

ing such rougher laborers as may be needed. It is a large and novel scheme, and it is only the great business ability combined with benevolence that this leader of society has already shown that gives expectation of success here. This is a conspicuous example of a great leader of society giving up time, money and thought to the service of others.

But it is not isolated. In a quiet way many women of rank support small charitable institutions. The Duchess of Teck for many years kept up at her own expense a little home for delicate London women to go to for a week or two's stay to recruit. The Dowager Countess of Rosslyn has a home of rest for poor women. Princess Frederica, the Queen's second cousin, while living here maintained a home for poor mothers after the birth of a child. Lady Murray has a home in the South of France for men who must belong to the literary or artistic world and whose health will be benefited by spending a part of the Winter out of the damp and cold English climate. Lady Cowper has a convalescent home for gentlemen. Another lady of title maintains a home for crippled children. All these are comparatively-private—not great public matters but the exclusive work of the founders, who are perhaps helped by privately given donations from their personal friends, but who never appeal to the public at large for contributions. There are no doubt very many more than those of which I personally chance to have heard.

Other leaders of society prefer to maintain orphanages. Lady Henry Somerset has one for little girls who would otherwise have had to go to the workhouse. The Marchioness of Breadalbane keeps an orphanage for boys in her Scotch village. As an illustration of how fashionable women adopt the duty of caring for the less fortunate and so lead in the immense charities of England, take the foundation and management of Lady Breadalbane's home. She is very fond of boys; herself famous as a sportswoman—one of the few who can shoot and endure fatigue well enough to go after the red deer in his native haunts on the Scotch hills. She has sympathy with the stronger sex, though she has no sons. So suddenly she made up her mind that she would "mother" a few boys of the poor, and she told a clergyman at the east end of London to find her some boys about four or five years old who had lost both parents, said parents having been respectable while alive. In the crowded streets of London's poverty part the want was soon met;

Lady Breadalbane installed her first batch in a little cottage near her Scottish castle, under the care of a discreet woman, and they went daily to the village school. The Marchioness herself when in residence at the Castle visited her boys almost daily and made a practice of taking one after another out to walk with her, conversing with them freely. The first boy of all that she received turned out to be something of a musical genius, and the last that I heard of him was that his patroness was paying his expenses at Cambridge University, where he was studying for a musical degree. Other lads of more ordinary capacity have been put out as gardeners, railway servants, etc. But Lady Breadalbane is ready to recognize and promote any special capacity, as another incident—the one by means of which I heard about this private charity of hers—will show.

I was calling on a relative of hers in town when Lady Breadalbane came in, accompanied by a well-dressed, nice-looking youth; so far as his appearance went he might have been her own nephew—no vestige of a charity or poverty uniform was there. Lady Breadalbane announced, "We want some nice thick bread and butter and cake; we are hungry; we have been

driving all over London in a hansom to see the sights, as a reward to Harry for winning a bursary (Scotch for scholarship) at St. Andrew's University. Is he not a good boy to have done so well?" The solid bread and butter and cake were brought, and the lad made a good meal—needless to say Lady Breadalbane's share of the "hunger" had evaporated—and one would have thought him quite on equal terms with the ladies around him but for the respectful "my lady" in each of the replies that he gave to the kindly questions addressed to him from time to time. Now the point is, that all this is done quite privately and from the Marchioness's own resources.

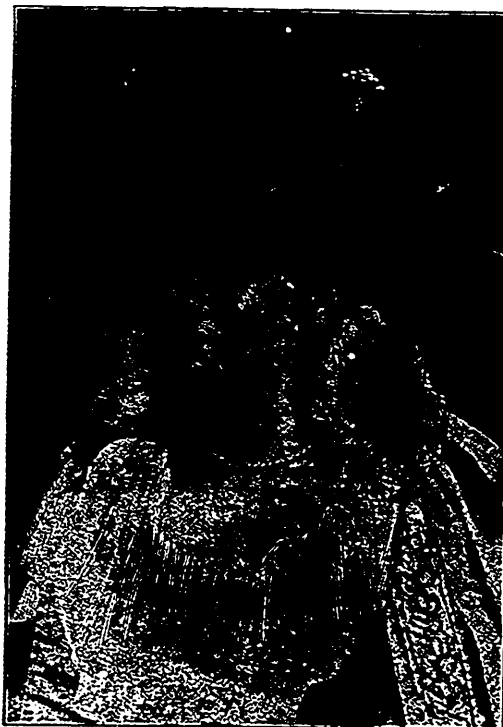
Other ladies have taken a keen interest in the promotion of the well-being of the poor Irish, and associations, which exist for selling the work produced by the peasantry and the impoverished gentlewomen respectively, are officered and managed by ladies. Starting the Peasant Industries' Association was the special work undertaken by the Countess of Aberdeen, while her husband was Viceroy. When she left the country the task was taken up by her successor, the Duchess (now Dowager) of Marlborough, and many thousands of pounds have thus been obtained for the Irish workers.

Lady Aberdeen ought to have special mention in any record of leaders of society to good works. Her efforts have been so original and invariably so successful. One of her special works has been the foundation of a guild of working girls and another a league of well-to-do people's children for charitable work, so that the young folks shall be trained to good service for their early and impressionable years. This latter association actually supports a monthly magazine called *Upward and Onward*, which is nominally and, in part, actually edited by Lady Aberdeen's little daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon.

One of the most beautiful and charming of peeresses is the Duchess of Sutherland, who is still on the sunny side of thirty, a foremost figure in every great social event, yet finding time amongst her hundred distractions for abundant charitable work. She and the Duke have been Mayor and Mayoress of Longton, Staffordshire, and many valuable institutions, such as nursing the sick poor in their own homes, owe their initiation to that term of office. But the special and original effort of the Duchess has been the formation of the Scotch Crofters' Industries' Association, for the aid of the workers and toilers on and around the Duke's vast and scattered Highland demesne. These villagers

till small holdings of their own for the most part too small and on-soil too impoverished to return them and their families a maintenance. In the Winter and when, therefore, not working on the land they weave wool on looms in their cottages into very strong and durable tweeds. But owing to their poverty they were as a class entangled in a vicious system of debt. The village shopkeeper gave them credit at the store all through the Winter, both for the necessities of life and for the raw material that they spun into cloth. The piece on the loom did not then belong to the worker; it was already mortgaged to the merchant. There was nobody but him to buy it: he gave his own price for it, and he charged at his own rate for the food and other necessities, as well as for the yarn that he supplied. Hence, the Crofters toiled hard and lived poorly and yet were forever in debt.

Our practical young Duchess saw the poverty and misery thence resulting and planned not a desultory and passing gift but a great scheme of the most practical kind. She raised by means of her social personal influence a Joint Stock Association to supply capital to pay off the "Merchants'" debts and to



THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.