

mother died and father had gone away from us.

My sister Irene was so good to me that I didn't care for any fellow. I was so bashful—oh, why didn't I die when mother died?

"Sept. 19—Met Kate, a friend of mine tonight and she introduced me to two young men. They said I was pretty and didn't have to work, but I slapped them in the face.

The police have not made public what is written in the diary between this abstract and the next entry or whether anything was written. It may be that the pages are blank.

But the history of Hattie wasn't blank. And there is more in the story one must imagine than is probably written, for the next abstract shows that the little girl had no longer found the companionship of her "good" sister Irene, sufficient. And it shows that she had grown so desperate for pleasure that she no longer "slapped" men's faces.

It shows, too, that the economic struggle had affected her nerves, and, though she records it as "desperation," she had in reality become neurotic.

Oct. 12—Kate snapped her fingers at two men in an automobile last night, and we went to a wine room with them. After I drank some things, I grew desperate—and I didn't care."

How pitifully she must have cared to have placed such defiance in a diary. How many hours she must have regretted to have reached the place where she wanted to justify herself.

And then Hattie lost her job.

And without money to buy the pretty things that were more necessary to her in the excitement of her friendships with the men that Katie knew, she planned to steal them.

There were two houses where she had roomed while she was working. She knew all about them. One was that of Mrs. Sophia Gavlik, 1659 West Superior street, the other that of

Mrs. Paulina Sooman, 609 North Paulina street.

She knew the locations of the rooms in these houses and just how she might be able to steal in them.

She says she crept in at night and stole the finery she wanted.

And then she wrote in her diary:

"Nov. 14.—I'm out of work now and I've taken things that don't belong to me. When I'm caught—I know I will be—I want people to know I didn't have the same chance as other girls had."

And Hattie finished that abstract with the cry that has ascended through the ages when humanity, weak in its strongest hour, fears the consequences of the sins committed in its weakest hours.

"Why didn't I die before this happened? Why didn't mamma take me with her?"

RAIN SOOTHES INDIANS

Santa Fe, N. M., Nov. 21.—A night of rain has squelched considerable of the ardor of the rebellious Navajo Indians fortified on Beautiful Mountain, and it is believed the situation is more promising. Three troops of the Ninth Cavalry are on their way to the Shiprock Agency and will probably arrive tonight or tomorrow.

Although an attempt was made last night to light the signal fires to dance the tribal dances and sing the war songs, the followers of the recalcitrant medicine men who are leading the renegades did not relish getting wet. One of the eight medicine men who originally began the trouble has surrendered and is in jail at Farmington.

TO HOLD BIG DEMONSTRATION

Denver, Col., Nov. 21.—A demonstration by 30,000 union men and women, led by Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, Clarence S. Darrow, Eugene V. Debs and "Mother" Jones, will be held here soon as opening of new campaign to force settlement of Colorado coal strike.