

THORNTON J. HAINS, STORY WRITER, GOES TO "BEACH-COMBING"

Gathers Driftwood and Catches Fish—Magazines Reject His Work and He Gets Threatening Letters.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Thornton Jenkins Hains, writer of stories of adventure before he was thrown into the limelight by the famous trial for the shooting of William E. Austin, which sent his brother, Captain Peter Hains, U. S. A., to jail, but retained in his own account as an accessory, is now making a living by beach-combing and fishing at Port Hamilton, Brooklyn. He complains that he has been made the victim of persecution by persons who write threatening letters to him shortly after the trial, and also sent protests to the magazines against the printing of any more stories from his pen. He tried writing about a non-dramatic, but that was soon detected and more letters of protest were sent to the magazines.

This has led, he says, to all of them refusing to buy any more of his writings and his being obliged to live on the earnings of driftwood and fishing for a living. Hains shows one of the letters written to the editor of a magazine in this city. It was signed "Thomas" but came from Philadelphia and was as follows:

Gentlemen—I see that you have published another story of that same murderer, T. Jenkins Hains. His brother committed the crime, but this man is surely the instigator and should have got 20 years at hard labor for it. If you accept and publish any more stories written by this dirty coward, I will discontinue reading your publications, although I have done so for several years, and will use all my influence to prevent others doing so.

He didn't have the nerve to face the crowd without a revolver, and would not dare to fight. I am in relation to the Anna family, and never saw them, but I am very sorry that I wasn't on the jury. If I am not going to retract any more, Hains said to a visitor who found him fishing from a catboat in the bay, "but I wish they would leave me alone. I am nearly blind, and I can't see anything. I should be permitted to make a living for myself and my children. The gang of beachcombers who frequent the shore have been trying to prevent me from going down to the beach to catch four dozen crabs yesterday, and that is all we had to eat. The magazines are not taking my writing any more, and I have had to give up the English magazines so that I cannot sell them anywhere. So I have to make what I can catching fish."

Hains said he had been forced to apply to a magistrate for permission to carry a gun on account of attacks that had been made upon him by other beachcombers who he was gathering driftwood and on one occasion a razor came to his house and assaulted him. "I have had them in court," he added, "and one of them tried to prevent me from being sentenced, but they are waiting for a chance to frame me up, and if they can frame me up under the Sullivan law because I have this rifle, they will do it."

Hains made a dive into the water and fished out an old-fashioned rifle. He held it up. "It isn't much to shoot with," he said, "and I don't want to shoot at anybody, but if they know I have it maybe they will leave me alone. But if it isn't right for me to have the gun, I'll get rid of it."

DIRECTORS OF POOR HOME HELD LIABLE FOR \$37,500
Forced to Indorse Note Because of County's Low Finances.

CHESTER PA., Sept. 28.—That the finances of Delaware County are at low ebb is shown by the fact that the members of the Board of Directors of the County Poor Home have been required to indorse a note in the sum of \$37,500 in order to meet the current expenses of that institution. The directors of the board are: Clark H. Brown, of Concord, president; Arthur H. Hart, of West Chester, secretary; William H. Jones, of Darby, treasurer.

When the home's funds became exhausted the directors applied to the County commissioners for the necessary funds, but were informed that nothing could be done because the county taxes have not been received. The directors then applied to the court, where it was suggested that they negotiate a note for the needed amount.

The funds of the county have been depleted by the magnificent Court-house at Media, which recently was finished at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Each of the Poor Directors receives a salary of \$4 a month. Although the remuneration is small, they have not received their salaries for several months because of the financial condition of the county. The directors also have found it necessary to curtail expenses by temporarily cutting off outdoor relief.

FAMILY JEWELS GONE
Head of Tobacco Company's Home Robbed by Servant, Police Believe.

IRVINGTON, N. Y., Sept. 28.—Jewelry has been disappearing for weeks from rooms in the home of Percival S. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company.

Investigators yesterday confronted Katherine Hogan, treated landlady for the family. She confessed, she says, that she pawned a few diamonds for \$75, and a \$250 bracelet for \$100, both were recovered. The girl was held in \$100 bail for trial.

MAYOR DONNELLY OFFICIALLY OPENS INTERSTATE FAIR

Peace Program, Horse Racing and Vaudeville in Front of Grandstand Will Feature Week.

TRENTON, Sept. 28.—The Interstate Fair, looked forward to by New Jersey, Pennsylvania and New York because of its agricultural, educational, horticultural, cattle, manufacturing and other great displays, was opened at the Interstate Fair grounds today. Besides vaudeville attractions before the grandstand during fair week there is horse racing in charge of Horace B. Murphy, the well-known racing man. Today is "Children's Day" and hundreds of little ones went early to the exhibition, special attractions being offered them.

Ex-Senator Jonathan Blackwell, president of the fair association; Rudolph V. Kiser, treasurer; Colonel Mahlon H. Margerum, secretary, and other fair officials gathered in the grand stand this morning when the American flag and the fair colors were run up on the flag staff. Mayor Fred W. Donnelly opened the exposition. He said in part:

"In the kaleidoscopic make-up of the Trenton Interstate Fair is a particular feature which inevitably draws from me an unqualified attention. That is the boom it means to agricultural development in this State. On the occasion of the opening of last year's fair, I asserted that the Trenton Interstate Fair is a feature which should receive State aid to make it a greater benefit to the farmers. This I determined to reiterate this year.

"There are numerous features worthy of special commendation, such as the 'Better Babies' contest. This is, indeed, a splendid idea, deserving of unbounded support. Through its realization a better race will be the outcome of the next generation: a race mentally, physically and morally superior.

"I want to refer to the universal peace movement that is to have daily recitations during this year's fair. Notwithstanding the principal countries of the old world—the nations to which we have been taught to look for excellence in art, culture, literature, music and all the finer emotions of life—notwithstanding these nations are now engaged in a devastating conflict—a conflict that will allow a blood spot on the pages of history—the people of the United States have successfully continued to enjoy the privileges of sublime peace. And it must be recognized a self-imposed duty on our part to foster peace. In accordance with this idea symbolic exercises have been arranged for this year's exposition.

"The Trenton Fair is to assume its part in America's great peace propaganda. Doves of peace will be released each day, and the Woodrow Wilson dove, the standard bearer of this nation's fidelity to peace on earth, has been brought to Trenton to stimulate interest in the movement. This is certainly a striking contrast to the distressing conditions in Europe. Peace, happiness, tranquility and good will on the one side; misery, poverty, suffering and death on the other. May we not retain this much-to-be-desired state, but may we be instrumental in restoring peace and prosperity in Europe.

STEFANSSON DIARY TELLS OF HARDSHIPS AND PERILS IN ARCTIC
Year's Wanderings of Canadian Expedition, Until Explorers Reached Flaxman's Island, Alaska, Re-counted.

SAN DIEGO, Sept. 28.—Vivid and fascinating sidelights on the privations and perils of Arctic exploration are contained in a diary of the Stefansson expedition which has been made public here by Miss Mary Ainslie, a friend of Burt McConnell, private secretary to Explorer Viljar Stefansson and meteorologist of the expeditions. This diary gives an account of the wanderings of this Canadian Arctic exploration expedition from the time it left British Columbia in June, 1911, until June 16, of this year. The diary ends with the party at Flaxman's Island, Alaska.

That the loss of the Karluk occurred subsequent to this latter date is indicated by the fact that no mention is made of that mishap. Mention is made of the fact that the Stefansson party followed the trail of Ernest de Koven Leflerwell, the Pasadena explorer, who has since returned from the Arctic and is now on his way home.

The diary indicates that Stefansson, McConnell and a hunting party left the Karluk Sunday, September 21, 1911, while the vessel was stuck in the ice sixteen miles off shore, and because of the breaking up of the ice and bad weather were unable to reach her again.

One of the most striking features of the diary is the off-hand and matter of fact way in which the hardships undergone are disposed of, as: "Leflerwell will us raw frozen fish with rancid wheat oil dressing, raw caribou meat and the tallow, or fat."

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BERNETTA AND FLORENCE, RESCUED BY MCKENTY, WITH THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER IN CENTER

Minister's Home Open to Rescued Girls.

DOORS OF MCKENTY'S OWN HOME ALWAYS OPEN TO SLUM GIRLS

Mission Preacher Gives Best He Has and His Daughter Shares Her Bed With Them.

Just about every newspaper reader knows Bob McKenty, old-time detective, former Director of Public Safety and now the ruling power at the Eastern Penitentiary.

The Tenderloin knows his brother, Thomas W. McKenty, a preacher, in charge of the rescue department of the City Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, much better.

Ask in the Tenderloin, "Do you know McKenty?" and the man with his trousers trayed and his pockets full of holes because they have nothing to carry will reply, "Which one do you mean—the one out at the Eastern Penitentiary or the one at 24 North Elizabeth street?"

On Eighth street is a rescue mission, and many a kiddie has been rescued through it. If rescue means taking a child off the street and giving it a home, the Rev. Thomas McKenty has only a small house. He has a daughter of his own. His wife formerly taught school in Pittsburgh when her home town did not sport that "ch" as a finale.

Just not to slight Mr. McKenty, it is well to say that before he entered the ministry and put frivolous things behind him he was a fireman. That is all done with, but he still carries the widest eyes and the heavy jaws of one of the fellows who does not know when he is whipped.

There are no family names going to be used in this narrative, and, although such of the girls attend a public school, it is not necessary to name the school. Some misguided "kid" might try to try to "kid" one of these little "kiddies" in question.

Alice, and she has a bully fine last name, too, if her father had not drowned it in whiskey glasses, is a foster-daughter of the McKentys. She lived with the McKentys for several years. Her sister Ethel, 14 years old, is still living with McKenty's own daughter, Alice, by the way, is 18 years old.

Alice and Ethel, her sister, lived with their parents in a court in the Tenderloin during their infancy. They were accustomed to see their father come staggering into the house. They were accustomed to see their mother upbraid him



THE REV. DR. THOMAS W. MCKENTY AND HIS WIFE

and get knocked down for talking just the truth, but too much of it. One night the mother crumpled up under the table from grief and lay very still. Ethel thought she was dead. Her father knew better; he had put over a knockout—probably the first in his career. He had never tried it against men in saloons.

Ethel and Alice had been going to McKenty's Mission. To Mr. McKenty and his wife they sped. They had left their mother, as they thought, lifeless. Their father was weeping. The Rev. Mr. McKenty sent the police around to the little house in the court. The mother was sent to the hospital, the father to the House of Correction and the girls went to Mrs. McKenty's home.

One of these days when you, reader, call Main or Walnut seventy-seventh and the exchange girl says, "Please repeat," just be it is Alice. She is making good with a telephone company.

She has not only left the McKenty home, but she has a little house of her own. She has her mother. She has her father occasionally. She expects that he, too, will be a permanent boarder after he finds out how fine three meals a day are compared to 5-cent whisky.

Now for another. Myrtle is 12 years old. Her stepfather was in the habit of twisting her by the chin and saying: "Whose hair are you?" Myrtle did not know the meaning of all this, but she knew the meaning of a knife in her stepfather's hands when her mother was on the floor. Just to show that she was made of the right stuff, whenever her father might be, she stepped between the blow and her mother. Her hand was gashed.

At the hospital while her hand was being dressed, Mr. McKenty met her. She swung hands with him and his wife. "There are many other girls who have sat at the McKentys' small dinner table and who were later found homes. Some just mentioned still board with the Mc-

SPOTLIGHTS PLAY ON DROWNING GIRL AS CROWDS GASP

Thrilling Scene on Riverside Drive, N. Y., When Heroic Attempt Is Made to Rescue Unfortunate Girl.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Like spotlights from the wings of a stage, powerful searchlights played from two steamboats last night upon a struggling speck in the Hudson River off 130th street. Thrilled spectators on the Riverside Drive viaduct followed the spotlights and saw a young woman fighting for her life.

The audience saw the outline of the hero, John Condon, of 832 West 135th street, dive into the swirling tide, saw him grasp at the girl and catch a fragment of her dress. Then they saw the tide carry her away. As she sank Condon went down for her like a submarine and searchlights swept the river nervously until they found Condon again, as he rose with one hand holding to the young woman's hair. But the tide cuts in strong about the pierhead there, and Condon lost his hold as the girl was carried out and then down, the spotlights vividly displaying her last struggle while the audience quivered.

Miss Dese Armstrong, of 459 West 57th street, and William B. Clat, a salesman, of 105 West 183d street, went for a canoe ride late in the afternoon. She and Condon were engaged to be married. He and Archer Armstrong, her brother, were classmates at Yale.

While trying to get into the slip at 130th street pier the canoe was overturned by the current and their cries quickly attracted the crowd.

Hundreds of automobiles stopped on the Riverside Drive viaduct, while the Recreation and other piers soon filled. A big river steamboat trained its searchlight on the water, while its passengers lined the rails. Another steamboat at the pier added its searchlight to the other.

Mr. Clat tried to reach Miss Armstrong, but failed because the current carried her out so swiftly. But he was still in the water when she went down, and he and Condon were pulled out with ropes.

When Mr. Clat called for Miss Armstrong yesterday, she said she was afraid to go canoeing, as she had some indescribable fear that something would happen.

Mrs. Armstrong, her mother, retired early last night and she was dreaming that she saw her daughter in the water and struggling to reach a boat, she said, when the door bell rang. This awakened her and she found a policeman to tell her that her daughter was drowned.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC SOCIETIES CONVENE IN ANNUAL SESSION

Representatives of Church Bodies Throughout Country in Attendance—Prelate Denounces Outrages.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 28.—The thirtieth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was opened here today. Representatives from all the Catholic organizations throughout the United States are in attendance.

The religious ceremonies were begun yesterday with a solemn high mass. In a sermon preached by Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of Toledo, O., Secretary of the United States, he denounced for his alleged failure to prevent or stop persecution of Catholics in Mexico.

Cardinal Gibbons, in greeting the delegates, said he was impressed by Bishop Schrembs' sermon, and that he approved the sentiments expressed by the Bishop. "In Mexico," Bishop Schrembs said, "thousands of Catholics, men and women, are being outraged in their most sacred religious convictions. Churches have been closed and desecrated, priests and Bishops robbed of their possessions and in many instances murdered."

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Unusual styles for women who would express their individuality in dress. Suits developed from covert cloth, gabardine, broadcloth, bayadere cloth and velour de laine.

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A collection of unusual styles which express every trend of the mode for the younger set. Sizes 14 to 18.

SPECIAL VALUES TOMORROW

Women's Lace and Chiffon and Fur Trimmed Blouses

Lace over Flesh Chiffon, high Charmeuse Collar closing at throat with broad Ribbon: 5.50
Chiffon Blouses in all the newest shades: 8.50
Fur trimmed Chiffon Blouses in Navy, Flesh Pink, White and Tete de Negre: 13.50

Women's "Trotteur" Frocks

Women's "Trotteur" Frocks: 17.50, 39.50, 59.50
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Simple tailored effects for the well dressed woman, in all serge or compose models of serge-and-satin. Many have the new garniture of Byzantine beading.

Women's Charmeuse Dresses

Women's Charmeuse Dresses: 22.50, 39.50, 59.50
Coats: 49.50, 75.00, 95.00

A variety of styles adopted from the best models that have arrived from Paris this season.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT

Women's French Hats and Reproductions

18.00 to 100.00
Paris chapeaux from the leading modistes and equally interesting adaptations and originations from the Bonwit Teller millinery workrooms.

SPECIAL FOR TUESDAY

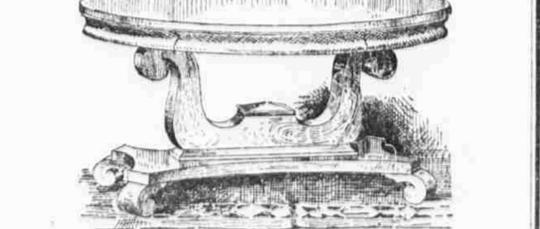
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Royal Wilton Rugs: Perfect goods in this season's choicest designs. Reg. \$77 11.3x15 \$56.50; Reg. \$45 9x12 31.50; Reg. \$1.50 8.3x10.6 30.00
10-Wire Tap, Brussels Rugs: \$26.00 11.3x12 \$18.75; 20.00 9x12 14.85; 18.00 8.3x10.6 12.50
\$35.00 Seamless Wilton Rugs: 9x12, \$22.75
CARPETS: \$2.00-\$1.75 Bigelow Axmin \$1.15; 1.75 Wilton Velvet 1.15; 1.00 Tapestry 65c; 1.15 Wool Velvet 90c
CERTAINS AND DRAPERIES: Splendid values in made-to-order Velour, Furlined, Mercerized Cotton; Wood Silk; Kapook Silk; Sun-fast and Lace Curtains. WINDOW SHADES: made-to-order and stock, at very low prices. Send for estimate.

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