JUSTICE HARLAN IS DEAD AFTER BRIEF ILLNESS

U. S. Supreme Court Member, Created Recent Sensation by Opinion on Big Trusts.

SAT IN COURT THIS WEEK

Suffered Attack of Bronchitis, and Complications Following Caused Death.

JUSTICE HARLAN'S DISSENTING VIEWS IN BIG TRUST CASES.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Following are the excerpts from Justice Harlan's famous dissenting opinion:

"The court has read into the Sherman act words which are not found there, and has thereby done that which it adjudged in 1896 and 1898 could not be done without violating the Constitution.

"The courts have nothing to do with the wisdom or policy of an act of Congress.

"To over-reach the action of Congress, merely by judicial construction, is a blow at the integrity of our governmental system.

"The court has usurped the constitutional functions of the legislative branch of the government."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Associate Justice John M. Harlan, senior member of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his home here at 8.15 A. M. to-day, following a brief illness of bronchitis which developed complications. Justice Harlan was seventy-eight years old. He sat on the bench within the October term of court, which opened Monday, but on Tuesday was confined to his home with a cold which gradually grew worse.

The aged jurist created a nation-wide sensation last spring when in vigorous opinion he dissented from the remainder of the highest court in the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust decisions, asserting that his associates were amending the law by reading the word "reasonable" into the Sherman Anti-Trust law.

Justice Harlan served thirty-four years on the bench, which, with two exceptions, is the longest term in the history of the country.

HEARD ARGUMENT IN COAL TRUST CASES MONDAY.

Justice Harlan, as stated, sat on the bench last Monday when the court heard arguments on the Anthracite Coal Trust case. The following morning Chief Justice White announced that Justice Harlan was "slightly ill," and yesterday asked attorneys to consider that Justice Harlan was sitting in their cases, although not physically present. Justice Harlan, however, was in much more serious condition than his colleagues in the court realized.

Despite his advanced age, he was robust and ordinarily enjoyed the best of health. He was rarely absent from the bench, an attack of influenza a few years ago being almost the only illness from which he had suffered for a long period. The sudden death of Associate Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court, who was not only a colleague on the bench but a very close personal friend, very much affected Justice Harlan, whose friends have felt some apprehension of the serious consequences of the shock of Justice Brewer's death.

Chief Justice Fuller's death in the summer of 1910 was also a great shock to the venerable jurist. Justice Harlan continued to perform his share of the work of the court. His great ambition was to serve until next June, when he would have exceeded the service of any other man who sat on that bench.

SONS OF THE JUSTICE CALLED TO WASHINGTON.

As it was his service was longer than that of any other Justice except Chief Justice Marshall and Associate Justice Stephen J. Field. Field's was the longest service—34 years 6 months and 10 days; Marshall's, 34 years 5 months and 5 days; Harlan's, 33 years 10 months and 25 days. His service did exceed that of Justice Story, who was on the bench 33 years 9 months 22 days. These are the only Justices who have served their country on the bench for more than a generation.

It was while sitting on the bench Monday that Justice Harlan first felt the attack of bronchitis. He asked then for such simple remedies as were at hand in the office of the Marshal of the court, but he remained at his post. By Tuesday considerable fever was manifest. On Wednesday he was markedly weaker and his condition grew worse, although it was not understood at the Supreme Court that his condition was at all alarming. Yesterday he seemed a little better.

His son, John M. Harlan of Chicago, a lawyer, was summoned here, and another son, Dr. Richard C. Harlan, traveling in Europe, was notified. Last night he grew worse and death came at 8.15 A. M. to-day.

Justice Harlan received the degree of LL.D. from Bowdoin College and the University of Pennsylvania; was a member of the Bering Sea Tribunal of Arbitration which met in Paris in 1893, and was Vice-Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America in 1905. For more than twenty years Justice Harlan was a lecturer on constitutional law in George Washington University.

WURRA, WURRA!

RANDOM SHOTS AT BIG GAME AND SMALL

BY W. P. McLOUGHLIN.

AT LEAST TEN THOUSAND rabid baseball fans have been grouching around town all the week about the big gouge in tickets for the world's series. In dear old Lunnon the clamor would have resulted in an appeal to the Home Secretary to intervene and "save the national honor," as in the case of the Johnson-Bombardier-what's-his-name scrap.

This is how it will end here: To-night, one fan with his foot on the bar rail, will point with pride to himself as he proclaims that he had paid $6 for his perch at the Polo Grounds. Whereupon the little chap next to him with the piccolo voice will come back with: "You've got nothing on me, old man; I dug for ten apiece for my party of four."

Then they'll go out in the glare of the white light and "rah-rah" like mad with the rest of the suckers of this city of suckers.

P. S.—And next year they'll do the same if the Giants figure in another world's series.

N. B.—And they'll do it the year after.

AND AS AN EVIDENCE of what a feather-headed people we are, this baseball gouge is just to the point. A few weeks ago a great swarm of people suddenly turned out to see a boxing bout in Madison Square Garden. The managers of the show were swept off their feet. They made no provision to handle the crowd. They didn't have even police protection, as such a rush was not anticipated. Naturally, when 20,000 persons clamored to get into a building that could hold only 8,000 there was a jump in the price of tickets when the speculators got busy. They charged $1 for a dollar pasteboard. And they got it.

Next day such a howl! Wurra Wurra and philaloo and yoi, yoi, Robbers, thieves, gonefs! And in the din that resulted an up-State boxing Commissioner, who had never heard a loud noise in the small town he came from, moved for the revocation of the license of the Madison Square Athletic Club, and it was revoked.

But the baseball potentates seem to be beyond the reach of any law but themselves. Here we find them with an unmistakable notice of an immense demand for admissions to the world's series. They soak the poor, enthusiastic, faithful fan for from $6 to $8 for a dollar seat, regardless of the fact that he has kept the game going during dull days from May to October with his little fifty, seventy-five and a dollar.

Baseball is above suspicion as an honest game, but it is a card-indexed, commercialized, couponized, bell-punched, pay-as-you-enter, hundred-to-the-dollar, no-mistakes-rectified-after-you-leave-the-window, no-checks-cashed-or-money-loaned proposition.

And that'll be about all to-day. I'm going up to the game.

LOR' SAVE US, but there are some queer things running loose in these parts and no one to lasso 'em. Here is Jimmy Martin coming out as a reformer and having first person singular statements and signed interviews in the public prints.

Every wanst in a while, like all the rest of us, I get a strange yen to go down to Dover dock and take it on the run over the stringpiece, but I stop on the corner for a minute and read the paper, and when I see such bits of news as the announcement that Jimmy Martin is a reformer I order "another" and invite the crowd to join.

This isn't such a bad world, after all. And there are worse reformers than Jimmy.

THOSE EARLY-TO-BED Staten Islanders who have occasionally kept awake long enough to see a fistic fest in Manhattan will be spared the necessity of an ocean voyage hereafter. The Borough of Richmond is to have its own athletic club at which the mitt experts will clash. The Liberal A. C. comes into being to-night at Bachman Station, Rosebank, with Young Dyson and Spike Hickey, the champion feather, as the star duet. There will be four good prelims.

I'll bet Joe McKone, the Mayor of Staten Island, will be there with cymbals!

TOUCHIN' ON whether or not a man can come back as a box-fighter when he has been defeated or has dropped out of the game for a lengthy period, there is the surprising case of Bat Nelson. To those who had never seen the Battler at his best, who wanted to see his style and who were present at his engagement with Willie Beecher the other night, the Dane was a revelation. His manner of fighting—the gait that won him the championship—was unchanged from its whirlwind days. But the polthogue was no longer there. The snap or sting that used to go with his quick right hook was missing, although the speed was there and to the untrained eye the deadly force appeared to be back of teh elbow. Beecher, one of the fastest boxers and hardest hitters in the ring in his class to-day, had a tough time trying to hold his own against a man who, according to dope, should have been limping around on crutches and wearing whiskers reaching down to his waist line.

But I never took much stock in dope on sporting events. All the dopesters I know are usually looking for a couple of bucks "until the ghost walks on pay day."

AS A FURTHER EVIDENCE of Battling Nelson's endurance, I may mention the fact that he has just issued a second book from his think factory out in Hegewisch, Ill. And on what subject, prithee, kind sirs? Oh, no, you're all wrong—it hasn't got a blamed thing to do with boxing or high finance. It's not about the "Great Men I Have Met," which is the favorite theme of every tin-eared pug who has walked across my way. It is more pretentious. It is more aspiring. It is the inspiring. It is the apotheosis of an ideal for a gentleman whose specialty is ladling out the wallops to other gentlemen inside of four rope-girdled posts. It is on a subject that would make Bulwer Lytton quail in uncertainty and Dickens, the other great reportorial novelist, fade away into the recesses of 'Oundsditch. Yes, sir, there's nothing slow about Bat. He wades right in and writes his book and titles it "The Wonders of the Yellowstone National Park." How's that, ha? Can anybody wonder at what carried the Dane through all his walloping career?

Nerve! Well!

And here's a line from Bat's book:

"All geysers make a white rock called geyserite. The upper geyser basin rock is a volcanic lava called porphyritic rhyolite with radial spherulitic inclusions."

D'ye know I think Bat is a sort of Old Faithful geyser himself.

PRACTICALLY smothered by the baseball hysteria of the last week, there has gone along quietly the big fair of the Knights of Columbus, which closes to-night in the Twelfth Regiment Armory. Rarely, if ever, in affairs of this kind in this city of joys for the eye has there been gathered under one roof as many pretty girls as gives the unwary visitor greeting as he enters the doors of the armory. And the fact that the visitor's wealth is soon shed is condoled by the realization that the touching process is carried out by a fine bunch of beauty.

SAM LANGFORD has been sued by a press agent.

As if Sam needed a press agent while Joe Woodman manages him!

WURRA WURRA:

A bets that Christy Mathewson gets a salary of $50,000 for a five year contract. B bets he does not.

If you don't know the exact amount of his salary please state as near as possible, and oblige.

W. DEVANNY.

The Big League officials are averse to making public the salaries paid to their star men. I have heard that Mathewson has a three years' contract at $11,000 a year, but I can't give this as positive, while I have reason to believe it is correct.

THE FOLLOWING interesting communication has its appeal even to Comptroller Prendergast:

WURRA WURRA:

I want to give you credit for urging an increase of salary for the cops and firemen in your column last Saturday. Yet you deserve a roast for saying that all other departments have been raised from time to time. And you may be right at that, as you did not say what way we were raised—up or down. I will just give you a peep into the way things run in the Department of Charities. I, with hundreds of others, am carried on the city payroll under the title of hospital helper. Some of us work from 7 A. M. to 7 P. M. For years we have received the large amount of ten dollars a month. We were frequently promised more. We got it, but what gets me is that we were raised from $10 to $12.50 a month for just two months, and without any notice were raised down again to the same old ten. HOSPITAL HELPER.

There is more in his letter, but the tale that Hospital Helper tells is too pathetic for this column. The worst of it all is that the city of New York set such a wage standard for those who care for the sick and aged as ten dollars a month. And the comically irritating part of it is that the Department of Charities expects to get reliable men to do the work.

JULIUS HARBURGER for Sheriff. Henry Goldfogle presiding. Goldenkranz reading the resolutions at Tammany Hall's County Convention. Julius Mayer directing and Sam Koenig operating the Republican County Convention.

Gaspa of the Macs and O's from the discard: "Where do we come in?"

THE FOLLOWING foolish question has been addressed to me:

"Kindly send me the name and address of a place in New York where a person can telegraph money and it will be put on the races for him."

Why telegraph it to be put on the ponies? You can shoot it into a sewer at home and save the telegraph tolls.

EDWARD B. LINCOLN.—In all the correspondence that reached me before the Reno fiasco your letter, as I recall, was the only one that came near calling the turn on what would really happen after Jeffries and Johnson started to work in the ring. You said the affair—it wasn't a fight—would not go eighteen rounds. It didn't. You said that Johnson would uppercut Jeffries into helplessness. He did.

And you could have done it yourself.

WHIST! Didjever hear of the Gas House Poet? No? Well there is one, and he's a live one. List to one of his lays:

WURRA WURRA:

Why do they search for a white hope
In places far and near,
When there's many a lad with a polthogue
In the Gas House District here.
And if one ever landed once
On big Jack Johnson's lamp,
Believe me, in a second's time,
There'd be an IRISH CHAMP!

TOM NOLAN, No. 358 East Nineteenth street (the Gas House District).

It's a noble sentiment Tom, avic, but I'm afraid they ain't growing that good in the Gas House District nowadays. I know the bunch in that burg.

The Evening World will pay a reward of $250 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the man who attacked Agnes Waugh, the 19-year-old daughter of George Waugh of Bay Ridge.

16-YEAR-OLD BRIDE COMES FROM PARIS TO CLEAR HUSBAND

Seeks Withdrawal of Warrant Charging Bankrupt Importer With Being Fugitive.

HE'S STILL ABROAD.

Eloping Wife, Cast Off by Parents, Has Complainant Against Labey Arrested.

While her husband is anxiously waiting in Paris for word from her, sixteen-year-old Eva Labey, who eloped and went abroad, is in this city bending every effort to make it possible for Charles Labey, formerly secretary of the Egyptian Importing Company of No. 107 Washington street, to return and clear his name.

The Egyptian Importing Company is in the hands of a receiver, having been thrown into bankruptcy by creditors. When the crash came, Labey decided he would go elsewhere. He had just married Eva Pearlmurter, daughter of a lumber dealer in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn.

In her task to re-establish her husband's reputation, the girl bride has already brought embarrassment to a man she charges with responsibility for placing her husband in what she says is a false position.

Mrs. Labey returned to this city three days ago. Yesterday she swore to an affidavit charging Wadie Tannees, president of the Egyptian Importing Company, with the intention of going to Los Angeles, Cal., to place himself beyond the jurisdiction of the Federal courts of this city. To-day Tannees gave $7,000 bail before Commissioner Shields to guarantee his presence in the Federal courts. He was arrested at No. 109 Washington street by Marshal Henkel, who says he found Tannees packing goods for shipment to California.

PARENTS HAVE REFUSED AID SINCE MARRIAGE.

Mrs. Labey, who is considered a beauty, is making the fight in her husband's behalf alone. Her parents have refused to receive her because she married a man of different religious views. Labey is the son of Martin Labey of the Labey Importing Company, one of the richest Syrians in this country. The elder Labey served six months in the Philadelphia penitentiary some years ago for defrauding the Government in underweighing imports.

Mrs. Labey is at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Martin De Journs, at No. 342 Manhattan avenue, and she will remain there until her husband can return to New York without being arrested.

It was as the result of testimony given by Tannees in the Bankruptcy Court that a warrant was lodged with the United States Marshal for Labey's arrest, charging him with being a fugitive from justice. To-day his bride appealed to M. C. Arsonge, attorney for the receiver, to withdraw the warrant, pledging that her husabnd would return and do his utmost to straighten out the affairs of the Egyptian Importing Company and assist the creditors. Mr. Arsonge admits he is impressed by her sincerity.

The attachment between Eva Pearlmurter and Labey was long known to their friends, but owing to the difference in religion and her extreme youth their marriage seemed far away. But they decided to permit no obstacles to interfere with their happiness and went to Atlantic City, where they were married.

PLANNED TO GO TO FAR EAST TO LIVE.

"We decided to go to Paris," said Mrs. Labey to Mr. Arsonge, "but we had no intention of trying to escape the obligation due to the creditors. We thought Wadie Tannees would be able to explain everything satisfactorily. After a season in Paris we were going to Syria, to Asia and to Yokohoma, where we planned to settle, because Mr. Labey's father has an office there.

"All this was changed when we heard that Tannees had cast aspersions on my husband's character and had placed him in the light of trying to defraud the creditors. We could not stand for this. My husband wept. We knew of the warrant and that it would be useless for him to return to this country and be arrested. So I made up my mind to come back and compel the traducers of my husband to retract their slanderous stories."

Immediately on her arrival here Tuesday Mrs. Labey began an investigation of Tannees, which resulted in his arrest on her complaint.

O'MARA DECLARES DOROTHY ARNOLD WILL RETURN SOON

Pittsburgh Detective, Employed by Griscom, Says She Is "Well and Happy."

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 14.—"Dorothy Arnold, the missing New York woman, will reappear within a few days, well and happy. It is absurd to think she has met with foul play or committed suicide. You may say positively that she will reappear."

That statement was made last night by Roger O'Mara, the detective who was retained by George Griscom, her fiance, to find her after she vanished.

"For a time I was baffled," said O'Mara, "but I always had a feeling that she was alive and well. Now I have every reason to believe I was justified in that opinion."

"Have you definite information?" was asked.

"I'm not prepared to say that now. I don't care to say any more than I have."

"It is reported Miss Arnold has been in Pittsburgh right along," O'Mara was informed.

"I can't say any more about it now, I tell you," he repeated. "Let Miss Arnold rest and she will appear."

George Griscom is living with his father in the Hotel Kenmaur.

"I have nothing to say," was the message he sent last night to a reporter.

WALL STREET.

To-day's early stock market continued further the advance that has characterized recent sessions. Opening above yesterday's final range, the list immediately pursued an upward course. St. Paul, Reading, Steel, Union and Southern Pacific, Copper and Southern Railway preferred, all rose for average gains of one point. Pronounced strength of the leaders was reflected in a firmer condition in other quarters.

The early rising tendency was continued unabated throughout the session. Trading approached its strongest stage toward closing time, when highest prices of the day were established. Steel, Union and Northern Pacific, Reading and Copper were particularly prominent. All these features increased their opening figures by over 1 point.

Wabash shares were the most conspicuous of a number of specialties. Substantial buying of these issues that developed in the final hour was the best witnessed in weeks.

The volume of business increased perceptibly on the upward movement.

The Closing Prices.

To-day's highest, lowest and last prices of stocks and of net changes as compared with yesterday's final figures are as follows:

	High.	Low.	Last.	Net Ch'ge.
Amal. Copper	82⅞	81⅛	82⅛	+1⅛
Am. Car & Foun.	49⅞	49	49⅞	+1⅛
Am. Can	10⅝	10⅝	10⅝	+⅛
Am. Can pf	86½	86½	86½	+½
Am. Cotton Oil	51½	51½	51½	+½
Am. Locomotive	35⅝	35⅝	35⅝	+⅛
Am. Sm. & Ref.	66	64⅝	66	+1½
Am. Sugar	118	117⅝	118	+⅜
Am. T. & T. Co.	135⅛	135⅛	135⅛	+⅜
Am. Tob. Co. pf	98	97⅞	97⅞	+⅝
Anaconda Mining	34	34	34	+1
At. T. & S. F.	106⅞	106	106⅞	+⅜
Atlantic Coast	128½	127⅛	127⅛	+⅜
Balt. & Ohio	97⅞	96⅝	97⅞	+1⅛
Brooklyn R. T.	75½	75⅛	75⅛	+⅜
Cent. Leather	22⅞	21⅞	22⅞	+⅝
Can. Pacific	259⅞	258⅞	259⅞	+2⅞
Ches. & Ohio	74	73⅞	74	+⅝
C. M. & St. P.	110	108⅞	109⅞	+1
Consol. Gas	139⅞	138⅞	139⅞	+⅞
Dist. Sec. Corp.	32½	—	—	+⅜
Erie	31½	30½	31⅛	+⅜
Gen. Elec.	151⅞	—	—	+⅜
Gt. Nor. pf	127	126	127	+1⅛
Inter. Met.	15⅛	15⅛	15⅛	+⅝
Inter. Met. pf	45⅞	45⅛	45⅞	+⅜
Ill. Cent.	139	—	—	+⅜
Inter. Pump	27⅛	26⅞	27	+⅜
Kan. City Southern	29⅞	29⅞	29⅞	+⅜
Lehigh Valley	161⅞	160⅞	161⅞	+⅜
Louis. & Nash.	147⅞	147⅛	147⅞	+⅝
Mo., Kan. & Tex.	31⅞	30⅞	31⅞	+1⅛
Mo. Pac.	39½	39	39½	+⅜
Nat. Lead	47½	47⅛	47½	+1
Norfolk & West.	105½	105½	105½	—
N. Y. Cen.	105⅞	105⅛	105⅞	+⅝
North. Pac.	118	116⅞	117⅞	+1⅛
Ont. & West.	39	39	39	+⅜
Pennsylvania	122⅞	122	122⅞	+⅜
People's Gas	108⅞	107⅞	108⅞	+⅜
Ry. Steel Spring	28⅞	28	28⅞	+⅜
Reading	159⅞	158⅛	159⅞	+1⅛
Rock Island	23½	23	23½	+⅜
Rock Island pfd.	47⅞	47⅛	47⅞	+⅜
South. Pac.	110	109⅞	109⅞	+1⅛
South. Ry.	29⅞	28⅞	29⅞	+⅜
South. Ry. pf	70	69⅞	70	+⅜
Third Ave.	0⅞	0½	0⅞	+⅜
Union Pac.	163	161⅞	162⅞	+1⅛
U. S. Rubber	45⅞	45⅛	45⅞	+⅜
U. S. Steel	61⅞	60⅞	61⅞	+1
U. S. Steel pf	109⅞	109⅛	109⅞	+⅜
Utah Copper	42	41½	42	+⅜
Vir.-Carolina Chem.	48½	48½	48½	—⅜
Wabash	12⅞	12⅞	12⅞	+⅜
Wabash pf	27	26½	27	+1
Westinghouse E. & M.	63	63	63	+1⅜
West. Un. Tel.	79½	79½	79½	+⅜

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Girl Here With Mission

"To Save Souls" Scorns Love and Suffragettes

Miss Bevan, Who Began Preaching at 15, Couldn't Let Man Interfere With Life Work, She Says.

And the Militant "Votes for Women" Advocate Is So Unwomanly — Tells of Her Plans.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

A young person with a mission is in our midst. Her name is Margaret Bevan, and she is eighteen years old.

To be sure, every train and every ferry that glides into its station or dock in New York brings at least one young person with a mission to us. Usually the missions include a more or less brilliant future for the missionaries when their message has been recognized.

But Margaret Bevan is not like that. It is our souls, and not her future, that causes her anxiety. If she can get around to it she is going to make Baptists of us all; show us all the light. But she is going to tackle India first in preliminary practice before she makes a business of converting Broadway. In the meanwhile she arrived here on the Baltic yesterday for a lecturing tour of the Western States.

"Though I do not call it 'lecturing,' said the youthful enthusiast. "I call my work 'preaching,' because it is preaching. I am very broad-minded, too. I do not care whom I preach to. People do not have to pay admission to hear me. I preach because I love it and I want people to see the light."

BEGAN HER "LIFE WORK" AS MISSIONARY AT 15.

"You have not been crossed in love or anything like that?" I suggested. "You did not take up your work because of blighted affections?"

"I began to preach because I felt I had a mission," replied Miss Bevan earnestly, "and I feel so strongly that it is my duty to preach that I should not think of allowing any one to interfere with my life work. People who have been called for any particular task always feel as I do. I do not think a person with a mission should consider his or her own happiness. Of course, I am very young as yet, but if I should meet a man for whom I could care and who cared for me, and if I found our mutual affection kept me in any way from my work I should give up the man at once."

"Why not simplify matters by marrying the man and preaching to him all the rest of your life?" I asked.

"You are jesting," rebuked Miss Bevan gravely. "I cannot take my preaching so lightly and I feel it is my duty not to take it lightly. I am only eighteen, but I have been preaching the Baptist faith for over three years in various parts of England and Wales, and once before here in the United States. Inasmuch as I began at such an early age, it seems to me that I have been especially chosen, and so I do not care to take my mission as a joke."

HOW SHE CAME TO FIND HER REAL MISSION.

And she is a very serious young lady, indeed. You are filled with the consciousness of sin the minute she fixes you with her eyes. I wonder if saving souls might not be made a more cheerful business if only the saviors would not hint quite so broadly that their task is almost beyond their strength? Be that as it may, Miss Bevan faces her labors sturdily, steadily and almost strenuously. She is uncannily self-possessed for one so young, and she struggles with no difficulties in expressing herself. Perhaps the flush which comes and goes beneath her clear English skin is the only evidence of emotion she has not under complete control. Somehow she reminds one of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, though her eyes are brown, while Miss Pankhurst's are gray. I saw Miss Bevan at the Morgan Hotel on West Eleventh street.

"How did you happen to take up your work?" I asked.

"Our minister at home in Wales once asked me to read a religious paper before a Sunday school class," Miss Bevan explained. "I wrote my paper carefully, but when I came to reading it I became so interested in my subject that I abandoned my notes and spoke extemporaneously. The minister told me then, and, in fact, so did many people in the audience, that I had a gift for preaching.

HAS HORROR OF THE WAYS OF MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.

"Since then I have taken it up as my life work, and I travel about as the Baptist Missionary Headquarters directs. My mother travels with me. Eventually I shall take a course in nursing so that I may go to India and nurse and do missionary work. That is my ambition for my future. You see men missionaries are not permitted in the harems, but a woman who is also a nurse can find a large field for her labors. I hope to begin my work in India before I am twenty-five."

"Do you hope to teach the women of India Christian resignation or the modern dissatisfaction which would lead to their freedom?" I asked.

Miss Bevan looked a little worried.

"Of course," she said, "I believe the women of India are frightfully oppressed and all that, but, on the other hand, I am not a suffragist either. I mean to say particularly I am not a militant suffragist. I think it is dreadfully unwomanly. Fancy throwing stones and restoring to all the other rough measures that they do. Militant suffrage is a horror to me. Though, as I have said, it does seem to me that the women of India deserve more rights than they have now."

"But how could they get them?" I urged.

"Dearie me, I am sure I do not know," answered Miss Bevan, as nearly in a pet as a young lady with a mission can be. "I am going to India as a missionary, not as a lecturer on suffrage."

Which closed the argument, of course.

MARGARET BEVAN

Besides, what would the women of India want with rights when they can loll around on cushions all day and eat? Maybe they can even worry along without the comforts of religion. But Miss Bevan thinks they ought not to do that, so Miss Bevan is going to see to it that they don't.

DUKE'S ARRIVAL ELATES THE SOCIETY PEOPLE.

Nine Hundred Pieces of Baggage Arrive for Connaught and His Retinue.

OTTAWA, Oct. 14.—The Duke of Connaught, his wife and attendants who left Quebec yesterday bound for Ottawa, are expected here late to-day.

In the last ten days the Government baggage wagons have deposited no less than 900 pieces of baggage, the property of the Duke and his entourage. The Master of the Household, with a squad of lesser servants, arrived in Ottawa several days ago. Also among the Duke's effects were high stepping horses and splendid carriages and automobiles, the vehicles emblazoned with the ducal coat of arms. Similarly decorated are the equine trappings and, taken altogether, the vice-regal party when on parade in the streets to and from the stately Parliament buildings will present quite a splotch of color and grandeur.

Duke Installed in His New Office.

QUEBEC, Oct. 14.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are to preside over Rideau Hall at Ottawa as representatives of King George for the next few years, landed at Quebec yesterday morning.

Actual ceremonies of installation took place in the Legislative Council room and were impressive. Sir Lomer Gouin read an address of welcome, followed by the Mayor of Quebec with an address to the citizens.

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