

Green Plans to Save Duchess of Marlborough

By Charles Byss Hall.

ORNDON, April 11.—Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough, has now practically completed plans for a unique charity on a big scale. She has done it so quietly that the facts are made known now for the first time. The duchess hasn't issued the directorate of the church since, as some American papers have been saying, nor is she going to work in the ranks, nor to devote her time and energy to it. She has, it is true, given her help to the army's "firewood department" for several years, but so have many other aristocratic women of England. No, the charity on which she has embarked is her own. She is the supreme head in planning, in management.

The new benevolent enterprise of the duchess takes the form of a home in London for women and children of a special and previously almost neglected class. They are the wives and children of imprisoned criminals—innocent sufferers for the misdeeds of husbands and fathers—and to make a home for them, at least some of them, the Duchess of Marlborough has selected an old, empty lease of a roomy building in Handel street, St. Pancras. This is now being entirely reconstructed by her orders, and negotiations are also in progress for the two buildings on either side. When all these have been opened, and time has proved their usefulness, the duchess, out of her American millions may erect special buildings or add to her lease the adjoining houses on the same block. For with her this is not a new charitable occupation of the Lenten season, nor the passing and fading duty of a great woman of England. Her life work is carrying out which she hopes to solve one of London's many social problems.

Due to Family Troubles.

Readers, of course, are familiar with the family troubles of the Duchess of Marlborough. The duchess has the friendship of Queen Alexandra, her marriage her aunt is the Marchioness of Lansdowne, wife of the former foreign minister. She is the acknowledged leader among women in political society. Lady Lansdowne is also a great friend of the queen, and may shortly become mistress of the robes at court. The queen and Lady Lansdowne deeply sympathize with the duchess. They have cheered her up and advised her on more than one occasion.

Soon after the estrangement between the Marlboroughs, the queen suggested that the duchess devote her time to hard work in order to get her mind off her troubles. Her mother, Mrs. O. P. Belmont, was with the duchess at the time and together they went to the church army and had a talk with its leader, the Rev. Wilson Carille. The duchess wanted to know what Carille could bring her before the public. Mr. Carille took her to No. 6 Banner street, St. Luke's, where in the midst of the city slums the army has its little church devoted to the aid of prisoners' wives and families. The work is carried on in a modest way without publicity by Mrs. Hodder, wife of Captain Hodder, the man in charge of the firewood department of the Church Army.

The duchess was asked to help, and help she did. She went feverishly into the work. She bought 500 blankets, and a large quantity of made into sheets and underclothing, boots and shoes—everything in fact that Mrs. Hodder said was needed. And she began visiting the wives of the jail birds. Her visits are not infrequently attended by the score. Dark, evil-smelling and evil-looking alleys and tumble-down rookeries knew her.

Then Mrs. Belmont dropped in and found the duchess in a dangerous mood. There was not only fear of infection, but fear that she would give way physically under the heavy self-imposed tasks. There was no thought, on the



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

London Wastrels Earning Their Board and Lodging by Chopping Wood in the Marlborough Shelter for Men.

courageous little woman's part of attack, perhaps murder, by some drunken ruffian in that crime-infested district. It was Christmas time, and though her strenuous work was stopped, the duchess continued being the good angel. She ordered a basket of provisions—real Christmas fare—to be sent to every family on the army's roll whose father was in prison.

It will be remembered that the duchess's children, the Marquis of Blandford and Lord Ivor Churchill, were taken away from her by the duke. After Christmas this blow completely overwhelmed her. Occupation for her mind had been taken from her by Mrs. Belmont's insistence for her welfare. Her relatives, her friends were in despair. Again Queen Alexandra came to aid the stricken young American. Her majesty sent for Mr. Carille. "The duchess is interested in your work among prisoners' families," she said, "why not turn it over to her entirely?" She is not strong enough to aid as a helper or visitor. But give her this little charity of yours as a nucleus to greater things, and she will be too busy directing the affairs and managing them to think of her troubles.



LONDON WASTRELS EARNING THEIR BOARD AND LODGING BY CHOPPING WOOD IN THE MARLBOROUGH SHELTER FOR MEN.



CHRISTMAS DINNER GIVEN BY THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF BRITISH PRISONERS.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA WHO SUGGESTED THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH PRESENT WORK FOR THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF BRITISH PRISONERS.

Church Army's little nucleus as her own, her very own charity. There followed many days of hard office work. And it was on one of these days that the new project of the duchess, now being carried out, was born.

In Banner street is a big whitewashed building—the Houseless Poor asylum. This was started in 1819 and the original work is still carried on, but by the Church Army, which has its kindling-wood brigade's headquarters there. Mrs. Hodder, six years ago, personally started the friendly families of men in jail. The work grew to such proportions that she called the attention of the Church Army to it. Four rooms in a building across the street were rented

Consuelo would have been the Lady Bountiful, indeed, but for the staying hand of her lieutenant, Mrs. Hodder. The very poor remain contentedly in the gutter for all time if given abundant food and clothing in return for nothing. Slowly the duchess learned the science of real charity; learned how to reclaim the lowest of the low. In a week she was not the fine lady, but the superintendent of the Prisoners' Families Aid society, with Mrs. Hodder as her assistant superintendent. Daily she attended the office and on Friday mornings she held the weekly levee. On that day all the mothers and their children on the roll have to attend and report. At the daily sessions only new cases or emergencies are looked after.

It was after the first week that the duchess astonished her lieutenant by outlining her plans. She announced that the society would continue in Banner street only until she was able to secure new and proper quarters. Firstly, she explained, there should be a building devoted to children. Here the little ones should live until their father's sentence ended and the family could once more be united. Here they should be taught to work, to read and write and to play.

The next item of the duchess's plan was a maternity home, properly and thoroughly equipped as a real home, rather than a cold, whitewashed maternity hospital.

Lastly, she declared she would have a women's home. Here prisoner's wives were to be housed, at least those whose health or condition needed something better than the wretched accommodation of the single room of a tenement house. And here there should be an employment bureau and skilled women to teach these prisoners' wives sewing, domestic economy, ironing, artificial flower making and such like simple industries.

Rents Big Apartment. For many a day the duchess, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Hodder drove round in the duchess's motor-car visiting addresses of suitable buildings given them by real estate agents. None suited until Endsleigh street was reached. There are situated some large houses almost under the shadow of the old gray church of St. Pancras. No. 16 was vacant. It contains 14 large rooms and is four stories in height, in addition to a commodious basement. The two houses on each side are at present occupied, though one is "to be let." So the duchess closed the deal for No. 16, buying the lease, which has 21 years to run. The tenants of one of the other houses want \$1,000 before they agree to move, and with other little snags in eight Consuelo has managed to make over to an agent and will go ahead with the one house.

The four big rooms now rented in Banner street will be continued until such time as the duchess decides to move everything to Endsleigh street. But her office, the headquarters of her new charity, will be moved at once to No. 16, and there also will be established the employment bureau. On the register of names to be kept there will also be placed the occupation best suited to each woman. The duchess will then advertise in the daily papers or her little office staff will answer advertisements. Many of the women, if they can do nothing else, will go into domestic service, knowing full well that their children are comfortable and well cared for at home.

The entire responsibility, expense and management will be in the hands of the duchess. She may ask the aid of helpers from the Church Army, from the faintly famous or from the obscure, who may be satisfied with the simple help of the women to whom she has now become the guardian and ministering angel.

A Dying Race: Australian Bushmen

THE race of the red Indian in this country is usually pictured as a pathetic instance of a dying people, yet the Indians have increased rather than diminished in numbers during the past 10 years. On the other hand, several nations are swiftly passing out of existence, and will soon be known to history only.

Of these the most interesting is, perhaps, the race of aboriginal blacks of Australia and the island of New Guinea, the smallest of the world's continental masses of land. Scientists estimate that another century will see the last of the Australians.

Their customs are very different from those of the black races of Africa, and it is evident that the migration must have taken place thousands of years back, if the Australian blacks did not reach their native soil at a time when Australia was joined to the Asian mainland by a narrow chain of lofty mountains whose rocky tops even now lie not very far below the surface of the Pacific ocean.

As far as religious feelings go the Australian black employs devil worship in its crudest form. The devil, or "Mingy," as the natives call him, is constantly avoided, and the serious fact that the black never stops in any one camp for more than three days is based on the supposition that the devil is always on his hunt for souls. The natives believe that the mystic figure in the dull brains of these natives, and the "rule of three" is the one by which their every act is governed. Thus they stay in each bush-camp for three days, and then move on for each dead native in order to fool "Mingy." The body is placed in the middle grave upon a thick bed of leaves and the knees are tied up against the breast with bundles of tree boughs and the arms are crossed over the breast. The head is turned toward the east, and in this the native worship of the sun is plainly visible. Spears and the dead body of earth thrown over the grave, and the burial is done with. The black man of Australia can count up to three, but beyond that his brain seems impossible to lead.

The race is anything but a handsome one, and is made even more repulsive by a number of deforming customs. The men are rudely tattooed, and their faces frequently scarred and turned red with soot. The women have the right shoulder and breast, which has queer shapes of flesh, nearly white in color. When a girl child is born the women cut off the hair with sharp flints, and the girl's shoulder and breast are painted with red and white, and the hair is put into the wounds. On healing these marks turn almost white and form hideous lumps. These are the distinctive marks of beauty and fashion for the women black of Australia.

With the males their prime ornament is a war club, and the women wear a necklace of the kangaroo. This is usually four inches long, and is bored through the part of the nose separating the nostrils. This is the mark of a bachelor among these natives. They eat like kangaroos, "possum," and such like, and their grubbing habits are in fact almost anything will do.

These careless, lazy people often start to desert from the human beings of even fair intelligence would not experience any hardships. When food is plenty they stuff until ill and waste more than they eat. They are not fit animals for the cods, or stone hatchet, are the only weapons they have invented when turned out by white settlers.

They never wear clothes in their natural state, but occasionally a kangaroo skin is put on by chiefs as an ornament or sign of power and pride. The babies are swung on the mother's back in a skin of kangaroo called the "books." The men are allowed all the wives that

tree people of the Philippine islands. They use a stone-headed spear, weak and short, but are quick in thrusting and throwing with these weapons. The boomerang, or kiley, is the only interesting weapon they have, and with the cods, or stone hatchet, are the only weapons they have invented when turned out by white settlers.

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each can support, and on a man's death the women simply migrate to the family of some other native, usually a near relative of the dead man. There are now about 6,000 natives employed by white settlers in Australia near the wilder sections of the interior.

The one social function of the Australian bushman was the "korroborree," or war dance. A cleared space of about half an acre was always made by the women, who piled up brushwood so that about 200 fires would be lighted just after sundown. Then the males, carrying spears and war hatchets, would slowly dance around and in between the fires of brushwood. On these occasions the warriors painted themselves with a sort of white clay and tied on the tails of dogs and stuck emu feathers in their woolly hair.

Which of the two beautiful invaders was the more beautiful was a question which has never been decided. From one end of London to the other it was hotly debated; the admirers of the lovely; the other half as stoutly protested that Betty was the fairer. Both had the same small mouths, high foreheads, dainty aquiline noses, and arched eyebrows; the same exquisite blending of "milk and roses," and the same superb and graceful figures. Of the two, Betty had the riper and fuller charms, but Maria was, perhaps, the more elegant.

The Duchess of Hamilton. To Betty fell the first matrimonial prize; for, among her crowd of suitors, she chose the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, whom Walpole describes as "debauched, extravagant, and damaged in fortune and person, but who was surely one of the most impetuous lovers who ever went to the altar. So impatient was he that, when he could restrain his ardour no longer, he insisted late one night on sending for a person and having the nuptial knot tied at once. The parson refused to perform the ceremony without either a license or a ring. The duke swore he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bed curtain at half an hour after twelve at Mayfair chapel, where so many other happy couples had been made one.

When her grace was presented at court, so great was the sensation she caused that "the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered onto chairs and tables to get a look at her"; while her journey with her ducal husband to Scotland was one long triumphal procession, "700 people sitting up all night merely to see her get into her post-chaise the next morning at the door of a Yorkshire inn where she had spent the night."

It would be difficult to imagine a more dramatic transformation than that of Betty Gunning from her poor, dismantled Irish home to the splendor of a ducal palace, where she was raised to a position of almost ultra-royal state and exclusiveness. The duke and duchess, we are told, "at their own house, walk in to dinner before their company, sit together at the upper end of their own table, eat off the same plate, and drink to nobody beneath the rank of an earl." She was not destined, however, to remain Duchess of Hamilton long for within a few years (in 1728) her husband died, and 12 months later she was wooed and won by Colonel Campbell (after refusing the offer of another ducal coronet, that of Bridge-water). Already she was losing her charms, for Walpole speaks of her at this time as possessing "but little remains of beauty, though not yet, I think, above six-and-twenty."

Real and Imaginary Burdens

By Carolyn Prescott.

SHE has been married just two years and she thinks she has all the troubles in the world, though the rest of her friends do not seem to see things in that light, which makes her furious. She doesn't understand why she laughs at her when she applies to herself the title, "The most overburdened woman in the world."

Poor little woman! Here are some of the things that make her so pathetically unhappy: She has given up her girlish freedom, and ever since her marriage has been a

"bond slave" to her husband and his family. They come to dinner at least once every two weeks and then she has to break her neck to think of something they like. "Think of it!" She has lost her independence, for every time she stays out after it is dinner time her husband asks her where she has been. She has been made over a happy, care-free girl to a household drudge, sewing and attending to the hundred and one household cares that are daily cast upon her shoulders.

And, worst of all, her flat is so small that she can't even have an afternoon tea. Isn't this poor little woman to be pitied?

And yet all her friends had about made up their minds to congratulate her on the happiest little woman in the world, with her handsome, worshipping husband and her pretty little electric lighted, steam heated apartment, the nicest in the two cities, but people's ideas of happiness differ, evidently.

The woman belonged to five clubs, was an inveterate matinee-goer, kept a maid and had a conscientious dressmaker. If this ought not to make a woman happy, I do not know what would.

We had always imagined that she had a pretty good time, and were amazed to hear her complaint. "She has too good a time. That's what is the matter with her," my friend exclaimed. And perhaps she's right. There is such a thing as a failure to realize one's blessings in an oversupply of them.

This is probably the secret of a great deal of the discontent in this world, especially among women. If they were to contrast their lives with those of some of the women in this world they might learn a lesson that would do them a great deal of good.

Think of the German peasant women, for instance, who are frequently yoked with oxen and are compelled to plow the fields, or of the Bavarian fagot gatherers, who daily stagger under loads of fagots, or of the women hoiders of Munich, or of those other German women who labor as roadmenders. Think of the Italian women who act as express carriers, carrying heavy loads upon their heads or lugging them in heavily constructed carts, or even of the women who work in Austrian mines, bringing from the dark earth the heavy loads of coal.

In right here in our own country, think of its hundreds of women who wear out their lives in sweatshops and mills for 10 or 20 cents a day, scarcely enough to keep the body and soul alive. Oh, woman, woman! Your matrimonial burdens are generally as light and rosy as the foam of the ice cream soda water and would vanish just as quickly in the face of real trouble. Few American women know what real burdens are. They live a care-free, happy existence, for the American husband as a class is the best husband in the world and the American wife is the luckiest woman in the world. And the sooner she finds this out the better.

The life of the French wife is not at all what one might fancy it, neither is the British matron's life all beer and skittles. The German "Husfrau" must work and work no matter how wealthy her lord and master may be, but the American wife has within her grasp the power to make out of life almost anything she wants, if, as my friends say, "she knows when she's well off."

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