

the faces was to be seen the signs of hopeless discouragement, or grief, or passive misery that would be found in a crowd of a hundred of the poorest women of any American city. The gentleman of long residence in Durango who was the escort to this place of course found a large part of the explanation for this in the fact that they have no realization of the things they lack, and so don't regret them.

"But the chief reason why they do not look miserable," he said, "is that they are not miserable. They are all plump and evidently well fed. They are evidently clean. They are comfortable and sufficiently dressed. They are happy. They do not quarrel. And I am convinced that in many an American city such an institution would be a great blessing for the poorest people, if they would forget their false and foolish pride and accept the opportunity.

And in all of this scene there was no sign of the distress and gross poverty and the sorrows of the poor that I had expected to find. Yet, these were the wives of the poorest peon laborers of the city, men who never make more than 50 cents a day, and who consider that wage an exceptionally good price for their labor.