

IN DARKEST CHICAGO.

WORKING IN THE SLUMS OF SOUTH CLARK STREET.

Two Tireless Women Who Have Dared to Fight Satan on His Own Battleground — Making New Men and Women.



EVERY street has its peculiar characteristics, but there is one quality lower Clark street, Chicago, possesses which seems to cover up every other distinguishing feature. The most striking thing about this locality is the dirt.

Everything is filthy. The street, houses and people all need renovating. The only thing half way clean, it would seem, is the piece of sky one catches a glimpse of overhead, and even this is often soiled and blotted by the miserable chimneys which laden the atmosphere with their burden of smoke. But there is one bright spot in all this gloom. Below Van Buren street, near Harrison, there is a house which shows clear windows, with neatly painted casings, and the pavement in front looks snow white compared with the adjoining stores.

The building is a one-story structure, and the announcement in the window reads that it is the "Central Baptist Church." Inside the house shows a large audience-room, cheerful and well-lighted, with two hundred chairs or more, which afford ample seating capacity for its congregation. In the rear are three cozily furnished parlors, which are used for social gatherings. The church is three years old, and from a dozen members it now numbers nearly a hundred. Considering the locality in which it is situated, this is decidedly encouraging. Rev. T. L. Smith, the pastor, is a man particularly adapted to this work. His sermons are not ornate, but they find their way to the hearts of his hearers. His congregation is a very poor one, and the majority must be helped in various ways, but the maintenance of the church is made possible through the generosity of I. B. Earle, the owner of the ground upon which it stands and who, himself, built the church. He gives the use of it free, and also heats and lights it gratuitously.

The Central Baptist Church is more than an ordinary church. It is the center for extensive missionary operations which are carried on in this district. It is the fountain-head from which much goodness flows into the dark byways of this ill-favored neighborhood. Prominent in this missionary work are Mrs. Elvira B. Swift and Mrs. N. S. Bliss, tireless workers in the slums of Chicago, who have been identified with the organization since its beginning. Meetings are conducted by them every day in the week and classes are taught where girls and women learn to sew. While ministering to the spiritual welfare they do not neglect the material needs, and every form of distress appeals to them. They visit the sick and find employment for those needing work, and in a hundred different ways they help these sufferers.

Of course, every case that presents itself has a great big moral attached to it. They come to grief and want because they break a law, but that does not make their distress any easier for



MRS. ELVIRA B. SWIFT.

them to bear. The mission is carried on from a nonsectarian standpoint and every sect is welcome. At the Sunday meetings there is a motley gathering. Nearly every nationality is represented, and two Chinamen have deserted the worship of their Joss, which is carried on across the street, to be regular attendants at the Christian church. Wednesdays are held, perhaps, the most interesting of all the meetings. It is then the women come together—the women of the neighborhood, with their sad, tired faces and their general air of utter hopelessness.

They all bring their troubles just as people take their lunches to picnics. If they forget them they go back after them. It is a dismal little company; and each face tells plainer than words of the bitter past. After the usual prayer and song those who have been saved give their testimony.

"The Lord is good enough for me," declares one. "Now I've found Him I'm going to stick to Him."

An old negro raises her voice and says, "Dear Lord, I've been a propper," and then she tells the story of her search for light.

One of the few happy faces was that of an Irish woman who had been converted and who brought a shining friend with her. For some reason this woman viewed the proceedings very stolidly. She was asked to give her experience, but replied with great dignity:

"I'm not used to speakin' in public, but I guess my feelings is just as good

as some people's who do a sight more talkin'."

This was a decided slap at her nearest neighbor, who had been a steady speaker from the start. This woman was not to be put down so easily, and she turned with righteous indignation and literally shot a quotation from the Bible at the unwilling one to the effect that no one should be ashamed to add their evidence in the good cause. Having administered this rebuke she shut her lips with a snap and glared over her spectacles as much as to say, "Now will you be good!" and the offender was duly crushed.

An old negro mammy heartily agreed with these last-spoken sentiments, and leaning across from her place said:

"Yes, indeed, that's so, honey. If the Lord ain't ashamed of you 'tain't your place to deny Him."

The services are only a part of the work done by these earnest Christians. They go from house to house holding cottage prayer meetings in the humblest and vilest places, asking no questions about the years that have been lived, but praying only for the coming ones, which are as yet undefined. Here and there some one is recovered, some one repents, which gives them encouragement to work on.

"One of the first and best signs we



MRS. N. S. BLISS.

notice in a person wishing to reform," said Mrs. Swift, "is that they move out of this neighborhood immediately. Honesty and purity and Clark street don't jibe, I'm afraid."

Speaking of the way they were regarded by the people, Mrs. Swift was glad to say that never in her experience had she received anything but the most courteous treatment. "We have yet to find a person so depraved as to receive us insultingly when we go to their homes," she declared. "It is a great field down here in darkest Chicago, and there is work enough for many more than are represented by our feeble little band."

"Yes, we often meet with ingratitude," Mrs. Bliss acknowledged, "but that is a part in a missionary's life which it is best not to dwell upon. The repentant ones make up for any disappointment we may suffer and the hopeful letters we receive from the men and women who have left their evil ways and are leading upright lives more than repay us for our labor."

Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Bliss work constantly together, devoting all their time to the mission, and their sweet, calm faces are well known to the denizens of this district and they carry everywhere with them assurances of help and comfort. Moody's Institute lends its aid, while the Baptist Young People's Union also gives much-needed assistance to this little church. And though the good done may seem infinitesimal, who will say that to those who listen and heed these missions, small and obscure as they may appear, will not prove veritable wells in the desert.

INFANT MURDERESS.

New Zealand Woman Dies on the Scaffold.

Minnie Dean, condemned to death for the murder of infants entrusted to her care, has been executed in Auckland, New Zealand. She protested her innocence up to the last.

Clemency was asked on account of the murderess being a woman, but the proof against her was so overwhelming that no mercy was shown. On the scaffold she was hysterical and had to be almost carried to the drop. Just before the black cap shut out the world from view she became more resigned, but piteously exclaimed: "Oh, God, let me not suffer!" The drop fell and death was instantaneous. The woman prayed incessantly toward the last, but stoutly maintained that she had no murder on her soul and had no doubt that she would go to heaven.

Minnie Dean's crimes were the sensation of last year in New Zealand. In her prosperity she was patronized by well-to-do scoundrels, who paid her handsomely to become responsible for their children. A mother's love, however, induced an erring woman to seek her child, who had been delivered to the woman's care.

Minnie Dean had reported it dead from natural causes, but the mother's suspicions were aroused and detectives were employed, when the remains of a number of children were found of ages ranging from a few months to several years, buried in every conceivable place about the premises. The woman was arrested and after a sensational trial, was condemned to death on the evidence of the guilty fathers, who were compelled by the authorities to appear in court to assist the crown. Minnie Dean's defense was that all the children died from natural causes.

MARRIED TO A CHIEF.

STORY OF MAY TEMPLE'S ROMANTIC DEED.

She Fell in Love With a Young Chief at the Reservation School and There Resolved to Devote Her Life to Him — Her Death.



It has been scarcely three months since May Temple first saw him. She was a visionary young girl who had no careful mother's training and no experience of life. She had read a great deal, mostly books of trashy sort, which fed her young fancy and strengthened her already vivid imagination. He was tall, strong-looking and straight as an arrow. From his dark countenance shone more expression than is commonly seen in one of his race. He was a chief; a chief of the Papago Indians, and May Temple first saw him at a school she had the curiosity to visit. Adult Indians are not usually admitted to the government schools, but the ardent desire of this Papago to be educated and to "follow the white man's way," as he expressed it, had aroused intense interest; exception had been made in his favor and he had been received as a pupil.

As May left the room that day where recitations had been conducted and the chief had especially distinguished himself by spelling such difficult words as "baker" and "shaker," the young lady dropped her handkerchief and this "type of manly dignity," as she already styled him in her thoughts, sprang to pick it up and returned it with a bow and glance into those blue eyes. It was only a few days afterward that the people of Phoenix, Arizona, were electrified by the announcement that May Temple, a young white girl from the east, who had just arrived in Arizona on a visit to her friends, had married an Indian chief and gone to live with him among his tribe. What folly! What a mad infatuation! some exclaimed, and then it was forgotten in a later excitement.

The girl was not a fool, despite the verdict of the multitude; there can only be urged in extenuation of her act her youth and her absolute ignorance of Indian life at home amid natural surroundings. The discovery came to her as a terrible shock, which was an explanation of the mournful event which later occurred. She saw beside the river, reluctantly flowing in its muddy channel, her desert home, where the fierce sun beat with blinding reflection upon the burning sand. Only occasionally upon this vast waste there was a mesquite tree, whose light foliage cast a little shade. The only sign of industry was a patch of lily-cultivated corn bravely growing near the river from which it was irrigated. The whole energies of the camp seemed occupied in keeping some miserable, half-starved ponies, which had tired of mesquite beans, away from this tempting bit of greenness by the stream. She saw her home with horror. She supposed it would be at least of adobe, strong and cool; but it was a low shack constructed of weeds laid against and bound to a framework of poles. As its leaves had shriveled in



THE PAPAGO CHIEF.

the burning sun, openings were left, the whole a poor protection from the hot winds which blew across the desert.

Near this shack the only sight that reminded her of civilization were her husband's nieces attired in her honor for the occasion in clothes given to them at the Indian school. Upon the ground sat her husband's mother and aunt, two ancient women, so browned and seamed by sun and wind that they resembled mummies. It seemed to the nervous bride as if from their withered faces, with deep-set, beady eyes, leered a demoniac expression. But her disgust was increased by the appearance of her father-in-law, a Maricopa who had lived for many years and married among the Papagoes. He came forward innocently, although almost in a state of nature. The Arizona braves somewhat outrage the proprieties and make the fact of the tropical climate and their poverty an excuse to dress at home in very primitive style. The brown skin of this old father of a noble chief was shriveled and hardened until it looked like the hide of a rhinoceros. In fact, it required a second glance to determine whether it was really skin or a fitted garment of cinnamon-hued cloth.

After this appalling scene May was not surprised when the whole company of assembled Indians started toward her with sticks and stones to drive

her from the place. She rushed to her husband, but he, too, assailed her, and now thoroughly terrified, the wretched girl started to run across the desert away from her pursuers, who yelled derisively, while dogs barked and the smallest children, who, like the elderly father-in-law, had no apparel to conceal their sun-kissed skins, hooted mockingly. The frightened bride, her feet burned from the fiery sands through her shoes, her hair and clothing drenched with perspiration, her heart beating as if it would burst with a wild, unnamed fear, fell down at last exhausted, while her assailants captured her and took her back to her husband, who laughingly explained that it was an ancient custom of the Papagoes to so welcome a bride who was not of their own tribe.

He added that the Indians did not adhere to the practice so barbarously as when in the savage state. There were accounts of brides who in former times had been driven to their death. The Indians regard this race as a test of virtue and endurance. From that time the Papago chief regarded his white wife with some disfavor, while the others openly manifested their disapprobation; for, as is known, the Indians value and respect a human being according to physical strength. After this pleasing introduction to Indian existence, May settled down to a discovery of what manner her life now was and of the habits and customs of her



PORTRAIT OF MAY TEMPLE.

people-in-law, who were still influenced by the traditions and superstitions of their former savage state. These views were no longer gilded to her vision by romance and sentiment.

One day a physician from Phoenix, passing through the place where the Papagoes were camped, was detained by the head chief, who begged the doctor to come into one of the brush houses and prescribe for a child sick with the fever. As the white man entered to attend the child, he noticed within the shack the white bride sitting on the floor. At this moment the husband entered, and the wife reached out a detaining hand. "Stay with me a while," she begged. He shook her off impatiently. "No, I haven't time!" he answered indifferently. The doctor noticed the young wife press her hand to her side and her cheek paled. He returned to the place where his horses were tied in the shade of a mesquite and proceeded to eat a lunch and rest before continuing his journey. After a while an Indian came, and declaring that the white woman had suddenly died, asked the doctor to return to the huts. They went back, but there was nothing the physician could do for her. It was quite clear to him that there had been no disease, no appearance of poison. Evidently the heart had been ruptured, caused by the strong, overpowering feelings of disappointment and despair. As the physician rode away, he saw the young husband unconcernedly leaning against a mesquite tree, playing some Indian game with sticks. His companion was an Indian girl. They talked and laughed gaily, and the sound of their merriment followed the traveler down the road. It was the first time this doctor had seen the youthful wife; yet his was the only sad heart among them all. His thoughts continually and sorrowfully returned to the low shack, in which lay the broken-hearted white girl, whose life had ended with her foolish dream.

Yet her spirit was a forgiving one. After her death there was found a letter she had written to the Indian Department at Washington, to which it was sent. It called attention to the fact that through some oversight the Papagoes had no reservation and were homeless wanderers on the face of the earth. They had held undisputed possession without title of certain lands, until the recent development of Arizona. With the influx of white settlers and consequent claiming of land and water for irrigation, the chances for these Indians to make an honest living grew constantly less. They could offer to the whites their poor, unskilled, undesired labor, or they could beg and steal. The petition was well written, for the girl had had a fair education. It contained no more than this statement of the affairs of the Papagoes and a plea for their homeless condition. It was the last act of her life. No doubt the letter lies unheeded among the mass of correspondence on some official desk or is filed away forgotten, and the one whose duty it was to glance hastily over the contents of that beseeching epistle could not dream of the tragedy with which it was connected.

Biked Into the Drink.

A Saco, Maine, girl was learning to ride a bicycle a few evenings since, when she lost control of the machine and went flying into a conveniently near pond. Her screams brought the desired help, and she was fished out with her feelings badly hurt.

IT WAS THE PIONEER.

OLDEST WOMAN'S CLUB IN THE COUNTRY.

Ladies' Physiological Institute of Boston Has Records Dating Back for Half a Century—List of Its Present Officers.



(Boston Correspondence.) ORGANIZATION of women and for women is conspicuous for its frequent occurrence in this day of their prominence in the new fields, and it attracts little notice outside of its select circle. Every sort of an association with an object of some kind for its cause of being seems to have been thought of and established. The desire for the benefits and diversions which club circles give to their members has spread throughout the whole country. The little mountain hamlet or the fisherman's village has not escaped its influence. Where there is found a collection of homes, be they ever so humble, there will be found the periodical gathering together of the most ambitious souls of the community, with laudable endeavor toward a better knowledge of some special subject. They may have the merest social purpose as their object; whatever it is it is not opposed, rather it is applauded, and often admired by the fathers, brothers and husbands. These are willing to admit that the "club" is a distinct addition to the village life.

Just how great an addition and relief the circle is to the monotonous lives of village women can hardly be estimated. In such communities the club is an angel of mercy. It has infused life into dreary spiritless existence; it has carried help to homes where ignorance has held sway, and it wreaked its vengeance upon those who broke natural laws, not wilfully, but because of forgetfulness and listlessness, and because environment led downward, not upward.

But it is not of the work and beneficent leaven of the woman's club as it exists to-day that is the purpose of the present writing. They are suggested for comparative use only. In these days of toleration and self-help it is difficult to realize the obstacles which be-



PRESIDENT MERRITT.

set the pioneer of this great woman's club movement. Suppose now, for example, a body of women organized to study "anatomy, physiology, the training of children and youth, the preservation of health, the causes and remedies of disease," and the like, should find that after a year's conscientious work the opposition to woman's thinking of anything outside of "the eating and sleeping of life" was so universal that but one man could be found who would pray for the success of the undertaking!

This is just what, however, the first handful of women who wished to learn how to live healthier and more hopeful lives experienced forty-seven years ago.

It was in the old Washington Hall in Broomfield street, Boston, on April 11, 1848, that Prof. C. B. Bronson gave the first of six lectures on the "Laws of Life and Health." The sense of womanly obligation in such matters had hitherto lain dormant, but the genius of Prof. Bronson aroused it. At the close of the course, those who had listened determined to know more about the citadel of the soul and how to keep it. They organized themselves into a society called the Ladies' Physiological Society of Boston and vicinity, giving to the insurer, Prof. Bronson, the office of president.

In 1850 the society was incorporated through the assistance of the Rev. Sylvanus J. Cobb, and his wife became the first woman president, Mrs. Cobb, who served three different terms as the chief executive officer of the institute, stands at the head of the list of untiring workers in its behalf. To her enthusiasm and energy was due the successful stand of the society against such formidable obstacles as public opinion and the clergy. For at its first anniversary the Rev. Dr. Jenks of Boston was the only minister of the Gospel to be found who would offer a prayer for the society.

In view of the fact that the object of the association was to hear lectures upon the evil of physical sins and the morality of health and how to help the sick and suffering, one can only question the clerical wisdom of those days in opposing such laudable designs.

Nothing daunted the good purpose of its founders, however, and the work went on, soon fulfilling Prof. Bronson's condition: "That the manikins and models used in the lectures should be-

long to the society when 1,000 members were duly enrolled."

A library was started the first year of the institute's existence, and, growing constantly, has offered valuable privileges to its members ever since. Here reference books and all publications that deal with health topics can be found.

Two women who are undoubtedly the oldest clubwomen in the country, or, perhaps, in the world, Mary V. and Lydia E. Randall have maintained their membership continuously since the first enrollment, a period of forty-seven years. They are now Mrs. M. E. R. Jones and Mrs. L. E. Huthings.

Prof. Bronson was the first and last male president; he has been followed by only ten other incumbents of the office, five of whom were physicians. Dr. Salome Merritt is the present president, now filling her seventh year in office. She has given the usual annual course of lectures from eight to twelve in number, throughout her term. Her subjects have been on "Fundamental Physiology and Hygiene," and she has made them thoroughly practical and



SECRETARY BABCOCK

plainly scientific, presenting them in a way not found elsewhere outside of medical colleges.

The institute has never failed in all its forty-seven years of existence to give the course of lectures, covering physiology, hygiene, sanitation, nursing, emergencies, moral development, and allied subjects. For a number of years the Moral Education Association has given in connection with the institute, a course upon different phases of moral questions.

The fee of one dollar admits a new member to all the institute's privileges, provided she has received a two-thirds vote of the members present at the regular meeting. Those not members may attend lectures by paying ten cents each time at the door. Members give away large numbers of tickets to persons unable to pay and who are desirous of hearing the lectures. The society supports a room at the Helping Hand Home in Boston, keeping it supplied with all necessary conveniences.

Many prominent ministers have been numbered among the list of lecturers before the institute during the last twenty-five years, showing what progress has been made toward overcoming the old-time prejudice. Dr. Dix, Dr. James Freeman Clark, Dr. Channing, Wendell Phillips, Dr. Edward Kittridge, and many others have lent their knowledge and influence to the society during their lives. Among the women noted for culture and progress who have been heard from its platform figure the names of Lucy Stone, Mary A. Livermore, Dr. Mary S. Blake, Mrs. Charles Woodhouse and Mrs. E. L. Brown. In the earlier days of the society, back in the fifties, are such names as Mrs. Rolfe Mrs. Kittridge, Mrs. S. J. Hale, and many others.

Later-day progress has developed a spirit of co-operation, not only among the society's members, but among other women's clubs, and the institute finds itself approached from various quarters for help and co-operation in the study of subjects for the promotion of knowledge among women.

The institute has established evening



VICE-PRESIDENT SMITH.

meetings for the benefit of teachers and business women. In 1890 a lecture fund was started, to enable the society to secure the finest lecturers when remuneration alone could enable them to do so. A committee has been formed to co-operate with other associations and facilitate work of common interest. A few legacies have been received by the society, enabling it to add to its library and collection of illustrative apparatus and engravings to be used at lectures.

The present officers of the society are: President—Salome Merritt, M. D.; Vice-Presidents—Dora Bascom Smith, Mrs. Ellen R. Rice; Recording Secretary—Miss L. F. Babcock; Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. A. S. Bryant; Treasurer—Mrs. H. E. Emery; Librarian—Mrs. C. A. Eppler.

If you haven't much you can double it by being thankful.