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Barred Because Of Her Sex

NEW YORK, Aug. 11—The women's club movement in this country dates to 1868 when Jenny June Croly, then popular as an author, was barred, because of her sex, from attending a dinner given for Charles Dickens by a newspapermen's club in New York, according to Dr. Sophonisba F. Breckinridge, writing in a monagraph published by the McGraw-Hill Book Company. The monograph, entitled "Political, Social and Economic Activities of Women," is sponsored by the Research Committee on Social Trends appointed by former President Hoover, which made its report in January.

Dr. Breckinridge, who is professor of public welfare administration at the University of Chicago, devotes considerable space to a history of the women's club movement. Referring to the Dickens dinner episode, she tells how Mrs. Croly, whose husband was a member of the club honoring the English novelist, was loftily snubbed on expressing a wish to go to the dinner. "Her sex debarred her," observes Dr. Breckinridge, "and in the energy of her exasperation she determined to secure for women some of the benefits that men were unwilling to share with them."

As the result of Mrs. Croly's experience, Sorosis, a "Women's Club in New York City" was formed in the same year, 1868, which was the beginning of the club movement. Sorosis is styled by Dr. Breckinridge as the "mother" of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which was organized in 1890.

Describing the genesis of this group Dr. Breckinridge explains that in 1889, the 21st anniversary of the organization of Sorosis, that club invited all the known women's clubs in the country to a convention. Ninety-seven in all were invited to discuss such topics as "the extent to which in 21 years club life has grown among women," and "how it differs from the club life of man." Sixty-one clubs responded, the monograph states, and as a result the federation was founded.

Dr. Breckinridge refers to a resolution adopted in 1892 in which the federation declared its belief "that one standard of morality is equally binding upon men and women, and that immoral conduct which debars one from public life should also bar the other."

In 1896 it was estimated that 100,000 women were affiliated with the general federation, clubs in 21 states were united in state federations, and the trend toward public welfare interest was apparent. More than 800 delegates attended the 1898 biennial meeting at Denver, representing an estimated membership of 160,000 women.

In 1902 the general federation's membership had increased to 211,763, and at the end of 1910, the second decade of its existence, it had an approximate enrollment of 800,000, an increase of almost 500 percent.

During the last few years the town has had rather a lean time, but this season visitors have swelled considerably.—Seaside Paper.

Eric The Robot On His Way to C. N. Exhibition

MONTREAL, Aug. 11—One of the strangest passengers ever to disembark from a liner at Montreal, will be Eric the Robot, who is enroute to Canada in the Cunard liner "Ausonia." Eric is one of the only two mechanical men in the world, and although he is a marvellous congeries of photo-electric cells, wiring, reinstats, condensers, etc., he can do a great many subtle things.

In fact, he is almost human and can converse, fire a pistol, stand up or sit down, and rumour has it, can even smoke a cigarette.

Eric is the result of four years intensive study by his inventor, who is a woman who refuses to reveal her identity.

Weighing 3½ tons, Eric the Robot is a creature resembling a man in nickel-plated armour. Photo-electric cells are concealed behind the gratings which cover his eyes, while his ears are disguised microphones. He is astonishingly life-like and can move his limbs, stand up or sit down, and answer questions. All this is done without human aid. He answers questions, the replies to which have been previously recorded by means of a sound film inside. The amazing part is the speed with which the films get round to the proper answer, the mechanism having been actuated by a keyword in the spoken question.

The main secret of the monster, however, is how he learned to read and some idea of the worth of the machine may be guaged from the fact that an offer of £12,000 has been refused by the inventor. Not long ago Eric turned on his inventor and due to a wrong command being given, raised his arm and fired the pistol point-blank.

After disembarking from the Cunarder Austonia, the Robot will be sent to the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto.

Opinions Differ On Roosevelt Policy

(Canadian Press)

WINNIPEG, Aug. 11—Approval of aims and objects of the United States National Recovery Act was voiced today by premiers of two western provinces as proposals to take similar action in Canada became widespread.

Premier John Bracken of Manitoba and Premier S. F. Tolmie, of British Columbia declared the experiments proceeding across the international boundary should be watched closely by the Dominion. The government heads suggested the policies which appeared of benefit to Canada should be adopted here.

At the same time a former President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, R. J. Hutchings of Calgary, said he did not care to recommend that Canada follow the lead of the United States.

Mr. Johnson: "Money, money—it's always money! Do you think I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

Mrs. Johnson: "No dear, not that one!"

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HEARTS AFIRE

By MARY CHRISTIE

CHAPTER 12

Miss Dale, to Her Mirror

"You are cruel, Jinny! As cruel as you are beautiful!"

Young Traymore's voice had the low, vibrant note that seldom in the past had failed to touch her.

'Crocodile pathos', she called it now, with a certain charity of vision that recent events had brought about.

"I'm not cruel. 'Whereas I was blind, now I see,'" she quoted.

"See what?"

"More than you think, my friend." An enigmatic little smile flickered at the corners of her lips. "I use my eyes—"

"To deadly purpose. They're the loveliest eyes in the world, Jinny. I'll never forget the first time you turned 'em on me . . . clean bowled me over . . . ."

"Oh you made a pretty good recovery," she retorted, unperturbed. "You've looked into lots of other eyes since then, and found a heap of charm in them. But what I mean to say is that I see more than you give me credit for, and I know what's going on, sub rosa. You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

He had to smile at that. There was something like a frightened little hare about Miss Prudence, and Virginia had hounded her . . . or at least attempted to . . . on the day of the memorable garden-party when he's found the shy country maiden almost on the verge of tears!

Aloud he said:—

"I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"Oh no, you wouldn't. The Bert Traymores of this world make a point of never seeing anything that's unpelasant."

At that, he leant towards her, one hand laid on hers.

"Buck up, Jinny girl! Haven't you always been first with me? And don't you flirt to beat the band, yourself, whenever the spirit moves you? Then why be down on a chap because he's had a . . . a sort of spring interlude . . ."

"Spring madness, eh?"

He laughed uncomfortably.

"Oh, not as bad as that. She's only a kid, Jinny. She's years younger than either you or me."

Oh, fatal blunder! Years younger? Had he really guessed, then? She'd have a long, long look in the glass to-night and woe betide Annette, her maid, if she hadn't got lots of the new cream ready, and the ice ordered from the village, and the things from town!

"I'm still in my early twenties, and can't pose as a Methusaleh," she said, with an angry simper, "though, personally, I fail to see or understand this flapper fascination that's come over you."

"Come, don't be foolish, Jinny." Young Traymore slipped a cajoling arm about her waist. "You're so bright and amusing that you beat all the flappers in the world—"

Insult to injury! Had she reached such an age, then that her sole charm was flippancy of mind and agile wits? Good heavens!

"It' ill becomes an old lady like myself to be coquetting in the moonlight with a Don Juan!" She released the clutch, and the car started forward. "No—stop philandering, Bert—I'm tired, and want to get my beauty sleep."

To his protestations she was deaf and dumb. A good thing to tantalize him! The fish one almost caught, but hadn't, was the one a man would rave about for weeks! It was time Bert was brought to his senses, and understood her value.

"You've changed to me, ever since that Peter Armstrong fellow started fussing over you," said Traymore sulkily. He was in a mood for dalliance, and women didn't generally refuse his overtures.

Virginia's eyes widened.

"Peter Armstrong? Fussing over me?" (How too ridiculous! The boot had been upon the other foot!)

"Well, wouldn't any chap fuss over you, who had a chance? And, if what a little bird tells me is true, you've given him several chances lately."

The girl laughed, and tossed her head.

"You mean when I took tea with him in his cottage, and another time we did an experiment together?"

Traymore nodded grimly.

"If you experiment too far, you'll may be bring the whole show down about your ears. Remember Delilah, young lady, and go easy!"

"He's a very brawny Samson, anyhow."

She felt brighter now, though her quondam sweetheart still looked sulky.

"He'd be all the better of a haircut, though I don't want to see you in the role of lady-barber."

"Oh, I admire him awfully." She stepped upon the brake as the front door appeared in view, and the little car drew up with a grinding sound. "Run the machine around to the garage for me, Bert. I'm going in."

She ran lightly up the steps, across the spacious hall, and was thankful that no one was about. Once in the haven of her own room, she wanted adequate time for meditation.

The looking-glass had been her friend for years. It surely wasn't going back on her now, when most particularly she wanted reassurance!

Virginia found the push-button, and switched on the light. It flooded her pretty bedroom with a rosy radiance. She crossed the floor to the long cheval-glass which had an electric lamp on either side of it, and turned them on.

What did she see?

A slender figure in 'correct' country clothes that had cost a pretty penny. A classically 'correct' face, with regular features, and complexion that—especially in this kindly light—looked perfect.

But . . . only herself would Miss Virginia ever have harbored such a thought! . . . hadn't a certain 'dewiness' departed? Wasn't there a calculating hardness in the eyes and in the set of the perfectly-modelled mouth? When she was tired or despondent, too, it 'sagged', marring its beauty, so that Annette's clever fingers had to coax the lines away with the new kind of cream that was so excellent for face-massage, and worked wonders . . .

Oh, no trouble was too great if the queer, restless feeling in her bosom was a true one . . . and at last, after all her years of fickleness . . . at last . . . she loved a real man . . . worthy of a woman's passionate devotion . . .

"If Peter Armstrong will but let me win him, I'll know happiness I've never known before," said Miss Virginia to the lovely image in the looking-glass.

(To be Continued.)

London Dealer Buys Twenty Carat Ruby

A magnificent ruby for which it is stated, $60,000 was refused two years ago has come into the possession of a dealer in Hatton Garden, London.

The ruby weighed nearly 20 carats in the rough and came from Burma where it was found by two natives.

It has now been cut down to 7½ carats and is said by experts to be one of the much-prized pigeon's-blood color and to be one of the finest rubies found in the past ten years.

The buyer has remained anonymous even to his fellow-dealers in Hatton garden.

Rubies have not been a popular stone with women in recent years, because they have not been wearing colors with which rubies would match.

But with the return of regal velvets and richer color schemes there is an indication that the gem will regain its favor.

The ruby for centuries has been regarded with some superstition. George Meredith speaks of it as "the gleam of murder," and in some countries it is spoken of as the blood stone.

BROWN AND RUBY RED LEADING FALL SHADES

HOLLYWOOD, Cal., Aug. 11.—Laces, heavy satins and velvet will be popular for fall wear.

By September, black will have been pushed into the background and browns, ruby reds and some black and white combinations will have taken the place held with navy during the summer.

As to hem-lines and waist-lines, the watchword of the season will be definitely, "longer."

Orry Kelly, who designs gowns for Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Barbara Stanwyck, Bette Davis and other motion picture actresses, is responsible for these statements.

Since evening gowns are already to the floor, there is little change in length possible for them, since they definitely will not go up, Kelly forecasts. Sports clothes also will stay at their present length, but the trend in street clothes is longer, they will be straight, with just enough fullness for comfort.

In the Restaurant

A space between the tables in the big restaurant had been left clear for the cabaret performance. After a troupe of dancing girls had left the floor a conjurer appeared and commenced his turn.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, picking up a top hat, "what shall I draw out of this?"

"The sausage and mash that I ordered half an hour ago, and be quick about it or there'll be trouble," said a little man sitting on his own in a corner.

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THE MARITIME SMOKE

THAT THE PEOPLE MAY KNOW

(A column of interest to all recording accepted facts and worthy opinions regarding the place of alcoholic beverages in modern life; as well as news of the progress of the campaign for a "dry" world.)

(Sponsored by the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance P. E. I.

(Forwarded for the S. of T. Column by J. W. A. Nicholson, North Bedeque.)

CRAZY AND CRIMINAL

Every thoughtful citizen must sometimes be puzzled about our collective behavior as a society, in our treatment of certain types of person and their conduct. One would expect that such responsible parties as our legislators and judges, chosen to deal with aspects and attitudes of our life that are very vital would use wisdom and discretion. Yet recent events in our courts, on our streets, and in the homes of our people, seem to indicate that these supposed-to-be expert and worthy leaders of a democratic society have been failing in their task.

Not so long ago, and within the borders of this little patch of Island earth, among our own enlightened and morally advanced people, a man who beat a fellow citizen and neighbor so viciously and violently that he died as the result of the attack was given only the same condemnation as a man who stole a silver fox. Now we all admit that foxes are valuable but did we not hear at one time that a man is much better than a fox, or something quite the same as that? have respective valuations been changed by decree of God? or of Parliament? or of Judge?—or by whom?

But the man was drunk! Should this be regarded as an alleviation or an aggravation of the man's conduct?

Again, a man appeared in court who had been guilty of the unheard of crime of treating with brutal indignity the very corpse of a brother man, an offence against decency and humanity unknown in the courts since the darker ages of human history. And the plea was made on his behalf that the man was drunk! At the same time appeared another who had recklessly driven his car so that he broke up the carriage of a fellow citizen and injured his body so seriously that he died soon after. In this case also the plea was made that the man was drunk!

Surely the logic of such events is this: If drinking leads to such terrible results for society, then to drink is itself a crime so dreadful that he who indulges at all must be regarded as supreme criminal, for he involves society in unpredictable dangers. It is crazy or criminal or both to deal so lightly with this evil.

Excusing crime in one that's drunk,
Is crime itself, as well as bunk.

Teacher—"Who can name some things that didn't exist fifty years ago?"

Little Pupil—"Aeroplanes and motors."

Teacher—"Correct; and what more?"

Little Pupil—"Me, miss."

Modern Rustlers Use Motortrucks

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11—(C. P.)—Cattle rustlers again are riding the ranges of the west, but today they are using motor trucks and ranch owners are at their wits end to stop them.

The solution to the rustling problem was simple when the west really was "wild." Then when stockmen captured rustlers, or suspicious characters who even looked like cattle thieves, they rendered their non-appealable verdict quickly: "String 'em up." And a rope and the nearest limb quickly solved the problem.

Today in the Pend Oreille district of Washington, stock growers have posted rewards of $100 for information leading to conviction of a cattle rustler. The growers said they had organized to fight a "crime wave" which has been growing steadily the last few years.

But they aren't rounding up the cattle and driving them to hilly retreats to change the brands these days.

Truckers motor to the ranges at night, load one or more steers on their machine and flee. Stockmen said the animals sometimes were killed and the meat sold to butchers. In Utah, Idaho, and Eastern Oregon rustlers are periodically active.

MATTHEW ROGERSON LEARD

The passing of Matthew Rogerson Leard of Alberton, P. E. Island, on August 2nd after a short illness of pneumonia leaves a wide breach in community and church life.

The late Mr. Leard was born at Tryon, P. E. Island, 81 years ago the son of Samuel Leard, and at the age of 17 removed to Alberton, where for 43 years he was in the employ of the late Hon. Benj. Rogers as accountant. Retiring from that position in 1912 he engaged in other pursuits in which he was quite successful and continued his activities until his last illness.

Throughout all the years of his residence in Alberton his especial delight as a sincere Christian, whose walk and conversation were exemplary, was constantly had in earnest and self-denying service of his Lord and Master as evidenced by choir leadership of 60 years, Sunday School superintendence and teaching of 30 years and 25 recent years of faithful duty performed in the interest of the Bible Society.

On his 80th birthday he sang, by request, a solo in his clear sweet tenor voice at the service in his church and a chief concern during his illness on his last Sunday on earth was regarding the choir.

The Methodist Church of which he was a pillar and bulwark honored him as Steward, while the United Church elected him to the Eldership which position he filled constantly until his death.

In 1880 Mr. Leard married Priscilla Locke of Cape Wolfe, whom he leaves to mourn, with three surviving children and several grandchildren, the loss of a kindly, gentle companion and father, Retta, (Mrs. A. B. Fisher, Charlottetown), Blanche, (Mrs. W. C. Lawson, Alberton), and Cyril, merchant, Alberton. A son, Anson S., predeceased his father some 24 years.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held from the United Church on Saturday, August 5th, and was conducted by his pastor, Rev. A. S. Weir, assisted by the Anglican Rector, Rev. W. J. Phillips, who later committed the body to its native dust, there to await the glorious Resurrection Morn.

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INSTITUTE NEWS

The Rollo Bay East division, comprising Rollo Bay East, Souris West, Gowan Brae, and Bear River South held their third District Convention in St. Alexis Hall, Rollo Bay East, on Tuesday afternoon, June 6. The opening chorus was "The Institute Ode," followed by "A Club Woman's Creed" in unison. The Address of Welcome was read by Minnie A. Chaisson and the reply to the address by Mrs. Rich. Kickham. Minutes of last District Convention were read, also the reports of the different Institutes. Miss Elizabeth MacMillan then gave a splendid address on the Home Maker which was very much enjoyed by all. Next in order was the election of officers, resulting as follows: President, Mrs. Wm. Howlett, Gowan Brae; Secretary, Minnie A. Chaisson, Rollo Bay East. A very instructive demonstration on Salads was given by Miss E. MacMillan. The rest of the program consisted of organ selections and a Recitation, "My Dead Doll," by little Miss Howlett. A delicious lunch was served by the ladies and the meeting adjourned by singing the National Anthem.

The June meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Edward Mahar, with five members and one visitor present. The meeting opened by reading, "A Club Woman's Creed," and the response to Roll Call was the payment of a Nickel. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved. Correspondence was read and delegates were appointed to attend the Annual Convention in Charlottetown. Piano selections formed part of the program. Lunch was served by the Misses Mahar and the meeting adjourned by singing the National Anthem. Mrs. W. H. Keefe kindly invited the members to her home for next meeting, when Roll Call answer will be "Riddles."

Members met at the home of Mrs. W. H. Keefe to hold their July meeting. There were five members and one visitor present. Meeting opened by singing, "The Institute Ode," and the Roll Call answer was a "Riddle." The minutes of last meeting were read and approved and a letter from the Motor League was read. Members decided to send for reflectors. Piano selections formed part of the program. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Miss Mary Cheverie and the meeting adjourned. Next meeting to be held in the schoolroom, when answer to Roll Call will be "Recipe for Cooking."

Grannie's Treat

As a special Whitsun treat, grannie was taken to the cinema by her dutiful nephew.

Several years had elapsed since her last visit, and in the interval sound films had superseded the silent ones.

After the performance the old lady was asked how she liked the change.

"I think it was fine," she joyfully exclaimed, "but I must say I enjoyed the unspeakable ones better."

MAISLE CORPORATION LIMITED

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that Maisle Corporation Limited intends to make application to the Honourable the Secretary of State of Canada for leave to surrender its charter for cancellation in accordance with the provisions of Sections 30 of The Companies' Act, Canada.

CHARLOTTETOWWN, P. E. I., August 8th, 1933.

W. S. GREENE, Secretary.

PETERISLE CORPORATION LIMITED.

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CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I. August 8th, 1933.

W. S. GREENE, Secretary.