Washington Minister Tells of Life Among the Hobos—His Experiences and His Views

Three Thousand Dollars a Year As a Beggar.

THE Rev. Thomas Hubert-Jones, acting pastor of the Church of the Epiphany and head of the Associated Charities of Washington, who has made a study of the hobo question, wants to put these human derelicts on farms under the supervision of government, federal, state and municipal, for the benefit of themselves and the public.

In order to learn the hobo, his methods, his ideals and his aspirations, Rev. Hubert-Jones has gone down into the level of hoboism in person, beating his way on trains on the brake-beams and sharing the "handouts" with wandering companions in the hobo camps.

Wanting to know just how a stranded man would fare in Washington, he assumed the garb of a tramp and spent an interesting hour begging on F street and Pennsylvania avenue, with results that are startling from a financial point. He gathered in during that time what would equal an annual salary of $3,000 a year—and all had for the asking.

UNCOUTH and unkempt, a hobo stood at the corner of 9th and F streets northwest. It was 10 o'clock of a pleasant summer's evening and, as the idle crowds flowed back and fourth along the thoroughfares, the ragged tramp, watching his chance with wary eye, besought first this and that passer for a night's lodging or a scanty meal.

His efforts were successful; the nickels and dimes chinked into his pocket and soon he moved up F street to 14th, plying his trade along the way. From there he took his road to Pennsylvania avenue and thence worked a begging way to 6th street. The whole excursion occupied about one hour; in that time he gathered in from the generosity of the public a dollar and twenty cents.

The hobo was not a hobo. He was the Rev. Thomas Hubert-Jones, acting pastor of the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany on G street and head of the Associated Charities of Washington.

It was his business he considered in both his functions as pastor of a Christian church and superintendent of this charitable organization to dig into the truth of ragged want in whatever shape it existed, and he had taken this—the straightest way—of learning just how much chance of starvation a man stood in the heart of the National Capital.

"I wanted to know the inside of Washington hoboism," learning it as I had learned it in other places, he said to a Star representative, "and the only way was to get down among the hoboes. I arrayed myself in a rough garb and started in to see how close a man comes to starving here. I approached all kinds of people on this venture and I found the heart of the public a big one. Of course I am not an expert at begging, but with even my inexperienced metnods, I took in through one short hour that night as much as the ordinary day laborer gets for eight hours' work."

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The city man, with stomach well lined with a recent comfortable dinner pauses and donates to the corner beggar a nickel or dime for fear that he may be overlooking some meritorously needy case, but according to the authority of Rev. Thomas Hubert-Jones, who as head of the Associated Charities in Washington has made this subject a life study, such charity, instead of doing good, works a positive evil. These beggars, his many experiences have taught him, are simply professional bums, hoboes, tramps, call them what you will, living in an easy way upon the generosity of the public and laughing in their sleeves at their guileless victims.

What shall we do with the hobo? The question engages wide attention, reaching all the way from the police of the metropolis, worried with the chronic vagabonds that clog the streets, to the housewife on the farm that gives a "handout" to the passing tramp half in charity and half in fear. They cover the country from the busy corners of Pennsylvania avenue to the lone reaches of the western plains, ever on the move, ever hungry and ever with some specious excuse against turning a hand to earning a meal or bed.

"Indiscriminate charity to the street-corner beggar," said Rev. Hubert-Jones, "works a wrong both on the poor and the public. The man out of work who finds he can make an easy living in this begging business is tempted to drop all efforts of honest endeavor and become a chronic hobo. The big-hearted citizen, on the other hand, who gives to the apparently needy, learns sooner or later that he is being swindled; upon which knowledge he swings to the other extreme ad coldly refuses to assist in any form of aiding the hungry and helpless.

"There should be a system whereby the man wanting food from lack of work could get both and it should include every form of indigence, the tramp, the hobo and the physically unable. From my experience, there is a method under which this can be handled with all possible and proper relief given to those who deserve it and a fitting treatment given those who attempt to prey on the kindheartedness of the public."

It is the irea of Rev. Hubert-Jones to adopt in this country the plan which has been followed with such success in Germany; that is, put the hobo to work on the farm.

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"Let each town and city establish a large farm," he said. "Wehen the man is found begging on the streets or pushing open the back door of the dwelling house in search of a meal, take him up, send him to the farm and make him work a reasonable length of time. Or have the various authorities, whether of city or small town, place them in squads upon some public work that is necessary but beyond the local means of paying for through the regular channels of labor. There are thousands of men who, fascinated with the charm of the hobo life, are preying upon the best class of the public; these could thus be turned into usefulness, not only for the general good, but for themselves.

"I would not have a man work merely as a penalty," continued Dr. Hubert-Jones, "but I would have some small wage paid him in addition, so that at the end of his term he would not be cast out again on the world penniless. This wage would be given him at the end of his work. I would also have established a tramps' gallery of photographs, and every hobo taken up would have his likeness taken, and not only placed in the local gallery of the police where he was rounded up, but sent also to all the places wherever his roving disposition might lead him. Furthermore, I would impress this fact very deeply upon him, so that he would know his identity and reputation have gone on ahead of him. This would discourage his ambition to prey upon new fields and blot out all hope of garnering easy money with his glibly told stories of misfortune in the next town he beat his way into on a freight train.

"The certain knowledge that they would be put to labor at the very first town they told their hard-luck story would drive most, if not all, of them to honest work. In order to make this plan effective, however, it must be adopted universally. If only a few communities put this in practice the hobo will soon learn of them and shun the vicinity like a pestilence."

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That it is necessary to make a universal adoption is shown by the fact that among hoboes there is some sort of wireless telegraphy whereby knowledge is spread swiftly and accurately with a neatness and dispatch that would arouse the envy of the telegraph companies. Not long ago Vermont adopted an anti-hobo plan which put these vagrants to work in the many granite quarries of the state. Jack London, playing the hobo for literary purposes, heard of this from some of the professional tramps out in San Francisco before the press had spread it and in an hour every bum on the Pacific coast was given the sign to steer clear of Vermont! Thus it is clear that any successful movement to corral these parasites and make them reform must cover the whole country.

"Do they come to Washington hunting work?" Dr. Hubert-Jones laughingly repeated the question. "No, indeed. They come here to get away from it. They are not looking for work, but for new fields to fleece the public, and Washington always offers a fertile one. There is no necessity for any man going hungry or bedless in this city if he is willing to do an equivalent in work for the accommodations."

There are three classes of hoboes, according to Dr. Hubert-Jones. First, the hobo seeking work—apparently. He does work a while, when driven to it, but as soon as he feels the touch of a dollar his "wanderlust" smothers out all other feelings; he first hastens to the bar for his beer and then continues as long as his money holds out; then away to the freight depot, where he lies in wait for the first freight train going in the direction he has determined to take a tour.

These men are all skilled in some line of work, mending umbrellas, cleaning wall paper, doctoring stoves and what not in the way of hand-around-the-house jobs. And where would one dream they learned this? In prison; for they have all served terms of more or less length in some jail or penitentiary, where perforce they have had to labor. There is one hobo who is an expert in making flowers out of potatoes! Learned it while serving a long penitentiary term. When he finds that he must do something to get a meal, when he finds that "throwing his feet" will not avail him, he gets a handful of potatoes and, fashioning a bouquet from them, sells the bunch to the first esthetic dame he meets. Then, with the price as a stake, he returns to the road—back to the beloved hobo profession.

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The second class of hoboes is made up of those who will not work under any consideration. They are utterly worthless, depraved, outcast and fit only to be taken by the scruff of the neck by the strong hand of the law and made to labor for their daily bread until radical reformation is worked in their natures. Between this and the criminal class there is but microscopic difference.

The third class of these derelicts are the unfortunate humans who are handicapped through some physical ailment or accident which renders them unable to earn a living. These men are amenable to good treatment, and would welcome a chance to give what feeble effort they can exert in work on a government farm in exchange for a certainty of board and lodging. They are really not hoboes by nature, but are driven to the life through adverse circumstances, only leading the life they do because there is nothing better.

According to Dr. Hubert-Jones, his plan would afford a refuge for these poor creatures whereby they could benefit themselves and the public with whatever tasks their disabilities would permit them to perform. These men hate their position, feeling the degradation of it; this makes them specially dangerous when once they give themselves up to despair.

"Throw your feet; no, that doesn't mean walking," said Dr. Hubert-Jones. "It is the hobo term, in the language of the craft, for begging. A set-down is where some good old lady in pity for the miserable creature invites him into the kitchen and sets him down to a bountiful spread. A tramp will miss a freight train for a set-down."

Dr. Hubert-Jones' knowledge of hobo life is not gathered from reading theoretical books under a drop-light in the comfort of an easy chair. He got his country-wide information, as he got his local knowledge, right from the raw; he went hoboing himself. He wanted the facts of hobo life, so he jumped a blind baggage one night and hoboed it from Baltimore to Philadelphia. It was an experience full of excitement and cinders. When he reached his destination he was a graduate and was greeted by his brothers of the profession as a veteran; also by the police—and had hard work explaining just why he was in that sort of business. Since then he has adventured four times on the road in the capacity of expert hobo, and has picked up a most varied and remarkable amount of information.

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"The hobo glories in his life," and the minister had to smile at the look of astonishment on the face of his auditor. "No profession holds members who feel greater pride in it than does the expert hobo. The tramp who can swing on to a moving blind baggage with grace and ease while his companions tumble clumsily in the ditch feels a satisfaction not surpassed by that of the famous lawyer who wins a noted case before the Supreme Court, or the skilled surgeon whose successful operation is heralded through the press. Add to this his ability in 'throwing his feet' to an extent where he can beg enough in an hour to supply a dozen hungry hobos with food and beer for a day, and he would not change places with the proverbial Persian king. It is this which makes the task of destroying the whole craft so difficult; they feel an ambition in being able to travel and 'work' a living without working. The proudest moment in a hobo's life is when he compels the stopping of a train to put him off."

"And these men," he continued, "are not traveling with the aimless idea the public credit them with. They always have an objective point. When tramping with them I have often seen a party in the hobo camps that one will always find established in the thicket nearest to some railway junction or freight depot, poring over a stolen freight conductor's map, planning a trip and talking of large distances and cities like a bunch of millionaires laying out a summer vacation in Europe over the table of the club reading room. 'Let's go to Richmond,' one will suggest. 'Oh, no,' proposes a second, 'St. Louis is a good town; let's try her this trip.' 'Say,' interrupts a third, 'none of us have been to Boston for a year. What dy'r say to taking her in?'

"And there that penniless crew, glorying in their utter lack of work and wealth, will sagely determine their itinerary. And they will make the trip, too, heading for their destination with as much determination as Peary for the pole. Why they should plan and take these journeys made on the brakebeams, or tipsy tops of flying trains, none but the hobo can understand. But he is wedded to it for life.

"And there comes an absolute necessity for some national, compelling movement that will gather in all this great class, sweeping them up as with a broom, and, placing them upon a farm with plenty of food, and every mouthful obtained by good, honest labor, keep them until the wanderlust has been worked out of them. This, with the aid of a universal hoboes' gallery, whereby every tramp in the country could be spotted, would certainly prevent any large number of recruits to the army of bums, even if it did not wholly reform the old offenders.

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"The utter disregard of danger shown by the hobo while traveling would win him a medal of honor in any military campaign. Indeed, statistics show that their profession is more dangerous than that of the soldier in war. Last year there were 28,000 of them killed on the railway trains of the United States—thirty times as many men as were killed at the first battle of Bull Run! But the hobo doesn't mind that; death has no terrors, it is only work that he fears.

"The origin of the word hobo has never been satisfactorily determined, but such authorities as Jack London and Upton Sinclair agree that it is made up of the salutation, 'How, bo,' the word 'bo' being a common slang form of hailing a comrade. From this the expression 'hobo' was contracted. In this same pride of the hobo, its greatest evidence is in the speed with which one of the craft can shoot across the country in contest with some other eminent hobo. To start from a city withut a cent, beat his way by train or boat to another city perhaps a thousand miles distant while another brother bum is hurrying along the same road to the same destination, is the acme of bum bliss.

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"The penniless pair have an audience watching throughout the nation; for though it is not heralded and bulletined in the daily papers, the word has been flashed through that mysterious hobo means, and every tramp in the country reads the course of the race by cabalistic signs on train sheds and water tanks. The most historic of these races was engaged in by Jack London, from New York to Seattle, 3,000 miles away on the Pacific coast. He and his contestant passed each other time and time again across the continent, their strenuous courses being chronicled upon fences, back yards and bridge trusses. All the tramp world watched it with breathless interest. When London finally reached the wharfs of Seattle he found a six-hour-old message written in the technical language of the hobo, chalked on one of the planks of the piers, informing him that his rival had concluded to take the steamer just sailing for Japan.

"What makes the hobo? The causes are as many as the sea sands," concluded Dr. Hubert-Jones. "A natural laziness, a desire to loaf instead of work that commences in finding how easy it is, and ends by that pride in being able to subsist on your fellow man without effort, which, the hobo certainly feels, evidences a sure superiority."

THE HOBO ENJOYS A "SET-DOWN."

Clarence L. Cullen Interviews a "Dummy"

Special Correspondence of The Star.

ATLANTIC CITY, August 20, 1910.

OFTEN, through the mounting years, I have desired to get at the rationale, so to speak, of the dum's existence and his job.

A dum, as of course you know, is a person, man or woman, who poses in a shop window, or as part of the ballyhoo in front of a public raree show, as a dummy.

Dum, one of those delightfully obvious contractions, is the name dummies have bestowed upon themselves. (Just as, you instantly perceive, the "rummy" of the other time now is the "rum.")

The other evening I came upon a dum, diked in hot-looking evening clothes, considering the humid atmosphere, working as part of the attention-attracting ballyhoo in front of the scenic show "Creation" down the Boardwalk. The spike-tailed dum was doing the stunt of standing perfectly still on a little platform for five-minute stretches. Elbowing bunches of men, women and children, hemmed him in, and there was a very audible diversity of opinion as to whether the dum was a live one or just one of those Eden Musee things. The diversity of opinion was excellently well based for several reasons, not the least of which was that, in so far as the present writer could observe, the dum didn't wink his eyes once during any of the five-minute periods during which he posed with an almost uncanny rigidity and impassivity.

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And so, when the dum was taking a half hour off to enjoy some long breaths and luxuriate in the simple joy of winking his highly penciled eyes, I pegged him and got him to come over with some information about his quaint species.

"I've been a dum for about a dozen years now," said the agreeable young chap, who looked tired and droopy after his long day of inanimate ballyhooing, "but I'll have to be flagging the work inside of a year or so. I'm about all in.

"You see, the dum's job is a bad strain upon the nerves, and it's murdersome upon the eyes. As a matter of fact, the general strain of the work is so great that most of the dums—the men, I mean—fall for the rum thing sooner or later. In order to combat the strain of posing they fall to imagining that they've got to hit up the temporarily soothing internal emolients to rest 'em when they knock off work; and that's about all, of course; about all for them, I mean, when the rum thing takes them.

"Most of the male dums, too, are cigarette fiends when they're off duty. Well, of course, you take a judicious and well-mixed combination of booze and cigarettes and it'll knock a lumberjack over if he sticks around with it long enough, and that isn't so long, either; and when you play a combination ticket of that kind when you're trying to cop a living by being a dum, why your term is going to be mighty brief, believe me.

"It is for this reason that most of the dums have to vamp out of that kind of work after they've been at it three or four years at the outside. I'm one of the exceptions. I don't smoke or drink, not because I'm Percy the Good, but because I never cared for either of those things. And because I've been sticking along with the work for about a dozen years I'm looked upon by the dum gang as a remarkable dum.

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"There isn't a big city in the United States in which I haven't dummed it. As a rule, I do Palm Beach or some other place in Florida or California in the winter. Atlantic City in the spring and summer, and New York or Chicago, or one of the other cities, in the fall. I am never out of a dumming job, though I find that I have to take a vacation of at least six weeks every year.

"I've done dum posing as everybody from Alexander the Great to Carrie Nation, though, as a general thing, I use, in shop window posing, the straightout commercial make-ups.

"One week, for example, I'm the old gink who recommends a certain kind of breakfast cereal; next week I'm showing the lathered face of the fellow who grins in the magazine advertising pages while using the safety razor; the week after that I'll be doing a window dum to advertise a dangerous cure, and so on.

"The dum business can't be taken up by everybody. The dum must be endowed with a sort of abnormal control of his nerves and muscles, or he'll never make good at the work. I fell into it by accident.

"I was a window dresser in New York. At that time window dressers worked in the daytime as well as at night. I'd be squatted in a window studying some sort of an effect, when the kidders passing along outside would stop and hand me the grin. At first I grinned back at them, but this stuff eventually became too tiresome, so I took to staring them out of countenance without blinking.

"I wouldn't move a muscle, but just stand there, with maybe a bunch of neckties in my hand, and stare and stare at the bunch outside the window who were staking me to the grin thing.

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"Well, it was while pulling this stuff on 'em that I discovered how good I was at the keeping-still business and how long a time I could keep my eyes open without winking.

"That's how I became a dum. I've pulled as high as $20 a day for only three hours' work a day as a dum, and, in commercial work I averaged about $14 a day right along for several years, until the increasing number of dums cut down the dum's rates.

"But it's grueling work, all the same, the dum business. When first I took it up I weighed a good 180 pounds. After two years of it I was down to about 140, and that's my weight now.

"When I first took the work up I used to pose sometimes as long as six hours a day, but I never actually pose now for more than two or three hours a day, and I take longer intervals between poses, too.

"Generally I leg it about ten miles after I get through my day's work in a shop window. If I didn't take that kind of a trudge I'd never be able to sleep, for a dum's nerves are jumping as if they were on fire when he quits a window for the day.

"One of the worst features of being a dum is the trouble that he begins to have with his eyes after a few years of the work. When I'm off duty I wear glasses constantly to rest my eyes; but, even so, I find that my sight is becoming dimmer and dimmer all the time. I haven't the least doubt in the world that I'd go blind—plumb blind—if I stuck along with the work, say for another three or four years, but I have no intention of doing that.

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"The ability of a dum to keep his eyes wide open without blinking doesn't diminish at all, but the hard, fixed staring at a certain selected spot which he has to do for so long a time every day just weakens the vision and takes the life and vitality out of the lamps. A dum, you see, when he is set in his pose, just picks out some minute object straight ahead to stare at, and he never removes his eye focus from that object while the pose continues.

"After a few years of work at the dum trade a sort of an invisible film creeps over the dum's eyes and softens in a way the sharpness of his vision. But even at that the strain upon the eyes often is so great that my weeps frequently feel as if they were going to pop right out of my head when I finish making my final pose for the day or night.

"Of course, the hardest work that a dum can be called upon to do is to pose alongside a sure-enough dummy in the same ring as the dummy for the purpose of trying to fool the bunch outside the window. I get double rates for that kind of stuff; did, rather, for I won't pose that way any more. The dum who poses alongside a real dummy sure does earn double rates.

"Last winter, for two months running in Los Angeles, I did this kind of posing alongside a sure-enough stuffed figure in a shop window. I made up in every minute detail to resemble the dummy, and it has a standing pose, at that, with no chance to lean up against anything and rest while working.

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"The window shade would be raised, revealing me standing beside the genuine dummy, and it was my job to keep 'em guessing out in front which was the live dum and which the stuffed one.

"During the time I did that posing there was a great betting bee going on outside that Los Angeles window, and, as often as not, the fellows doing the betting took the end of it that I was the sure-enough dummy.

"There wasn't any chance for me to keep this pose longer than five minutes, and then the shade was lowered and I had a ten-minute rest-up. I believe I'd have been a rank, screeching maniac if I'd stuck to that job for just one more month.

"Crowding back his sense of humor is one of the hardest thing a posing dum has to do while working. You see, the bunch in front are forever trying to break the dum up in his pose, and they'll do all sorts of idiotically funny things to wring a smile out of the dum and thus crab his pose. At the beginning that was a game that I found it hard to beat, but it's all a matter of training.

"On several occasions, all the same, I had to have the curtain pulled on me. Once, and only last year at that, I hollered right out in the middle of the pose, and I couldn't have helped hollering if I knew I'd get a million for keeping still.

"This happened while I was posing in the window of a Chicago department store. My pose was that of Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, standing on the gallows.

"Well, I was getting away with the pose something fine, even though there were a lot of funnyists out in front who made it their business to stand and do the kidding thing in front of my window every day. But they didn't uncover any new stuff in the kidding line, and I didn't have any trouble beating 'em out till the big breakup swung along.

"The breakup thing was pulled by one of the nicest looking young women I ever clapped a lamp on. It was during the lunch hour, when passersby were some scarce. This nice looking and merry-faced girl sauntered up in front of my window and studied me calmly for five minutes.

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"While many others came along and passed by, still she stood there staking me to that calm, cool examination. Finally, when she noticed that she was entirely alone in front of the window, she glanced up and down the street in both directions with a sort of mischievous twinkle in her eye; and then she turned to me and began to make the most excruciatingly funny distorted faces at me that I ever saw in my life, on or off the stage. First she'd look ridiculously cross eyed, then she'd puff out her pretty cheeks and look like a drum fish with the delirium tremens, then she'd squeeze her cute features into a bunch and make herself look like a chimpanzee with the hives.

"Aching to throw something at her right through the window—not so's to hurt her, of course, but just so's to make her go away from there—I stood it for about a minute.

"But when she deliberately stuck a thumb at her pretty nose, and wiggled her fingers at me like a small boy pulling that piece of defiance on another, it was all off, believe me; I quit right there, and my method of quitting was quick and spontaneous and sudden.

"I didn't even have time to tap on the floor for the boy to lower the window shade. I just broke into a roaring laugh that must have been heard all over the store, and then I just lay down in that window, while the boy was pulling the shade, and laughed like a fool hyena for five minutes. I caught a glimpse of the girl beating it down the street, laughing herself, as I lay in the window laughing.

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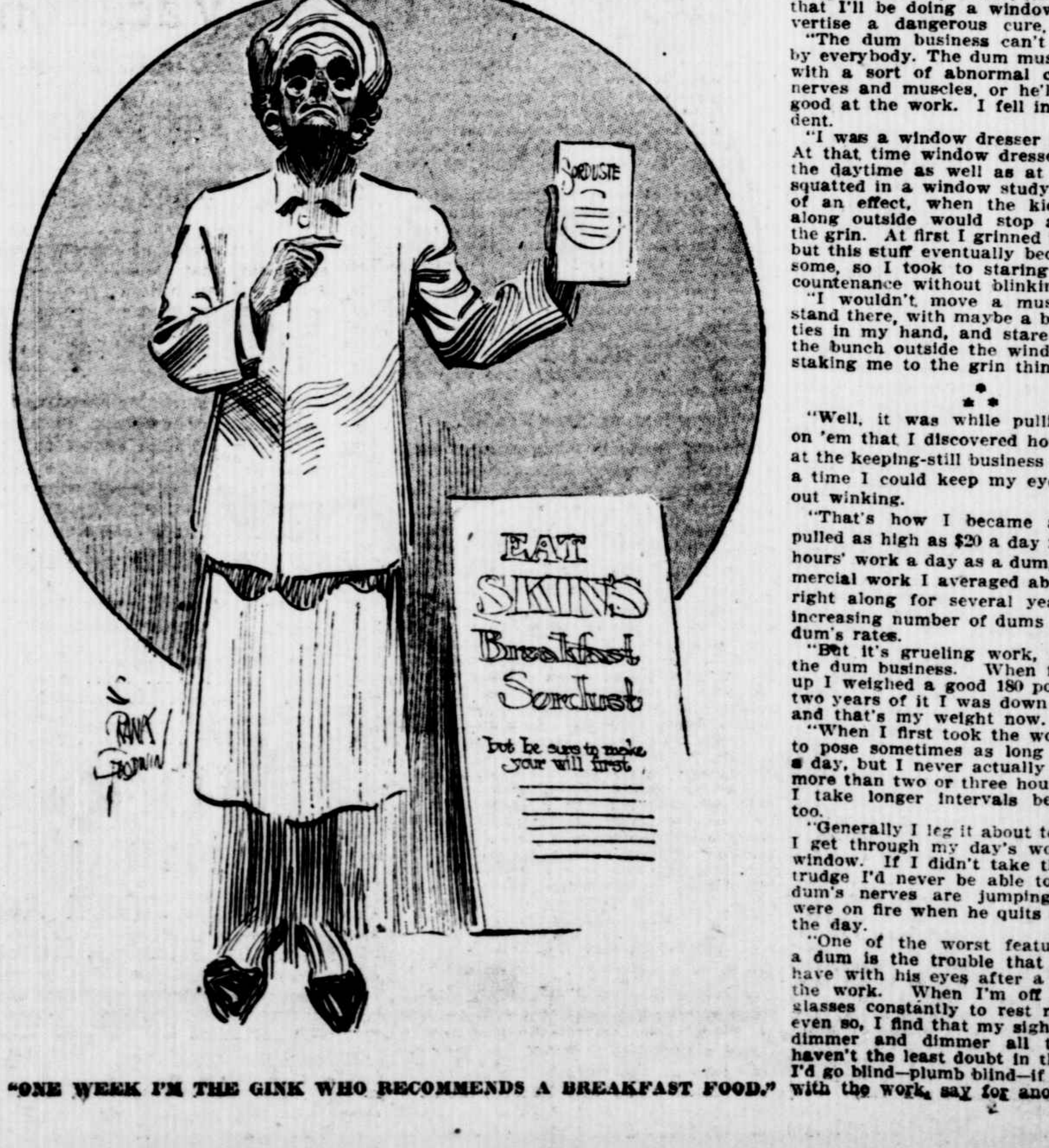
"On another occasion—this was in Detroit—I was doing a Macbeth pose in the window of a big novelty house where they were selling a lot of Scotch goods. Along toward the wane of the afternoon a dead swell old-fashioned dandy, with long white side whiskers and a top hat and Chesterfield overcoat and red necktie, and all that scenery, strolled up to the window and looked me over for a few minutes. Then he, too, did the furtive glance up and down the street to see if anybody was zephyring along to observe him. Finding that he had the scene to himself for a minute or so, he began waving his arms and shaking his gold-headed cane at me, all the time making muttering movements with his lips, as if he was dead sore on me for picking his pocket or something. I stood that, badly as I wanted to shriek over the funny spectacle the dignified old glug was making of himself, but when he began to stake me to an imitation of Lord Dundreary, pulling those long siders of his and all that stuff, then I flopped for sure. I wasn't any more Macbeth than a coon dog for about five minutes, and while I rolled around I could see the mischievous old sport hiking down the street laughing to himself fit to kill."

CLARENCE L. CULLEN.



"ONE WEEK I'M THE GINK WHO RECOMMENDS A BREAKFAST FOOD."

Vice Versa.

From Lippincott's.

Many a charming actress is a charming wife, and many a charming wife is a charming actress.

British Women Who Are Followers of Races

IN the history of British horse racing there has not been recorded a season when as many women took active part in the sport as during the past summer. American visitors to the various English tracks recently were astounded to see shoulder to shoulder with the men that surrounded the bookmakers' stands many feminine members of Great Britain's proudest families, while the paddocks and fences that lined each course were thronged with shop girls and other women of the lower classes. These latter appeared just as eager to risk their savings.

The attendance of women at the English race meets has been growing steadily for the past fifteen or twenty years. It is to Queen Alexandra that British women owe their now almost universal interest in the exciting sport.

Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, and because of her consort's love for racing, set the fashion by going to the courses and following the events with the keenest of interest. Now her countrywomen treat horse racing with all the seriousness of the men.

British women breed horses or take an interest in their husbands' stables. They bet systematically, know all the points of a fine animal, and lose hundreds of pounds or several pairs of gloves with the same calm.

This year the death of the king and the abandonment of the social season have induced more women than ever to turn to the races as a source of pleasure and excitement, and at women's clubs, at theaters, on the streets, you hear scraps of conversation between women about winners and losers, of sweepstakes and favorites.

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There is an established racing set in England including a number of the smartest women who are always to be seen where races are held. In some cases their husbands are prominent as horse owners, but very often they are personally interested in the sport.

Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, for many years headed the list of ladies who made racing a favorite pursuit, but since the duke's death she has not been seen on any race course, and her own horses have been sold, except one or two old favorites, which have been pensioned off and are leading the simple life in the fields of one of the family estates.

Her daughters, Lady Derby and Lady Gosford, are among the well known members of the racing set. Lady Derby attends all the important meetings of the year and most of the unimportant. Lord Derby is one of the stewards of the Jockey Club. He has a racing box at Newmarket and always rents one near Ascot.

At Knowlsey Lord and Lady Derby usually have parties staying with them for the grand national week and also for the autumn meeting. Last year King George was the guest of honor at their place for the grand national. Lord Derby has been selected by the present king to [illegible] the late king's horses all this season. Next year King George will control them himself.

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Lady Londonderry and her daughter, Lady Ilchester, are also fond of the sport. Lady Londonderry and her husband, who is a member of the Jockey Club, have many horses in training, and though they have not places near any of the great racing centers, they are always guests of friends who have, so they follow their horses around from one race track to another.

Lady Ilchester is one of the most retiring of women, and looks as if she had no sporting proclivities whatever; but that is one of the remarkable characteristics of the sporting Englishwoman, she is always as quiet as though her tastes ran only in the line of home interests of books and study.

Lady Helen Gordon Lennox has been known throughout England as King Edward's youngest racing hostess, because the king stayed with her father, the Duke of Richmond, every year near Goodwood and Lady Helen acted as mistress of the house. The duke is a keen sportsman and his daughter has been brought up to know and love horses, and she follows eagerly all races in which her father's horses are entered.

Lady Sefton is not entertaining for the races this year, as she and her husband have just returned from a big game expedition in East Africa, but she is usually a hostess as well as a frequenter of the courses.

Lady Carnarvon, who is a very fine horsewoman, takes great interest in racing. For Newbury and Derby she entertains large parties at Highclere Castle and she is always present at the great meetings.

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Mrs. Rupert Becket, Mrs. Hall Walker, Mrs. Leopold Rothschild and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon are other leaders of the smart racing set, while Lady Anne Lambton, Lady Jardine and Lady Duff Gordon are hostesses who entertain for the racing season without taking a great deal of interest in the sport themselves.

Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) is a systematic racegoer and owns some of the finest horses in England.

Lady Essex and Lady Cooper are about the only American women resident in England who can be said to belong to the racing set. Lady Cooper is one of the hostesses for all the famous meetings, and she and Sir George unfailingly attend the smaller meets.

Lady Essex is less enthusiastic as a horsewoman, but she attends meetings regularly and takes her place in the racing set as a hostess.

Lost His Bait.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes, sir, the fish was so big it pulled him in the river."

"And he was drowned?"

"No, but he might's well have been, fer he lost his grip on his gallon jug, and it floated downstream, and he lives in a dry [illegible]."