clothes.

His majesty has a great objection to any demonstration in the theater when he enters or leaves; consequently he does not wish the orchestra to play "God Save the King," as is generally done on other public occasions when his majesty enters. It is also worth mentioning that the King and all other members of the royal family are remarkably punctual in the time of arriving at the theater, and it hardly ever happens that the curtain has to be raised after the usual hour in consequence of royalty expected not having come.

The King has a horror of evening dress, which he considers hideous. He prefers the style to a uniform, however, and uses 12 suits a year, at a fixed price of \$50 a suit. Let me add that his majesty never wears any pair of trousers more than four times, and, as the discarded clothes of royalty are not allowed to be appropriated by the valets, but are preserved, there is a stock of thousands of them at Marlborough House.

This need surprise no one, for when King George IV died his clothes were sold at public auction, the sale lasting over three weeks, and there were no fewer than 500 fur-lined coats alone. All the King's clothes, old and new, are kept at Marlborough House. In what are known as the "brushing rooms," several men being employed to look after them. All his hats, especially the old ones, are for some reason or other kept at Sandringham. He abominates the high silk hat, his favorite headgear being the "derby," which is known in this country as the "derby" and in England as the "bowler."

YOUTH RIDES 70 MILES TO ALARM MISSION

Youth Is a Graybeard Now, and Is Spending His Declining Years in Portland.

WHEN but 17 years old, Captain Fred LeeLewes, now a patriarch resting in Portland, carried a warning to two missions, his 70-mile ride ending in time to save 75 persons from massacre by Cayuse Indians.

A band of friendly Indians, in November, 1847, gave to LeeLewes, Sr., the secret that the Cayuses planned to pounce upon all the Whites of Wallilatup and Lahmukain Missions on Walker's Prairie. Young LeeLewes' message was received in ample time to permit Clergyman Walker and Eels and their charges to find protection in the staunch fort of LeeLewes, Sr.

Fred LeeLewes first saw the light of day near Red River, Canada, September 29, 1830. He came with his father, John LeeLewes, to the West in the Autumn of 1844. Crossing the Rocky Mountains, they reached the headwaters of the Columbia River, where LeeLewes, Sr., took full charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's interests at Fort Colville, remaining in that capacity for 40 years. In 1845 LeeLewes, Sr., found it necessary, at two different times, to make the journey to Vancouver for supplies. Seven batteaux were used upon these trips. They ran all rapids but those of the Cascades and The Dalles. There the boats had to be drawn over the portage by the crews.

Massacre Warning Given.

One night in November, 1847, a band of friendly Indians came to the home of John LeeLewes and told him the Cayuse Indians were making ready to kill all the whites housed in the two missions.

At 5 o'clock the next morning, Fred LeeLewes, then a mere lad, mounted a horse and started to warn the missionaries of the impending danger. He rode as fast as possible, without food or drink, stopping but once for water for his horse, and reached the mission at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, having ridden 70 miles.

The next morning at 5 o'clock, 75 people started, taking two days to reach Fort Colville. They were given a building to live in and were assisted in every way possible by LeeLewes, Sr. It was afterward learned the Indians reached the missions the second day after the terrible massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and their associates, fully prepared to repeat the horrible deed. Had it not been for young LeeLewes' faithfulness to duty, another dark blot would have stained the pages of Oregon's early history.

In 1848 Fred LeeLewes joined a band of volunteers who were to act as escort to the emigrants coming to the Willamette Valley. He was afterward a clerk in Portland's first store, kept by Crosby & Smith, which situation he held for two years.

Competency His Reward.

Later he was a packer in Captain Wright's command, while on a hunt for Indians, who were killing the emigrants, cutting a gash in his scalp. The doctor of the company, who was just behind, dressed the wound as best he could. Young LeeLewes told the physician he wished to do his duty. He was then given the work of driving the ambulance team. Hearing of his brother's illness, he left the volunteer company and came to his brother's home at Vancouver. Later Mr. LeeLewes settled on a farm on Lewis River, Washington. He had to bring his grain in sail boats from the farm to Milwaukee to be ground, as that was the only convenient grist mill. The

TANTALUM

A NEW ELECTRIC LAMP

MORE ECONOMICAL

than

any carbon filament lamp.

MORE STURDY

than the

TUNGSTEN
CAN BE USED

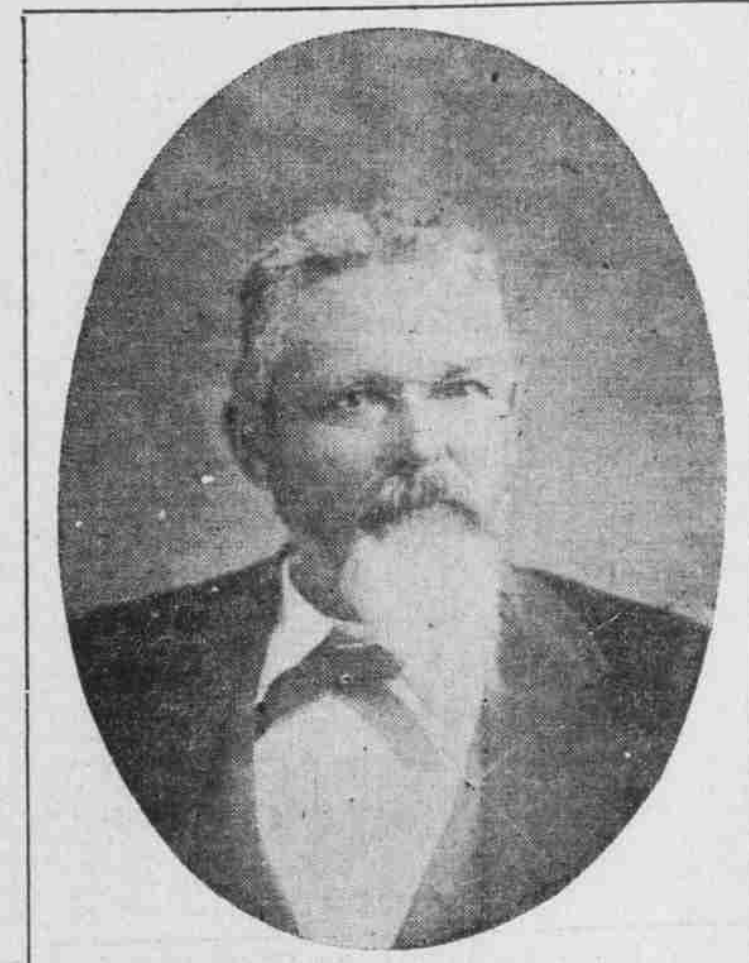
in

KEY SOCKET

Portland Railway, Light & Power Company
147 Seventh Street

The high hats which he wears are by preference a bell in shape and with a rather wide brim.
The King has all his gloves—and he has many hundred pairs a year—made by a

house in Brussels, where the models of his right and left hands are preserved in the same manner as a bootmaker preserves the lasts of the feet of his clients. —Vogue.



CAPTAIN FRED LEE LEWES.

distance from the farm to the mill was 72 miles.

Fortune has smiled upon Mr. LeeLewes' honest endeavor and in his declining years he is blessed with a goodly competency. He has a kind word and a pleasant smile for all.
Of such as he we may say:
"With fruit and flowers and grain;
Our trees are filled with pleasantness,
Their was the toil and pain."

FOOT TICKLER FINED \$7.50

Pennsylvania Alderman Imposes Costs in Odd Case.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Nov. 26.—Seven dollars and fifty cents a tickle is what Michael Uvanski paid for the fun of tickling the feet of his roommate, Metro Blake.

The fine was imposed by Alderman Brown upon the charge of assault and battery, that being the designation under which he decided the charge of "tickling of the feet with malicious intent" comes.

Blake said that Uvanski took a mas-

delicious delight in tickling his feet when he was in bed and preventing him from sleeping.

GAMBLER WOULD PAY BACK

Orders Executor to Reimburse Every One Who Lost to Him.

KANSAS CITY.—One of the strangest wills ever made here came to light when the last testament of George Brown, Jr., noted as a gambler and race-horse man, was filed in the Probate Court.

"It is my desire as far as possible," the will reads, "to repay every person, man, woman or child, any money which I may have won from him by gambling during my lifetime, and I direct my executor to make efforts to learn their names and reimburse them to the full amount with interest from the day the money was won."

Another strange provision of the will is for a tombstone to be erected above the testator and his wife which will bear only their given names, omitting the name "Brown."