

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 that gave him considerable celebrity before he was thrown into the limelight by the famous trial for the shooting of William E. Annis, which sent his brother, Captain Peter Hains, U. S. A., to jail, but resulted in his own acquittal as an accessory, is now making a living by beach-combing and fishing at Fort 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 ended, and also sent protests to the magazines against the printing of any more stories from his pen. He tried writing under a nom de plume, he says, but that was soon detected and more letters of protest were sent to the magazines.

This has led, he says, to a refusal to buy any more of his writings and his being reduced to the gathering 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 Duff," came from Philadelphia and was as follows:

Gentlemen—I see that you have published another story of that near-murderer, Thornton Jenkins Hains. His brother committed the crime, but this man is surely the instigator, and should have got 20 years at hard labor. I will not accept and publish any more stories written by this dirty coward. I will discontinue reading your publications, although I have done so in the past. I am, however, well known in this city, 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 no relation to the Annis family, and never saw them, but I am very sorry that I was in the city. I am not going to retract under duress. Hains said to a visitor who found him fishing from a boat in the bay, "But I wish they would leave me alone. I am nearly 30 years old now, and I think 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 this. I have had to harden my heart. I caught four dozen crabs yesterday, and that is all we had to eat. The magazines are not taking my writings, and this way has tied up the English magazines so that I cannot sell them anywhere. So I have to make what I can catching fish. Hains said he has 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 gang came to his house and assaulted him. "I have had them in court," he added, "and one of them was placed under suspended sentence, but they are waiting for a chance to frame me up, and if they can frame me up under the Michigan act, 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 they will leave me alone. I will get it 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 Baldwin, of Concord, president; Arthur Martin, of this city, secretary; William H. Jones, of Darby, treasurer.

When the home's funds became exhausted several weeks ago the directors appealed 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 appealed 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 courthouse at Media, which recently was finished at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars. Each of the Poor Directors receives a salary of \$50 a month. Although the remuneration is nominal, they have not received their salaries for several months because of the stringent 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.—Jeanette has been disappearing for weeks from rooms in the home of Fernald S. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company. Detectives yesterday confronted Katherine Hoan, trusted handmaid for the family. She confessed, so they say, that she pawned a \$50 diamond ring for \$25, and a \$700 brooch for \$100. Both were recovered. The girl was held in \$1000 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.

Excursionist Jonathan Blackwell, president of the fair association; Rudolph V. Kiser, treasurer; Colonel Malton 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 Fair there is one particular feature which invariably draws from me an unqualified endorsement. That is the interest in agricultural development in this State. On the occasion of the opening of last year's fair, I asserted that the Trenton Interstate Fair is entitled and should receive State aid to make a greater benefit to the farmers. This I determinedly reiterate this year.

"There are numerous features worthy of special commendation, such as the 'Better Habits' 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 recognition during this year's fair. Notwithstanding the principal counties 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—now engaged in a devastating conflict—a conflict that will always be a blot upon the history of nations—the people of the United States have successfully continued to enjoy the privileges of sublime peace. And it must be considered 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 policy to bring a blood spot on the map, will be brought to Trenton to stimulate interest in the movement. This is certainly a striking contrast to the distasteful 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-cherished peace, 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, Recounted.

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 Alsted, a friend of Bart McConeil, private secretary to Explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson and meteorologist of the expedition. This diary gives an account of the wanderings of this Canadian Arctic expedition from the time it left British Columbia in June, 1913, until June 18, of this year. The diary ends with the party at Flaxman's Island, Alaska.

That the loss of the Karik occurred subsequent to the landing and departure of the Stefansson party is indicated by the fact that no mention is made of that mishap. Mention is made of the fact that the Stefansson party crossed the trail of Ernest E. Royen Lefringwell, the Pasadena explorer, who has since returned from the Arctic and is now on his way home.

The diary indicates that Stefansson, McConeil and a hunting party left the Karik Sunday, September 21, 1913, while the vessel was stuck in the ice sixteen miles off shore. The diary also because of the blowing up of the ice and bad weather were unable to reach her again.

One of the most striking features of the diary is the oft-mentioned and much-discussed fact that the hardships undergone are disposed of as follows: "Kamik fed us raw frozen fish with rancid wheat oil dressing, raw caribou meat and the tallow, or fat."



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

Minister's Home Open to Rescued Girls.

DOORS OF M'KENY'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 strayed 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 Pen or the one at 24 North Eighth 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 support that "ch" as a finale.

Just not to slight Mr. McKenty, it is well to say that before he entered the "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-cherished peace, but may we be instrumental in restoring peace and prosperity in Europe.

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

Alice, and she has a bully fine last name, too, if her father had not drowned it in whisky glasses, is a foster-daughter of the McKentys. She lived with the McKentys for several years. Her sister Ethel, 11 years old, is still living with McKenty's own daughter, Alice, by the way, is 12 years old. Her mother, Mrs. 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 stagging into the house. They were accustomed to see their mother upbraid him.

and get knocked down for talking just the truth, but too much of it. One night the mother crumpled up under the table from a blow 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. Their father was ravine. 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 into Mrs. McKenty's home.

One of these days when you, reader, call Main or Walnut seventy-seventy-up and the exchange girl says, "Please repeat" just bet 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 second whisky.

Now for another. Myrtle is 12 years old. Her stepfather was in the habit of twisting her by the chin and saying, "Whose brat 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, whoever 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 went home 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 McKentys.



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

and do nothing but study their lessons. That is strong, for all of them are now making Christmas presents for their parents or their best friends; but, of course, the best friends include the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McKenty.

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 532 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 pierheads 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 469 West 87th street, and William B. Archer, a salesman of 105 West 133d street, went for a canoe ride late in the afternoon. She and Mr. Archer were engaged to be married. He and Archer Armstrong, her brother, were classmates at Yale.

While trying to get into the slip at 120th 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 raised 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 indecipherable 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 State Bryan was 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."

BELLAK'S CLEARING SALE

Player-Pianos \$250 Upwards Bellak's 1129 Chestnut Street

BONWIT TELLER & CO.

The Specially Shop of Originations CHESTNUT AT 13th STREET Unusual and Individual Styles in

Women's & Misses' "Tailleur" Suits

Wraps, Dresses, Frocks, Blouses & Millinery

Table with columns for Women's "Tailleur" Suits (29.50, 39.50, 45.00), Silk Chiffon Velvet Suits (98.50, 225.00), Misses' "Tailleur" Suits (29.50, 39.50, 59.50), and Junior Misses' School Suits (19.50, 22.50, 29.50).

Unusual styles for women who would express their individuality in dress. Suits developed from covert cloth, gabardine, broadcloth, bayadere cloth and velour de laine. Costumes elegantes in compose effects of velvet and Chantilly lace, all velvet and velvet with fur in beautiful new shadings. Girlish, youthful models, featuring long and short coat types in suitable fabrics. Some trimmed with velvet or duvetyne. In black, navy blue and the new colorings. Sizes 13 to 17.

SPECIAL VALUES TOMORROW

Table for Women's Lace and Chiffon and Fur Trimmed Blouses with prices 5.50, 8.50, 13.50.

Women's "Trotteur" Frocks

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.

Table with columns for Women's "Trotteur" Frocks (17.50, 39.50, 59.50), Women's Plaid Plush Coats (29.50, 35.00, 42.50), Women's Charmeuse Dresses (22.50, 39.50, 59.50), and Women's "Broadtail" Cloth Coats (49.50, 75.00, 95.00).

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 Women's Trotteur Hats 10.00

Advertisement for Ardmore Park, featuring a large house and text describing its location and amenities. Includes the name Wood, Harmon & Co. and address 1437 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Advertisement for J. B. Van Sciver Co. featuring 'The Matchless Values' and 'Floor Covering Specials'. Includes a photograph of a library table and lists various rug and carpet prices.

Large advertisement for Bonwit Teller & Co. featuring various clothing items like suits, dresses, and blouses, along with millinery and a clearing sale.