GOODBY PARTIES TO AID SUFFRAGE

Every Uncertain Member of Congress To Be Treated to One.

"TRAIN LETTER" TO CLINCH PLAN

No Representative To Be Able to Say "There's No Sentiment in My District."

[From The Tribune Bureau.]

Washington, Aug. 29.—Every Representative who has not already declared for woman suffrage will be treated to a "farewell party" by the suffragists of his district when he leaves for Washington this fall, according to plans announced at the headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association here to-day. Local suffragists will gather for a district convention just as the Representative is packing his trunk, and will make a show of strength designed to remove the impression that "there is no sentiment for suffrage in my district" and convince him of the advisability of a constitutional amendment giving women the right to vote at national elections.

If this demonstration fails to move the Representative he will be handed a "train letter," in the form of resolutions adopted and signed by the members of all the suffrage leagues in his district. The Representative will be expected to read the letter on the way to Washington, and thus prepare himself for the final appeal, the forty-seventh national convention of the N. A. W. S. A., in which hundreds of women from every state in the Union will assemble to memorialize Congress on behalf of their cause, presenting copies of the resolutions sent in from each Congress district.

To Demonstrate Demand.

Mrs. Medill McCormick, chairman of the Congressional Committee of the association in Washington, explains the purpose of this plan for going-away parties as follows:

"It is to demonstrate the demand for nation-wide woman suffrage and to secure action during the next session of Congress that the Congressional Committee has arranged these district meetings throughout the country. Especial emphasis will be given to the meetings in the districts of new members of Congress, of whom there are over 130 this session, and no Representative will be left in a position to oppose us on the ground that 'there is no sentiment in my district.'"

Mrs. McCormick, who is the daughter of the late Mark Hanna and known as one of the most farsighted politicians in suffrage ranks, has been putting much of her best effort during the last two years into Congress district work in non-suffrage states. It is said that her committee has now a district organization second only to that of the Prohibitionists. "And see what the Prohibitionists have done," says Mrs. McCormick.

Every Man's Record Filed.

"This Congress district machinery has been running smoothly all summer," Mrs. McCormick continues. "From the beginning we have used the card catalogue system of checking up the Representatives, and we run it in duplicate. That is, we record whatever facts we obtain for ourselves in Washington, including the Representative's vote on all legislation in which women are interested, and we also send a card to the Congress district leader. She fills out the various questions asked concerning her particular Representative, his political record and affiliations at home, whether his wife is a suffragist or an 'anti,' and various other items that may bear upon his case. Then she goes to interview him on woman suffrage, returns the card to us, and there we have him—from both ends of the line. When the committee members in Washington approach a new member at the time of the next session, for example, they will know in advance the manner of man with whom they have to deal."

The Congressional campaign in New York State will be managed by Mrs. Raymond Brown, of the New York State Woman Suffrage Association, and Mrs. W. Grant Brown, of the New York City Woman Suffrage party. It will be their duty to see that every New York Representative is thoroughly acquainted with the strength of the suffrage movement in his district, and that he leaves for the opening of Congress with the impression fresh and strong in his mind.

MRS. A. G. VANDERBILT TO REMAIN IN LENOX

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Sloane to Spend September at Elm Court.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Lenox, Mass., Aug. 29.—Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Douglas Sloane are expected to arrive to-morrow at Elm Court for September as guests of Mr. Sloane's mother, Mrs. William Douglas Sloane.

Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly, who has been at Elm Court, has gone to Convent, N. J.

Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is planning to remain in Lenox until close to the first of next year, when her lease of Shadow Brook will expire. The villa is being prepared for winter occupancy.

Invitations to the reception at Allen Winden following the wedding of Miss Kitty Lanier Lawrance and William Averell Harriman on September 21 will be sent out on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cortlandt Field Bishop and Miss Beatrice Bishop will start to-morrow for New London, where Miss Bishop is to visit a relative, while Mr. and Mrs. Bishop proceed to Cape Cod.

Kinsley Swan, of Brooklyn, who was ill of pneumonia in a Pittsfield hospital, has returned to his country place in Canaan, N. Y.

Mrs. J. E. Alexander gave a luncheon at Spring Lawn this afternoon.

Mrs. Jean Underhill, of New York, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pritchard Eaton in Stockbridge. Augustus E. Thomas, who has been with Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, has returned to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Davis gave a dinner party at their villa in Stockbridge on Saturday evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sorchan entertained at dinner for their guest, Miss Marion Perry.

Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick, Mrs. Arthur W. Swan and Miss Emily Tuckerman have returned to Stockbridge from Plattsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Powers, of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Crowninshield, who gave a luncheon in their honor this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Achenbach, Miss Achenbach and Mrs. Francis G. Gorham, of New York, arrived at Heaton Hall, Stockbridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Cammann and Donald Cammann arrived at the Red Lion Inn.

MEXICAN IN N. Y. U. FACULTY

Huerta's Man to Teach Madero's Nephew Finance.

T. Esquival Obregon, formerly of Mexico City and Minister of Finance in Huerta's Cabinet, has become a member of the New York University faculty and will offer a course in "Business Law and Practice of the South American Countries" at the School of Commerce next term.

One of his students will be Luis Madero, a nephew of former President Francisco Madero. Luis Madero is seventeen and the son of another Mexican Minister of Finance, Ernesto Madero, now living at Allenhurst, N. J.

Here Is a Poet Who Finds Romance in the Key-Tappings of Economically Stuck Up Stenographers

Simon Barr Says That the Typist Will Realize the Beauty About Her Only When She Realizes Her Power in the Business World.

Hour after hour she rattles at the keys,
With head bent low and furtive, smiling lips,
Blind to the world that through her ribbon slips,
Dreaming girl-dreams, reliving memories.
Hour after hour the hands of little ease
Know not their soul—flash from their finger tips
Strong words that rear a tower or launch great ships
Voyaging for miracles upon strange seas;
Strong worlds that crash in steel and blaze in fire,
Start a myriad arms, give life to wheels,
Fashion men's destinies and wing desire,
Levy earth's tribute, guide the golden stream—
She weaves the magic age . . . yet weary feels . . .
Dead monodies . . . and dreams her greater dream.

Simon Barr, an editor of "The Municipal Journal" and proponent of typewriter romance.

As your little stenographer sits tapping the keys you realize, don't you, that she may easily be thinking of something else? That, though her fingers are working for you and that her pages will be clean and correct, her thoughts are 'way, 'way off, sometimes down in the shipping office where a big giant with blue eyes is heaving boxes, sometimes home where the mother is making over last year's skirt into this year's blouse, sometimes far off in foreign courts or coral strands or—oh, just anywhere where there is romance or novelty or adventure. For mechanical and efficient and businesslike as she is, the stenographer is dreaming dreams over that typewriter, thinking long, long thoughts behind her basket of papers, seeing visions quite beyond the office walls and file boxes.

Mr. Simon Barr, one of the editors of "The Municipal Journal," understood these things about the race of those who take notes and write letters all day long, and he wrote the above poem. We wondered how anybody who wasn't a stenographer herself, who didn't borrow money to go through business college, who didn't scrimp and scrape to live on $8.50 a week, who didn't buy sample shoes and marked down hats and soiled, and therefore cheap, neckwear—we wondered how he could understand. So we went and asked him.

"How did you know, and why the stenographer? Do you think she has less beauty in her life and that she is less conscious of what there is there than any other class, perhaps?"

"Yes. I will admit that there are no particularly striking things done or written to-day that point out to her its beauty. She must be a very artistic spirit to see any romance in the thing she does day after day—year after year—for from $5 to $20 a week, generally nearer $5."

Employer Too, in Reality's Dragnet.

"But then, does her employer, who makes more and lives an easier life—does he see any beauty in his business?" Mr. Barr was questioned.

"No, no more than the stenographer—who is typical of the vast majority of people—for two reasons: one is economic and one psychological. Most people are working at the jobs they have not because they really chose them, according to their ability or inclination, but because of circumstances and drifting necessity.

"And also it is very natural to think that what you haven't got is better than what you have. There is the glamour of the unattainable, and romance to most people has always meant fiction stories; or scandals of the royal courts or ancient myths. People think these things in spite of the realist novelists and the few realistic poets. But then, the effect of even several hundred sonnets on the average stenographer or her employer is very small.

"When a girl works at a job she detests in order to make $10 a week to help support the family until she can escape by getting married, such a girl can't see the wonderful magic in the industrial world which she is helping. And when her employer says, 'Miss Smith, take this,' she isn't going to hear a poem in his sometimes ungrammatical drawl, even if there is one. Work is a makeshift. She is going to get married. The yesterday going up the Hudson with 'Him' is more important than to-day's making out bills.

Typists Economically Stuck Up.

"But the fact that the stenographer isn't economically happy doesn't prevent her from being economically 'stuck up.' She has a profession—not a job. She works with a pen—not with a machine. She isn't in a factory. She is, therefore, above the factory girl, and looks down on her. And that is the reason why the economic condition of the stenographer will not be improved for a long time."

"How does that follow?"

"Because the stenographer is above joining a union—above uniting. She hears from the soapboxer, the newspaper, that the shirtwaist makers are striking; that workers should unite. But she isn't of the working class—she is in business. It isn't in keeping with her 'training' and her profession to strike. Business schools are turning out stenographers by the thousands with scrappy training, jumbled ideas and no education, to find themselves in cutthroat competition with thousands of others like them. And the competition of labor never means better work—but worse work. There is no pride in the craft.

"Just think," said he. "Suppose there there were a stenographers' union as powerful as the printers, or even the needle workers. And if this union struck! The stenographer is the most fundamental factor in the business—she is as universal as the typewriter she uses—more so. And if for a week she realized herself what would happen to all the 'rearing of towers and the launching of ships' and 'wheels'—and all the titanic activities of business. It would be worse than the cutting of all the telephone wires in the country. The stenographer has business in her power and doesn't know it. Perhaps she will realize the meaning in her life at the same time as she realizes its beauty.

"But also business men and their stenographers must see that there is as much beauty in the Woolworth Building as there is in the Parthenon and more in the subway than in the Adirondacks. More poetry goes through the typewriter ribbons in an office every day than there can possibly be in the myths of ancient Greece. The office people will only begin to appreciate this when the two conditions I spoke of are changed. The psychological one of attitude is up to the poets to change. It may be changed by sheer cumulative effect of a large number of poets writing all the time of the beauty of 'now.'"

LOVE STEALS LIBRARIAN

Montclair Surprised to Hear Its Custodian Wedded August 11.

Montclair, N. J., Aug. 29.—Miss Helen M. Herrling, librarian at the Montclair Free Public Library, surprised her friends to-day by announcing her wedding to Philip W. Ham, of San Francisco, at Oakland, Cal., on August 11.

The announcement was also the first intimation that Miss Herrling had resigned as librarian. Mr. Ham is a former resident of Montclair. Mr. and Mrs. Ham will live in Oakland.

Free Cake at Chemical Show.

Biscuits and pastry will be made and given away at the first national chemical exposition, beginning at Grand Central Palace September 20, in the food department exhibit of the General Chemical Company. A modern range of proportions will be set up, a famous chef installed and pretty girls will give away the toothsome morsels.

"Every cook should be a chemist," said an officer of the exposition, "and here he or she can learn the results of the research work of the most brilliant scientists in the world."

CHILDREN OF FORTUNE FIND RICHFIELD LADY BOUNTIFUL

Bearing Gifts and Happy Memories, Sixty Youngsters Delight Fellow Passengers by Their Gambols on Train That Brings Them Back to City.

My Lady Bountiful has been discovered. Not only has she herself been discovered, but her permanent place of abode has been found out. Henceforth, therefore, it will be easy for anybody who wants anything to get it—that is, if anybody belongs to a certain select coterie.

The discoverers are about threescore in number. Like all discoverers, they immediately upon discovery hoisted their flag over the new-found domain—including My Lady—as a sign that it was reserved to them and theirs in fee simple forever and a day.

The best thing about the whole business is that Lady Bountiful is plural. There are many of her. She doesn't live so far away, either. Not to be secretive about the matter, she—in her several incarnations—abides in Richfield Springs, N. Y.

The hardy discoverers who ferreted her out were a band of Tribune "Fresh Airs." They first laid eyes on this personage whom the whole world has been seeking since time out of mind about a fortnight ago, although the news didn't leak out until a day or so ago, when the discoverers returned from their new domain to New York.

All during their return journey they bubbled over with good nature and could not refrain from chattering about their good luck. In fact, so jolly was their party that most of the other passengers in the railroad coach which was conveying the youngsters back to their former haunts turned their seats over and rode backward, in order to watch the gambols of the children of fortune.

Most of the time they were bobbing up and down on the seats and prancing hither and thither in their end of the car, while they compared notes. Note comparing was highly necessary, because they had been scattered during the two weeks of their stay in Bountiful Land.

"You can't guess what My Lady give me," piped one enthusiastic, if ungrammatical, young miss to a companion.

"Hair ribbon?" guessed the companion, with an eye on an expansive white bow on the questioner's crown.

"No; I had that," with a curl of the lip that indicated disdain for anything so trivial.

"Candy?"

"Nope; new shoes!" And with this the beaming miss elevated a patent leather clad foot until it was within an inch of the other's nose. Then it was the other's turn.

"Guess what My Lady gave me?"

"Apples?"

"Nope."

"Comb?"

"Aw, whaddya think? I got a comb."

"I give up. What?"

"This dress! And another one I got in me box. Wait'll I'll show it to yez."

So a group of heads jammed themselves together, and their owners waited breathlessly until several obstinate knots were undone and the new gown was displayed to their "Ah's!" and "Oh's!"

Then followed a chorus of "I gots" and "What did you gets?" that showed the generosity of My Lady Bountiful had ranged in different cases from complete wardrobes to bags of apples that would make one's arm ache in the carrying.

One of the returning discoverers was evidently bearing home with her one gift of infinite worth. She didn't display it, but she made it clear that she had it in her possession nevertheless when she said, "My Lady cried when I came away."

It must be that My Lady was glad to be discovered, for as soon as she had sent back to New York the party which first found her she invited another party to come and test her generosity. This party is with her now and will be for the next ten days.

In addition to the "Fresh Airs" visiting in Richfield Springs, there are to-day 1,065 others visiting in various places to which the Tribune Fresh Air Fund has sent them.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE TRIBUNE FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged	$34,543.31
Fair given by Millicent, Louise and Helen	17.00
Miss Julia Dawson	15.00
"F. H. G."	10.00
"Please do not publish my name"	10.00
"In memory of C. D. W., Jr."	10.00
Julia M. Soldre	10.00
Mrs. W. E. Wheeler	10.00
Eleanor W. Pfeiffer	5.00
"In memory of E. C. L."	5.00
J. Dwight Leggett	5.00
Broome Street Tabernacle Sunday School	5.00
Helen M. Thompson	5.00
John Midgley	5.00
Janet Scully	5.00
Cash	3.50
Cash	3.00
Henry J. Warren	2.00
Mrs. Walter C. Kerr	2.00
Cora Yard King	2.00
"From Spunky and B."	2.00
Frances A. Manning	2.00
Total, August 28, 1915	$34,676.81

Contributions, preferably by check or money order, should be sent to The Tribune Fresh Air Fund, The Tribune, New York.

YEARLY BLOSSOMS ON TIME.

Scores Such Night Blooming Cereus Don Its Dress.

One of the largest specimens of nightblooming cereus ever seen in Montclair, was on view Saturday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Doyle, of 10 Lexington Avenue, Montclair. The plant bore three dozen blossoms. Scores of people visited the Doyle home to view the sight.

The Doyles, who have owned the plant for twelve years, said it blooms once a year at almost exactly the same time. Some of the blossoms were nearly five inches across.

Suffrage Day by Day

Woman Suffrage Party.

10:30 P. M.—City committee meeting at headquarters, 48 East Thirty-fourth Street.

1 P. M.—Men's League for Woman Suffrage conference at Votes for Women restaurant, 79 Wall Street.

2:30 P. M.—Meeting of Bay Ridge Suffrage Club at home of leader, Mrs. E. F. Whitaker, 7815 Fourth Avenue.

3 P. M.—French committee meeting, 48 East Thirty-fourth Street.

3 to 5 P. M.—Mrs. J. W. Morton at home to suffragists of 17th Assembly District, 224 Riverside Drive.

6 to 10:30 P. M.—Meeting at Far Rockaway and canvassing of voters.

8 P. M.—Meeting at Sixty-seventh Street and Amsterdam Avenue.

8 P. M.—Meeting at Fifth Street and Ninth Avenue.

8:30 P. M.—Business meeting of the 27th Assembly District, at home of leader, Miss E. C. Ersing, 17 West Fifteth Street.

8:30 P. M.—Meeting at Ninety-sixth Street and Broadway.

Women's Political Union.

Noon.—Meeting at 22d Senatorial District, store, 2148 Third Avenue.

7 P. M.—Whirlwind automobile tour through Nesopac Falls, Mrs. John Rogers, speaker.

8 P. M.—Meeting at 116th Street and Third Avenue.

8:30 P. M.—Meeting at Roving Shop "Winner," 157th Street and Broadway.

8:30 P. M.—Meeting at Irving Place and Fourteenth Street.

9:30 P. M.—Meeting at Third Avenue and 104th Street.

A LITTLE TALK ON APPRECIATING EFFORT

"Could get no satisfaction out of the paper stars."

It's the Pleasant "How Nice!" That Makes All the Difference to the Kiddies' Hearts.

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG.

AS EACH child's name was called he stepped forward and received from the kindergartner the result of his efforts at "making something" for some member of the home. The children were gay and they were anticipating the joy of giving. It was a pleasure to watch them. But when Genevieve's name was called a new note was struck. "Please, Miss White," she said, "my mother does not want me to bother her any more with the things I make." And Miss White laid Genevieve's calendar aside.

Too Many.

It is not difficult to see the point of view expressed in Genevieve's plaintive abnegation. There is really no room for all these things at home. We have all the calendars and blotters and picture frames and shaving pads that we really need. And as for ornaments, these things are not particularly beautiful, and if they are, as may sometimes happen, they do not harmonize with the scheme of things already installed, and, besides, they gather dust, and there are few homes that have not already too many dust catchers. We can well understand that Genevieve's mother was weary of calendars and bookmarks.

But Miss White is also weary of calendars and bookmarks. Where one mother has had half a dozen she has had hundreds. She manages to smile, however, in spite of the clutter and in spite of the obvious monotony through a curious trick of the mind which it would be well for Genevieve's mother and other mothers to learn. The trick is this: Instead of dealing with calendars and bookmarks, she fixes her mind upon the efforts of the tots, she sees trial and tribulation, she sees wonder and experiment, where the rest of us see only crude imitations of tulips or apple blossoms.

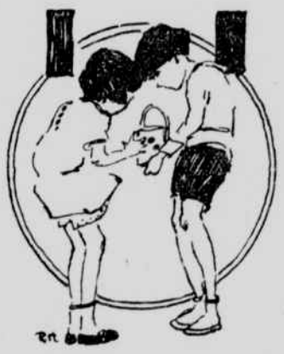
Notwithstanding the high rentals we have to pay it ought to be possible for every mother to keep each child's tokens of struggle and conquest for some time at least. For nothing is more important to the child than that his meagre and unsuccessful attempts at mastering his material surroundings should receive generous encouragement. And while much is gained by having some one stand by and cheer him when he falters, that is not enough. The product, poor though it be, is the symbol of his struggle; it is the embodiment of an idea, an inspiration, and deserves the courtesy of serious and dignified attention from parents and other elders. The calendar is as worthy of a place on the wall as anything you can buy at the store, for by honoring it you teach the child that his efforts are not wasted. As for taste in calendars, leave that to the years.

Of course it is not necessary to display all of the child's creations or to convert the home into an industrial museum. It is, in fact, the latest trophy that carries the greatest interest, and the latest may be made to displace its predecessor, each effort thus receiving its due share of attention and appreciation. Where there are several children it should be possible to provide large paper envelopes and boxes in which these early treasures may be kept.

"Busy Work."

Every mother knows that young children can be a nuisance and in the way just when they are trying to help with some "work." The number of peas that the baby can shell or the area that the child can sweep will contribute little to lightening the day's work. But the value of the contribution is not to be measured thus. It is to be measured in good will, in application and in the satisfaction that comes—or should come—from having made a worthy effort at doing something useful. We should therefore not belittle the achievement or make the child feel that his assistance is worthless.

The child works in the spirit of the artist. He is not seeking material rewards; he wants the satisfaction of doing something that has meaning and he wants appreciation. Without these he will become either a shirker, shunning all effort, or a perfunctory grind, laboring under compulsion of one kind or another. It is therefore necessary not only that opportunities be furnished for doing various kinds of work, but that the first awkward attempts be appreciated in a way that will lead to further effort. And this is just as true of attempts at singing or invention—invention of a song or story, for example—as it is of attempts at making some object or drawing that others may handle or exhibit.



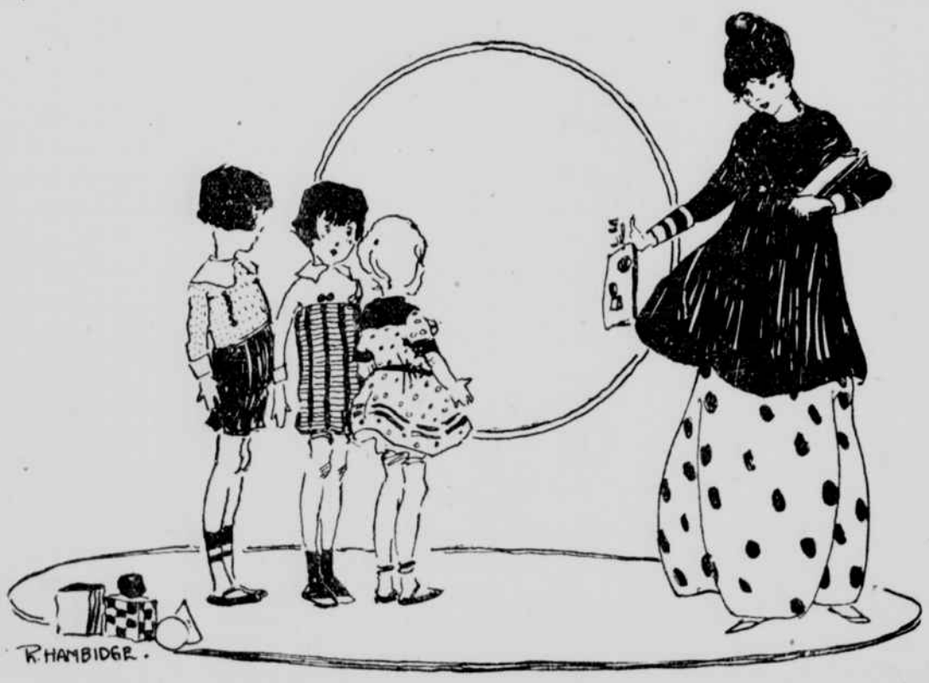
"The children anticipated the joy of giving."

Criticism, Too.

While this doctrine of appreciation does not permit us to belittle the child's efforts, it still leaves us free to help the child with criticisms calculated to enable him to improve his work. But we should call attention to such defects only as he is in a position to remedy himself, and without too much effort. If the doll's dress is too long, it's a simple matter to cut it down. But if it's too short we note that it's a very nice dress, and think we'll make the next one a little longer. The repeated emphasis on defects of design or execution may have the effect of improving the child's taste or judgment; but they are more likely to discourage all effort.

A child that sees too clearly the shortcomings of his efforts will refuse to do anything at all. This was the case with four-year-old Herbert, whose sense of form was so far ahead of his muscular control that he could get no satisfaction out of the paper stars he cut out himself, and so refused, after one or two attempts, to try again.

When little Allan's mother failed to recognize the child's drawing as that of a "lamp" she was wise enough to take to herself the blame—"How stupid of me!" For, after all, you can recognize even the lamp if you are told what it is supposed to be. And so the burden of keeping keen the edge of effort rests upon us. But don't let the child become conceited.



"My mother does not want me to bother her any more with the things that I make."

Save The Baby
Use the reliable
HORLICK'S
ORIGINAL
Malted Milk
Upbuilds every part of the body efficiently. Endorsed by thousands of Physicians, Mothers and Nurses the world over for more than a quarter of a century.
Convenient, no cooking nor additional milk required. Simply dissolve in water.
Agrees when other foods often fail.
Sample free, HORLICK'S, Racine, Wis.
No Substitute is "Just as Good" as HORLICK'S, the Original

The John Wanamaker Store.

Only Two Days Remain

(Today and Tomorrow)

For the Half-Price Offerings Closing the August Furniture Sale

These half-price offerings are important enough in themselves to bring any one desiring furniture post-haste into the store to see what they include.

But even more important is the fact that these two days—today and Tuesday—absolutely close the August Sale itself. On Wednesday, September 1, all furniture prices are restored to normal and the August economies are gone.

MORE IMPORTANT STILL is the fact that furniture costs are rising, that furniture prices will be higher for new goods that we buy now.

All of Which Says to YOU—
Buy Now, Buy Now, Buy NOW

Buy now and secure the savings—in many cases 50c on the dollar. Or buy at your leisure and pay much more.

That everybody may have equal advantage in choosing from these "half-price" groups of furniture—people who have not yet returned to the city and whose city homes are still closed—we announce that

Furniture purchased in this sale will be held for delayed delivery in the Autumn, when desired

5th, 6th and 7th Galleries, New Building.

Broadway at Ninth Street, New York