

**WOMAN OWES PUBLIC
SOME TIME, DECLARES
CHIEF OF MACCABEES**

Mrs. Frances E. Burns, Michigan, Tells of Order's Work to Aid Humanity Both Morally and Physically

HOW SHE ENTERED WORK



MRS. FRANCES E. BURNS

By JANE HILL

ATLANTIC CITY, Sept. 25.—Mrs. Frances E. Burns, of St. Louis, Mich., who for twenty-one years has held the position of grand commander, Ladies of the Maccabees, the oldest, business woman's organization in the country, believes that no woman is fulfilling her full mission in life when she devotes her entire time to her own little family.

Mrs. Burns confesses that she once belonged to this type of woman. During an interview in her suite at the Traymore she told of her emancipation from the narrow circle and the work she is doing as leader of the Maccabees.

"The home circle is one unit," she said. "The city is another family and the State is a still larger family. Take the animal, the vegetable or the mineral kingdom and you will find that everything is organized in groups. Did you ever try planting a single grain of corn? What was the result—a nubbin—fit only for the pigs. A grain of corn can reach its full maturity only when surrounded by other grains of corn.

Isolate a grain of sand and what does it amount to? Take the birds, for instance; they always travel in flocks. Have you ever been out on a prairie and noticed the action of the cattle when about to be attacked by a common enemy? They all huddle together in a circle with the young in the center, ready to battle for their offspring.

A GROUP OF FAMILIES
"So it is with human beings. We are all groups of many families, and it should be the duty of every woman to give some part of her time to the work of God's family."

Mrs. Burns has devoted her life to a large circle of interests. She was for five years secretary of the National Council of Women; has served as a member of the State Board of Education in Michigan; was vice president of the National Fraternal Congress of America; was one of the organizers of the State Federation of Women's Clubs of Michigan, and has been

A member of the Board of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. She was one of ten women who represented the United States at the International Council of Women held in Toronto, Canada, in 1915.

Approx of the Ladies of the Maccabees, Mrs. Burns laughingly related how prejudiced she used to be toward lodge women.

"I remember how annoyed I was when some ladies came to call on me, and tried to induce me to become a member of the Maccabees. My husband was commander of the masculine branch of the order. I never had any use for lodge women, and I thought I had quite enough to do to look after my own children. Outside interests did not appeal to me. I finally promised to take out insurance in the lodge; but I gave the women to understand distinctly that I did not intend to go to lodge after my death. I would only have to attend one meeting.

BY CHANCE
"My initial appearance chanced to fall on a night when they were electing officers. To my amazement the women had not the slightest comprehension of parliamentary law, and I had been a teacher in this subject before my marriage. They asked me to take charge of the meeting. Then I was persuaded to conduct a series of classes in parliamentary law. One thing led to another, and now I have been leading executive of the Ladies of the Maccabees for nearly a quarter of a century. Meetings for nearly a quarter of a century, often traveling more than seventeen thousand miles a year looking after the various branches. We have 53,000 members.

"The Ladies of the Maccabees was founded by Adolphus Ward, the first woman clerk in Marshall Field's store in Chicago. She was so persecuted by the men of the store, who resented the entrance of a woman into their ranks, that she determined to form an order beneficial to women. The Ladies of the Maccabees were first organized in Muskegon, Mich., March 24, 1885.

"Up to that time there was no insurance company that would insure women, for women were considered too great a risk, because they were the bearers of the race. Ladies of the Maccabees was the first organization to grant life insurance to women, who, by the way, are now considered a safer risk than men, and it is the first order to give maternity insurance.

"Maternity insurance is well known in Europe, and is very general, but it is comparatively new in America. We pay \$50 on the birth of each child. If there are mothers we pay \$100. Recently we paid a mother \$150 for triplets.

"We have hospital beds endowed in many of the large institutions in the Middle West for the care of sick members of the order, and we do a great deal of child-welfare work. If the children are defective we see what we can do for them. I remember one little boy who was born without elbows and with crooked feet. We had one of the finest surgeons in the country look after him, and the boy will probably grow to be a useful citizen. The lad is twelve years old now, and he is the fastest runner and the best ball player in his school. His poor mother would never have been able to pay for the medical attention this boy needed.

"But the Ladies of the Maccabees look not only to the physical needs of the members, but to the moral and intellectual side of life as well. Classes are formed for those who wish to study some particular line of work, and from time to time there are lectures and entertainments. We try in every way to make the life of the working mother better and happier, and to teach them the principles of thrift and industry.

"In Philadelphia the Ladies of the Maccabees are preparing garments to be given to the poor at Christmas time. So you see we not only help ourselves, but we care for those about us, too."

Hanscom's RESTAURANTS
are serving Grand Banquet, the world's finest coffee, at 5c a cup with pure fresh cream.
1132 MARKET ST., AND BRANCHES

**HIGHLAND TROOPER DESCRIBES
GERMAN SYSTEM OF "DUGOUTS"**

Trade for Permanence, Not Elegance—Firm Foundation of Woodwork, Soldier From Front in France Tells Ellen Adair

By ELLEN ADAIR

Writes Speciality for Evening Ledger

LONDON, Aug. 26.—He had arrived from "somewhere in France," a big Highlander at the corner of Threadneedle street, close to the Bank of England, a queer, grimy figure, mud-stained from head to foot, a battered "bonnet" minus the tails, pressed down on his face, a torn tunic hung with paraphernalia, and full trenching equipment strapped upon his back.



ELLEN ADAIR

His green-and-gold uniform was partly covered with a short khaki apron, and across one bare knee ran a long scar. But pinned to his grimy tunic was something small and shining—a something which thousands of men would give their very lives for, and which lifted this curious figure into the rank of heroes.

It was hard to recognize in this soldier the boy of four years ago whose one object in life was to play truant from his Scottish school and have a good time. But it was my old friend, sure enough, back from the war with wonderful experiences to relate.

DESCRIBES "BIG PUSH"
"Let me tell you how the Big Push goes," he said, as later we strolled through Chancery Lane into Eusey Fleet street. "At our part of the line we were separated from the Germans by about 200 yards. Our artillery from the rear was hurling shells over our heads into the German earthworks. Barbed wire, parapets and trenches were flattened and battered out of existence.

"When the signal to charge came, we thought we had a clear run before us. But no! A stream of machine-gun bullets hailed us, and lots of our men went down. We 'got there,' all the same, but had a savage time getting to close quarters with the operators of those guns.

"Wrecked and ruined though the German trenches were, there were parts which had escaped the artillery fire. Our duty was to 'clean up' these.

"The enemy had dug their trenches so deep that their absolute destruction was well-nigh impossible, and we knew that far down they were burrowing in comparative security, ready to cause us much trouble at the first opportunity.

"A party of us had reached the entrance to one of these burrows when we heard the guttural growls of the inmates. Out of it they had to come. We shouted down to them to surrender. No answer. We called again. No reply.

"To show that we were in a hurry, we hurled a bomb down, and before the din had quietened, we flung ourselves down the 20 or 40 steps, tumbled into the dug-out, with bombs and bayonets poised and ready.

"What a sight was there! About 15 men were crouching in one corner—all except

one, a middle-aged, grizzled Prussian, tall, gaunt and strong. He stood erect, and awaited us with a look of the most supreme contempt.

"But at the sharp word of command his hands flew up. Then the others stepped to his side. With the exception of this hardy veteran and a boy of about 18 or 14, the Germans were a nondescript lot. But those two—the veteran and the boy—formed an unforgettable picture.

BOY IN TEARS
"The boy was crying and shaking in every limb. The veteran looked at him with stern contempt. Then into his eyes came a softer, kinder gleam. He rapped out a sentence in German. The boy suddenly ceased his whimpering, started at him in wonder and then turned his eyes upon us. Something about us seemed to reassure him. He lifted his head, squared his shoulders and straightened himself.

"We bundled the Germans all out, safely 'corraided' them, and then I talked with the boy. 'We were told by our officers,' he whispered in broken English, 'that the British took no prisoners, and I was afraid when you came. I thought you would cut us all up into little pieces. I thought it was the end. And the sight of that steel—' He shuddered. 'But when old Schmitz down there told me that our officers had lied, I was glad.'

"Poor little devil! After he learned the truth he literally danced about for joy and begged us to allow him to write to all his comrades in the German Army, telling them

that their officers had deceived them, and that the British did not kill prisoners.

"On the subject of German dug-outs," continued the big Highlander, "those subterranean dwellings which I saw had little of the pallid look of which one reads so much. In the first line, at any rate, they were obviously built for resistance rather than elegance, being very far down in the ground and supported by substantial wood-work."

"One inference we drew from this was that the army which occupied them was not an army which had any hopes of advancing. They were built for strength—and permanence. In other words, they were the strongholds of a defensive force, not an offensive one, as though the Germans had now realized that the game was up.

CAPTIVES CHARACTERIZED
"As for the prisoners—we captured hundreds upon hundreds of them during that attack—they were in a terrible condition. In previous raids, before the 'big advance,' the majority of the captives taken were more or less well-groomed and well-fed, but the 'big push' lot seemed to belong to quite another army. They were all either very young or very old, with a three days' growth on their pinched, pasty faces, and most sickly appearances. A more ill-conditioned lot of fellows you can't imagine! The contrast with our own splendidly fed and happy-faced Highlanders was too obvious for comment.

"Lots of those Germans told our chaps they hadn't seen food for several days. They

had been fed on lime, they held grimly. How they did gobble up the rations we gave them, poor devils!

"The British artillery has provided all our supply roads to such an extent," they declared, "that it is impossible to get food up, or anything else. In that first line we have been quite isolated, and those of us who lived through the rain from the British field guns had neither the heart nor the strength to fight. If you know the hell we've lived through these many weeks, you would realize how thankful we are to surrender."

"That same day," continued the Highlander, "we captured two German field guns, and would you believe it, we actually found those gunners chained to their machines! As we approached, I saw one of them stagger, a bullet having passed through him. But he did not fall. I couldn't understand it.

"When we surrounded him we found that he was chained to his gun by the wrists and ankles and couldn't get away! I was so flabbergasted you could have knocked me down with a feather.

"But every day, as the 'big push' continues, we are learning 'curiouser and curiouser' things in the enemy method of warfare."

Bacon Refuses to Run
ALBANY, Sept. 26.—The formal declaration of Robert Bacon as the United States senatorial candidate of the American party has reached the office of the Secretary of State.



**Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday**

**Do You Realize
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Days More, and Then!!!**

Ends this wonderful September Fur Sale that has been the talk of the town
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No amount of advertising or discount inducements could ever have achieved the success of the past three weeks without the prestige this firm possesses.

Till Saturday 20% Off Marked Prices

| Fur Coats | | Fur Sets | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| November Reg. Price | September Sale Price | November Reg. Price | September Sale Price |
| 60.00 | French Seal Coats... 48.00 | 30.00 | Hudson Seal 24.00 |
| 70.00 | French Seal Coats... 56.00 | 30.00 | Natural Raccoon 24.00 |
| | (Skunk Collar) | 32.50 | Black Fox 26.00 |
| 95.00 | Natural Muskrat Coats 76.00 | 32.50 | Skunk 26.00 |
| | (Hudson Seal Collar, Cuffs and Belt) | 45.00 | Beaver 36.00 |
| 120.00 | Hudson Seal Coats... 96.00 | 55.00 | Red Fox 44.00 |
| 140.00 | Raccoon Coats 112.00 | 75.00 | Kamchatka Blue Fox. 60.00 |
| 150.00 | Caracul Coats 120.00 | 75.00 | Battleship Grey Fox. 60.00 |
| 160.00 | Leopard Skin Coats... 128.00 | 80.00 | Black Lynx 64.00 |
| | (Collar of Raccoon and Badger) | 95.00 | Baum Marten Fox... 76.00 |
| 190.00 | Nutria Coats 152.00 | 110.00 | Fisher 88.00 |
| 190.00 | Hudson Seal Coats... 152.00 | 110.00 | Mole 88.00 |
| | (6-in. Border and Collar of Skunk) | 120.00 | Kolinsky 88.00 |
| 200.00 | Sable Squirrel Coats. 160.00 | 120.00 | Cross Fox 96.00 |
| 210.00 | Hudson Seal Coats... 168.00 | 120.00 | Slate Fox 96.00 |
| | (6-in. Border and Collar of Skunk) | 120.00 | Dyed Blue Fox 96.00 |
| 300.00 | Hudson Seal Coats... 240.00 | 325.00 | Hudson Bay Sable... 260.00 |
| | (6-in. Border and Collar of Skunk) | 360.00 | Natural Blue Fox ... 288.00 |
| 315.00 | Hudson Seal Coats... 252.00 | 850.00 | Silver Fox 680.00 |
| | (6-in. Border and Collar of Lynx) | | |
| 350.00 | Moleskin Coats 280.00 | | |
| | (Deep Border and Collar of Skunk) | | |
| 475.00 | Natural Mink Coat... 380.00 | | |

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 ☐ Prices during the September Fur Sale cannot be duplicated after September 30th.
 ☐ A small deposit will reserve your purchase for fall delivery.
 ☐ All Furs purchased during the September Sale will appear on statements rendered December 1st, upon request.
 ☐ Patrons opening Charge Accounts may have bills rendered December 1st.
 ☐ Choice is practically unlimited at this season of the year.
 ☐ Every article bears our label, which assures you of quality, style and workmanship.

NOTE—Due to Lack of Space, We Quote Only Specimen Values. Assortments to Select From in Every Kind of Fur. Misses' Coats and Extra Large Size Coats Up to 50 Bust.

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Purchase in Our
Storage Vaults
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Two surface distinctions! But the big thing that sets off the new model Packard from all other cars is the Twin-six motor—the most important advance that has ever been made in motor development.
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Two blocks of six simple, sturdy cylinders have replaced the old heavy block. And thereby is the Packard made sprightlier, speedier, safer—and more economical of gasoline.
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