

71-YEAR FIGHT FOR BALLOT IS BROUGHT TO END

(Continued From Page One.)

an whose force and courage won her the admiration of noted men of her day. The band she led was small. With Elizabeth Cady Stanton—a dominant lady was Elizabeth, with her great birth and splendid double chin—and Lucretia Mott—sweet-faced Lucretia, who found time to mother her own brood of children and some of the neighbors', notwithstanding her activities abroad. She stumped the east and had her say, despite the hootings of the mob. The trio were looked upon as freaks of their sex and horribly shocking. They became the butt of every newspaper humorist and sarcastic editor. In their day gentlemen devoted themselves to only such ladylike accomplishments as reading Jane Austin and rocking the cradle. After the Civil war Susan's little band attempted to secure an interpretation of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. In 1872 Susan decided to test her rights "as a free-born citizen." She went to the polls and insisted upon voting. She was arrested and refused to pay her fine, but she was not put in jail. **WAITED TWENTY-ONE YEARS.** After they began their struggle, in 1848, the suffragists waited twenty-one years for their first gleam of hope. It came from the prairies of the new, born west.

The infant state of Wyoming, grateful to its pioneer women who had braved the wilds and the Indians along with their men, bestowed upon them the full privileges of the franchise. No other state followed its action until a quarter of a century later, when three other western states—Colorado, Utah and Idaho—in 1894, made their women full-fledged voters. Washington joined the equal suffrage column sixteen years later. California in the following year, and in 1912, Kansas. Arizona and Oregon fell into line. The following year the women of Illinois won state and residential suffrage. In 1914 the women of Montana and Nevada received full suffrage, and three years later the women of New York were granted the same privileges. The women of Oklahoma, South Dakota and Michigan joined them as voters a year later. The mantles of Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott fell upon Alice Paul, Anna Howard Shaw and Carrie Chapman Catt. The youngest and most picturesque of the three is Alice Paul, who, like Susan and Lucretia, is of Quaker ancestry and a militant. She was born thirty-five years ago—on the same day as Joan of Arc—this fighting Quakeress. Wholly without political experience, when she entered the suffrage movement a few years ago, she is now acknowledged by the master politicians of the capital to be one of the most astute political leaders in the country. As head of the militants, once held up to ridicule and contempt, she held the whip-hand in the suffrage situation in the last few months and gained recognition from even the whitehouse, once so much annoyed by her tactics.

ALL THE JOHNS WILL BE THERE

If That's Your Name, You're Invited Also.

Special to The Times. MUNCIE, Ind., Aug. 18.—This John and that John and all the Johns will attend the annual John's day picnic outing at Riverside park, Eaton, Thursday. Johns from villages, hamlets and smoking cities; Johns from farms, office buildings and factories; long Johns and short Johns; thin Johns and fat Johns; Johns from this county and Johns from other counties—just so their first, second or third name is John—will be present at the big outing. The regular entertainment features will be in vogue this year and prizes will be awarded to the longest John, the shortest John, the oldest John, the youngest John and all the other Johns who merit prizes for some particular achievement. The old riddlers' contest, always one of the principal features of the Johns' outing, will be held at 2:30 p. m. The committee of Johns in charge of the outing follows: John V. Long, president; John A. Rench, vice president; John Foreman, treasurer; John Propa, secretary; John Remington, music director; John Hoffman, John Hason, John R. Thomas, John Hance and John Lacy, all-round helpers.

John from even the whitehouse, once so much annoyed by her tactics. **ALICE PAUL A MILITANT.** She came to Washington in 1913 with Lucy Burns, a striking, red-haired young woman of Irish ancestry, who inherited her forefathers' gift of oratory. Both were fresh from activities with the militants in England. They had been jailed and forcibly fed in London.

Their arrival in Washington was the beginning of a "reign of terror" for the administration and the politicians. The picketing of the whitehouse began. Alice and her "wild women" were jailed. They were forcibly fed, but remained undaunted. They left jail to resume their picketing. After that the life of the militants alternated between picketing the whitehouse and going to jail. The battle was only half won when the amendment passed congress. Special sessions of twenty-nine states had to be called to secure the thirty-six ratifications necessary. In all but five of the thirty-six states to be won campaigns against governors and legislatures were necessary. Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan fought for the honor of being the first state to ratify. They took action within a few hours of each other six days after the amendment had been passed. Kansas was the first full suffrage state to ratify. New York the second and Texas the first southern state to take action. The state of Washington wrote the first half of the final chapter in the struggle March 22 last, being the thirty-fifth state to ratify.

HOW TO VOTE?—READ THIS

Girl Reporter Gets Blank Stares in Quest

By KATHLEEN McKEE.

Feeling it my patriotic duty that I learn to manipulate a voting machine to the extent of being able to take my choice between two men I had never heard of before the campaign, I set out to the democratic headquarters for the purpose of becoming initiated into the mysteries of voting, hitherto unexplained by women's interference.

Considering the state headquarters the source of education and knowledge in all matters political, I decided to park there first.

After taking a look around the room I managed to hypnotize one of the extraordinarily busy "stones" into looking at me.

"Have you got a voting machine here," I asked politely.

"Dear me, no, this is the democratic state headquarters for women," she said.

"I was under that impression or I would not have come here," I returned.

"I thought that it was your business to teach a lady like myself how to vote."

Whereupon she asked me what I wanted to know.

"I want to learn how to vote," I returned patiently.

LITERATURE IN PLACE OF VOTING MACHINES.

Her face brightened. "Ah, I understand, now," she said, and she immediately began to make a collection of papers.

"Now," she said, "here is a little pamphlet on the record of Gov. James M. Cox, the democratic candidate for president, and here's one on—"

"But, listen here," I interrupted, "I didn't ask you to tell me who I am to vote for; I asked you to instruct me in the art of casting the ballot."

"I don't know anything about that," she said in a frigid tone.

I muttered something to myself about what she was up there for.

"Well, is there anybody here who can tell me how to operate a voting machine?"

She stepped aside and called a conference of two associates who cast curious glances in my direction, and finally she came over to me.

"None of us know anything about voting machines, but if you go to the state central committee room they might be able to tell you something."

Having thanked her for her lack of information I made a second trial.

GIRL FRIGHTENS COMMITTEEMAN.

"I am in quest of knowledge regarding the mode of conduct regarding the registering of a vote on election day," I told the man in charge of the committee room.

He gave me a frightened look which I interpreted to mean that he considered me a subject for West Washington street.

"Well, really—that is—I mean—why, I don't know enough about one to be able to instruct you along that line."

"Why don't you try the county headquarters," he suggested. "I am sure that they will be able to tell you all about it, and maybe they will have a voting machine."

Having directed me he scampered back into the safety of his office, breathing a sigh of relief that he had escaped such a danger.

At the county office I was pounced upon as I entered the room with the declaration that they would be glad to do anything for me.

I assured them that I merely wanted to learn how to vote on Nov. 2, whereupon their countenances fell about 30 degrees.

"We don't have anything to do with voting machines in this department," I was informed.

SENT TO THE STATEHOUSE.

"You might try over at the statehouse. They had one there on exhibition last year," the head officer added as I departed.

The democrats having told me whom to vote for, I considered it possible that the republicans might tell me how to do the stunt.

I inquired for a voting machine at the women's headquarters from the lady nearest the door with the result that her face assumed a blank expression and she said, "Voting machine, voting machine! Oh, yes, that's what they use at the election, isn't it?"

Having been assured that it was the identical same implement, she informed me that she had never seen one.

"Perhaps, if you would ask some of the men they might be able to tell you something," she told me hopefully.

"Try the third door to the right," which I did.

Having broken in upon a confidential conference of three chubby politicians, I made known my request, believing that I had at last found the object of my quest.

"Why, I want you to tell me how to vote," I said sweetly.

"Do you want to vote a straight ticket or scratch it," he asked.

"I don't see what that is to you," I retorted. "I asked you politely to tell me how to vote, and as far as the scratching part is concerned, it is very bad manners to scratch any kind of furniture."

Having informed me that he wasn't well enough acquainted with voting machines to become my instructor, he suggested that I go over to the county courthouse and ask one of the custodians to let me look at a voting machine.

"Say, did you ever vote?" I demanded. "Why, certainly," he returned in an injured tone.

"Well, I don't believe it," I said retreating toward the door. "I bet it was all done for you."

Despair seized me for how would I ever be able to cast my vote when I didn't know how?

With sudden inspiration I made a dash for the nearest telephone booth, tripping over two old ladies and upsetting a fussy gentleman in my journey.

"Is this the League of Women Voters," I asked. "Well can you tell me how to proceed to help elect the president next fall?"

I thanked all my lucky stars when she told me to come right over and she would demonstrate the whole thing to me.

"Oh, yes, it's quite simple," she told me, "now you decide to vote and you pull this lever, which unlocks the machine; if you want to vote a straight ticket you pull down the lever for which ever party you want, or if you want to vote for candidates on both tickets you pull down for them and pull up for the ones you don't want to vote for."

At last I had found out how to vote—or at least I had been told how.

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HOW MUCH MILK

do you folks use?

You are wastefully extravagant

if you use only a pint of milk a day in your household. You are throwing away the chance to keep your body young and healthful, you are denying your men folk the needed vitalizing energy found in dishes prepared with milk, and above all, you are depriving your children of the opportunity of surely growing into strong men and women. Children who do not drink enough milk are stunted and sickly, not so well able to resist diseases which attack them.

The most noted authority on

milk, Professor McCollum of Johns Hopkins University, advocates a quart of milk a day for both children and adults.

Milk at the price for which it can

be bought in Indianapolis is the cheapest and most economical of all animal foods.

"Fourteen cents spent on milk does the body more good than 14 cents spent on beefsteak at 48 cents a pound or 14 cents worth of eggs at 60 cents a dozen."

M. S. Rosenau, Professor of Hygiene, Harvard University.

If you bought food on the basis

of the amount of nourishment for the price, at these prices milk would be 40 cents a quart.

Milk measured by its food value

is the cheapest and most economical food in the world.

Think it over—then order a quart a day for each member of your family

POLK'S Best Milk

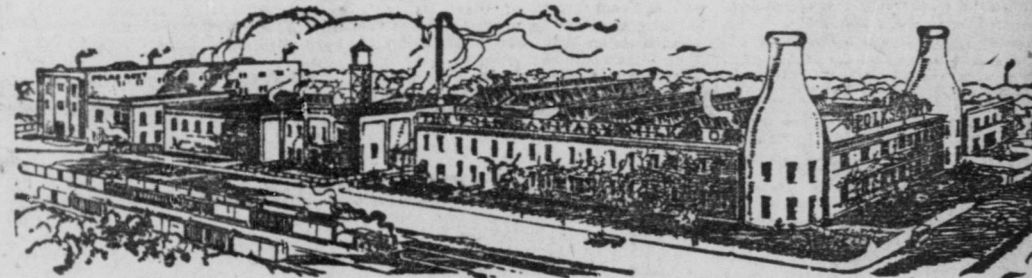
Ask Your Physician

Order by Phone.

North 852, Auto. 23-331.



Return your empty milk bottles promptly. Without bottles we can not make deliveries to you.



A Frank Statement

Regarding the Greatest Men's Clothing Sale in Our History

We are selling men's suits at less than our cost to handle them. We are selling them below the regular wholesale price. These statements demand explanation. The explanation is this: Clothing manufacturers, in order to reduce their stocks, consigned to us shipments of high-grade clothing at far less than their usual prices. We, in turn, marked these goods at prices which will show no profit to us, believing that the fewer suits we have to return to the manufacturers next Saturday, the greater will be the publicity gained for our new men's clothing department.

Every suit is a suit which will appeal to the man of correct taste. There is not a freakish style, although there are styles to suit the tastes of the most advanced or conservative dresser. In some cases, there are only a few suits of a kind. There are blue serge suits of fine quality, some of which are silk lined. Some of the suits have narrow belts and are skeleton lined, half lined or full lined. The prices follow:

\$21.80 for suits made to retail at \$45 to \$50.

\$26.40 for suits made to retail at \$50 to \$60.

\$29.70 for suits made to retail at \$60 to \$65.

\$31.75 for suits made to retail at \$65.

\$37.40 for suits made to retail at \$70 to \$75.

Boys' Suits on the Same Basis

It's not a bit too early to plan the boy's school outfit, when you have such an opportunity as this to save money. One consignment came from a manufacturer whose name stands for substantially built, good-looking and fashionable suits for boys, and who was only induced to enter this sale through his personal regard for this store.

Boys' Suits

\$7.15 Made to retail at \$16.50. Carry all-wool guarantee from manufacturer.

\$8.16 **\$8.25** Two groups of suits made to retail at \$16.50 and \$18.00.

\$9.26 One hundred suits which were made to retail at \$18.00.

EXTRA

Following suits come from one of the finest makers of boys' clothing in America.

Boys' suits, made to retail at \$25.....**\$11.38**
Boys' suits, made to retail at \$28.....**\$13.88**
Boys' suits, made to retail at \$28.....**\$14.63**
Boys' suits, made to retail at \$30.....**\$15.38**
Boys' suits, made to retail at \$30.....**\$16.13**

Boys' Trousers

41c Washable trousers in sizes 5 and 6 years. Regular retail price, \$1.25.

\$1.95 Heavy woolen trousers, made to retail at \$3.50.

\$2.45 Boys' wool trousers, made to retail at \$4.50.

—Pettis men's and boys' clothing, third floor.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

THE NEW YORK STORE EST. 1853

Main 123
Auto 23-123

Hatfield ELECTRIC CO.

"The House Electric"

Corner of Maryland and Meridian Streets