

DELAWARE WOMAN STEPS OUT OF THE KITCHEN TO HELP STATE REDD UP ITS POLITICAL PANTRY

Mrs. Mabel Derby Is Running for Auditor, but Still Has Time to Superintend Chicken Farm and Cook Tempting Meals for Her Husband

WAS TRAINED BY FATHER TO TAKE A REAL INTEREST IN AFFAIRS OF HER PARTY

Refused Nomination Until Assured Time Had Come for New Voters to "Get Into Game" by Running for Important Offices

"HAVE some more chicken?"
"Full activity for women in politics has come sooner than I expected."
"Perhaps you would like some more of these nice fresh raspberries?"
"I shall campaign not only for myself, but for the entire Democratic ticket."
"Would you like to see our chickens? We have a thousand."
"I believe in the strong enforcement of law, including prohibition."
"No, I won't ever get too busy to take care of my house and to do the cooking."

Thus does Mrs. Mabel Derby, Democratic nominee for Delaware State Auditor, introduce politics into her pantry and democracy into her dining room.

If you can write a better book, bring a better song or make a better mousetrap, then the world will make a beaten track to your door, even though it be in the wilderness—

so observed a sage of yesterday.

The track which has been made to the door of Mrs. Derby is a path where stones are marked with the letters "p-o-l-i-t-i-c-s." For Mrs. Derby has blazed the way toward a better day for women in Delaware politics.

From an ardent advocate of suffrage to a nominee for responsible office, and from an enthusiastic advocate, but an outsider, nevertheless, to the foremost woman in the Democratic ranks of the State, are long ways to travel. But much has been accomplished by Mrs. Derby, and it is for that reason that her party sought her out and placed her name on the State ticket.

So surprised was she when the nomination came at the State convention at Dover last week that at first she refused. But when nominated again, this time by acclamation, she accepted, and with the acceptance resolved to put all her energies into a good hard political fight.

Advocates Party Rule in Political Affairs

Charming, gracious, quick-thinking, alert, straightforward—these are a few of the many varied impressions one gets in a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Derby. And one also learns that she:

Does not approve of the League of Women Voters, although she was president of the Dover organization in 1920, because it is non-partisan.

She is a party woman.

That, although "dry" herself, she is not a rabid prohibitionist, but since it is law she will bend all her efforts toward enforcing it.

That she was the only woman representative of the Democratic women of the State at the meetings of the Legislature.

That she is the only woman delegate-at-large on the Democratic State Central Committee.

That having worked untiringly to obtain the vote for women, she is in favor now of letting them do what they will with it, without compulsion or coercion, to vote if they wish or not.

That she is opposed to birth control.

That she helps her husband manage a chicken farm, and that she personally supervises the care of a 5000-egg incubator.

That she does her own work and cooks just as mother used to.

That she would prefer a spotless, immaculate and re-decorated kitchen to new frocks for herself.

Born in Malone, N. Y., forty-four years ago, Mrs. Derby was one of three children—she had a brother and a sister.

Her mother was quiet, unassuming and a noted housekeeper. It was from her Mabel learned how to make her famous fruit cake and just how large a pinch of salt to put in the biscuit. She learned at what angle to place the tidiest on the backs of the chairs; just how to smooth the last wrinkle from the hand-crochet bedspread; she learned how to sew and how to keep house.

Was Trained by Father in Ways of Politicians

From her brother she learned a fondness for outdoor life, and the long rambles they enjoyed engendered an appreciative love of nature.

But from her father she received the training that was later to make her a politician.

"I was father's favorite," she explained, "and I always took more interest in politics even than my brother



Mrs. Mabel Derby (without hat) with two political friends on State House steps at Dover, Del.

means to finance a vigorous and extensive campaign."

As to her platform, Mrs. Derby mentioned these general principles:

Strong enforcement of laws, including prohibition.

Good schools and good roads.

Real budget system.

Management of road construction by the State.

Taught Grade Schools Before Her Marriage

Mrs. Derby attended school at the Teachers' Training School of the Franklin Academy and after her grad-



Mrs. Derby and two of her pets



The Derby farmhouse which she will not desert, even if elected State Auditor

toward trying to elect the right man to the right place," she said. "There are too many men in Delaware who go into office simply because they have the

Ousting of all unnecessary committees and reduction of expenses. Tax on all corporations. A public utilities commission.

Education taught in the grade schools of Constable.

It was about twenty years ago that she married Marshall Derby and went

Mrs. Derby is assured of the chicken vote, especially around mealtime

to Woodside, Del., near Dover, to the farm adjoining the old Derby property, which was bought in 1776 when Marshall's grandfather came down to the fair.

"We have lived here ever since," said Mrs. Derby, as she looked around the kitchen, which shone golden in its new coat of paint.

Mrs. Derby wore a brown and tan dress, with brown collars and cuffs, brown cotton stockings and stout brown oxfords; for which, when the dinner hour approached, she changed to a cool green and white voile frock with white shoes and stockings.

Her eyes are keen and deep, at times earnest and at others amused. Her features are firm and decided, her mouth wide and serious, but her smile, which wrinkles first at the corners of her eyes and then lifts the corners of her mouth, is the smile of a woman "tender, merry and wise." Her brown hair, threaded slightly with gray, is drawn down over her forehead, simply and neatly.

Her appearance is just like her manner—the kind to inspire confidence and confidences; capable, reliable—the manner and appearance which could only

belong to a woman both interesting and interested.

Just off the road a few miles from Dover the old weatherbeaten house where Mr. and Mrs. Derby have lived for twenty years sits back in the cool shade of the aged oaks, its rambling structure and inviting little porch giving hint of the sincere hospitality within.

The living room is quaint in its quiet duskiness, with an old-fashioned charm—the couch in the corner heaped with many colored cushions, a long mahogany mirror over a marble pedestal; and the piano against the wall looks as if it would tinkle out "Annie Laurie" or "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" at any minute.

Mixes Eggs and Politics, but Scrambles Neither

In the hall near the door stood crates of eggs—dozens and dozens of them piled high.

"I am helping to get these ready to send to New York," explained Mrs. Derby.

"There are only just a few there now, but later in the season we will get seven or eight hundred a day. Would you like to see our chickens?"

Out in the spacious chicken yard one call to the fowls and they came hopping, half-flying, half-running, until they seemed a fluttering white cloud at her feet, their red combs like tiny flames darting about amid white smoke.

"A thousand of them—all Leghorns," she said. "We have a giant incubator, for 3000 eggs, which I tend."

Mrs. Derby showed far more will-

ingness to talk about chickens and the farm and her husband's flour and feed mill than about the woman who is running for State Auditor.

It wasn't until lunch time, and Mr. Derby appeared to help "dish up" the dinner, that much information about Mrs. Derby's activities was obtained. And when the steaming chicken, the snowy drifts of mashed potatoes and the many other dishes were on the table the husband gave his view of women in politics.

"I am satisfied with women going into politics," he said positively, but the twinkles in his eye didn't denote much confidence in what the women were going to do when they got into politics—that is, any women besides Mabel. It is Mr. Derby's firm con-

cern to talk about chickens and the farm and her husband's flour and feed mill than about the woman who is running for State Auditor.

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Mrs. Derby is also president of the Auxiliary Legion in Dover, an active member of the Dover Century Club and the Wyoming Round-Table Club. Her executive ability found an outlet during the war in the Red Cross work and her Liberty Bond district chairmanship.

Holding Office Was Not in Her Own Plans

"While I have always been a suffragist," she explains, "I have not until recently strongly advocated women holding office. And I never dreamed of running for an office myself. I thought, of course, that the time would come when women would be on an equal footing with men—and I think that is true today in the Democratic Party, at least in this State. Because on every committee and in every convention the women have equal representation with the men. And never have I seen anything but the utmost courtesy and respect toward those women who were serving on committees with men.

"But I hardly thought that the time for women to hold public offices would come so soon. Full activities in the field of politics would come later, I thought.

"In fact, I refused the nomination at first, but the developments of the last few weeks have caused me to realize that women must be ready to take their place when duty calls, and so I am not only going to campaign for myself, but for the entire Democratic ticket.

Mrs. Derby was interrupted by the telephone—probably one of the countless persons who are still congratulating her on the nomination.

"One of my relatives," she said, "who has always been a staunch Republican, and has her husband, but she just called to tell me they both are going to vote for me."

"Dover is just a short distance from here, and if I am elected I shall continue to live here and take care of my home," she resumed. "I should never think of giving that up for any public office. A busy life would not fit me, of course, but I have always led a busy life. I never worry about things. I just take them as they come. We can always accomplish more that way."

And then the telephone rang again, and she came back, this time smiling still more broadly.

"That," she said, "was my husband's mother, nearly ninety-three years old. She visited all her life to Dover, and she did two years ago. Now, all she is waiting for is a chance to vote for me."

"Have some more cake."

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Page

Puds Simkins came around after supper last Sunday saying, "Hay Mary, did you see Mary Watkins out wawking with that sissy Persey Weevers this afternoon, wats you know about that?"

"Thats fearest aint it. G wiz I hardy even tipped her out with that sissy, I sed, and Puds sed, Sure gosh shang it, if she expects us to wawk with her she better stop wawking with him, that's all I got to say."

Sure, lets go erround and tell her so, lets tell her we aint going to be saw with that darn sissy, I sed.

Let's go erround now and see if she's going to be saw with that darn sissy, I sed.

With we did and she was, Puds sayin' Hay Mary, we saw you wawking with Persey Weevers this afternoon.

O, did you, izzen't he jest the neatest thing you ever saw? Mary Watkins sed, she's a hoot, she's a hoot, she's a hoot.

Henry Potts Im surprised at you, if you learned a few things from him, look at your shoes on Sunday, you never see Persey Weevers shoes looking liki that even on week days she sed. Mary Watkins, I mean, she's a durn market that wasef there in the morning, quite

hanging them down the side of the steps so they was out of site, and Mary Watkins sed, And as for you Puds Simkins, look at that hole in the back of your stocking on Sunday, you eat ripe fruit in it, you'd never eat ripe fruit, Persey come out in the condition on Sunday. Meenin' a little bit of a hole so small it almos

wasef there, on Puds covered it with his hand as if he was one of the biggest holes he ever had, and pritt soon his hand was up and wawke away without minding any more about Persey Weevers.

Proving its hard to get personal about other people, wile everybody is gettin' personal about you.