

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The annual Hallowe'en dancing party of the Women's Trade Union League will be given at the LaSalle Hotel on Saturday evening, November 1, and, as the affair is to be informal, with some fancy dancing, it is predicted that it will be the usual big success.

Miss Jane Adams and Mrs. Raymond Robins are among the list of hostesses which includes women prominently connected with the trade union movement.

Tickets are sold at fifty cents each, and may be obtained at the office of the League, 166 West Washington street.

PERKINS LAUDS SULZER

George W. Perkins of New York spoke before the Progressive Club last night and lauded William Sulzer for his fight against the Tammany Tiger. He said that although the ousted governor lost, his fight was not in vain as it had insured the election of John Purroy Mitchell as mayor of New York.

Miss Frances Kellor of the Progressive National Committee, was the guest of honor at the club's dinner last night. Other speakers were Ald. Merriam, Mrs. Raymond Robins, Dr. W. A. Evans and Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank.

In another address before the steel bosses at the Blackstone Hotel Perkins assailed the present public officials. He said that not one of them could hold a \$1,200 a year job in any business. He blamed this condition on capitalists who weren't paying enough attention to public affairs.

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school. Johnny (with a far-away look)—Yes, mamma. Mother—How does it happen that your hands smell of fish? Johnny—I carried home the Sunday school magazine, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale.

Lord Dallyrot in Slangland



As guest of a young family in their apartment, I was disagreeably surprised, old chap, when the wife raised an objection to her spouse's igniting his pipe in the parlor. It was shocking to hear her utter wifely commands in this manner:

"Hey, John, don't begin stoking up on your face furnace. There ain't goin' to be any briar conflagration around this dump tonight. Chase that young stove, because I ain't putting up any prize for a coughing match, and besides, your cloud-bursts are putting the minstrel show blush on all my lace curtains. If you've got to hang crepe on your lungs, go out and play volcano in the front yard. See?"

My word!

Mme. Dieulafay, explorer and traveler, is the only woman in France who is permitted to wear male attire, a law having been passed specially for her benefit!