

HELP MISTREATED IN FASHIONABLE CLUBS OF LONDON

"Worst Sweatshop in London," Is Indictment Brought; Long Hours and Poor Food Are Complained Of.

(United Press Special Wire.)
London, April 12.—"The worst sweatshop in London." This is the rather startling indictment brought against the famous and exclusive clubs of the West End by Percy A. Young, secretary of the Amalgamated Union of Hotel, Club and Restaurant Workers. He has compiled a mass of information regarding the ill-treatment of "hired help" in clubdom that appears quite as worthy of governmental investigation and remedial legislation as were the sweatshops a few years ago. He hopes, however, that the mere exposure of the deplorable conditions existing in the servants' quarters of most of these wealthy and aristocratic institutions—which he plans to make in detail—will itself be the means of accomplishing the needed reforms.

"It is likely," he said today, discussing the results of his recent researches, "that the facts will prove a shocking revelation not only to the public but also to the vast majority of club members themselves."

Here are some of the charges:

The hours of labor required of servants in most of the clubs in Piccadilly, Pall Mall and St. James, varying from 11 to 14 a day, are not exceeded in some of the worst sweating dens. Pantrymen, kitchen porters and house porters in a number of the fashionable clubs work on an average of 84 hours a week for \$3 to \$3.50 a week, with no possibility of supplementing this amount. "No tips" is the rule in practically all London clubs—and it is the one rule that is least broken.

In all the clubs an elaborate system of fines prevails—fines for being late on duty, damage to furniture or crockery, mistakes in making out bills, etc., and employees are bound to pay them or leave, with no chance of getting similar employment elsewhere.

The food supplied to servants in nearly all the big clubs is declared to be wretched. In a recent monthly report the house committee of one of the largest clubs in Pall Mall congratulated itself on having reduced the cost of food for 162 servants to 75 cents a week per head. Many of the clubs contract for the poorest kind of beef and mutton for their servants, paying in some instances less than 10 cents a pound. The potatoes served are usually black and rotten, and green vegetables are allowed only on Sunday. The bedroom space for servants in six of the principal clubs averages only 250 cubic feet of air per occupant, as against the recognized hygienic standard of 550.

"Yet, the degree of luxury for members that exists in most of these clubs," commented Young, "is hardly possible for the ordinary workingman to realize. Priceless carpets cover the floors, and statuary and pictures, the envy of connoisseurs, are scattered about in barbaric confusion. But it seems that the more costly the fittings, furniture and food for the members, the worse are the conditions for the men and women servants. Probably in no empire of the world's history have such glaring contrasts been found so closely side by side. Nowhere today is luxury being purchased at such terrible cost in misery. The men servants have heartless struggles to live, and their wives are reduced to despair. Hitherto the clubs have been ignored by the government. Why should they be any longer?"

MODERN ATTIRE DOES NOT LEAD TO MARRIAGE

(By the International News Service.)
London, April 12.—Does the present style of women's dress incline men to flirt with girls, but not to marry them? The Rev. F. B. Meyer thinks it does. Discussing the questions of scanty dress recently raised in the Ohio legislature, before which the news of a bill "to prescribe the fashions to be worn by the women of the state" has just come, Mr. Meyer said:

"The affectation of man's attire, the scant clothing of the legs and ankles, the open blouse and the loud manners, which are the natural accompaniment of these fads, make one sigh for the olden styles, which gave better promise for husband, home and children."

"Young men will be wise who say that when they have to choose it will be a girl of a 'sex' other than that of these 'moderns.'"

"A man may flirt with such girls, but when the time comes for him to take for better or for worse, for youth and old age, it will be a girl of a quieter, more modest and more winsome type he chooses."

Germany forbids the sale of hair dyes containing colors dangerous to health.

PORTLAND'S FAME AS ROSE CITY INSPIRED BY HER BUSY GARDENERS



In Early Morning and Late Evening They Dig, Spray and Prune.

By Nona Lawler.
These are a few of our "fancy gardeners." They just love the good brown clay which grows the roses that have no peers. With all her wonderful natural beauties, Portland is best known as the Rose City, and we can thank her countless amateur gardeners for the distinction.

There is no exercise like shoveling. Some men play golf, some walk to kindergarten, some play tennis and I could go on reciting indefinitely the long list of many sports for the tired or retired business man, but a goodly majority in this fair city prefer to be "fancy shovelers." That is what has won the fame for our roses—the number of modest little gardens throughout all the suburbs of the city bursting with their blooms. It is not the garden of the very rich, with a crew of gardeners to give it their undivided attention that has produced the wonderful specimens at the annual shows, but the gardens of busy business men who devote their leisure hours to this strenuous work. When I asked Eben B. McFarland to pose for me in his working regalia he hesitated about answering. "Well, I am pretty busy now," he said.

"When do you dig in your garden?" I asked. "Let me catch you then?"

"Well, any time before 8 in the morning," he answered. "So you see how busy men accomplish all this. Early mornings and late evenings they dig and spray and prune."

These are the rose fanciers. Then there are the all round gardeners, lawn cranks, sweet pea faddists and even vegetable gardeners.

From Portland Heights we have Dr. Henry E. Jones, a veteran enthusiast. One of the first lawn contests held in Portland years ago, when well kept green lawns were not very numerous, was decided in favor of Dr. Jones on his lawn at his former home on Seventeenth and Couch streets. Velvet green lawns have always been the special pride of the doctor. He is now trying hillside terraces with great success on the Heights.

On Willamette Heights I found Alfred C. Tucker and E. B. McFarland hard at work. They are rose cranks of the crankiest order. Bugs and all the little evil pests that infest their pets have learned to run at sight of them. I am reminded of a story about Millard Townsends of southern Oregon apple fame. He was first a singer before he fell victim to the charms of Oregon and apple culture. At amateur theatricals years ago he often took a prominent part. About 10 years ago the local musicians decided to repeat "Fatanizaz," in which Mr. Townsends had taken a part a number of years before. He was then busy with his apple culture and had quite given up singing. He came, however, and started in rehearsing with enthusiasm, but his voice was not what it once had been and he discovered the fact, finally deciding not to sing. "Oh,

Group of prominent Portlanders busy in the garden. Top, left to right—Seth Catlin, Dr. Henry E. Jones, veteran garden enthusiast; E. B. McFarland. Bottom, left to right—William P. Sinnott, Alfred C. Tucker, George W. Hazen.

I can't sing any more," he said with a certain sadness, but his face lit up immediately with enthusiasm. "But I'm in on bugs."

In the accompanying picture you see Mr. McFarland giving that Testout a little air to breathe, and Mr. Tucker is right after the bugs with his spraying apparatus.

Out in Irvinston one bright and sunny morning I found William P. Sinnott, Seth Catlin and George W. Hazen all hard at it, digging to their hearts' content. Not satisfied with just getting the lawn around his new home in fine shape, Mr. Hazen has just put the finishing touches on a 10 by 20 vegetable patch.

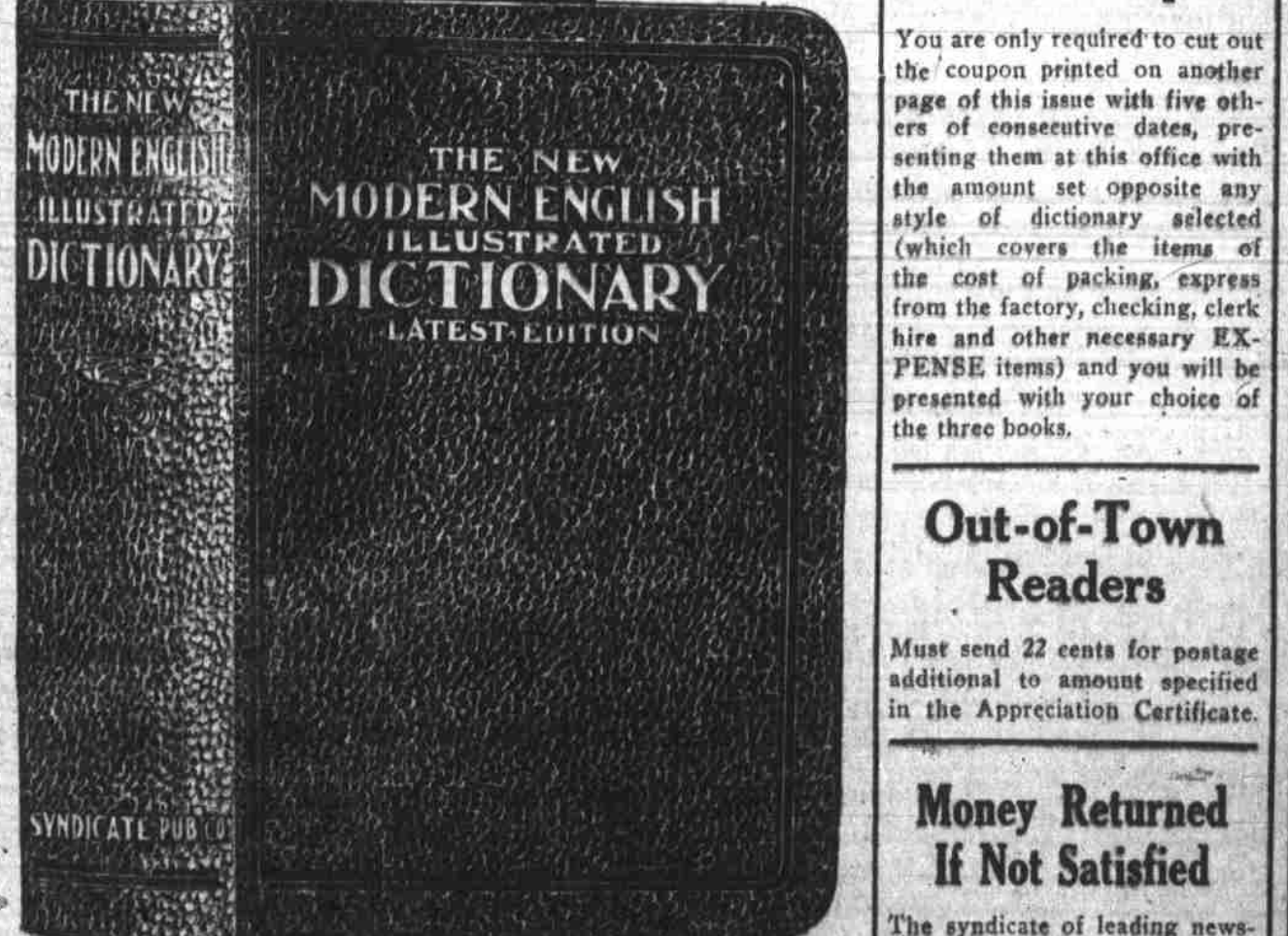
Mr. Catlin has a little latticed garden secluded and altogether lovely, where all sorts of old-fashioned perennials bloom in riotous profusion.

William P. Sinnott raises roses, and he tries other things. Last year the traffic on East Broadway was frequently blocked while curious spectators gazed at the snowy whiteness of Mr. Sinnott's front yard, and children frantically tugged at mother's skirts to let them roll in the snow. If a little is good, more is better, in the apparent doctrine of Mr. Sinnott, so he bought just lots of lime and therein robed his yard and worried the passing public to distraction. Everybody shook his head

and wondered what would happen to the grass beneath, but this year they all followed suit with great success. Every spare square inch of ground in rose bushes and is still raising more, just to slips. Mr. Sinnott has a passion for see them grow.

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LITTLE ISLAND IS NEAR REBELLION

Defiant Inhabitants of Achill Have Shown Their Determination Before.

London, April 12.—"Pay no rent, take no bail, Remember Davitt, and go to jail." This was the motto displayed on one of the banners when 5000 inhabitants of Achill island held a big demonstration the other day in sympathy with four of their number who were being prosecuted on a charge of intimidation. Achill island, with its 1600 people squatting on 1100 small holdings, stands well out in the Atlantic on the extreme west of Ireland, and is a favorite resort of poets, novelists and painters.

In the period known in Ireland as "the famine years," the island was purchased by the Church Missionary society, in the hope of inducing the inhabitants to join the Protestant Church of Ireland. But this proved futile, as nearly all the converts have reverted, and the island is now inhabited by a Roman Catholic population.

When Irish Secretary Birrell some years ago passed his bill for the compulsory acquisition of land in the west of Ireland by the congested districts boards, the islanders anticipated that they would immediately profit by it. But the trustees of the missionary society declined to sell, and the board has proved dilatory.

The people then took summary measures. They ordered all officials connected with the estate to leave the island for the mainland, and the officials thought it advisable to obey. What in the fierce agrarian war times in Ireland were called "emergency men" were then sent to Achill, but their reception was such that they promptly retreated.

Prosecutions ensued, but everything has now ended peacefully, as the de-

fundants gave an understanding that there would be no more intimidation if maps were lodged with the estate commission with a view of the sale of the island to the people.

A new fuel for internal combustion engines, invented in South Africa, is made from paraffin by a chemical process, and is claimed to be superior to gasoline in that it leaves no carbon deposit.

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BREAKS TOE, THEN ARM AND THEN HER LEG

(United Press Special Wire.)
Pasadena, Cal., April 12.—Miss Bella Sams of Pasadena holds today all bone breaking records for southern California.

While washing dishes at the kitchen sink she dropped a soup tureen on her foot, breaking a bone in her toe.

Clutching the injured member in both hands, Miss Sams lost her balance, attempted to seize the sink to break her fall, but struck its corner and broke a bone in her forearm.

Unable to save herself, Miss Sams fell to the floor, landing in such a position that one of her legs was broken. The ambulance that was summoned broke the speed laws hurrying to a hospital.

Immigrants Come by Thousands.
New York, April 12.—Immigration statistics for the port of New York for the first three months of this year show a tremendous increase in the number of arrivals. During that period nearly 345,000 persons were inspected by the immigration authorities and of this number fully 160,000 were steerage passengers, an increase over the corresponding period of last year of about 45,000. On the same days of last year 12,054 immigrants landed on Ellis Island.

Brakes for sleds which drive metal spurs into snow as handles are pulled have been patented by two Pennsylvanians.