

# Social Settlement Work in Portland



THE SUMMER OUTING

**S**OCIAL settlement work is carried on in two places in Portland. The Council of Jewish Women have a neighborhood house in South Portland, where all lines of practical help and of moral, physical training are carried on, bringing enlightenment and brightness into the homes of the poor people of that part of town.

At Fourth and Burnside streets is the mission of the First Presbyterian church which bears the double title of "Men's Revolt and People's Institute." It might have several more names and yet its little would inadequately express the scope of the broadly beneficent work for which it stands.

Many forces conspired to the establishment of the work as it now is. Chief among these must be accounted the vital energy and the broad understanding brought to the work by Edgar P. Hill, D. D., then pastor of the First Presbyterian church, now occupying the chair of homiletics at the McCormick Theological seminary, Chicago. He came fresh from such labors in the east with a deep understanding of the needs of the people and of the value of such organized work.

### Has Free Reading Room.

Probably the best known department of the work is the free reading room, seen by the passerby in the men's free reading room, where a score of men may always be seen enjoying the comforts of the cheerful room and its periodicals and papers. The attendance here shows the appreciation felt for the quiet resting place, one of the few of such places apart from saloons which the city affords.

In planning the new building for the Men's resort ample provision was made for resuming the work along industrial lines and for extending aid to women and children, and the Institute club was organized with Mrs. Helen Ladd Corbett as president. She remains in this office, giving amply of her time, her energy and her means to its upbuilding. The original movers in the enterprise were a band of women of the First Presbyterian church, but as the work has grown it has commended itself to all denominations, who now support it and assist in the work, so that it is no longer denominational, but stands now as an example of broad non-sectarian charity.

Miss Prichard, who is the director, had many years' experience in such work before coming to Portland, and to her intelligent management the success of the work is largely due. A finance committee is also raising the funds for carrying on the work and the list of subscribers is constantly growing.

The work among the women and children is carried on in several departments necessitating the services of 10 paid teachers and 30 volunteer assistants.

SOME OF THE CHILDREN'S HANDIWORK



GOING HOME FROM KINDERGARTEN

of china with which she helps to set the dinner table.

Little play tubs and clothes lines, cloths and hampers are provided for wash days and tiny irons and boards for ironing day. It is to them a delightful sort of play but although they are unaware of it they are learning the larger lessons which such training gives and a seal for housewifely arts is developed.

After finishing the course with the toys the girls take a course of training with real kitchen equipment. are taught the care of the stove and sink and finally become skillful and intelligent little housekeepers. On finishing the course they are given a diploma. The class of "Little Housekeepers" gave a practical test of their ability the other day when they set a table, cooked mush and served the younger children. Any one who knows how important a part of child life "playing house" is will appreciate what delightful fun this is to the children in this department. The Mother's club work and she has as able assistants seven well known young women.

Saturday is a busy day at the Institute club. The boys have manual training and gymnasium practice and the girls have sewing and cooking classes. The sewing is carried on in a systematic course. When a child has made an acceptable example of one kind of work, hemming, patching or darning, it is placed in her book and the completion of the course entitles her to a diploma.

**Manual Training Classes.**

Boys and girls both take manual training and it is really remarkable what good work they do. The group of objects represented in the photograph is composed solely of the work of the children in this department. The Mother's club made the rug on which the objects are placed. The children themselves could scarcely realize what practical and excellent articles they were making. When they saw their pottery glazed and fired they were delighted beyond measure.

The mental and moral growth which comes through doing is of the greatest practical value. The joy of creating and the sense of accomplishment in putting one's best work into the task is of the deepest significance in character building.

What does it mean, think you, to mothers who live in dark, dingy quarters to have the bath room with an abundance of hot water, soap, and clean towels open to them twice a week, free of charge? Everyone who has even glanced into settlement work and the

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# THE MOST FAMOUS BRIGAND DEAD

By Edmund Hurst.

**C**ORRICA has lost its most picturesque character and one of its most profitable assets as an attraction to tourists. Antonio Boccagna, better known as Bellacoscia, the last and most distinguished of its bandits, is dead at the ripe old age of 50. For nearly half a century he kept the bush defying the efforts of the gendarmes to capture him in his inaccessible eyrie of Penticia. It is estimated that the various expeditions sent against him cost the French government no less than \$375,000. He passed unscathed through countless blood-thirsty adventures and laughed at bullets only to fall a victim, in the end, to the onslaught of more intrepid and deadly foes—militiamen.

Granted a pardon in 1872, for the last 15 years of his life he enjoyed the fruits of his fame, that of being, next to Napoleon, who was a good deal of a hand, one of the greatest men of his time. Every collector of picture postcards on the continent was proud to number the grim visage of the old brigand among his souvenirs, and no tourist who visited the wild island of the Mediterranean considered he had done justice to its attractions had he not called on the old outlaw. He brought more money to the island than he had ever taken from his victims. Therefore, the Corsicans mourn his loss. There is none to take his place. The vendetta is well nigh extinct. The bandit business is played out. In these degenerate days of commercialism, the days of Corsica openly deride highway robbery as a profession. To such ignoble depths have they descended that they even prefer being streetcar conductors.

The Bellacoscia family lived in the village of Boccagna. Antonio's father had himself been sometime an outlaw, had had three wives, eight children and 70 grandchildren. Antonio was born in 1856. His first difficulty with the law was when he was still a mere youth. It was in 1848. The notary Marcellini came to expel him from a holding claimed alike by the commune and the Bellacoscias. Possibly the latter showed sufficient tact in carrying out his mission. He that as it may, high words ensued and Antonio, raising his rifle, put an end to the argument by shooting the man of law. When the gendarmes were sent to arrest the murderer he had fled to the wild pass of Penticia and was beyond their reach.



Antonio Bellacoscia.

Antonio Bellacoscia was now, by the force of circumstances, an outlaw. Jacques, his brother, was at this time finishing his studies at Ajaccio, preparatory to taking holy orders. He hurried home bent on advising his brother to surrender and stand his trial. Also with him was a gendarme, a branch of the X. N. A. Travelers' Aid & Employment bureau finds positions for women and girls needing work and helps those who are ill and in trouble. A visiting committee goes among the residents of that part of town visiting in their homes the parents of the children who attend the Sunday school and the day classes. With this close knowledge of their needs and conditions the vital helpfulness of the whole undertaking must be seen.

A junior committee of 100 boys and girls of well-to-do families furnish twice a year their outgrown clothing, books and toys for these less fortunate ones. At the request of the playground committee the park commissioners last summer donated two of the park blocks and appropriated \$400 for an equipment. Here the youngsters made merry all summer without molestation with hand ball, sea-saws and other games dear to the childish heart.

**Will Have Mountain Outing.**

A luncheon committee furnishes the kindergarten children with refreshments every Friday throughout the year. It is a "party." A children's chorus is a regular feature.

Last summer in cooperation with the juvenile court two parties of girls and three of boys were given an outing at the beach and one party of mothers was thus remembered. Next summer the children are to have their outing in the mountains. One who has large grounds near Hood river has issued the invitation.

We but dimly guess all that the Institute club means to the women and children of the North End. Right living, right thinking, social pleasures, practical helpfulness—all these it brings them and its uplifting educational and moral helpfulness must cling to them all their lives.

proceeding with a rebuck on his shoulder. He laid it at the prefect's feet in sign of submission to authority. "Accept it," said the functionary, "but you must come and help me catch it."

The peasant was punctual at the prefecture and in his gala dress looked more handsome than ever. He showed himself to be well-mannered, not without dignity, and won the heart of Mrs. la prefecte herself by his respectful compliments. All at once the prefect was drawn aside.

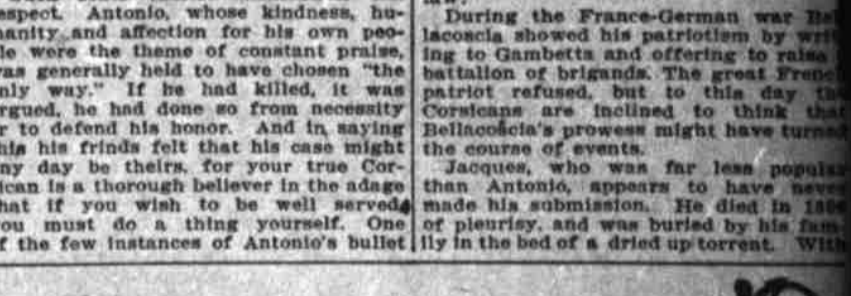
"M. le prefet, do you know who it is that is eating at your table? Bellacoscia!"

But no one dreamed of molesting Bellacoscia even at the prefecture. He was a great and, as such, his person was inviolable. And yet the list of condemnations in "contumacious" was appalling; sentenced to penal servitude in 1831; to death in 1834; again to death in 1835; and for the third time to death in 1877.

A halo of glory settled round the head of this really extraordinary brigand. His feats, his hairbreadth escapes, his vendetta caught the fancy of the "Continental," as the French are called by the Corsicans, who were mighty proud of Antonio. In fact one is tempted to believe that justice in the end was inclined to look the other way as soon as Bellacoscia ventured forth from his fastness. By consent he seems to have resumed possession of his little farm with its field of chestnuts, and though he was to intents and purposes deprived of his civil rights, no one appeared to think it prudent to remind him of the fact. He even took to himself a wife while he was an outlaw, and yet the mayor whom he applied treated it as a matter of course that he should preside at the civil ceremony. Bellacoscia was, too, political power, and the candidate a candidate who had his good word was certain to be elected. It is even asserted that he went to law in one or two trivial matters while yet an outlaw!

During the France-German war Bellacoscia showed his patriotism by writing to Gambetta and offering to raise a battalion of brigands. The great French patriot refused, but to this day the Corsicans are inclined to think that Bellacoscia's prowess might have turned the course of events.

Jacques, who was far less popular than Antonio, appears to have never made his submission. He died in 1880 of pleurisy, and was buried by his family in the bed of a dried up torrent. With



Citadel From Which Bellacoscia Was Hunted.

measuring its mark was when he pursued his sisters betrayer, severely wounding but not killing him. It happened once—such accidents can easily occur in the course of a long residence in the maquis—that Antonio Bellacoscia killed a gendarme by mistake. He appears to have been sincerely sorry, for he paid for the schooling of the orphan out of his own pocket, which is certainly an original trait in a bandit's character.

Once also a party of gendarmes which had been sent out to capture him lost their way in the heat of pursuit. They finally became straggle and were able neither to advance nor to retreat. Antonio, who had been watching them from his vantage ground gallantly went to their rescue, plotted them safely out of danger and bade them a courteous, if slightly scornful, farewell.

Very typical of Corsican reverence for the laws of hospitality is the following anecdote of the meeting between the prefect and the brigand. One day in 1872, the prefect of Bastia was visiting the districts under his authority when he happened to pass near Boccagna and therefore not far from Penticia, which is between three and four miles from the former place. The day was hot, the sun high in the heavens and the prefect decided to rest by the wayside and lunch. Presently a handsome peasant was seen approaching with a rebuck on his shoulder. He laid it at the prefect's feet in sign of submission to authority. "Accept it," said the functionary, "but you must come and help me catch it."

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# THE GLITTER OF NEW GOLD

(Continued From First Page of This Section.)

Should the increase of production continue as during the last few years, it is estimated that the 20-year period between 1885 and 1916—11 years gone and nine to come—will add more gold to the world's wealth than did all the centuries between 1492 and 1895.

The present stock of gold in the world is used as money is estimated by the United States bureau of the mint as, approximately, \$6,000,000,000.

While men are being drawn, figuratively, by the yellow lure, the fact remains that right here at home, in the United States, or at least in contiguous territory, are prospects scarcely equalled elsewhere.

Greater than ever before was the American output last year. Western mines were worked actively with gratifying results. The mines of Colorado alone, in 1905, produced \$2,575,945, and those of California \$19,168,945.

Don't imagine that the United States has ceased to suffer—paradoxical term—from gold fever simply because no such crazes as those of California, Montana and Alaska of former years are now in evidence. Quietly, seriously, the pursuit goes on.

In California large, modern smelting works have lowered the cost of treating the gold-bearing ores, and the profitable working of low-grade mines. Improvements in hydraulic methods, introduction of modern dredges to rework old placers, have tended to revive the business.

Newsday as a gold-producing state is again coming to the fore. Its production in 1905 was \$5,359,100, and the yield of its new mines last year caused a sensation.

While the spasm following the first discovery of gold in Alaska and the Yukon has passed, there has ensued an even, logical, constantly growing search, which in many cases has shown increasingly profitable results.

Dredging is being instituted on such rivers as the Sakatchewan, Yukon, Quoniam and Fraser, which are said to possess large areas of gravel beds and auriferous sand.

Nor has the romance, the hardship, the adventurous spirit lessened since that time, a few years back, when white-clothed houses were left by many a prospector on those selfsame wastes.

A company of Englishmen, newly arrived at Montreal, recently responded to

the call of the yellow siren. They became, as most goldseekers become, more than optimistic—they became fanatic. Dividing into couples, they made their way through the tamarack swamps, over slippery stones and began to dig. On the seventh day bear tracks were found about the camp; all the provisions had been eaten.

Canoes were got ready, but the men had been taught in the school of experience of winter; were frozen in. So they set out afoot for the nearest place where food could be found, 60 miles distant. Intense cold, weight of packs, hunger by the yellow lure, made the trip a veritable nightmare.

On the sixth day they narrowly escaped from wolves. On the seventh they reached Toms Town, where food and warmer clothing awaited them.

"But," said a member of the party, "we have not been cured of the fever. We shall go back again."

Prominent among the world's gold producers since 1850, Australia, especially Australia, continues to draw its quota of prospectors, although the difficulty of financing mining operations in such a remote, sparsely settled country prevents any phenomenal jumps in the business.

Another rich field is being opened up with improvements that are making Tibet accessible to commerce and travel. An engineering triumph of note, aside from the commercial aspect, is the opening of the Himalayas by narrow gauge railroad and a wagon road.

Always Tibet has been regarded as a land rich in gold. Evelyn Herodotus, "the father of history," related an amusing fable of a gigantic race of ants which dug gold from the earth in the country northwest of India.

To the present-day traveler this is not entirely a fable. One may see in a small space hundreds of Tibetan gold diggers, enveloped in thick blankets, working on their hands and knees, often using as digging tools the horns of antelopes. They even sleep in that position. Did they work thus in Herodotus' day, and were they the ants he meant?

Today's conquest of darkest Africa is not one of biological research; it is a quest for gold. Rarely in history have such dangers and hardships been faced as now, when thousands of daring fortune seekers are threatened by hostile savages, menaced by wild animals, venomous reptiles, imperiled by malarious diseases and deadly climate.

For 1,000 miles along the coast south of Liberia the country is rife with

stories of fabulous "strikes." Through every week respond to the call; a great number of them never return. And no wonder they risk death, when told that the gold lands are composed of vast areas of rotten quartz, so soft that they can be crushed in the palm of the hand as the natives have done for centuries.

Australia was droughty, Alaska cold, India pestiferous; but in the Ashante country a most deadly combination of heat, heat and nature oppose the adventurer.

One stretch of jungle on the way to the gold fields—they are 160 miles inland—has been christened the "white man's grave" from the number of prospectors who have left their bones there.

But the gold-seeker is the one man in all the world who never recognizes the gold impossible. This fact has justified the remark: "If it were known that the north pole was surrounded by placer gold fields, its site would be a bustling mining camp within a year."

Witness now, within a few years since gold was found in Alaska, swift on the heels of the pioneers have gone railroad builders and telegraph linemen, engineers, capitalists, bankers, teachers and settlers, until the whole stretch of the northwest is repeating the wondrous story of California's development almost 60 years ago.

In 1867 the United States bought Alaska for \$7,000,000, and thought the price exorbitant. Up to the present the government has received almost twice that sum in revenues from her purchase, and President Roosevelt has said of it: "I predict that Alaska, within the next century, will support an large population as does the entire Scandinavian Peninsula of Europe."

All this because of gold, nothing else.

There, one day not many years ago, a United States soldier, while digging a well, made the strike which in 20 days had produced \$3,000 worth of gold. On that spot today is Nome, a city of about 20,000 population.

In Klondike and the Yukon gold spells for the immigrant, as well as for the native citizen, wonderful opportunity.

It is significant that, while gold production in the newly opened fields is increasing by leaps and bounds, a notable increase has been shown in all the gold-producing states where bonanza days were supposed to have vanished long since.

Colorado, California, Utah, South Dakota, Arizona, Nevada, Montana, all show gradually advancing yields each successive year. The territory of Alaska is yielding more than four times as much gold as it did in 1895; but in the same time Arizona has more than doubled its production, Oregon's has become a third greater and that of Utah has nearly quadrupled.

One reason for the increase is found in the development of processes by which the precious metals can now be secured from ore which once would have been thrown away. These have made possible an increase of 50 per cent revenue from some of the mines, and have greatly aided all miners. The chlorination and cyanide processes save 95 per cent of the pure metal, it is stated.

A very large percentage of the increase, too, comes from mines which have been, previously overlooked or which have not been worked with full possibilities. The story of Tom Cruise in Montana is, in scarcely less romantic form, repeated every now and then.

After working for years in the bed of a creek, securing anywhere from a dollar's worth to five dollars' worth of gold a day, he suddenly came upon the ledge of rock which, hacked away by his pick, became the famous Drum bonanza mine, one of the most famous in the world.

Another Montana mine, the Granite Mountain, was about to be abandoned by order of the company when the superintendent found that another vein lay beneath the surface ore. The profits of this mine since have been enormous.

In the west there are lost mines here and there, which, every year, men mark the quest of new fields. One Brydson once came out of the Mojave desert with a bag of nuggets, which he sold for some supplies and returned to work the bonanza which he had found. He was never seen again, nor has the mine been discovered.

On a hill in southern California is the Pegleg mine, originally found by "Pegleg" Smith, who disappeared just as the people were wildly excited over nuggets which he had brought from it.

Only the other day the northwest produced a story which shows that the romance surrounding the old El Dorado

days is not past. Miss Ethel McNeill, a Winnipeg school teacher, is the heroine of it.

She was engaged to marry a man who developed tuberculosis. An idea seized upon the girl—she would make money enough to take him to a favorable climate.

Disguised as a man, she has worked in gold mines of Idaho, Montana and South Dakota, has made a "lucky husband" in New Mexico, and so gold does, at times, bring real happiness.

**Girls to Avoid.**

Avoid the girl who shirks her share of the work.

The girl that does not love her mother.

The girl who never sees anything to do.

The girl who tries to steal another girl's lover.

The girl who tells tales about her companions.

The girl who gets into debt to buy finery for herself.

The girl who never speaks of anything but men.

The girl who has a score of lovers all at once.

The girl who is always pretending to be better than ever.

The girl who seldom speaks the truth.

The girl who is cruel to children.

The girl who never denies herself in front, but behind her back.

The girl who is never on good terms with her sisters.

The girl who says one thing and does another.

The girl who speaks slightingly of her parents.

The girl who would marry the first man who asked her, no matter what his character was like.

**Suppressing a Nocturnal Disturber.**

Geneva Cor. Fall Mail Gazette.

There has just been enacted at Basel a piece of police prudence which the champion among the official martinet of Berlin might have envied.

A journalist intent on using his typewriter late at night proved himself somewhat trying to his fellow lodgers or occupiers of the house, who, falling to procure a cessation of the annoyance by private protest, at last reported the matter to the police as a nuisance.

The case was not exactly simple, though it was certainly novel, but police intelligence finally overcame the difficulty. They summoned the journalist for creating a nocturnal disturbance, and the tribunal imposed a fine of 1 franc, with the alternative of four hours' imprisonment.