

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Good Work Done by Portland Institution

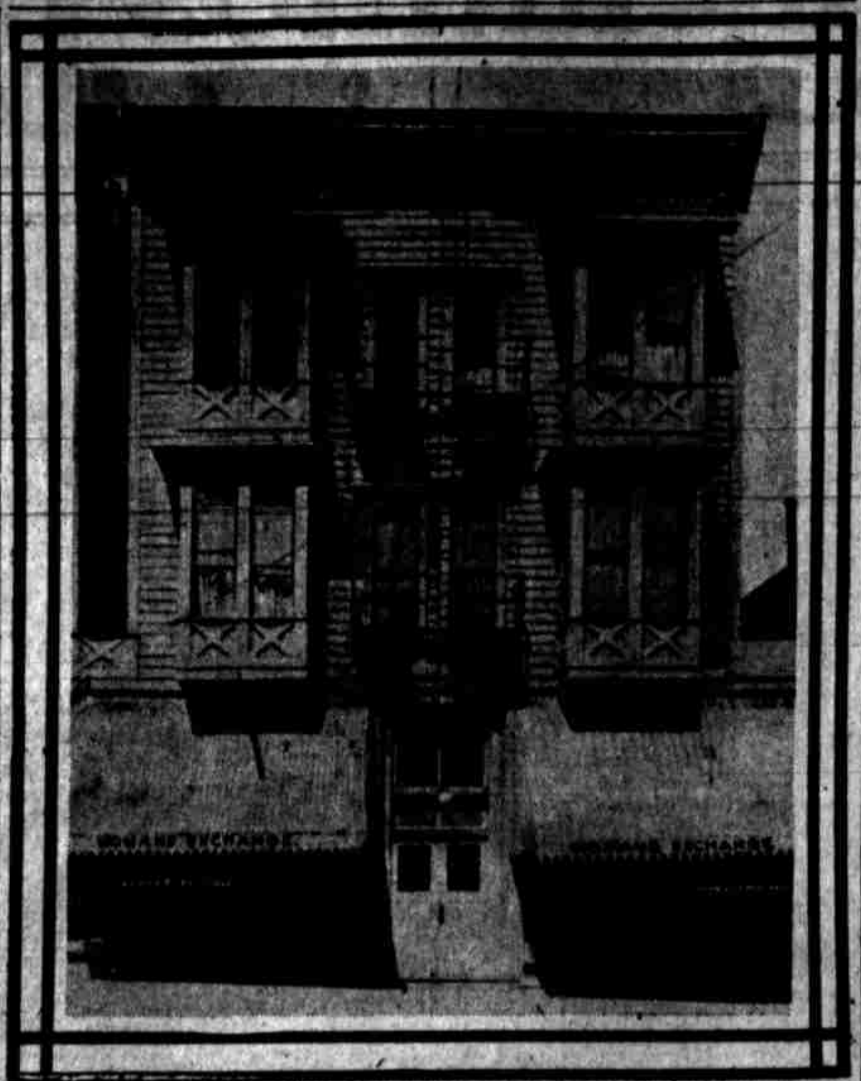
In every city there are two classes of women whose needs can be met in only one way, and that is by establishing a connecting link between the two. The first of these is composed of gentlewomen who from reverses or from other causes are obliged to become money-makers. They are averse to and generally unfitted by their secluded life from seeking work outside the home, and their only negotiable talent may be the ability to make delicious pies and cakes, or perhaps they are handy with the needle and can make baby clothes that are marvels of daintiness and beauty. The question for a long time was how to put these things on the market. None of the usual avenues of sale seemed to meet the special requirements of the home-worker.

Then there were the women who wanted these very things, who longed for the small hand-made articles of wearing apparel or who wished to buy home cooking, but did not know where to get them.

This problem of supply and demand was solved by Mrs. William G. Choate of New York, who in 1878 started what was called the "Woman's Exchange," designed especially for the benefit of needy gentlewomen. The idea was a great success, and from Mrs. Choate's small venture there has arisen in New York alone four different and independent exchanges.

When It Was Started.

The Portland Women's union, convinced that this city was in need of such an institution, started a Woman's Exchange in December, 1902, and maintained a small booth for fancy work on



Woman's Exchange, on Tenth Street.



DINING ROOM, WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Washington street. The venture was well received, success justified enlarging the scope of the work, and it was moved into larger and more comfortable quarters at 132 Tenth street.

The Portland Woman's Exchange is conducted under the same general rules for all exchange work. There is a board of managers, of which Miss Henrietta E. Falling is chairman, Mrs. Martin Winch recording secretary, Miss Elizabeth Gile corresponding secretary, and Mrs. William Alvord treasurer. Mrs. J. C. Gauld, Mrs. Isaac White, Mrs. C. S. Jackson, Mrs. Holt C. Wilson, Mrs. David Robertson, Mrs. S. R. Johnson, Mrs. Leon Hirsch, Mrs. E. T. Williams, Mrs. Sigmund Frank, Mrs. S. A. Brown, Miss Mary Montgomery and Mrs. S. T. Hamilton serve as heads of the various committees. Miss McDonald is superintendent.

The expenses of such an undertaking are large and the exchange is only partly self-supporting. It is aided by subscription members at \$3 a year. The consigning members pay \$1 a year, which must be paid on entering goods, and a commission of 10 per cent is made on all articles sold. The best source of revenue, however, is the luncheon run in connection with the exchange and supplied with home cooking by the consignors.

What Some People Earn.

Many people have the idea that it is next to impossible to make much by

working as a consignee of the exchange, but a few examples will prove this erroneous. For two years ending May, 1905, one consignee received \$1,398.50, another received \$1,038 for 12 months' work, ending on the same date. The exchange is open from 9 a. m. to 6:30 p. m., but nothing except orders are received after 10 a. m. If you wish to become a consignee write or call on Miss McDonald, the superintendent, and she will let you have a circular giving the rules of the exchange. In doing work to be submitted for approval it is better to devote your time to making one or two things well, as everything made for the exchange must be the best of its kind; it is also desirable to make the price moderate in order to insure a speedy sale.

The work of the exchange is divided into three general departments—the art and fancy work, the domestic and the luncheon.

The art and fancy work department has a large number of beautiful and exquisite articles on sale and, if desired, orders will be taken for any work that can be done by hand; all orders are carefully executed and of a standard equal to the sample, so that one may be sure of being well pleased with the result. This department makes a specialty of infants' layouts and the dainty, hand-made dress accessories so indispensable to the particular woman.

The domestic department has become deservedly popular and caters to the best trade in town, in all home-made table delicacies. Everything on sale here is maintained at a high standard of excellence, and one may be sure of getting full value for one's money. Bread, cake, and all the different kinds of pastries, besides pickles, jellies, and preserves, are on sale and orders may be taken for anything not in stock.

The public does not know enough about the Exchange lunch room, which is open for luncheon from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m., afternoon tea is served from 2 to 6 o'clock p. m. The lunch room is large and cool and the tables look inviting with immaculate linen and fresh flowers. Here men and women may order luncheon and be delightfully and quickly served with appetizing home-cooked food at moderate prices. Many men used to think that the lunch room was only for women, but now a number of business men make it their regular place for lunch.

Mothers who wish their school children to have hot lunches may make the necessary arrangements with the superintendent, who will take orders for the Exchange to take orders for special dishes for functions, luncheons, teas, and so forth. The women are working hard to make the Exchange a success and are devoting both time and money to that object.

A good way to help is to give some deserving woman a consignee's ticket for the Exchange.

Leaves From My Auto-biography

By COUNT TOLSTOI

MY FATHER had at an early age become his parents' only son. His younger brother, Ilenka, met with an accident which made him a cripple, and he died while still a child.

In 1812 my father was 17 years old, and, to the disgust of his whole family, he entered the military service. At this time Prince Nicholas Gortschakow, a relative and grandfather, Princess Gortschakow, was minister of war, while his brother was commander-in-chief of the armies in the field, and my father was made his adjutant.

He went through the campaigns in 1812 and 1814, and during the latter year was sent as a courier to Germany, where he was captured by the French and was kept a prisoner until the following year.

Even before he entered the military service, when he was only 16, his parents had provided him with a mistress, a girl with whom he had a son, Mischan, who became a stage driver. As long as my father lived this son made his own living, but when he died he began to drink and often applied to us, his grown-up half-brothers, for money.

I well remember how ashamed I felt when this brother, who resembled my father more than any of us, came to us for assistance, and was thankful for 10 or 15 rubles.

After the war my father, who had grown tired of army life, retired from the service and came to Kuzma's where my grandfather, who had lost his fortune, was a spinner, and where my aunt, who had married Jushkoff, was living. My grandfather died soon afterwards and left my father nothing but debt.

My father was a very vivacious man, of medium height, pleasant features and very earnest looking eyes. He spent his time taking care of the estate, though he was not a very good manager. He was not very good at work, but I never heard of any of the serfs having been beaten or punished. It is likely, however, that such punishment was used, as it was considered impossible to manage serfs without it.

Once, after my father's death, I heard of such punishment for the first time. We children were coming back from a walk with our tutor when we met the fat overseer, Andrei Pulin, followed by the assistant coachman, "cross-eyed Kusma," near the barn. Kusma, who was married and no longer young, looked very downcast. We asked Andrei Pulin where he was going, and he replied that he was going to the barn to punish Kusma. I can never forget the impression which Kusma's sad face made upon me.

In the evening I told my aunt Tatiana Alexandrovna, who hated corporal punishment and who never allowed it to be used.

"I looked very indignant at what I told her, and asked: 'Why did you not forbid him to beat Kusma?'"

Her words made me feel even worse, for I had never thought that I might be a good man and now it was too late.

I return again to my impression of my father. His work consisted in the management of the estate and in holding court. He was very busy, and he was home being fond of hunting and fishing. His companions were his old friend, Kiriejewski, a wealthy bachelor; Jaskow, Glebow and Islenjew.

Whatever time he had left after attending to his affairs and looking after his children he spent in reading. He got together a library consisting of French classical works, books on history and natural history.

I remember him very well sitting in his library on a leather-covered divan, smoking his pipe when we came in. He would look at us and would always use to put us and play with us and let us play on the divan while he was instructing the overseer, who stood at the door, or chatting with my godfather.

I also remember how the painted pictures, which seemed wonderful to us, and also how he at one time made me recite verses by heart, and how the feeling with which I recited these verses made a strong impression on him. He listened in silence until I was through and looked toward his father, with an expression which told us he noticed that something in my way of expressing the sentiments of the poet had pleased him and I was exceedingly happy.

I also remember how he used to tell us about his father, and how he and my aunt laughed as much as we children. I remember how he used to go to the city and how handsome I thought he looked in his frockcoat and narrow trousers, but still more vivid is my impression of him as he looked when he left the house to go hunting. I remember how we used to go walking with him and how the young grayhounds who followed him ran across the unknown fields, so that they almost disappeared among tall grass, and they used to jump around us, proud of our admiration. I remember how we used to go to the hunting festival, rode in a line to the clearing in the woods, where a fox was turned loose, and how the greyhound ran after it, and how it, at last, was caught far away, by the hunters.

More than by anything else I was impressed by the wolf hunt. It was quite near the house. We all came out to look at it. A big gray wolf, whose legs had been tied together, was brought out in a cart. It remained very quiet and merely glanced haterfully at those of us who went close by. Just outside the garden, the wolf was taken from the cart, laid on the ground and held in position with its mouth open. Then its legs were untied and it began to struggle and bite furiously at the piece of wood which was tied in its mouth. At last everyone was ready, the wood was pulled out of its mouth, the fork which held it down withdrawn, and the wolf jumped to its feet and stood motionless about 10 seconds. Then a signal was given and the greyhounds were turned loose. The wolf, who had been tied to the cart, ran toward the fields, where the wolf got away from them. I well remember how angry my father was when he returned.

I like to think of my father, as I remember him, sitting on the sofa with my grandmother playing solitaire. My father was polite and friendly to everybody, he was exceedingly respectful toward grandmother. She sat on the sofa, her head covered with a lace cap, ornamented with a bow, laid the cards, and from time to time took a pinch of snuff from a golden tabatiere. Close by the sofa, in an arm chair, sat Petrovna, a dealer in weapons, from Iula; she wore a military jacket, and was always appearing very fast and very carelessly, so

Thirteen Years Old and Writes for Royalty

(By a Staff Correspondent.)

URSULA BLOOM is a name that may some day become famous in literature. Its possessor is only 13 years old, but finds her chief delight in writing stories; in fact, as she quaintly puts it, "it gives me a headache not to write."

She began writing when she was still a baby. When she was her first little book, "Tiger," was printed. The Prince of Wales' son, Prince "Eddie," read it and liked it very much and got his papa to write to the author and tell her how much he had enjoyed it. From the Princess of Wales, the Countess of Warwick and other great folk she has received letters praising her work; but they have not turned her head a bit.

With all her precocious imagination she is a delightfully natural child. The little sketch which follows was written by herself and is, I think, a decidedly interesting human document.

"I could write almost before I could crawl, and even in my babyhood a sheet of paper and a pencil would amuse me, but I could never get enough paper for a real big book, so when I was very small I used to write on chairs and underneath the table, and my nurse has often put me in the corner for writing on the wall. It was a proud day when I became sole owner of the waste paper basket, and I sat to work to write 'Mary,' 'George' and 'Rachel Monday,' followed by 'Mark and May' and 'Mary Spry.' This was before I was 6, and not being able to really write, I printed my letters, searching through my favorite books, 'Susy's Six Birthdays' and 'Line Upon Line' for a single letter or word. Mamma has kept 'Mary,' but I don't read it, the only distinguishable part is from one of the little books. 'I will not have my booties taken off.' Then papa must come and whipp herr, sed nurelle."

"When I was 7 I wrote still more and 'Tiger' was printed. I wrote the following three years I wrote more and more, and now I am 13. I'm still writing; it gives me a headache not to write. I get such lots of ideas once I see a sheet of paper, but I shan't ever enjoy in my hand, I haven't half time enough to put them all down. I have had lots of fat writing-books given me lately. I'm going to spend heaps of time filling up my books. I shan't ever write a tale as much as I enjoyed writing about Fluffy. I nearly cry when a tale



A Girlish Writer Whose Work Has Been Praised by Royalty—Miss Ursula Bloom.

(Interesting to me) is finished, and yet I'm rather glad for then I can begin to write another.

"My little magazine keeps me busy, too; it is not really printed, but all in manuscript, but I try to make it like a real magazine, all short stories and one serial. It has been going for four years and it's really very great fun writing for it.

"My favorite place to write in is our large apple tree."

The accompanying photograph, taken about the time "Tiger" was written, shows Ursula with her little brother and her dolls. There is no difficulty in accounting for her remarkable talents. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. Harvey Bloom, rector of Stratford-on-Avon, a man of high literary attainments.

HUNTERS GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR CURIOS

IN THE First Egyptian room at the British museum you will find an object catalogued as No. 15,642. It is a mold of some ancient form of paper-maché of an Egyptian woman, presumably a priestess who lived in Thebes somewhere about 25 centuries ago. The molded face is of unusual beauty, telling his curious expression of cold malignancy.

Now one hears tales of amulets and suchlike which possess fatal properties, and no doubt most of us regard such stories as interesting fictions. But here comes a tale which is no fiction, and one of the party bought it. A few days later one of the gentleman's servants shot himself accidentally and lost an arm, and soon after another who had been in the case was accidentally killed. The third died within a year. The finds were apportioned by lot, and the priestess' mask fell to another of the party. On his arrival at Cairo, he found a letter telling him that he had lost most of his money.

curiosity which appears to bring fil-luck upon its owners. Madame Sadi Carnot, widow of the assassinated president of France, left a request in her will that her executors would destroy a certain Hindoo idol which was to be found among her possessions. This image was quite small, cut out of some hard stone, and was of enormous antiquity.

the buried curiosities of long past ages—all these constantly claim their victims. Only last year a young German named Thindan, while climbing in the Alps in search of that rare and beautiful flower, the adelweiss, fell from the top of one of the Cornettes de Bleue. He dropped a sheer distance of over half a mile and was smashed out of all human form.

There stands in the museum of Athens an ancient and discolored marble statue of the Greek goddess Aphrodite, which cost the life of one of its finders. It is part of the cargo of a Roman vessel when, just before sunset, he sailed from the island of Carigo and the Spartan coast, and no doubt was booty which the Romans were carrying back from Greece to their own capital. The sponge fishers greatly excited by their find, sent one of their number down to explore.

He was the best diver of the crew, but he never rose again. He became entangled among the weeds and the timbers of the old wreck, and there his dead body was afterward found close to the statue, which he seemed to have tried to raise from its sandy bed.

Prophecy Fulfilled

It had belonged for centuries to the rajahs of Khadjura, and a legend clung to it that its owner would in every case attain to supreme power and then die by the knife. This story was told to M. Carnot by the friend who had given it to him years before he became president of France. The prophecy came literally true.

Among the curiosities preserved by the family of the famous French detective Girouard is a gold ring made in the shape of a snake with an opal in the top of its head and two emeralds for eyes. The design is so peculiar that the ring could not fail to be recognized by anyone who had ever seen it. This ring came to the Paris morgue five times within 50 years, each time upon the finger of a corpse. Inquiries have shown that this piece of jewelry had a curse put upon it by a mother whose only son was killed in a duel by the wearer of the ring. The present owner of the ring would not wear it for any money.

The Fatal Mummy Mold

The case was handed to a lady, sister of the owner. From the time she received it, everything went wrong in her house and family. There is no space here to tell all the details of the case, which the priestess' ownership caused. Suffice to say that the celebrated theosophist Madame Blavatsky once saw it, and begged the owner to get rid of it if she could, but it was refused.

Some years later it was sent to a photographer in Baker street to be photographed. Within a few weeks the photographer died suddenly. The owner begged the priestess to return it to the British museum. The carrier died within a week, and the man who assisted in moving the curio to its place shortly afterwards met with a serious accident.

Of course, the whole of these various incidents may have been coincidences. But the writer has considerable doubts whether one Answers reader in a thousand would be willing to keep No. 15,642 in his collection of all kinds of Egyp-tian hunting, flower-hunting, the search for

A Life for an Orchid

Forstermann, the German, who holds the record of having discovered nearly 40 orchids which were previously unknown to science, tells the story of how one of his finds cost a human life. He was far up in the wilds of the Siamese forest when, just before sunset, he sailed from the island of Carigo and the Spartan coast, and no doubt was booty which the Romans were carrying back from Greece to their own capital. The sponge fishers greatly excited by their find, sent one of their number down to explore.

He was the best diver of the crew, but he never rose again. He became entangled among the weeds and the timbers of the old wreck, and there his dead body was afterward found close to the statue, which he seemed to have tried to raise from its sandy bed.

Egg-Hunters Fall to Death

Apart from curios possessing mysteriously malignant effects, there are and have been many lives lost in the pursuit of rarities of all kinds. Egg-hunting, flower-hunting, the search for

Where Slaves Are Still For Sale

ONE by one the great slave markets of the world are being dismantled, yet, within three hours' steam of Gibraltar, Morocco remains one of the very few countries where the public auction of negroes, and other than negroes, may still be witnessed. Any traveler who finds his way to the imperial city, Marrakesh, should make a point of visiting its famous market, which has recently been attracting the attention of the powers. A century ago it was no uncommon thing to see English men and English women—the captives of the Raisulau of that day—pass into lifelong slavery from the very same yard, large and splendid, where I have just witnessed the auction of some 25 natives, says a traveler.

It seems hard to believe that while England was waging war with Napoleon the main duty of her ambassadors in Morocco was to appeal to the sultan, cap in hand, and with ample offerings of English men and cannons—with the Moors described as "tribute"—for the release of British crews and their wives, who had had the ill fortune to be captured by the famous rovers of Balles and Rabat. Faithful records of these irregular and consular reports of the period.

About 6 o'clock on a Thursday afternoon the proceedings of the Marrakesh auction opened—was a prayer—the sight or ten auctioneers, formed in line, calling for the Divine blessing upon both buyer and seller: In this appeal, I remarked, the slaves were not mentioned. Then, leading his chattels from one

group of possible buyers to another, each auctioneer went the round of the market, stating the amount of the last bid. The presence of Europeans is not welcome at these sales, but nothing was said to us, excepting that we were asked, courteously enough, not to walk about. For any looker-on to move from his place would, it seems, be a breach of slave auction etiquette.

No writer in search of startling effects need visit the Marrakesh market. The whole thing is, as a rule, business like, not to say humdrum. Naturally enough, the slaves, especially the girls, are dressed in their best, and artistically groomed; and in many cases a glimpse of some 25 natives, says a traveler.

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British History of President Roosevelt

BRITISH work on genealogy, just issued, publishes the coat of arms of Theodore Roosevelt, says the New York World, and has this to say of the ancestry and history of the president of the United States:

Born at New York, 27 Oct. 1858; m. firstly, 27 Oct. 1880, Alice Hathaway, dau. of George Cabot Lee, and by her (who d. 14 Feb. 1884), has issue: 1. Alice Lee, b. 12 Feb. 1884; m. 17 Feb. 1896, Nicholas, son of Nicholas Longworth of Cincinnati, O., by Susan, his wife, dau. of Judge Timothy Walker.

He m. secondly, 2 Dec. 1886, Edith Kermit, dau. of Charles Carow, and by her, has issue: 1. Theodore, b. 15 Sept. 1887. 2. Kermit, b. 10 Oct. 1889. 3. Archibald Bullock, b. 9 April 1894. 4. Quentin, b. 19 Nov. 1891.

President Theodore Roosevelt graduated at Harvard university, 1880; LL. D. Columbia university, 1897; LL. D. Hope college, 1903; LL. D. Yale, 1901; LL. D. Harvard, 1902; member of the New York state assembly, 1882-8; United States civil service commissioner, 1889-94; police commissioner, New York city, 1895; assistant secretary of the United

States navy, 1897-98; governor of the state of New York, 1898-1900; colonel first regiment United States volunteer cavalry, which he organized; served with distinction throughout the campaign of Santiago de Cuba (Spanish-American war); vice-president of the United States, November, 1900; president, September, 1901.

ANCESTRY.

Claes Martenszen Van Rosenvelt of Zeeland, Holland, who emigrated to New Netherland 1649-50, had issue: 1. Isaac. 2. Nicholas, of whom below. 3. Nicholas Roosevelt (1655-1742), b. Sept. 1653; aide-marshal of New York, 1688-1701; sepouised the cause of the colonists; m. 1683, Heijltje Jans Kunst, by whom he had issue: 1. Isaac. 2. Nicholas. 3. Jacobus, of whom below. 4. Johannes, of whom below. 5. Johannes Roosevelt (1689-), bap. 3 March, 1689, at Eaopus, N. Y.; aide-marshal, etc.; m. Heytje Bjoersta, and by her, had issue: 1. Jacobus Roosevelt (1724-), bap. 9 August, 1724; in New York Colonial troops, m. Annatje Bogard and left issue. 2. Jacobus Roosevelt (1750-1840), bap. 28

October, 1750; commissary in New York troops in the Revolutionary war; m. Mary Helen Van Schaack and dying 1840, left by her (who d. 1845), issue: 1. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt (1794-1871), b. 30 January, 1794; m. Margaret Barnhill (a descendant of Thomas Foyte, member of the New Jersey provincial congress), and by her (who d. 1861), had six children, the last of whom was: Theodore Roosevelt (1831-1878), b. September, 1831; collector of the port of New York; m. 23 December, 1853, Martha, dau. of Major James Stephen Bullock, and by her (who d. 12 February, 1884), left issue: 1. Theodore, president of the United States. 2. Elliott, b. 28 February, 1860; m. 1883, Anna Hall. 3. Anna, b. 7 January, 1866; m. 1886, William S. Cowley, of the United States navy. 4. Corinne, b. 27 September, 1861; m. 1882, Douglas Robinson. Residences—The White House, Washington, D. C.; Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, Long Island. Clubs—Union League, Republican, Chelsea, Harvard, Seawanhaka, Corinthian Yacht, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Boona and Crockett.

Rescued As An Omen.

In some parts of Siberia a bridegroom, on arriving at home commands his wife to take off his boots. In one is a whip and in the other is a purse. The contents of the boot she first selects for removal, whether he is to be generous or reverse to her. A very kind husband will put a purse in the boot and omit the whip, to make her believe that her choice is auspicious.

On Intemperate Language.

From Success Magazine.

Exaggeration infects the ideas of most reformers. Working overtime, casting stones at the things they complain of. They are largely concerned over nonessentials, overlooking primary causes of human progress. Evolution is retarded by revolution—one is a down-pour, the other a process, in harmony with universal law.

Too Long to Take Standing.

The billionaire had been adjudged guilty. The residing justice, looking at him sternly, said: "Prisoner, I will now read the list of crimes, under the poor food, anti-trust and other laws, that you have been convicted of."

"And during the reading," said the doomed man, faintly, "will your honor allow me to sit down?"