

MRS. BARCLAY WARBURTON, POLITICAL LEADER HUMAN EXEMPLIFICATION OF PERPETUAL MOTION

Republican State Committee Vice Chairman Often Toils Twelve Hours Daily

VARIED ACTIVITIES CONSUME HER TIME

Play With Grandchildren Prelude to Starting Routine at Office

IT IS quite an ordinary-looking door—this door alongside which hangs a square plaque with the words, "Headquarters Republican State Committee."

But there is nothing ordinary about the room behind the door, or the woman who sits behind the big mahogany desk and occupies the unique position of vice chairman of the Republican State Committee.

From 8:30 in the morning until 8:30 at night, Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton wrestles with political problems, suggesting, directing, consulting. A ten-hour day means nothing to her, and often her working day is continued for two more hours at election time.

As vice chairman of the Republican Committee, Mrs. Warburton, who was Mary B. Wanamaker, holds her first political office. She was appointed by Governor Sprout about two years ago as head of the Republican women of Pennsylvania, and her first public office of any kind was her presidency of the Emergency Aid, which she helped to organize in 1914, an office she has held since she succeeded the first president, Mrs. A. J. Cassatt.

An indefatigable worker of acknowledged ability all over the country, Mrs. Warburton has gained acclaim from her friends and party adherents for the part she played in the primary election; the unflinching energy and enthusiasm and time which she devotes to her party; her vote-a-straight-ticket policy; her practical politics as contrasted with that of so many women's vague understanding of conditions; her splendid leadership, and the work which she has done to obtain for the Republican women of Pennsylvania equal representation with the men.

It is at 8 o'clock that the alarm goes off for Mrs. Warburton, for the precious moments are flying and there is work to be done.

But first—even before breakfast—she steals a few minutes to play with her two little grandchildren—Rosemary and Barclay, 3d—children of Mrs. Warburton's son, Barclay Warburton, Jr.

There is nothing of the capable business woman, clever politician in her manner then—she is just "grandmother" as she opens her arms wide to hold the chubby eight-month-old Barclay and two-and-a-half-year-old dainty, fairy-like bit of a Rosemary.

The happiest moments of the day, probably—and surely it must be the memory of them which smiles in her eyes, even when her lips are gravely set and her attention bent on the pile of work on her desk.

Then breakfast, and afterward a visit to her father before she begins

Fifty Penna. Women on Ballot Today

HAVING acquired the right to vote, women are now bent on annexing political offices, chiefly legislative.

More than fifty Pennsylvania women are on the ballots today for office in the National and State Governments.

The State ticket carries the names of four women: Rachel C. Robinson, Wilkesburg, candidate for United States Senator; Lilith Martin Wilson, Reading, Socialist candidate for Governor; Mary Winsor, Haverford, Socialist candidate, and Ella Broomall, Harrisburg, Prohibition candidate for Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Women candidates for Congress are Ellen Duane Davis, Democrat, Second Philadelphia District, and Jane E. Leonard, Indiana, Democrat, Twenty-seventh District, embracing Armstrong, Clarion, Indiana and Jefferson Counties.

Eleanor Brooks is the Prohibition candidate for the State Senate from the Eighth Philadelphia District. Annie Vanskite is Prohibition candidate for the State Senate from the Twelfth District, Montgomery County.

Most of the women candidates aspire to election to the State House of Representatives and they are assured of representation when the Legislature meets next January.

work for the day. Three days a week Mrs. Warburton's secretary, Mrs. Florence Still, goes to her house, where they begin their regular routine at 8:45. Into her dressing room and back, down to the breakfast table, Mrs. Still follows her chief, making notes on the letters to be answered, and at last when Mrs.

Checking up on the day's engagements

Warburton is at leisure the real correspondence is begun.

100 Letters a Day Are Signed "M. Warburton"

At least a hundred letters a day must be answered. And "M. Warburton" is signed to each of the letters, for a personal signature is one thing upon which Mrs. Warburton insists.

On the other three days Mrs. Warburton is at her office by 9 or 9:30, attends to her correspondence and looks over the dozens of telephone slips and messages which are on her desk.

And before the correspondence is through, there is a meeting or a series of committee conferences to attend, telegrams to send, telephone calls which must have her personal attention.

"How am I ever going to get through this day?" groaned Mrs. Warburton recently as she sank into a chair, smiling quizzically at the stack of letters she had not yet been able to open.

She had just returned from a Finance Committee meeting which had occupied most of the morning and was talking to Mrs. Andrew Derr, one of the members of the committee from Wilkes-Barre.

Just then Mrs. Still entered with a memorandum pad in her hand, and Mrs. Warburton stopped to dictate a message to the Republican Women in Pittsburgh, whom she had been asked to address.

"There is the business luncheon of the Emergency Aid vice presidents at 1 o'clock, you remember," Mrs. Still said, and, throwing up her hands in mock despair, Mrs. Warburton again attacked the pile of mail in front of her.

Conferences Galore Take Up Her Time
The clock hands seemed to swirl dizzily around and soon it was almost 1. A hurried step at a friend's house, and then Mrs. Warburton was off to the meeting.



Mrs. Barclay H. Warburton, political leader and organizer. Sometimes she spends twelve hours at the headquarters of the Republican State Committee



Influence in Getting Voters Shown in 'Woman-Next-Door' Idea

REPLIES TO 100 LETTERS A DAY

Smiles as Duties, Drain Energy and Visitors Clamor for Attention

Urges All Women to Go to Polls Today

"Every woman must vote today," is the plea of Mrs. Barclay Warburton, vice chairman of the State Republican Committee.

"After breakfast go and vote," might be taken as the slogan of the woman advocating the policy of "the woman next door," in which each pledges herself to call by telephone or in person the woman in the house next to her, asking her to do the same thing, thereby establishing an endless chain of "Have you voted today?"

After breakfast, and Mr. Husband goes to work, Mrs. Voter should go to the polls.

Then when she returns she can straighten her house, and do other duties till noon. Then, with the dishes from lunch put away, Mrs. Voter should again put on her hat and take a friend or two to the polls to cast their vote.

By dinner time she is ready to discuss the political situation with her husband, and if he has not voted, persuade him to.

When they both return, the radio will bring them the returns. A busy time, election day, for the women.

"Vote, by all means," says Mrs. Warburton, "and," she adds, "vote it straight."

children." She smiled. "But now they are grown and I can devote my time elsewhere.

"A woman's place is, after all, in the home with her children, but, on the other hand, the laws of the State and the country affect her children, and I think she should take an active part in making those laws. It is her duty to see that men who will enforce the best laws for the children's welfare are elected to office. Her duty to her children is both a public and a private one, and if she neglects either she is harming her children.

"But it is a problem," she sighed. "You should not neglect your home to occupy public office. I think, but you should always do all you can, and you can do more, of course, as you are relieved of some responsibility by the growth of your children."

Persons who don't vote haven't much of a place in Mrs. Warburton's mind. "You know in Brazil," she said, "there is a system by which every one who does not vote is taxed. I wish that idea were enforced in this country. It would be a good thing, I think, because it would force lots of persons to the polls who otherwise would not go.

That women will take an active part in practical politics is the fond belief of Mrs. Warburton, though the participation will be gradual and come only with the education of the mass of women voters, thinks this most practical of all women politicians.

There is a certain picturesque strength about Mrs. Warburton as she sits behind her desk, firmly entrenched by her own sound political ideas and experience which has proved that she is successful as a leader.

Dressed simply but exquisitely, in perfect taste, she would be inconspicuous were it not for the force and personality which emanate from her as she sits and strongly as her ability to charm.

Her capability commands respect, but as her modesty does admiration. Her consideration and kindness have earned for her the enthusiastic admiration of all who work under her, one of the women in her office declaring, "She is the kindest and most wonderful woman in Philadelphia."

Influenced Many Women to Go to the Polls

Mrs. Warburton is responsible for "the woman next door" idea which has spread so rapidly. She does not confine her work to desk work, limit her enthusiasm when it entails hard work. Many of the women who registered and many who go to the polls today, it is safe to say, are there because of Mrs. Warburton.

"Vote the straight ticket," she cries. "That shows she's got sense," said a man appreciatively. "She knows you can't do nothing with everybody pulling against each other. She knows what she's doing," she does, and I wish they were more woman like her votin'. She'll get something done."

And perhaps that sums up Mrs. Warburton's personality and success. A woman of keen intelligence, some ardent admirers, some enemies, with unobtainable no longer latent but active, sympathetic, charming individuality, she is, indeed, a woman who will "get something done."

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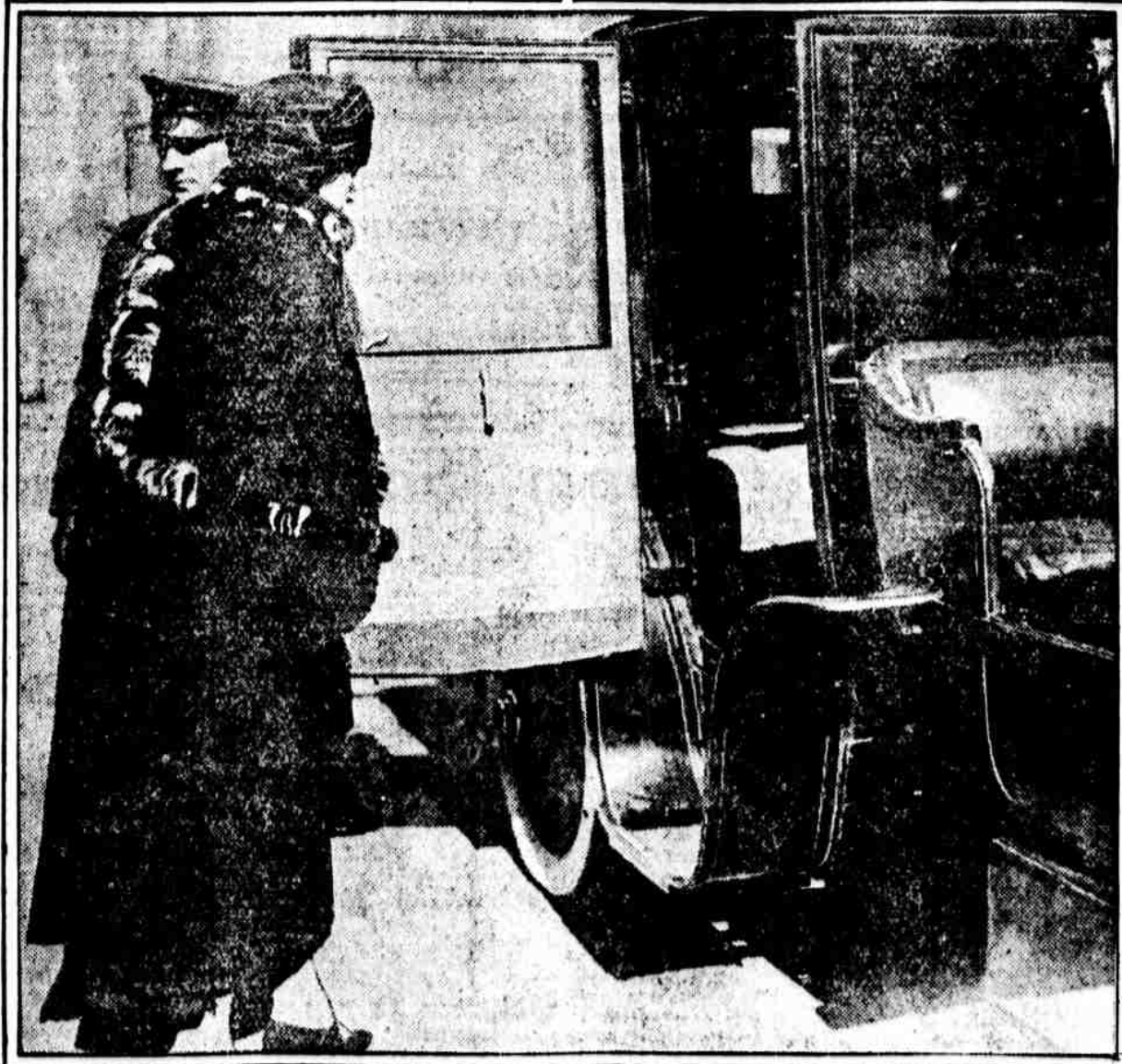
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Checking up on the day's engagements



A pile of papers confronts Mrs. Warburton every morning. By nightfall they have been cleared away



So many places to go, so many engagements to be filled, Mrs. Warburton must keep her car always at beck and call

women which Mrs. Warburton is sponsoring.

Robert Glendinning, chairman of the Finance Committee, or Mr. Reed, and she keeps up her Emergency Aid work and her work on the Executive Committee and board of the Presbyterian Hospital.

"She is an enthusiastic member of the Sesqui-Centennial Board and a member of the Philadelphia Hospital board. Last night we didn't get away until after 7:30. Mrs. Warburton often has dinner in town because she frequently attends meetings and makes speeches in the evenings."

Sometimes a small dinner party with her relatives or friends; a game of bridge, a theatre party with her daughter, Mary Brown—these are all the

social activities in which Mrs. Warburton takes part.

"She hasn't time for much more," explains her secretary, "She has too much to do."

It seems, however, to rest easily upon her—this responsibility—and though she is rushed and sometimes there is a faint pucker of irritation between her brows, her wide, charming smile soon sweeps it away, and with a laugh and a quick word to her secretary she is deep in work which her energy and almost careless capability seem to make play.

Her large office has "Methodical" and "Neat" written in large letters all over the primly arranged, straight-backed chairs, the pamphlets arranged in rows on the large oak table, the pictures and banners hung on the walls and the telephone-decorated desk.

On the mantel above the fireplace is a picture of the President inscribed, "With my high esteem and assurance of grateful appreciation, Warren G. Harding." Opposite this is one of Calvin Coolidge and between the two a statue of George Washington.

On the walls are pictures of Senator George Wharton Pepper, Lincoln and Roosevelt, and members of Mrs. Warburton's family, a picture of Governor Sprout inscribed with compliments and congratulation to the first leader of the Republican women of Pennsylvania, maps of the State, and a huge blue and white banner, with a most important-looking blue elephant, of the Republican Women's Committee of the State. Various other colored elephants also decorate the walls.

Variety of Interests Contained in Mail

The postman always brings Mrs. Warburton an interesting collection of mail—letters of commendation and criticism; letters asking her to make speeches; letters begging her to send children to school, or to listen to "my daughter's voice—I know she could be a great singer if you would only give

me the money to pay for her lessons"; letters from women complaining that the sewerage is bad in their district, and won't Mrs. Warburton please come and see about it; letters from old ladies who want to get in homes, and others from women in homes who want to get out; letters from parents asking that they pay for operations on their crippled children; letters from persons who would like a long vacation and think it would be kind if Mrs. Warburton would send them to the mountains or seashore for a month or two.

And visits—many are the persons who come to Mrs. Warburton's house, all seeking advice and comfort.

"And she never turns any of them away," said Mrs. Still. "She always listens to them and does what she can, whether they come to see her about politics or personal matters."

But Mrs. Warburton turns it off with a laugh. "Oh, yes, I have lots of people who come to see me," she said. "They want everything from pieces of silk to make quilts to political offices," she said.

Believes Both in Home and Law-Making

It was an old woman who requested that Mrs. Warburton get her some pieces of silk for quilts. Mrs. Warburton consented, but said that she could get her many more of cotton than she could silk.

"No, thank you," replied the suppliant, "I would prefer silk or velvet."

So silk and velvet it is, and Mrs. Warburton periodically sends the samples to the old lady.

Incidentally, too, she is supervising the building of her new home in Palm Beach, making a hurried trip last month to see that the plans were being carried out according to her wishes.