

71-YEAR FIGHT FOR BALLOT IS BROUGHT TO END

(Continued From Page One.)

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ALL THE JOHNS WILL BE THERE If That's Your Name, You're Invited Also.

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 uncontaminated 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.

"Down here, 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 pamphlets.

"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.

"Well, I'll tell you 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.

"Now, I don't know anything about voting machines, but if you go to the state central committee room, they might be able to tell you something."

The battle was only half won when the amendment passed congress.

GIRL FRIGHTENS COMMITTEEMAN.

"I am in quest of knowledge regarding the mode of conduct regarding the registering of a vote on election day," I interpreted to mean that he considered the man in charge of the committee room.

He gave me a frightened look which I interpreted to mean that he considered the 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."

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.

Having directed me he scampered back

"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, I suggested that he go up 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 for nothing."

Despite 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 fuzzy 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 ma-

chines; 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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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.

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

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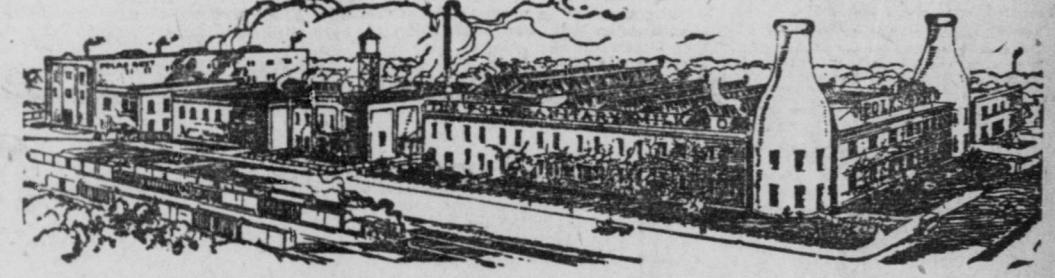
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