

Member 1930

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# WARRINGTON HOUSE

Mrs. Lena Hall and Mrs. Maxine St. Clair, representing Warrington House, of New Orleans, were recent visitors to Bunkie in the interest of that organization. The editor of this paper considers it a privilege and an honor to know personally Mr. Warrington, who is at the head of Warrington House, and who has given without stint or favor a sizable personal fortune in assisting men who have suffered adversity and come to that haven for assistance. This institution is conducted just a little bit different from the ordinary run of charitable organizations, in that it provides employment for men who come for assistance, where they are physically able to work, and there is a feeling instilled into them that they are not applying to charity for aid, but are being served by a friend. The register book in Warrington House contains the names of many men and boys whose families are high up in the world, but whom adversity struck and this good man aided them in getting back to home and fireside. Mr. Warrington has passed his four score years, but there is still upon his countenance a friendly smile and in his personality a greeting that is persuasive in its appeal and lasting in memory. Few are the men who have received aid at the threshold of Warrington House, but who returned the money, and sometimes with generous interest. He is a sweet, lovable character, and is making his fight alone in New Orleans, Warrington House not being included in the Community Chest; however, we happen to know that this haven, sitting in the quaint quarters of the old Vieux Carre, is bringing more gladness to hearts of homesick men and women than many of the other so-called charitable institutions that are receiving aid from the Chest. When visiting New Orleans stroll down to 1140 Royal street—Warrington House—tell the gentleman who you are, feel the warmth of his handshake, sit down in old chairs that in the distant past the elite of New Orleans and royalty from France have sat in and sipped their Burgundy, stroll upstairs and see four-poster beds in which statesmen and rich planters have slumbered, look upon the walls and see paintings that, were they put on the market today, would no doubt bring fabulous sums—altogether there are lots of things worth seeing in Warrington House besides all these antiques and iron-grilled doors and windows—and most of all that you will remember will be the twinkle of friendship and love that glisten in this old gentleman's eyes. To our way of thinking, that is religion, by whatever name you may call it, and when the time comes that this lovable character shall cross the Great Divide to that unknown land of which none of us know, we like to think that there will be another Warrington House awaiting him there, and that he shall continue working throughout eternity for the greatest object and love of his life—helping men and women whom Fate has played with adversely, and we sincerely believe that the Supreme Architect will say "well done, thou good and faithful," and that he shall surely sit on the right side of Him who doeth all things well. Whenever you are called upon to help Warrington House—never refuse.