FINANCIAL RECOMPENSE AS A FEMININE HEART BALM

He Who Loves and Runs Away May Have the Unhappy Experience of Paying for His Folly

By ELLEN ADAIR

AN INTERESTING case has recently arisen in the courts, wherein a disappointed maiden brings suit against a recalcitrant lover to the tune of $1000 and wins out, too—unfortunately for the fickle suitor! The point of the matter is that the latter is under 21 years of age, and the Judge hesitated long in deciding whether or not he was morally responsible for the promises made—and broken.

* * *

The plaintiff put in her claim on the grounds of expenses of trousseau and time expended on the same, and furthermore demanded that she must receive compensation for the humiliation she had suffered through loverly defalcation!

* * *

Of course we all have heard that old tale before—when the once gallant knight kisses and then rides away, his lady love is naturally humiliated. But why she should add to that unfortunate sensation of shame in airing her grievances publicly in the law courts is a mystery! We are all willing to believe that in the first instance she is humiliated. It isn't at all flattering to be calmly told that one's charms are not sufficient for the holding of what once was masculine adulation. But to take the public into one's confidence in the matter and to demand financial compensation is simply to drag one's pride deeper through the mire.

* * *

It is surprising to note how many girls, who outwardly appear as gentle and as meek as lambs, will suddenly change their gentle little bleat to a much louder and more querulous cry if their lovers show signs of slipping! The man who falls in love—pro tem.—with fluffy-headed little Dolly Brown gets a sad awakening at such period when he tries tactfully to back out of the affair, and finds that Dolly has an overdeveloped sense of the legal in the matter. For such an apparently foolish little creature, she shows an extraordinary acquaintance with the law and the turnings and twistings thereof. She shows her quondam lover a disconcerting familiarity with previous "suits," "contracts" and "necessities," a fact that might have filled him with admiration had such genius been applied to any one else save himself.

* * *

It is scarcely edifying—this daily recording in the papers of maidens all forlorn, whose wits are yet so far from forlorn that they grasp the first chance to bring suit against a swain, the flower of whose affection is decidedly on the wane.

One certainly would have thought that these girls would have shunned the publicity of the courts. I am amazed at the calm way in which letters of the most intimate character are boldly produced, gloated over and given every variety and species of publicity—and this on the part of the woman.

* * *

It is a noteworthy feature that men seldom or never bring suit against a woman for breach of promise of marriage. The cynical would offer the solution that the men are only too pleased at getting their "congé" to say one word in dispute of the ruling! But this cannot always be the case.

The truth of the matter is that mankind "en masse" hates to be made to look like a fool. The publishing of love letters, written by him or to him—it matters not—silky sweetnesses and intimate matters of an amorous nature will fill a man's heart with a rage and a humiliation which knows no bounds.

The effect of the same upon a woman, however, is very, very different. Publicity given to her love affairs too often fills her with a peace and a joy and an exceeding great complacency which nothing else can afford. Although she has frequently been termed the weaker vessel, she shows no weakness in facing such a "contretemps." More, she thoroughly enjoys it.

* * *

I heard of a meek-looking little soul who sued a man for $50,000. He had promised to marry her—and then thought better of it! Having met the lady, one couldn't really blame him.

However, the determined little woman saw to it that every scrap of correspondence that had ever passed between them got into all the papers. The man was overwhelmed with humiliation. Not that his letters were ridiculous. The humiliation should by rights have fallen on the other party. Her letters were the joke of the country.

"You must be feeling dreadful, my dear!" said a sympathetic woman friend to her, after the publication of one particularly impossible effusion, penned by her own fair hand.

"I'm having the time of my life!" said the plaintiff, unabashed. "It gives one so much prestige to get into the papers, you know!"

A DEBUTANTE'S WRAP OF WATERFALL BLUE VELVET

THE truly successful debutante wrap is blue this season. Rose has had its vogue all summer and on the early fall models, but this is decidedly a blue season, according to the openings. Midnight blue velvet is designed for the matron—evening wraps, cloaks and wonderful evening gowns are shown in this charming and most becoming of colors. Ciel and nattier blues are shown for the younger miss. I noticed particularly how much blue velvet was worn. Every Paris model or group of models included a blue velvet frock for the debutante, simply trimmed, with tulle bodice or draperies of chantilly lace.

A recent fashion show in which the New York shops were well represented was famous for its made-in-America styles. A decidedly stunning evening wrap on rather odd lines was seen, and is reproduced in today's fashion cut. The color is a wonderful clear blue, called "waterfall," and the material is a silk corded velvet.

The lines of this little wrap are worth notice. The upper part of the cloak is full, being gathered into full puffs at the armholes and terminating in a long silk tassel at each side. A narrow peplum of the velvet is noticeable at the front, giving a delightfully youthful look to the creation. The very wide collar and deep cuffs are made of fox fur, dyed a lovely shade of cream, almost tan.

The skirt part of the cloak is full also, although not half so much so as the top. It hangs rather irregularly, with a decided dip at the back, finished off with a narrow hem.

LOVELY EVENING WRAP

Hints From Paris

Children look delightfully old-fashioned in their little fluffy-ruffled skirts and puffed sleeves that are now the fashion. While some of the skirts in these little fancy frocks—for they are nearly always cut this way for party and dress-up clothes—are straight gored gathered together, one also sometimes sees the absurdly short skirts cut circular and gathered a bit besides at the waist. This gives a ballet-dancer-like ruffle standing out stiffly about the little child's figure that is very fetching.

Short, puffed sleeves go well with this type of dress. Tiny ruffles add daintiness, and these little frills are either picot edged or hemmed by hand. As little machine work and as much hand work as possible is the rule for these summer frocks.

Fine French embroidery—and the more it is padded the better—is an additional elegance to these little dancing or afternoon styles.

SANTA CLAUS GIRL BEGINS CHRISTMAS WORK

Miss Wilson Now Asks for Dolls for Poor Little Ones

The Santa Claus Girl has started to prepare for Christmas. Miss Olive May Wilson, formerly of Jenkintown, but now at Morris and Hansberry streets, Germantown, has sent out her first appeal for inexpensive dolls to be distributed to the little ones of the poor throughout this city and elsewhere.

Miss Wilson started her work of cheering children who otherwise might be neglected three years ago. The beginning was extremely modest. She put into the work what she could spare of her own pennies and the small contributions of her friends.

Last year more than 17,000 presents were distributed by Miss Wilson. The fame of her work had spread all over the country. Manufacturers of toys, hearing of it, shipped great cases of playthings to her. She packed them into separate bundles and sent them off.

The flood of requests for presents this year already has started, according to Miss Wilson. Every day her mail is becoming heavier. She is trying to keep pace with the requests every day, but it is a difficult task and unless the public comes to her aid hundreds of children will be disappointed.

Many noted men have voiced their approval of Miss Wilson's work, and have contributed to it. The need is more urgent this year than ever, the Santa Claus girl says, because the war has halted the importation of the cheaper toys and so the funds that will be at her disposal will not purchase as much as they did last year.

MISS OLIVE RAY HALDEMAN

CITY MORE LIBERAL EMPLOYER THAN THE BUSINESS MAN HERE

Miss Olive Ray Haldeman, Only Woman Worker in Bureau of Municipal Research, Talks About Investigation

TELLS OF SCRUB WOMEN

"The Bureau of Municipal Research is comparing the salaries paid by the city to its employes with the salaries paid for similar work by private concerns, and it finds that the city is a more liberal employer than the business man." This statement was made by Miss Olive Ray Haldeman, the only woman employe of the bureau.

"Take the scrubwomen employed in City Hall," Miss Haldeman continued. "These women work from 6 o'clock to 8:30 every morning, and on Saturday afternoons, and their earnings range from $250 to $540 a year. In the building in which the Bureau of Municipal Research is situated the women work from 6 to 8 o'clock both afternoons and evenings, and get $22 a month; that is $264 a year. Compare the varying salaries. They work twice as long as the women in City Hall and get just about half as much pay.

Miss Haldeman was asked to compare the salary of City Solicitor Ryan with that of a counsel of a private corporation.

"The salaries of the heads of the departments are not being surveyed," she explained. "Our work is merely in the first stage. First we submit a descriptive statement for the approval of the group with which we are co-operating. After correction, if desired, we prepare a critical statement, and the last report is one of constructive suggestion. The standardization work is only in the descriptive stage.

"The women at City Hall may be separated into three groups. Mrs. Jane Decker Rippon and Miss Neva Deardoff are in the first class, the second includes clerical workers, and the third scrubwomen. Mrs. Rippon, as supervisor of probation officers of the Domestic Relations Division of the Municipal Court, receives a salary of $2500. Miss Deardoff, as head of the division of Vital Statistics, gets $1750 a year. The salaries of the clerks vary from $900 to $1500. The best positions are held by men. The lowest-paid employes are the scrubwomen.

"Sometimes our recommendations are followed. If it is a matter of office procedure our advice may be taken when little red tape is involved. But where money is necessary to bring about the change and it is up to Councils to make appropriations, things move slowly.

"Of course, I understand why any person in the city's service is paid better than an individual in private employ. City employes are compensated for the uncertainty of their positions. The next administration may bring a new staff, and out the present employes must go."

"Do you find Philadelphia still "corrupt and contented"? Miss Haldeman was asked.

"Well, rather contented, to say the least," she replied.

GOVERNOR PAYS TRIBUTE TO JUSTICE ELKIN

Lauds Dead Jurist as One of Ablest of State's Public Men

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Oct. 6.—Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh upon arriving here at noon issued a formal statement upon the death of Justice John P. Elkin. The Governor said it would be impossible for him to attend the funeral of the Justice. The statement follows:

"The Governor greatly regrets that his plans, long ago announced, will keep him from attending the funeral of Justice Elkin today. The tour upon which the Governor has with him 90 guests carries him for four more days through the State. Extensive arrangements planned all along the line compel him to continue his tour.

"The death of Justice Elkin is a distinct loss to the Commonwealth. His long and honorable public service endeared him to thousands, and he was justly held to be one of the ablest and one of the most lovable of our great men, splendid in intellect, honest in purpose, clear in vision, warm of heart, zealous to help in all good. He was indeed a worthy son of Pennsylvania; he loved her much and served her well. His influence we shall cherish, his example we may well try to emulate.

"MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH."

The tourists arrived here from Pittsburgh at 1 o'clock. All along the route the Governor was cordially received. At New Alexandria and at Blairsville public receptions were held in his honor.

AUTOISTS TO BE CURBED

Mayor and Police, Noting Increasing Number of Accidents, Prepare New Rules

Reckless driving of automobiles in the central section of the city, endangering the lives of pedestrians, is to be prevented by a new set of police traffic regulations. This was decided upon today after a Cabinet meeting in the office of Mayor Blankenburg. At the meeting it was shown that an increasing number of accidents indicate necessity for new rules. A conference was held by Director of Public Safety Dripps and Superintendent of Police Robinson after the Cabinet meeting and the new orders were discussed.

ONE VICTIM OF EXPLOSION ON WARSHIP DIES OF BURNS

Fireman Succumbs to Injuries Sustained on Torpedoboat Destroyer

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 6. — George Trugilio, who was severely burned in an explosion of oil on the torpedoboat destroyer Cummings yesterday, died this afternoon in the [illegible] hospital.

THE DAILY STORY

Forty Winks

Delphine Brewster was locked out of her little apartment at 12 o'clock midnight. She did not know a family whom she could call upon for a night's hospitality, and she knew that the hotels would object to taking in an unknown young woman who had no luggage.

"Well—it's here!" She emitted a sigh that trembled its way out. "I've always wanted adventure and now that it's staring me in the face I'm afraid of it. What—what shall I do?"

She descended the stone steps leading from the house in which she had a miniature home. Delphine worked on a morning newspaper, and her work kept her away from home until late. Tonight she had absent-mindedly left her key inside the apartment, and did not realize that she had done it until now.

At daylight she could get a locksmith to open the door for her, but it was nearly six hours until she could expect to approach such a convenience. The spring night air was chilly and Delphine did not entertain with much joy the prospect of walking about the streets all night.

"If I had a laprobe I could make myself comfortable in a park, but I should freeze myself into pneumonia without one," she considered as she passed one of the neat but now lonely squares of the neighborhood.

Whenever she saw any one approaching she immediately began to walk briskly as if with a purpose, and kept up this gait until the passerby was well out of earshot.

At 4 o'clock she felt as if she could walk no longer, and in spite of the fear of cold she sat down on a bench in Franklin Square. Not another soul was in sight. She almost wished it were one of the big New York parks, where she would at least have the society of other vagrants.

"Vagrants?" she breathed—and she could see her breath on the chill morning air. It looked like a vaporous cloud, and amused her for a moment. "I never expected to be a vagrant. Why—I might even be arrested," she admitted with trepidation. "Then I'd lose my precious position and my career would be gone. Father would never let me go away from home again if he knew of this."

In the midst of these soliloquies she saw an automobile dash around the corner of the square and stop before a house on the opposite side of the square and in which she had already noticed many lights.

Delphine noticed that a young woman jumped out first and ran up the steps to the house. The man stopped to throw a robe carefully over the engine of the car, and she judged from this act that he intended to be gone for some time. She also observed, as he passed under the new illuminated archway of the door, that he carried a bag.

"It must be a doctor—and there is illness," Delphine decided.

She was nearly stiff with cold by now and began to walk again. She crossed the small square and passed the house in front of which the automobile stood. She stopped for a moment and looked into the warm, cozy-looking car—it was the first time an ordinary runabout had looked attractive to her; but now she felt as if it would be a veritable heaven to snuggle down in the leather corner inside and wrap the remaining robe about her.

"Why not?" she asked herself suddenly, stealing a quick glance at the house. "I'm sure he is a doctor and I would be gone by the time he returned. Passers-by would think me only some one waiting for the owner to return. I—I can't resist it!" she almost whispered, she was so cold and miserable.

At last Delphine slept; she slept in a strange automobile on a city street at 4:30 o'clock in the morning. She had been too utterly weary to resist the call of sleep.

When she awoke an hour and a half later it was to look into the anxious eyes of Dr. Baldwin Gray. He was bending over her. She was not sure that he had not shaken her; she recalled having been dreaming that some one was trying to awaken her.

"Oh!" she said, sitting erect. She took in long draughts of fresh morning air and rubbed her eyes.

"You—slept," said the man.

Delphine nooded. Then she looked closely at him. "Why it's Dr. Gray," she cried. "How—how strange!"

"My situation or yours?" the doctor asked, laughing.

"All of it. I—I was tired walking around and I was so cold I crept in here and took forty winks, doctor," explained Delphine.

"Remember you have the advantage over me in that you know my name. You did not give me your name the first and only time I saw you—when you came to my office to have a finger treated."

"I'm Delphine Brewster," explained the girl. "And I'll be getting out. Wasn't some one with you when you drove up?" she asked, looking about.

"A nurse—she's inside. A new baby happened to arrive while we were there, and the nurse has remained to take care of it," the doctor told Delphine.

"What a night!" said Delphine, half to herself.

After that, the doctor asked for explanations and received them in full while he drove Delphine to a locksmith and helped her to get into her apartment.

"Can I ever repay you, Dr. Gray," she asked as she stood in the now open door.

"You'll repay me if you will let me know you, Miss Brewster. I'll ask my mother to call on you since you are alone," the doctor said, seriously.

"And you'll come with her?" the girl asked, naively.

Doctor Gray laughingly nodded. "More often than you'll want me to come—I'll come."

But it proved to be not too often to please Delphine. She had had her adventure and her romance was beginning.

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EPISCOPAL WOMEN HEAR GOOD MISSION REPORTS

Officers of Harrisburg Diocese Tell of Increasing Results

SUNBURY, Pa., Oct. 6.—Progress in all kinds of mission work was the keynote of the reports from churches in the Diocese of Harrisburg of the Episcopal Church at the 11th annual meeting of the Harrisburg Branch of the Women's Auxiliary of the Board of Missions, which opened a two-days' convention here today. The Rev. G. A. Brown, of St. John's Church, Lancaster, opened the meeting with a "quiet hour" service. At the business sitting the missionary societies reported increased funds for home and foreign missions and a gain in the membership of the organization in the district.

Miss Julia Emery, of New York city, secretary of the General Board of Missions of the United States, made an address on "Missions" and Miss Elsie Shaeffer, of Harrisburg, diocesan secretary of educational work, conducted an oral class for mission study work. The Right Rev. James Henry Darlington, Bishop of the diocese, will speak tonight. More than 200 women, prominent in the church throughout the diocese, are attending.

J. T. WINTER NAMED BROTHERHOOD HEAD

Harrisburg Man Elected President of Lutheran Organization at Convention

J. T. Winter, of Harrisburg, was elected president of the Lutheran Brotherhood at the second session of the convention of the East Pennsylvania Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in the Temple Lutheran Church, 52d and Race streets, today. H. Mumma, of Lebanon, was elected secretary, and E. A. Horner, of Harrisburg, treasurer.

S. D. Daugherty, superintendent of the city mission of the synod, made an address. He said six new missions had been opened during the year, with a total Surday school attendance of more than 1000.

The 75th annual meeting of the Synod will be held next year in the Messiah Lutheran Church, 16th and Jefferson streets, of which the Rev. Daniel E. Weigle is pastor. It was decided to compile and publish a complete history of the synod as a souvenir for the convention.

The Rev. Dr. J. A. Fingmaster, president of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, at Gettysburg, and chairman of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, addressed the delegates at this afternoon's session on the need of more young men for the ministry. He pointed out that 25 of the students at the seminary were being educated at the expense of the Eastern Synod. After the general discussion which followed his address, the ministers decided to canvass their congregations for available material.

The examining committee also made its report and recommended the ordination of two young men, the licensing of six and the relicensing of two. The ordination services will be conducted tonight by the Rev. Fuller Bergstresser, of Middletown, Pa.

Those to be ordained are the Rev. John G. Fleck, of Rieglesville, and the Rev. Robert G. Fritsch. Licenses will be granted to John Wesley Wolf, of Maytown; Robert P. Fortenbaugh, of Harrisburg; Jacob R. Nicholas, of Eastern; William H. Roth, of Philadelphia; John B. Rupley, of Overland, Pa., and Charles M. Coffelt, of Roanoke, Va. The Rev. George L. Kieffer, of New York, and the Rev. F. G. Hallberg of Roasana, Argentine, will be relicensed to preach.

SUFFRAGE LIBERTY BELL HONORED IN YORK COUNTY

Enthusiastic Reception Given to "Votes for Women" Advocates

YORK, Pa., Oct. 6.—The Suffrage "Liberty Bell" was given an enthusiastic reception at Spring Grove and other places in this county today. Brief addresses were made on the tour by Miss Mary E. Bakewell, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Myron T. Verse, of Ohio, and local leaders of the movement.

An elaborate welcome will be given the bell here tonight. A parade will be held in connection with its removal from the Central School Building to the front of the courthouse, where a big meeting will be conducted. The escort will consist of 18 young men and women, preceded by two young men bearing a large American flag. The bell will be on exhibition at the suffrage tent at the County Fair tomorrow.

COP SHOOTS A STRIKER

Trouble at Diamond State Fibre Company's Plant at Norristown

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 6.—When a crowd of strikers attacked Policeman Hoffman at the Diamond State Fibre Company's plant, in Bridgeport, today, the cop shot Rudolph Leib, 22 years old, in the leg.

The rest of the strikers then dispersed and Leib was taken to the hospital.

Little Benny's Note Book

Mary Watkins went away to the kuntry last weak, wich she is still thare, Mary Watkins beeing the prittiest gerl in our nayberhood and mabe in the sity, and yestidday I got a postal card frum her, beeing a pickture of sum wattir with a lot of swans swimming erround awn top of it with Peaboddy Lake printed undirneeth, wat was ritten awn the postal card beeing, Deer Benny, this is a luvly plase, I wish you were heer, Mary Watkins. And wat was awn the bottum of the postal card but a big X, meening a kiss.

G wizz, Im her fello awl rite, or she woodent be sending me a kiss, I thawt.

And wen Puds Simkins caim erround I showed him the postal card and he looked at it, and I sed, I gess you see wat she put awn the bottum of it, dont you.

Well, wat of it, look at heer if you wunt to see sumthing, sed Puds. And wat did he pull out of his pocket but a postal card frum Mary Watkins having the saim pickture of the saim wattir with the saim swans awn it and saying Deer Puds, this is a luvly plase, I wish you were heer, Mary Watkins. Ony insted of beeing jest a X awn the bottum thare was 2 of them, X X.

I gess you see wat she put awn the bottum of mine, dont you, sed Puds. Wich jest then Sid Hunt caim up, and I put my postal card in my pocket, not thinking it was so grate as wat I did befoar I saw Pudses.

Helo, Sid, look what I got frum Mary Watkins, sed Puds.

And he showed Sid Hunt his postal card, saying, Dont forget to look at the bottum of it.

O well, wat of it, sed Sid. And he took a postal card out of his pocket and showed to us, and wat was it but the saim pickture saying, Deer Sid, this is a luvly plase, I wish you were heer, Mary Watkins. And wat was awn the bottum of it but 3 kisses, X X X.

I bet you put wun of them awn yureself to make it look like moar, sed Puds. And he put his own postal card in his pocket as if he dident think it was so grate as wat he did befoar he saw Sid Hunts, and I dont no weather Sid Hunt met anyboddy with 4 kisses awn a postal card frum Mary Watkins or not, but I woodent be surprised if he did.

Daughters of Confederacy Meet

WARRENSBURG, Mo., Oct. 6.—The annual three-day convention of Missouri Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, began here today, with two presidential tickets in the field. Mrs. Thomas Wood Parry, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Charles Breckenridge Faris, of Jefferson City, wife of a Supreme Court Justice, are the rival candidates.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL TO WAGE $500,000 FUND CAMPAIGN

Leader of Institution Will Try to Raise Amount for New Building

The board of managers of the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia will hold a luncheon at the Hotel Adelphia today to complete plans for the $500,000 building fund campaign which is to be waged this month. Edward B. Sayres, president of the board, will preside at the luncheon.

A half million dollars is needed to complete the group of buildings now being constructed at 18th and Bainbridge streets, and a 18-day campaign will be held to raise this amount. The Ladies' Visiting Committee of the hospital will aid in the campaign, and yesterday held a meeting to discuss their part in it. Miss Florence F. Caldwell presided at the meeting. The Ladies' Visiting Committee will be represented at the luncheon.

The members of the board who are expected to be present at the luncheon are John Cadwalader, Jr., secretary; William White, treasurer; Dr. Williams B. Cadwalader, Wilson Catherwood, Eckley B. Coxe, Jr., Edward C. Dale, Albert P. Gerhard, Arthur H. Lea, Dr. Robert G. Le Conte, J. Rutherford McAllister, John O. Platt, Benjamin Rush, Wharton Sinkler and Robert Toland.

CHILDHOOD FRIENDS TO WED

Gilbert E. Gable to Marry Miss Hazel Detwiller

When Gilbert E. Gable, who is now connected with the Bell Telephone Company, was 10 years old he made the acquaintance of a little girl who came with her parents to spend the summer in Shamokin, where he then lived. This acquaintance led to a wedding, which will be performed next Monday in Holy Trinity Church.

The little girl was Hazel Detwiller, who lives at 402 Baring street. It is all the result of that one summer in the country, when the two children wandered about in the fields. The Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins will perform the ceremony, after which a wedding breakfast will be served in the Gold Room at the Bellevue Stratford. Moving pictures of the ceremony will be taken.

The romance of Mr. Gable and Miss Detwiller has made history for the little town of Paxinos, near Shamokin. Ten years after the first meeting Gable received word that Miss Detwiller was there and he boarded a train that they might meet again near the scene of their first meeting. Due to his ardor he boarded the "Cannon Ball" express on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which did not stop at Paxinos, the girl's place of residence. A railroad official who learned of the young man's disappointment when the latter found the train did not stop there, ordered a special halt to be made. It is said that this is the only time that the train has ever stopped at Paxinos, and it was quite an event in the life of the little village.

Ohio Society Elects Officers

Dr. John W. West is the new president of the Ohio Society of Philadelphia. He and other officers were elected last night at the annual meeting and banquet in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton. Doctor West expressed the hope that before his term expires the society will have a permanent headquarters. The other officers elected are:

Vice presidents, Ellis Ames Ballard and M. R. Gano.
Secretary, Freeman P. Taylor.
Treasurer, James B. Douglas.
Directors, E. O. Mosier, C. D. Williason and John E. Gensemer.

The retiring president, Mr. Mosier, and Dr. E. E. Montgomery, Dr. Samuel D. Risley, Dwight M. Lowrey and Dillon B. Wilson, of Lebanon, Ohio, also spoke.

SUFFRAGISTS PROMISE TO DEFEAT POLITICIANS WHO FIGHT "CAUSE"

Miss Hannah J. Patterson Says Revenge Will Be Visited on All Who Oppose Amendment

CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS

Politicians who are planning to oppose the woman suffrage amendment that comes before the electorate at the November 2 election had better look out. If the measure is defeated, reprisals, sharp, swift and sure will be inflicted on those responsible for the defeat. The whole army of the women now engaged in the struggle for political liberation will engage in the business of punishment, and no candidate or organized interest will be permitted to escape.

Miss Hannah J. Patterson, State chairman of the Woman Suffrage party, made this statement at Harrisburg yesterday. Although loath to discuss even the remote possibility of defeat, she considered the question hypothetically and declared emphatically that, though suffragists in Pennsylvania had kept their skirts clear of party politics, a defeat of their amendment in November would mean a complete revolution of tactics.

"We are not willing to concede defeat," she said, "because we have too much respect for the intelligence and fair-mindedness of the men of Pennsylvania. Moreover, we have good reason to believe that unless crooked methods are used and every bit of machine pressure in the state is brought to bear against us, we shall win by a comfortable majority. If we should be defeated, however, we shall continue our State organization and its various local branches. And then, because it will be the logical thing to do," she added significantly, "we shall start the work of removing the obstacles from our path.

"Since our amendment cannot come to a vote again for five years, it would be folly, if we are defeated, to push active suffrage propaganda work immediately. We have an organization, however, that is big enough, and strong enough, and responsive enough to eliminate obstacles from our path, whether they are individuals or organized interests.

"Therefore our first task for the next two years would be a semi-propaganda campaign which we would put into operation by entering actively into the defeat of any individual candidate for office or any organized interests that opposed us. In that way our situation would be made infinitely better when we start our straight suffrage campaign two years hence.

"Our women are eager for work. They know now how to campaign in the political districts, and they know how to use the power which they have, but, up to date, it has been concentrated solely upon the issue of suffrage. They are in this fight to win and a defeat this year would only serve to weld them closer together and make our organization even more powerful than it is today. We will fight any politicians who have been fighting us. Our position will be that no man who is unwilling to see all the people directly represented in government is qualified to hold public office."

Miss Patterson also said that if the suffragists win at the polls, which they confidently expect to do, the State suffrage headquarters at Harrisburg will, doubtless, be concerted into a great educational clearing house from which every thinking citizen in the State will be able to obtain timely and accurate information on the big vital problems of the day.

The Fish Thief

OUT over the rippled surface of the lake a snow white gull flew in great sweeping circles. Round and round he flew as though he wished to spy out what might be under every ripple of the clear blue water. With his broad white wings outstretched he looked like a bird aeroplane flying over the water.

After he had carefully spied out where the most fish were swimming he circled round and round that one particular spot; lower and lower he flew; and finally with a quick downward dart he dipped

"Oh, dear," thought the poor pursued gull. "Now he will get this fine fish and no telling when I can catch another one!"

under the water and brought up a struggling fish.

Holding it tightly in his bill, he flew off toward his home.

So far everything had happened quite as it should—quite as happened every day. But before he had flown clear across the lake toward his home another great gull darted toward him! "Oh, dear!" thought the first gull. "Now there comes that great quarrelsome gull that I thought I had left far behind me! And just as I have this fine fish for my dinner too! Maybe if I fly right straight along, he will not notice that I have just caught a fish; maybe he will think I have just been looking for my dinner!"

But the gull should have known his enemy better. Before the second gull had quite reached the lake, he had seen the fish in the first gull's mouth and had determined to have that very fish for his own dinner!

"Why should I bother to fish?" the second gull had said to himself. "Why should I circle around and hunt where the fish are swimming and go to all the trouble of fishing a dinner for myself when right here in the air is a fine fish all ready for the stealing and eating?" And as nobody disputed him, of course he knew he was quite right.

Now with gulls, thinking and acting come very close together. Hardly had the second gull noticed the first gull's catch till he had thought all this and had started toward the gull for the dinner! The first gull saw him coming and knew at once what he was intending to do. "Oh, dear," thought the poor pursued gull. "Now he will get this fine fish and no telling when I can catch another one! Whatever shall I do?"

Then the poor gull had a happy thought. "Even if I cannot eat my fish," he said to himself, "I can keep that thief from eating it—that I can!" And he dropped the fish out of his mouth and into the water.

What do you suppose that second gull did then? Quick as a flash he darted down from the air—ducked into the water and came up with a struggling fish exactly the same size and kind as the one the first gull had dropped! Do you suppose it was the same fish?

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