TITLED WOMAN'S BIG CHARITY

Tired of Running Philanthropic Ventures at a Loss, Lady Hope Builds a Huge Hotel to House Two Residential Clubs for Men

By Louis Hyde.

LONDON.—It is an accepted axiom of modern day philanthropy that charities which pay their way accomplish the most good. London is overstocked with charities that subsist on what they can wheedle out of the public. Their promoters expend a prodigious amount of energy in begging. Keeping their money collecting machinery going swallows up a large percentage of their incomes. But of self supporting charities there is a woeful lack. That alone would suffice to assure a warm welcome for Lady Hope's latest enterprise, which is the result of long personal and costly experience of philanthropic ventures that are kept alive by more or less reluctant doles.

At her own expense she has built and just opened for "business" Connaught house, a great pile of red brick buildings in the English metropolis. It affords a measure of the extent to which she possesses the courage of her convictions. To dip into one's pocket for a cold quarter of a million and to stake that comfortable fortune on one's ideas of a paying charity is certainly going it strong. Dealing in possible revenues from a charity is like trading in "coppers" on the New York stock exchange—about as big a gamble as can be imagined.

Covers Wide Field.

Connaught house covers a wide field. In one aspect, and probably the most important from the financial standpoint, it is a huge hotel, run on the pay for what you get plan. Two hundred bedrooms have been provided and a dining room seating more than 300 people has been installed on the ground floor. On the face of it, the new hotel is like any other—out for the money—but even the most cursory of examinations will convince anybody that there is indeed a wide difference. The rooms are let at such extraordinarily low rentals and meals in the restaurant are provided at such astonishingly small prices that the obvious question is who is going to pay for it all? Lady Hope says it will pay for itself, and something over.

The rooms of the hotel are to be occupied only by the members of the two clubs that have been formed by this energetic woman of title. First, and perhaps closest to her heart, is the Hope club, which is a development of a scheme that has long been one of Lady Hope's pet ideas. It is a club for men servants which, under the auspices of her ladyship, started a number of years ago in a house in upper Berkeley street, and which grew so rapidly in membership that it was soon found necessary to take three other houses. The membership jumped from a baker's dozen to upwards of five hundred in less than a year.

This club has been moved bodily from its four separate homes to Connaught house, where it is housed under one roof—and a roof so large that there is danger of its 500 members being lost sight of. The fee for membership which was about $2.50, under the old order of things has been continued at the same amount, and in Connaught house entitles the members to a style of club life which would be envied by the majority of the members of "swell" clubs in London. There is a big library, furnished and upholstered in red leather, a gymnasium fitted with the very latest and newest of appliances; a billiard room where on two tables of the best manufacture the members can imitate and in many instances improve upon the strokes of their masters; and a recreation room where draughts and chess and other games dear to the heart of the Britisher can be played. All for the equivalent of $2 bills and half a "cart wheel." Yet Lady Hope declares that it will pay.

Members' Bedrooms.

Upstairs 80 bedrooms have been set apart for the use of the members of the Hope club. These range in price from $1.25 to $2 a week, and the peculiar planning of the building has made it possible for every room to be an outside one. The rooms are small, to be sure, but they are scrupulously clean, provided with electric light and neat furnishings. On each floor are baths free to all, which is indeed a concession in England, where the privilege of a bath is always calculated as an "extra."

So much for the Hope club, it has a near and more pretentious neighbor. It is called the Connaught club, and its birth dates back but to the opening of Connaught house, a matter of a few days only. Yet already applications are pouring in so fast that there threatens to be a congestion of business in the secretary's office. The new organization is intended by Lady Hope to supply a big void in the life of bank clerks and young men in general in business in London and without homes. The membership fee is the same as in the case of the Hope club, but as a matter of fact the accommodations are much superior. The added income to pay for this extra luxury Lady Hope expects will be forthcoming from the slightly higher charge for sleeping accommodations and the very much larger membership of the club. One hundred and twenty sleeping rooms have been set apart for the use of members of the Connaught club for which from $2 to $3 will be charged. At the disposal of the members of the Connaught club, and by the way, for the members of the Hope club as well, a magnificent concert hall has been provided. It is fitted with a large organ, and electric phonograph, a modern electrophone connecting with all the theatres of London and an electric cinematograph.

Eggs in One Basket.

Now, while all these schemes are expected to pay for themselves, Lady Hope has not deposited all her eggs in one basket, so to speak. She has made provisions against a possible deficit. The ground floor of Connaught house has been built into a row of eight shops along the front. Six of these will be let to various trades-people, but Lady Hope, who is nothing if not versatile, has reserved to her own use two of the choicest. One she now runs as a bonnet shop under the name of "Estelle," and therein may be purchased still another evidence of my lady's extremely active mind—the Hope Bandeau. Being a mere man I am out beyond my depths when I deal with such matters, but I will do my best to describe it. It is a steel hoop, open and overlapping at one point, covered with velvet, and it sews into the crown of the hat just like any other bandeau. The ends are left free, however, and when the hat is put in place on the top of the head, or on the side, or front, or half down the back as the style of the moment may demand, the ends of the bandeau are extended and allowed to clasp tightly the mass of hair. This invention, which has been duly patented by Lady Hope, forebodes the death of all hat pins, says that titled lady. At any rate she knows more about it than I do and perhaps I haven't made it appear as epoch-making as it really is.

The other of the stores which Lady Hope has reserved to herself has been opened as a photograph supply store, she being an enthusiastic amateur snapshotter. From this shop she runs what is known as the Connaught General Entertainment agency which stands ready and willing to supply you with "every known form of entertainment on the shortest notice," which, to say the least, is a tall contract and savors of one of "Tody" Hamilton's circus announcements.

Diversity of Interests.

But I have not yet spanned Lady Hope's wide diversity of interests. She also conducts the Hope Laundry, under the shadow of the king's castle at Windsor, where, besides doing all the laundry work for Connaught house, she stands ready to do a like service for anybody else who wishes it.

While the Hope club and the Connaught club are philanthropic enterprises, the Hope laundry, the Hope restaurant, which is open to the public as well as to the members of the Connaught club, the Hope Bonnet shop, the Hope photographic studio and supply store and the Connaught General Entertainment agency are not. They are all out for the almighty dollar with their noses to the ground following the scent as keenly as their nearest competitors. But the earnings will not find their way to the pockets of Lady Hope. Instead the profits will be applied by her in enlarging the work of the two clubs.

Personally, Lady Hope is a motherly sort of woman without any of the frills of the ordinary type of titled dames. As she conducted me over the great building and pointed out its features and advantages I had an opportunity of judging of the intense love and respect in which she is held by those she has befriended. As we entered the reading-room of the Hope Club all the occupants of the comfortable chairs jumped to their feet with a cheery "Good morning, my lady." In several cases she asked kindly after members of the families of club members, who were known to her to be sick. As we passed into the quarters of the Connaught club practically the same thing took place.

Handles Correspondence.

Although she has a manager for every department of her great undertaking she does not for a moment lose her intimate grasp of the smaller details. All the correspondence passes through her hands and with the help of her private secretary she manages to keep in touch with every end of her many enterprises.

"I believe that the work I am doing, both through the Hope club and the Connaught club, is one that has long wanted doing," Lady Hope said to me in speaking of her schemes. "There are thousands of young men in London whose homes are far away in the country and who in living about the city are subjected to countless temptations. My clubs will provide temporary homes for them, will keep them out of the streets at night and out of the public houses. They are poor boys' clubs without the objectionable features of the ordinary organizations of that description."

Lady Hope inherits her interest in practical philanthropy for she is the daughter of General Sir Arthur Cotton, K. S. C. I., who devised a system of irrigation by means of canals in southern India which, in seasons of drought, kept famine at bay. She has married twice, her first husband was admiral Sir James Hope, K. C. B., and her second Thomas Anthony Denny, whose identity has been completely lost sight of in that of his brilliant wife. But he does not mind a bit occupying a back seat in public estimation and is one of the warmest supporters of her philanthropic schemes.

❖ The Bonnet Shop ❖ recently opened by Lady Hope

By and By.

All the woods will ring with gladness
In a little while;
People will forget their sadness
In a little while;
Doves will be serenely cooing,
Kites will cleave the air;
Maddened mobs will be pursuing
Umpires here and there,
In a little while;
—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOMEN'S CLUBS AND THEIR WORK--Edited by Mrs. Sarah A. Evans

HOOD RIVER clubwomen believing that the victory would be half won by a propitious start, arranged, immediately after their club was organized, to have an open meeting which should be something of a reception as well as business meeting, and with this in view they extended, through their newspapers, a general invitation to all women of the valley who were interested in literary work or civic betterment, to be present at an open meeting last Thursday, a special invitation being sent to a number of Portland women. It was a bright, jolly party of eight—Mrs. Frederick Eggert, Mrs. Grace Watt Ross, Mrs. Robert Lutke, Mrs. James Moffett, Mrs. William Fear, Mrs. James Tifft, Mrs. Alexander and the president of the state federation—that boarded the morning train, and went to Hood River to help launch the new Woman's club. At the train they were met by a party of Hood River clubwomen who took charge of them, and during the entire day extended every hospitality and kindness to them. The Odd Fellows' hall, where the meeting was held, was beautifully and elaborately decorated with greens and cut flowers, and was a perfect bower of light and color. When the president, Mrs. E. E. Goff, called the meeting to order the hall was filled to the door, and it would be hard to find a brighter, more interested audience anywhere.

In opening the meeting the president, in a few well-chosen remarks, stated the object of the meeting and the necessity for a large Woman's club in Hood River; she specified several things that clubwomen could do, among them being the establishment of a much-needed reading room; certain phases of street improvement could be successfully brought about by the women taking hold of it, and she also drew attention to the condition of the cemetery which she considered it the duty of the women to take up and several other things she called their attention to in the line of civics. Her entire talk made plain the fact that the club had made no mistake in the choice of its first president, who has a fine presence, and a dignified poise in presiding, and what is better still, a broad and comprehensive grasp of club ideals, which makes it safe to predict for the Hood River club a prosperous and growing future.

The president of the Oregon Federation made a brief address on the history and benefits of organization and gave the club a pressing invitation to become a member of the state family, which will no doubt be accepted as soon as organization is fully effected. Mrs. Eggert then spoke of club work in a definite way, giving some most excellent advice as to methods of procedure and conduct, complimenting the Hood River women in the effort they were making, and claiming for herself a special interest in their work as she was a partial resident of Hood River. Mrs. Ross pointed out the benefit to be derived from department work and also spoke of the social side of club work which was so delightful and which brought together the brightest women from every part of the state. Mrs. Lutke and Mrs. Moffett also expressed their pleasure in being present and made some telling points in favor of club work.

An invitation was extended to all the women present to speak and several availed themselves of the invitation, expressing a willingness to help the work along, and pledging their support of it. Mrs. Kern, a new resident, from Chicago, who has had large experience in organized work and who has been an active worker at Hull House, was called upon and made a few earnest and encouraging remarks.

At the close of the meeting an informal reception was held and excellent refreshments were served.

The Portland women returned on the evening train, and all were loud in their praise of the hospitable manner in which they had been treated, and all were delighted at the prospect of so large and fine a club entering the state work.

At the time of organization 20 women became members, and 22 were added to the membership at the close of the reception. The officers of the club are: President, Mrs. E. E. Goff, vice-president, Mrs. Radford; recording secretary, Mrs. Richmond; treasurer, Mrs. Button.

* * *

MRS. DECKER, the national president, in her March letter to the clubs of the United States, says:

"Every clubwoman should visit the 'Noon Day Rest' in Chicago, if the opportunity offers, at No. 4 East Munroe street. It was projected and is carried on by the Kilo association, to provide a club home for business women. The rooms are comfortable and attractive, and include reception-room, office, library, music-room, parlor, bedrooms, sewing-room, lunch, and lecture rooms. A careful study is made in the culinary department to serve only the best food prepared upon hygienic principles. No article costs more than 5 cents. The homelike atmosphere of the place, the freedom and restfulness, and the absence of the ever-pervading cigar and cigarete smoke, so peculiar to the usual restaurant, make an ideal combination for the noon-day meal for busy workers. Much more could be told, if space permitted, of the classes and lectures and social entertainments, of the physical culture, of the health talks, whose motto is, 'Get well; stay well; look well.'

"Best of all are the friendships and comradeships brought about between the business and home women, and still better than the best, is the example of busines sagacity, of courage, of unselfish service, and of useful living given by the members of the Kilo association in conducting this successful and public-spirited enterprise.

"A plan which is commended to every state and to individual clubs as well is the one just carried out by Mrs. Rankin, president of the Improvement league of Minneapolis; namely, the publication of a small pamphlet containing the state statutes relating to women and children. A collection of this kind has been made before in a few states. It is of great value to the busy worker, but the real worth of such publication is the bringing of knowledge, to the individual woman, of her property rights and her claims as mother, wife, etc. There is great ignorance of business affairs among certain classes of women. Why not a course of study in this line, knowledge of which frequently means very existence? What harm to know about loans and mortgages, about bonds and banking, insurance, taxes, ground rents, investments, and other vital matters! More and more women are the owners of property, either through earning capacity or inheritance. It is fascinating and delightful to sail smoothly on, cared for and protected. But suppose the storm comes, the breadwinner is taken away; all the studies of years will be of slight service compared to some genuine practical knowledge of how to meet the bread-and-butter question. Many a fine soul has been an unwilling dependent, and passed an unhappy old age, because of ignorance of this absolutely life-containing subject. More new state year books, and every one 'just a fit'; Arkansas, New Jersey, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Maine, Massachusetts, Missouri and Vermont."

* * *

MRS. DOCKERY, who is a member of the civil service reform committee of the General Federation of Women's clubs, has given an impetus to the work in Idaho by offering a cash prize of $5 for the best essay from a high school student in the state on "Civil Service Reform." In speaking of it, the Idaho Republican, which, by the way, carries a most interesting page of club news every week and which is ably edited by Mrs. Byrd Trego, says: "The local competition should awaken a very deep interest in a comparatively large number of people, and awakening interest is more than half the battle; but the interest displayed in each community will be augmented if the clubwomen will aid the superintendent and teachers."

Miss Clark, chairman of the national civil service commission, will be at the Gladstone Chautauqua this year, which should give the work a great impetus in this state.

* * *

IF THE clubwomen of the state who are working to secure the appropriation that was voted at the last legislature for the support of the State university need statistics to bolster up their argument in favor of it, and in contradiction to the plea of extravagance that is set up against it, here they are in plenty:

The University of Oregon now receives the smallest appropriation of any state university in the union, although eight states have less population, and nine have less wealth. The present appropriation from this state amounts to $47,500. In addition to this the university receives about $12,000 a year from interest bearing funds and registration fees. The annual appropriation of a number of western state universities for 1907 is as follows: Washington, $500,000; Idaho, $129,150; Montana, $87,550; Colorado, $515,000; Nevada, $125,000; Iowa, $280,000; Wisconsin, $1,185,261; Nebraska, $315,385; California, $822,148. The rate is only two tenths of a mill on Oregon's assessed valuation.

Comparative Cost per Student—The cost per student to the state in Oregon is only $133, as against $151 at the University of Washington, $179 at Idaho, $180 at California, $194 at Montana and $200 at Wisconsin. This estimate is made on the basis of actual cost of maintenance, exclusive of buildings. The comparison is still stronger when buildings and equipment are added. The number of students includes the departments of Medicine and Law for the reason that these departments are included in the reports of other universities, and it was not possible to segregate them.

Scale of Salaries Low—The president of the University of Oregon receives an annual salary of $3,000, as against $10,000 paid at the University of California, $4,500 at the University of Washington, and $5,000 at the Oregon Agricultural college. The average maximum salary paid professors in state universities is $3,000 as compared with a maximum at the University of Oregon of $2,600. Only eight professors receive $2,000; nine receive $1,600, and the rest of the instructural force receive from $1,200 to $3,000.

* * *

THURSDAY, March 19, the executive board of the Oregon Federation of Women's clubs will hold a meeting in the Women of Woodcraft hall, Tenth and Taylor streets. Several matters of importance will be discussed. At this meeting the delegates will be elected to represent the Oregon organization at the biennial convention of the general federation, which meets in Boston from June 22 to July 1, inclusive. The state is entitled to five delegates, and at the last convention the privilege of electing these delegates was given to the board, as it was thought the board could take steps to find out what clubwomen in the state might be able to go. A number have already signified their intention to go. The program for the next state convention and probably the time for holding the convention will be approximately arranged. The matter of most importance, however, will be arranging the program for Chautauqua. It is the desire of the clubwomen to take a more active part this year than ever before. Miss Clark of Missouri, who is coming specially in the interest of the women's clubs, is a fine talker and an experienced clubwoman, holding the chairmanship of one of the most important committees in the general federation—the civil service reform committee. If the clubs are awake to their own interests they will take advantage of Miss Clark's presence by turning out to every meeting. A few minor matters of business are also to be looked after at the board meeting. The president and officers will welcome any suggestion upon any matter the clubs or individual members may wish to present. The meeting will open at 2 p. m.

* * *

WE HEAR much these days of the power of women. The anti-suffragist boasts of her influence without the ballot. The time has come in the history and development of our Oregon when she must use that influence. The time has come for the women of Oregon to stand shoulder to shoulder—all barriers swept away. We must unite for one common cause—the good of our unfortunate children. There must be no lines drawn, no social distinction must hinder, no creed delay action. We are all mothers. As mothers of Oregon, we suffragists make an appeal; we want your help.

For several sessions the women have appealed to the legislature to make some provision for the care of the feeble minded children of the state. At the last session an act was passed and money provided for such an institution, but in our zeal for the cause we had not the faintest glimmering of suspicion that this class of unhappy children would be made the tool of the politician.

We thought they would be safe in the hands of those men elected to highest offices in the state. But the heart-breaking truth is published that our faith was a toy. And what can we do but moan and grieve over the announcement that a politician is appointed as guardian and caretaker of the most helpless class of beings ever born—our feeble minded—a politician who does not know one grade of feeble mindedness from another—to whom these children will appeal only as so many living creatures to be fed, clothed and sheltered—a man with no knowledge of the limitations or the possibilities of the children; a man whose sole recommendation for the position is that he is of the same political faith as the majority of the board of control. He is the appointee of the state treasurer and the secretary of state. One other recommendation has been forgotten. He is credited with a successful administration of the reform school, but history also tells us that that administration, or his political support, was not sufficiently successful to prevent his being displaced by another Republican. This is the man who has been selected by these most honored officials in the state for one of the most sacred trusts. Mothers, women of Oregon, can you bear the thought? Can we let this disgraceful action stain the pages of our state's history? Is there a mother among you with a feeble minded child who will entrust that child to the keeping of a man whose sole recommendation is that "we must find a place for him?" Is it not time that we rebel against this iniquitous system of political patronage that counts as the spoils of the victor our unfortunates, our insane, our criminals, our feeble minded? What can we do? We can do this: Women's clubs, mothers' circles, suffrage associations, anti-suffrage societies—all can petition the board of control to change the appointment. We can ask that this politician be given the business management of the institution, but that a married man, an expert, be placed at the head. Why must the expert be placed at the head? Because the princely(?) salaries offered by our state for the subordinate positions are not sufficient to attract to its service men whose lives have been given to preparation for this special work.

What has been our record? We had for years, as the real brain of our asylum for the insane, Dr. W. T. Williamson, a man of wide reputation as an alienist, who was kept in a secondary position with a politician as the head. He finally retired to private practice. Our school for the deaf had its superintendent, Professor Clarke, who raised the standard of the Oregon school to such a degree that Washington took him. We offered him no inducements, either in salary or in freedom of action. Illinois took George W. Jones, our superintendent of the school for the blind. And now comes another exhibition of the wretched antique methods of Oregon politics in this last appointment. Can we do nothing? Shall we willingly and without protest submit to this disgrace—this inhumanity? CLUBWOMAN.

* * *

THE General Federation of Women's clubs, which numbers 800,000 members, has launched itself into the fight against tuberculosis. This is the best news which has been chronicled in the campaign against this disease for many moons.

When the women of the nation take up their cudgels in behalf of any work that work is far on the road to accomplishment. Without their assistance any civic movement is seriously handicapped; with their assistance progress is always much more rapid and results much more certain. It is in the home after all that the real work in the prevention of tuberculosis must be done, and it is the woman who rules the home.

The work undertaken by the General Federation is being directed by Mrs. Rufus B. Williams of Massachusetts. Mrs. Williams had evidently devoted much time and study to the tuberculosis question and the preliminary work she is doing is most excellent. In every state, organization is being effected along most sensible lines and splendid results are sure to accrue.

We congratulate the General Federation upon its decision to labor in this fruitful vineyard and we congratulate the nation that the federation has decided to lend assistance which promises so much.—Journal of the Outdoor Life.

Through the courtesy of Senator Crane of Massachusetts a bill has been introduced in the United States senate "To investigate and develop methods of treatment of tuberculosis." This bill carries with it an appropriation of $600,000 to be used for this work under the direction of the secretary of the treasury, who shall report to the president annually or whenever ordered by him, or by law, as well as to either branch of congress. Bulletins, publications of reports and exhibits shall make the results of this investigation accessible to the public at any and all times.

* * *

AS IS usual in the meetings of the art class of the Woman's club, the first paper given at the meeting Tuesday afternoon was contributed by the arts and crafts department, being a sketch on "Rugs." There is much to be learned upon this subject, and it will be again taken up at the next class meeting.

The remainder of the study hour was devoted to "Historical Art." The growth of historical art followed the "Religious Revivals in the North," when in accordance with the severe doctrines of the Calvinistic school, the beauties of art were banished from all religious sanctuaries. At this time many of the finest of religious paintings were ruthlessly destroyed. Historical art growing in favor, by its means much of the history of various countries has been beautifully depicted and preserved, and we realize that the history of art is the history of the world. Having by general study prepared itself for the "Travel Study" promised it, the class will next visit the galleries of Europe.

* * *

THE Present Day club held its regular meeting Tuesday of this week at the home of Mrs. F. R. Chowm, 793 East Madison street. Mrs. Van Tine and Mrs. Dr. Wiggins read able papers.

A social afternoon is planned for the last of March.

* * *

ONE of the largest meetings in the history of the Forestry club was held with Mrs. Evans last Monday evening. Several new members were admitted, and a greater interest than ever was manifest in the study of forestry. The name of Mrs. John McRobert was sent in to the state board as one who might attend the biennial at Boston next June. The annual donation was made from the club to the state educational loan fund. Mrs. Cartwright presented the members with some cuttings from the Port Orford cedar which were given her by the venerable John Minto of Salem who is taking a special interest in the growth and propagation of this valuable tree.

Mrs. Doty, a member of the club, read a very interesting and instructive paper on the history and commercial value of the Douglas fir. Light refreshments were served by the hostess and a social hour was much enjoyed by everyone.

WORK WON'T HURT YOU--By Irene Gardner

NUMBERED along my acquaintances is a man who, during the past year has been working day and night at an undertaking in which is involved a fortune invested by a number of persons. But the success or failure of the entire enterprise rests upon this man's shoulders. For months he has worked from 12 to 14 hours a day, and is still at it. I said to him recently:

"You never seem worn out or all 'strung up' in a nervous way, but you really must be, although it doesn't show. You'll kill yourself if you are not more careful. Just take my advice and let up some before it is too late."

He laughed at me. "Nonsense! It isn't work that kills people. It's worry and the needless fussing over little things, and also it's self-pity. Whenever I hear a man groaning over how much he has to do, I mark him for one who will either go to pieces early or at some critical point in his work. My work has a variety in it, and, after digging for hours at some point I cannot clear up, instead of throwing the work aside and going out to use up my vitality in some senseless amusement, I turn to some other phase of the work. I'll acknowledge that if it was not necessary that this particular work must be finished at a stated time I should not keep at it all day and up until midnight. But it happens that these extra hours have been and are necessary, and the work hasn't hurt me in the least. I have found pleasure in every hour I have put in; nor does it ever enter my mind that I'm doing more than usual. Just get the idea out of your head that work can hurt you, no matter how much you do, and then you'll find you can do any amount of it."

As the man spoke his eyes sparkled and his face radiated enthusiasm. It was all the more wonderful because he is far from being very strong physically. And as I looked at him there came to me the memory of another man whom I had once known during the later years of his life. Before he was 30 he seemed doomed to an early grave because of consumptive tendencies. But he paid little attention to the matter, except to take sensible precautionary measures against cold and unhealthful surroundings, and to change his occupation to one that kept him out of doors a great deal. The result was that, although never strong, this man conducted his own business so successfully that he reared a large family, providing them with many luxuries, and lived to the age of 75. Nor was it until within a few days of his death that he was obliged to give up work.

It cannot be said of him that he lived before the time of our days of severe business competition, for all his life long he fought to sustain his business against the encroachment of the biggest corporation that has ever been known to exist, and, in the minds of many, also the most unscrupulous.

This man's career caused no wonder at the time, and very little comment, because it closed before the time when people began to speculate and attempt to explain the why and wherefore of every little phase of our human existence. Life was largely accepted as something to be lived as best it could, and the people were so busy doing their best they found no time nor inclination to talk much about it.

I have often wondered what effect all the discussion and dissecting that is the result of much of our modern thought would have had upon this man, who against tremendous physical odds, lived so actively, usefully and to such a ripe old age. And I can recall, also, many white-haired men who had been his life-long friends who likewise died in the harness after having built up fortunes and reared large families. They, I'm sure, never thought about their work in any analytical sense. They just did it cheerfully.

ON LOOKING THE PART--By Carolyn Prescott

IT was the French Duc de la Rochefoucauld who said: "To get on in the world we must by all means take care to seem to be getting on."

Pretty good advice to those who are trying to get there—look prosperous, even though you are not. And if you cannot look as prosperous as you think you ought, look as prosperous as you can. Whether you are man or woman it pays to look the part.

There seems to be some relationship between misfortune and appearances. The man who is successful looks it; the man who is "all in" really looks as though he were in that very condition, from the hang of his loose, slouchy, wrinkled coat to the fringed hem of his trousers. There seems to be some psychological relationship between his clothing and himself. His shoulders have that same loose, slouchy look and he is a miserable-looking specimen all around.

Usually his shoes need a shine, his finger nails are in mourning and his beard more than 24 hours old (a positive crime in any man). He is usually hunting a job and Dame Fortune (who knows from his appearance that he is down and out) passes him without a smile when she sees him coming her way.

As for the woman—she is more to blame than the man if she is discovered in a shamefully sloppy condition, for inherently the desire to look her best is within every woman. Nevertheless, how many women there are who, when they have reached this "down and out" stage, allow their appearance to tell their story, long before it would have been guessed otherwise. This is the very time woman should look her best, when she has nothing else to depend upon.

Recently a woman wandered into my office looking for work. She could do anything, she said—housewife, upstairs work, plain sewing, waiting on table, take care of children—oh, it was a long list of accomplishments that woman possessed.

I listened to her story and wondered why it was that with the "help wanted" columns fairly teeming with ads, she needed a job so badly that she was haunting the newspaper offices in search of one.

But after I had looked her over I ceased to wonder, for of all the miserable, distressed, wretched, forlorn, worthless creatures it has been my misfortune to see, she was the very worst. Her face was not so bad to look upon, except that she made it so by that downward droop at the corners of the mouth and the abject discouragement in her eyes; she whined when she talked; her shirtwaist needed laundering, and it also needed buttons; her hands were very, very, very dirty (though that's pardonable in this town); her skirt was muddy and covered with grease spots; a safety pin showed beneath her belt; her hair hung in wisps, and she needed, I am sorry to say, a good bath with plenty of soap.

There is a reason why that woman was hunting a job and also a reason why she didn't land one that very minute. It was not because she was not stylishly dressed, not because she was not beautiful, but because she needed "ginger." She needed self-respect, she needed confidence in herself; something was wanted that might have impressed others with the idea that she was getting on, even though she were not.

For, after all, we human people are very much like wolves, they say. When one of the pack is down all the other wolves in the pack fall upon him and devour him. The one that is under is always the one that suffers most. This may be a nature fake yarn, but anyway Rochefoucauld was right—one must seem to be getting on if one would get there.

Repatriated Mexicans.

From the Mexican Herald.

The repatriated Mexicans now number over 2,000. They are being distributed throughout different parts of the country in order not to cause an oversupply of labor at any one place. Most of these Mexicans were employed on railroad and mining work, which was discontinued without notice, and they were left destitute. Some of the cases are very pathetic, as that of a young man, musician by profession, and his sister, who worked in a factory in Los Angeles. Between the two they were able to support the family, consisting of their mother and the musician's wife, but one day upon his leaving the place where he had been playing he was struck blind and a short time afterward the girl was paralyzed. Their situation was pitiable until they requested the aid of the Mexican government.