

# PALACE FOR DUCHESS' GUILD OF POOR CRIPPLES

One of the Finest of the Stately Homes of England, to Become a Hive of Industry for the Disabled Children of Poverty--Rooms in Which Monarchs Have Been Entertained

LONDON—Trentham Hall, the famous seat in Staffordshire of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, is undergoing conversion into a factory for crippled workers. Built from the designs of Barry at a cost of \$750,000 in the days when labor and material cost less than half what they do now, its walls adorned with a wealth of pictures by the old masters, rich in statuary, enclosed by beautiful gardens and conservatories, set in the midst of a magnificent park, Trentham Hall has been for generations one of the first of England's show places.

Now a wondrous transformation is to take place in it. The halls in which monarchs have been entertained will now be the workshops of the Guild of the Cripples. The rooms in which the titled favorites of fortune went to gather will be filled with the victims of misfortune from their first engagement in overcoming life's handicap by the arts of cunning craftsmanship. It is like a fairy tale made real—a socialist dream realized.

It is all part and parcel of a scheme by which the Duchess of Sutherland's charity for the Cripples' guild has been turned into a public company which will pay dividends to its shareholders while providing a generous surplus for the disabled workers. It is a recognition of the principle that the philanthropy that saves is the philanthropy that pays. The duchess will continue the presiding genius of the whole business.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland have many interests in the county of England known as "the Potteries." This comprises the counties of Staffordshire and Worcestershire but the first named is the very center, not alone the district but of the interests of the Sutherlands. They have estates there, they take some of their titles from there.

**The Lady Bountiful.**  
For the past decade the duchess has been the "Lady Bountiful" to the poor of the Pottery country. For seven years she has especially looked after the crippled children, many of whom are now grown up.

These cripples she gathered into a guild. Workshops were established in which the cripples were taught various trades so that they might succeed in earning their own living.

The Guild was supported almost exclusively by the duchess. Of late the guild has grown so large that it was almost impossible for the duchess to devote the time necessary to properly conduct its affairs. In the town of Hanley in Staffordshire the guild has a great factory in which some 340 cripples of both sexes are employed.

There is a staff of instructors and a business staff.  
But the duchess, as the president, had to personally look after all the business. The demand for the goods manufactured by the cripples was so great that the duchess was soon overworked to the deep, and her unknown waters of the trade world. She is also a successful in many other roles. But she is not a business woman. Her little home charity had grown to be quite an industry. It was crushing her. Her social and public duties are many. Her ignorance of business matters brought the affairs of the guild into a hopeless tangle. Apparent as a working concern it was paying big profits. Yet it was a continual drag on the duchess' purse. Both demands on time and money kept increasing, and the duchess was on the verge of despair when on the Riviera she met England's greatest hustler, C. Arthur Pearson, the editor and owner of the "Daily Express" and a large number of other British dailies and publications.

**Are Old Friends.**  
The duchess and Mr. Pearson are old friends. To him as a business man she confided her troubles. Mr. Pearson was interested. One of the greatest charities in England, the children's fresh-air fund, is his. The duchess promised her aid socially for his charity if he would give his aid professionally as business man.



Trentham Hall, magnificent palace that will become a hospital; the kind-hearted Duchess of Sutherland and a group of crippled children who will profit by the lady's generosity.

## ADVANCED VAUDEVILLE IN NEW YORK-- Ashton Stevens Gives His First Impressions as Dramatic Critic

Do strangers with a taste for modern dramaturgy ever tell it to you instead of employing the Long-Lost Soliloquy?

Here is my freshest experience: I was standing in the back of the front of the New York theatre pondering on the "advancement" of Klaw & Erlanger's advanced vaudeville when a total, and I have no doubt tactful) stranger remarked:

"This is the worst orchestra in New York."  
Answer: "You haven't traveled much."

Neat answer?—rather?—yes? But it only just occurred to me, on the way home. Cab wit, as the hall room boys would say, that happened to me in the subway. What I really answered at the New York was, "Shake hands," whereupon the stranger gave his enthusiastic glove to mine—and, to be thoroughly sincere and accurate, I have not seen him since.

What an orchestra at the New York theatre is permitted to play simultaneously in seven bunches of regular keys, not to forget occasional incursions into the Chinese and chromatic scales, while innocent women and children and brave men get it full in their auditory nerves, I take it upon myself to state that the music is a well-arranged band there isn't enough music to fill a bagpipe. It is worse than the music of the "Empire" and the "Irishman" stage Irishman with the face of his native rarebit.

**Not a Gun Fired.**  
Small wonder the college bred stallions tried to eat the lady's hay from under her very millinery. No surprise at all when not a gun was fired at Mr. Nat Koefer's bronchial yodeling; for Mr. Koefer (I assure you his "yodel" is in the playbill) preferred the accompaniment of Mr. Tony Pearl's Ectastellan harp, and we preferred it, too.

But there was no alternative for Miss Hetty Kline, straight from Merrie England, with a Gladstone full of new dainties and eight boxes of London tailoring. She had to take that orchestra, an orchestra which, with nothing short of a tonic ingested with a glass of water, the pitch by every conceivable hemi-semi-demi-tone. The wandering woodwind and the indeterminate fiddles assailed her in the right hand, the snoring brass in the left, while the percussion department volleyed and thundered just where her hair was shortest at the neck.

Here was a duel between a lone woman in trowsers and—ordnance. What criminal odds! And all England's ear to the cable, listening for the outcome!

**Routed the Artillery.**  
There was the situation. Miss Hetty King stood in her gent's evening wear, perspiring excitedly at the temples, but otherwise imperturbable. Not a hair did she bat at the prelude. As it closed she opened an aluminum throat and routed the artillery with the first discharge. She did it. She literally soaped the viols, and peppered the brass, and boiled the kettledrum, and slit the snare. Truly they do make band-proof threads in the liver and take up some honorable employment, such as washing French manuscripts or teaching the art of acting in the picture postcard system.

Now, don't for a week imagine that Hetty King is a vocal heavyweight. She is a small, plump, middle-aged woman, but her voice has no adipse. It is as lean

as a foil and as penetrating. It went straight through that orchestra and home to us, and the last syllable intact. Truly they do know four or five things about enunciation in London. Little wonder the English lyric writer is as happy, even if not as prosperous, as Wallace Irwin, the poet-critic of the Rockies. What she says goes.

So after all, Miss Hetty had no great difficulty in singing a new song with every new coat-and. And they ranged from mental to white serge, from lounge jacket to a green cutaway that would find its affinity in Wilson Minner's emerald anklets.

**A Real Old Hornpipe.**  
But the sailor suit brought the song that killed—the sailor who had three girls in a single port and sang, "I'm Going Away." And not only sang, but danced a reel old hornpipe that made sailors of us all. I defy any gentleman in the audience to remember suspenders while Miss Hetty is executing the yo-ho-pull-em-up movement.

Her voices may not be specialized for lullabies, but she dances like bubbles at the brim.

The "special engagement of the distinguished comedienne Hope Booth" ought to read "the special engagement of the distinguished George Him Cohan's 'The Little Blonde Lady.'" For here indeed the skitdoodle is the thing. It is called a satire. It holds up to ridicule and eggs the modern dramatic critic—the pompous, frolicking, black-guarding critic that "signs his name."

If this critic had his way Drew would be driving a car, Hackett polishing windows, and the survivors on the stage receiving never more than three dollars a month. "A critic," we are told, by the name of Ray, "is a man that tells the audience whether they liked the performance." But that is merely mild and funny. This critic prognosticates and prints his prognostications the day after the premiere.

**The Typist's Plot.**  
The new typist hardly has entered the sanctum and been kissed by the critic and by him invited to wine and dine and drive tonight, dear, before this critic-coward is dictating and "signing" a "roast" of a certain piece written by a woman who has betted that he will give it a "good notice."

"Ah, but if I had written it!" is the languishing query of little Dolly, the new typist.

And just to show her that he is not only just, but versatile as well, the critic dictates a panegyric for the same piece.

"Sign it," she coaxes.  
"Oh, not on your life," or words to that effect, he answers, "discovering Dolly to be the gambling playwright."

But Dolly already has possession of the enigmastar "roast" and threatens to publish it in the Evening Journal four hours before the first curtain has lifted on "The Little Blonde Lady."

So what can the critic do but sign it?  
There is no escape from such satire. The modern critic ("Mr. Hammer," George calls him) had better change his liver and take up some honorable employment, such as washing French manuscripts or teaching the art of acting in the picture postcard system.

But, of course, Mr. William Winter and

as a foil and as penetrating. It went straight through that orchestra and home to us, and the last syllable intact. Truly they do know four or five things about enunciation in London. Little wonder the English lyric writer is as happy, even if not as prosperous, as Wallace Irwin, the poet-critic of the Rockies. What she says goes.

## FIRST NEWSPAPER OF THE ANTARCTIC--Captain and Crew all Helped Write and Illustrate the Magazine

LEUTENANT SHACKLETON, who is commander of an expedition to the south Polar sea, edited the South Polar Times, a monthly magazine which was written and illustrated by the members of the Discovery expedition during the winters of 1902-3, and produced on the typewriter of the ship's steward for the sole edification of the gallant little company of explorers then held fast in the Antarctic ice.

In a preface, Captain Scott, the distinguished commander of the third famous voyage, explains the origin and idea of the volumes.

"The Idea and the Enterprise."  
"In March, 1902," he writes, "we were busily preparing for our first Antarctic winter as we watched the sun sinking towards its long rest. We knew that daylight would shortly disappear for four whole months, and our thoughts turned naturally to the long dark period before us and the means by which we could lighten its monotony. And so it was in this month that we met in council around the wardrobe table to discuss the first Antarctic Journal, then and there we christened it, suggested its general lines, and appointed Mr. Shackleton an editor to guide its destiny. Our journal, we decided, should give instruction as well as amusement; we looked to our scientific experts to write luminously on their special subjects and to record the scientific events of general interest; while for lighter matter we agreed that the cloak of anonymity should encourage the indulgence of any shy vein of sentiment and humor that might exist among us. Above all, the 'South Polar Times,' as we had determined to call it, was to be open to all the men as well as the officers were to be invited to contribute to its pages.

"Certainly the 'South Polar Times' fulfilled its purpose in interesting and amusing the members of our small colony, which indeed was all we asked of it. I can see again a row of heads bent over a fresh monthly number to scan the latest efforts of our artists, and to record the hearty laughter at the sallies of our humorists and the general chaff when some sly allusion found its way home. Memory recalls, also, the proud author expectant of the turn of the page that should reveal his work, and the shy author desirous that his pages should be turned quickly. It was all very simple and primitive, yet it is

exceedingly pleasant to look back upon."

By the suggestion of Sir Clements Markham and Dr. Scott Keble and other friends closely connected with the expedition, the "South Polar Times" has been permanently reproduced by Messrs. Smith, Elder, under the superintendence of Reginald Smith of that house, and the two handsome volumes remain as a triumph of the intellectual activity, the high spirits, the good-fellowship, and the enthusiasm of all on board the Discovery during the long dark months of the Antarctic winter.

Many of the personal jokes and sayings are, of course, mysterious to outsiders and land-lubbers, but the clever caricatures and sketches—some of which reveal the spirit and beauty of the Polar scenes—by Dr. Wilson and others, are delightfully interesting to everyone, while the comic verse, the seamen's yarns, the record of adventures, the vivid descriptions of life on board ship amid a world of ice, and the articles of serious scientific interest are all full of entertainment.

Naturally, to the public the personal experiences of the explorers are most noteworthy, and Captain Scott's realistic description of the discomforts and difficulties of getting to bed during a sledge journey is typical.

**Getting Into Bed.**  
"Three fur-clad figures as nearly as possible absorb the floor space of a tent, and consequently it is necessary for them to be stowed one at a time. The first man can get into his sleeping bag inside the tent with assistance from one of the others, and except when he cannot find space for the third man to lie in, and if you are that unfortunate individual, you must perform your duty by yourself outside. Having at length accomplished this feat and toggled the bag to the blouse, like the competition in a sack race, you incessantly lose your balance, fall flat, and are powerless to right yourself without getting out of the bag and going through the whole operation again. On the next occasion you are more careful of your balance, approach the tent entrance with caution till a final spring again lands you on your back, but this time with your legs inside the tent. You then start to wriggle; in a



First newspaper of the Antarctic--Captain and crew all helped write and illustrate the magazine.

moment or two your face is enveloped in the loose covering of the tent door, you are in complete darkness, partially suffocated, but through your furs you feel you are progressing inch by inch toward the inside. At last you see the light of the lantern, but the writhing and gasping must be continued until you can lie alongside, instead of on top of this or companions, as you are at present doing.

**Taking Observations.**  
On board ship there was always hard work to do, for in the Antarctic regions domestic economy is not so easy as in a London flat, and even to obtain water for drinking and cooking involved hours of desperate stragglings with hooks and chains to drag up an ice floe to the melting-pot. Then for the officers there were experiments and observations always on hand, for they took their duties seriously, and scientific research was one of the chief objects of this voyage. "Observations" sounds mysterious to the landsman, and one of the poets on the Discovery professes to share this perplexity as to their object:

"An observation! What is that?" I think I hear you say.  
"A scientific function that is practised every day."  
Not only every day, I fear, far oftener than that.  
A useless entertainment and it fairly kills me to see you do it.  
To ascertain the object of this idiotic game.

Of taking observations is my everlasting game.  
To be aroused from slumber at the dearest of the night.  
To take an observation, gives us all a morbid blight.  
How in the name of all that's blank can temperatures down here concern those scientific men at home from year to year?  
To us alone stray master, for it's cold enough, alas!

To freeze the tail and fingers off a monkey made of brass.

What matters it to anyone, how many clouds there be.  
Or which way they are moving? That's the point that puzzles me.  
Barometers are futile, their predictions you may be.  
Bells the nature of the weather we may expect to go.  
The sunshinometer I think the sad fate did befall.

To be stowed inside a locker, but we've got no sun at all.  
A debating club was started on

board the Discovery, and in the evenings many subjects were discussed with great earnestness among them being such problems as "Woman's Rights," "Conscription," "The Commerce of the British Empire," "Sledge Travelling," "The Habits of Penguins," and "Ice Navigation."

**Conversation and Candor.**  
But the debating club was not the only opportunity for discussion.

"We were most fully employed during the more or less casual 'Hero No. 2,' in an imaginary conversation with his lady love, 'in a species of most entertaining arguments, and in exploding one another's pet theories. Weird theories and new and brilliant ideas were especially prolific amongst us. There is something in the keen, strong, non-malicious air of the Antarctic which seems to foster these uncanny things, and the frequent reports of our resources to grapple with them. We did not even get tired of one another, nor become sickled over with the pale cast of thought, nor get depressed and grow long hair; quite different to what we ought to have done. I am afraid, out of harmony with some former expeditions, and most unusual. We got accustomed to the vagaries of our friends, and acquired an extreme delicacy of touch in dealing with one another's feelings. Little flaws in one's character, and idiosyncrasies hitherto successfully smothered, were calmly unearthed and gently revealed in a most beneficial manner."

man to hers. The deal was made and Mr. Pearson took hold of the Cripples' guild. He visited the potteries and saw the work of the most talented details with the staff as well as with the crippled workers themselves, and when he reported to the duchess he declared that the only way out of the difficulty was to make the guild a regular business concern.

And so was entrusted to Mr. Pearson the work of converting the charity into a public company. The name was changed from "The Potteries Guild of Handicrafts" to the "Duchess of Sutherland Cripples' Guild, Limited." The capital was placed at \$25,000 in 4,000 ordinary shares and 100 deferred shares of 15 each. The ordinary shares will receive a dividend of 4 per cent per annum, and the deferred shareholders will receive the remainder of the profits. The deferred shareholders have agreed to apply such profits to the training school and the charitable work of the guild. As experts who have examined the books of the guild find it out that, run as a business concern, the profits of the guild should be fully 20 per cent, there promises to be a handsome return to the charitable branch of the undertaking.

**Directors of Company.**  
The directors of the company are the Duchess of Sutherland, chairman; C. Arthur Pearson, S. J. Waring and J. F. Campbell. Mr. Waring is head of the important firm of Waring's, Limited, and also Waring & Gillow. These firms have immense stores in London and elsewhere devoted to house furnishing and hardware generally. Mr. Waring is also a partner of Mr. Selfridge of Chicago in the coming huge department store which is soon to startle England. Mr. Campbell is head of the celebrated chinaware firm of Minton's.

The capital of the company was all subscribed within a few minutes. With such a unique company and a duchess as chairman, a hundred times the amount wanted could have been secured.

To further insure the success of the scheme the Duke of Sutherland transferred to Trentham Hall and the magnificent estate surrounding it to the company, free of rent. It detracts nothing from the munificence of the gift that Trentham Hall has been for the past three years abandoned as a dual residence because of the pollution of the river Trent, which runs through the grounds, by the many factories on its banks. The duke went to law over the contamination of the river and was beaten. Still it was open to him to sell the property for manufacturing purposes and it would have brought him in a lot of money. But he has preferred to take the more generous course. And so it comes about that the factory has been turned into a factory for crippled workers. One of the apartments has been specially fitted up for the exclusive use of the duchess in her capacity as chairman of the company.

The beauties of Trentham have been immortalized in Lord Beaconsfield's novel, "Lothair," where under the name of Brentham it is described as "an Italian palace of freestone, vast, ornate and in scrupulous condition."

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Among the many interesting events recorded in the following notes for the "South Polar Times" are the following: "Great Penguin chase by Dr. K. 'Skelly' and Boatwain."

"Dr. Koestlin discovers Bacteria in a seal's intestines."

"Concert and Theatricals."

"Vink's wife of Wolf's four pups."

"Muggins landed a ten-legged sea-spider."

In an "editorial" for August, 1902, there is the following interesting note: "Without doubt the principal event of the month has been the sun's return. Though day light has been assured for the first time in three weeks, it was not until a few days ago that we saw the true sunlight shining on the peaks of the King Solomon range of the boat the smoky pill that hangs over Erebus. It was on the 22d that we saw the sun itself, and there were many of us to catch the wife of Wolf's four pups."

The day was beautifully fine and very clear. I hear that a dinner is to be given in honor of King Solomon's return. The entertainments that have been given in the Royal Terror theatre was the "Discover Minstrel's" show; it went off without a hitch. The success of the great credit on the manager and troupe for the excellent way in which it was carried out. It must have required a good deal of rehearsal on the part of those who attended the rehearsals during the three weeks of stormy weather, when the journey to the tent required a great deal of time. The sun was out on the 22d and the temperature fell down in the minus thirties."

**The Southern Sledge Journey.**  
Though the light social side of the expedition takes up most space in the "South Polar Times," there are many articles of serious interest, and among them a detailed account of the famous sledge journey to the south. It was a daring enterprise, and the travelers suffered great hardships. Relying on their sledge dogs to carry the baggage, they were disappointed and endangered by the inability of the animals to do their work. The sledge dogs were dropped down to die, or were so exhausted that the explorers had to stop their journey until the poor beasts recovered a little. It was a very hard journey, and the men upon which they were fed were faint, and poisoned them, but as it was the only food available there was no remedy. Lieutenant Shackleton and his companions were themselves in a condition of semi-starvation before the end of the journey, and the intense cold, the fatigue of dragging sledges over soft snow, the constant stumbling into ice cracks, and the thousands and thousands of hours of tramping over the icy fields exhausted them to the last degree of human strength.

From the "South Polar Times," and from the illustrations reproduced on this page, it will be seen that the sledge journey was a very hard one. Lieutenant Shackleton, who is now on his way again to the unknown south.

**Who Wouldn't?**  
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