

MAKE A RECORD FOR BRAVERY

FOUR LOS ANGELES WOMEN IN THE FACE OF GREAT DANGER, BATTLE MURDEROUS BURGLARS

RECENTLY four beautiful Los Angeles women distinguished themselves by attacking and putting to flight desperate, well-armed burglars. Two of these women barely escaped with their lives, yet they emerged victorious from the exciting skirmishes and laughingly and modestly declared that they had done nothing more than any one would have done under the circumstances. In consequence the "wild and woolly west" can now boast of having a quartette of as brave women as there are in the country.

Mrs. Col. "Bob" Northam, of 116 Grand avenue, grasped a revolver in her aristocratic jeweled hand and chased a thief through the halls of her mansion, firing as she ran.

Miss Cecelia Bruns, of 122 East Thirty-fifth street, had a telltale encounter with a powerful six-footer, her only weapon being an old-fashioned dagger.

Miss Alice Killian, of 630 Wall street, had a frightful struggle with a burly Mexican, who tried his best to carve her with a knife.

Mrs. Franklin Hogoboom, of 2425 South Flower street, used a gun with good effect on a villain who attacked her with a knife.

Mrs. Northam is a tall willow blonde, and is positively stunning. She is a favorite in society, is a golf expert and an all round charming woman. She is also a famous "whip," and while in Los Angeles President Roosevelt rode behind her pit horses, a pair of prancing blacks.

Just before her encounter with the robber, Mrs. Northam was taking a nap in her boudoir, which is located at the rear of the house on the lower floor, an exquisite little room by the way, the windows of which overlook the entire city, for the Northam mansion is located on a hill.

Shot at a Burglar.

Mrs. Northam was awakened by sounds of some one walking. She was entirely alone in the house. Her mother had gone shopping. Her husband was attending to business down town and the servants were all out.

Not in the least frightened, for she is as merry as she is beautiful, she jumped up, went to her dressing and got a six-caliber revolver out of a drawer, then holding her exquisite satin and lace negligee closely about her so the trailing garment could not be seen, she crept into the room back of the parlor, which is the colonel's den. She saw a fierce, bearded man leaning over a table picking up a bag of money which her husband had given her that morning to defray the expenses of a shopping expedition.

Now Mrs. "Bob" had no notion of permitting any such atrocious doings and let a bullet fly in the direction of the thief. The startled man whirled out a revolver, and fired at his assailant, then dashed into the next room and into the hall. Mrs. "Bob" in full sail after him. He still clung to the money bag. He reached the flight of stairs leading down into the bowling alley and fairly leapt down them. His pursuer sent another bullet speeding after him. This time he dropped the plunder and groined as if in pain. Mrs. Northam would have fired again but the hallway was so full of smoke by this time that she could not see to aim, and the ruffian escaped. After the siege Mrs. Northam did not faint or get hysterical. She went to the telephone and rang up the police, then sat down to think it all over.

"I did feel a little queer and shaky," she said to a reporter. "No, I didn't cry," she answered to a query, "why should I? I was too happy to think how I had routed the scamp and how I had saved the money. It wasn't much to be sure, only \$20, but—and a dreamy look invaded the wonderful face of the heroine, she wondered if she were thinking of the dainties that could be purchased with the rescued cash, or if she were longing for the homecoming of doting Colonel "Bob."



MISS ALICE KILLIAN, WHO GRAPPLED WITH A MURDEROUS BURGLAR.



MRS. COL. BOB NORTHAM WHO SHOT AT A BURGLAR.



MISS CECELIA BRUNS WHO STABBED A BURGLAR.



MRS. FRANKLIN HOGOBOOM WHO BATTLED MURDEROUS BURGLARS.

and a great social favorite. She has a Sunday-school class of ten small boys at Immanuel Presbyterian Church and is an active worker in various charitable lines.

On the Sunday afternoon of the encounter, Mrs. Northam was alone, her father, mother and sister having gone for a drive. Miss Bruns went into the garden, where she stayed for some time gathering roses. Finally, her arms laden with flowers, she went into the house, then went upstairs to her room, where she began to comb her hair. She had just taken down the

criep, curling blonde masses when she heard a bureau drawer in the adjoining room pulled out noisily. She knew her people were away and felt positive that a burglar was about. She could think of but one weapon, an old dagger which her sister had used in a private production of the play "Leah, the Forsaken."

Mrs. Bruns, who is full of spirit in spite of her quiet ethereal beauty, crept across the room and took the dagger from her desk. Then holding it in her hand, so it was hidden in the folds of her gown, she stepped boldly into the hall. The man,

by the men who sell liquor as Miss Carrie Styer. And she is not such a formidable young person, either. On the contrary, she is a comely, girl, young and modest, well bred and well educated. She comes of one of the best-known and most respectable families in the city, and is as well known as any young woman here. She is but 22 years of age.

For nine years she was bookkeeper in one of the largest clothing stores in town, and in that time had an opportunity to meet a great many people, not only at Kokomo, but of the surrounding country. It was while working in the store that she received her first impetus to the work she has taken up.

"I was shocked into the work," said Miss Styer with emphasis. "I shall never forget the thrill that ran through me when I heard that Byron Smith was dead. It was his death that started me out in the temperance work, although I have always been a strong advocate of temperance since I was a child. My father was a radical temperance man, and we always had much temperance literature about the house."

The young woman worked in the store when she was 17, and was addicted to drink, and was finally discharged because of her habit. He obtained work in another place, but did not keep sober.

"One night he went out, and while intoxicated, fell, striking his head against the curbstone. He died before morning. The thrill that went through me when I heard he was dead was something I shall never forget. I had many other terrible examples of the evil of the rum power thrown in my way while I was in the store, and these things fired me to enter the work."

The young temperance evangelist, with the aid of a few faithful coworkers, has been able to close ten saloons in the Third and Fourth Wards of the city, and defeat several applications for saloon licenses. For this season there is no young person in the city who is quite so cordially hated and so feared by the liquor men as Miss Styer.

The young woman says she was dismissed from her place in the clothing store at the instigation of the liquor men, and this, more than any other one thing, has thoroughly aroused the church and temperance people of the city. When it was announced that pressure had been brought to bear on Miss Styer's employer and that he had been threatened with a boycott if he did not discharge her there was widespread indignation, and Miss Styer at once became a heroine in the eyes of a certain portion of the city's population.

After her dismissal from the store Miss Styer set her determined jaws together and said she would be revenged on the saloon men, and the records show that she has done so, at least in part. She at once devoted her whole time to the work, and is now regularly employed by the Civic League to carry on the work of shutting up saloons.

She says she will not rest until the very last saloon has been shut out of Kokomo.

she was in a hurry and took little heed, anticipating no trouble, for at that time there were many people in the building.

She put the money, the gold leaf and a few pieces of unfinished work into the safe, but did not close the door. The doctor suite comprised three rooms, and the safe was in the rear. Miss Killian went into the front room for something she wanted to put into the safe. When she returned to the back room she found the Mexican kneeling before the safe and extracting the money and the gold leaf. Without hesitating for an instant she seized the man by the collar of his coat and while with the other she made grab for the valuables which the robber had piled on top of the safe.

The man turned on her in a frenzy. He tried to break her hold, but she was unable to do so he pulled a murderous-looking ulin from his pocket and made a lunge at her. It was only by exercising the clearest agility that the girl escaped the blow. As it was, the keen blade struck a door casing and peeled off a silver six inches long, then buried itself an inch into the hardwood. By the time he had pulled out the dagger the nerve girl had clutched his neck from the back, and was screaming for help. The villain made another attempt to stab her, but failed. Convinced that he could not escape with the booty, and realizing he would be captured and arrested if he encountered her, he speedily terminated. He gave a sudden jump, which loosened the girl's hold. He ran through the hall, the girl following close at his heels. The few glass vials of gold dust which he had grasped in his flight were broken and the contents fell in golden showers over the floor. No one happened to be in the hallway at the time and the criminal raced unimpeded to the stairs at the rear of the building. The plucky girl grabbed his coat tails as he reached the stair, but as he turned on her threateningly with dagger poised for murder, she let him go. She then hurriedly returned to the room where she had been attracted by the commotion and flocked from their offices to the hallway. Some of them saw the man strike at the girl, and as she dropped to the floor in pain they rushed to her aid. She had been stabbed. They carried her back to the office of Dr. Spinks, where she was soon restored to consciousness. With a charming pleasant manner so characteristic of her, she declared she had only done her duty, and that there was nothing to make such a fuss about. By her pluck, presence of mind and bravery, Miss Killian saved articles aggregating several hundred dollars in value.

Mrs. Franklin Hogoboom, who was the last plucky woman to rout a burly desperado in a fascinating young Southern woman. On the morning of the attempted burglary Mrs. Hogoboom was busy in the lower part of the house. She heard the front door open and shut, supposing her husband had come, she called to him, but there was no answer. She thought he was trying to tease her, as he often did, by hiding behind a door and jumping out at her. For Mrs. and Mrs. Hogoboom are a jolly, devoted couple, whose home life is a round of merriment. Expecting to see her husband, Mrs. Hogoboom rushed upstairs with laughter on her lips and over her eyes. At the head of the stairs she faced a villainous-looking thief. "Get me all the money you have in the house and get it quick, or I'll kill you," he hissed.

"But we haven't any money," stammered the startled woman.

"Get that money," and he raised a knife, stepped threateningly toward her.

Mrs. Hogoboom was thinking hard. She had an inspiration. "Oh, you mean the money we got last night!"

"Yes, but get a hustle on!"

The gleaming knife was brandished close to her throat. Mrs. Hogoboom hustled. She stepped into her room and rummaged in her top bureau drawer, while the man watched her from the doorway. Running her hand along under the ribbons and laces her fingers feverishly clutched a powerful six-shooter. Turning quickly she leveled it on the man and fired. Taken completely unaware he didn't hesitate an instant, but, like a coward, fled down the stairway in a panic. Mrs. Hogoboom gathered up her skirts and gave chase, unlimbering the artillery as she ran. The victim dashed around corners and out through the back door, the only evidence of his having been hit being a piece of broken bottle which was found on the carpet afterwards.

In speaking of the affair the little woman said: "I tried my best to hit him, but I aimed at his legs, for I was sure he would get up and get into the house. I would not kill him, for what an awful thing it would be to know I had killed a man. But I scared him off the row and ran up the stairs and threw back her dainty aristocratic head and laughed as if it was all a good joke."

HELEN LUKENS JONES.

the struggle he had torn the flesh from her hands in strips with his finger nails. Evidently he did not wish to murder his assailant, for he threw the dagger into a corner of the room. Then he dealt the girl a terrific blow in the middle of the forehead and she fell to the floor unconscious. He then made his escape as expeditiously as possible by way of the front door, leaving a trail of blood that outlined his pathway down the stair and out to the roadway, where he mounted a bicycle and sped away. A woman, who was sitting on the porch next door, saw him go and wondered at his putting his hand to his neck as if in pain.

Miss Bruns lay unconscious until her people returned, at 5:30 o'clock. As they had no key they were unable to get in, and the noise they made aroused the girl and she staggered down to the door. They helped her to a couch, and in an hour, in spite of the fact that a lump the size of an apple stood out on her forehead, that her hands were torn and bleeding, she pluckily declared she was "all right" and modestly scorned the idea that she had done anything unusual.

Miss Alice Killian also distinguished herself for her remarkable bravery in attacking a burglar who was rifling her employer's safe. Miss Killian has wonderful waving masses of golden hair, sparkling mischievous blue eyes and is a girl of unusual beauty. Miss Killian is employed in the offices of Dr. W. H. Spinks, D. D. S., at 239 South Spring street. Though her duties usually end at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, she stayed on this particular day to put away a quantity of gold leaf that had been received that morning. There was also a considerable amount of money which she had to count and look up. The doctor left at 5, and the girl was in the office alone. As she was busily worked she happened to glance up at the window opening into the hall. In the hallway on the next floor above she noticed a tall, bearded Mexican, with slouch hat, who seemed to be watching

the men who sell liquor as Miss Carrie Styer. And she is not such a formidable young person, either. On the contrary, she is a comely, girl, young and modest, well bred and well educated. She comes of one of the best-known and most respectable families in the city, and is as well known as any young woman here. She is but 22 years of age.

For nine years she was bookkeeper in one of the largest clothing stores in town, and in that time had an opportunity to meet a great many people, not only at Kokomo, but of the surrounding country. It was while working in the store that she received her first impetus to the work she has taken up.

"I was shocked into the work," said Miss Styer with emphasis. "I shall never forget the thrill that ran through me when I heard that Byron Smith was dead. It was his death that started me out in the temperance work, although I have always been a strong advocate of temperance since I was a child. My father was a radical temperance man, and we always had much temperance literature about the house."

The young woman worked in the store when she was 17, and was addicted to drink, and was finally discharged because of her habit. He obtained work in another place, but did not keep sober.

"One night he went out, and while intoxicated, fell, striking his head against the curbstone. He died before morning. The thrill that went through me when I heard he was dead was something I shall never forget. I had many other terrible examples of the evil of the rum power thrown in my way while I was in the store, and these things fired me to enter the work."

The young temperance evangelist, with the aid of a few faithful coworkers, has been able to close ten saloons in the Third and Fourth Wards of the city, and defeat several applications for saloon licenses. For this season there is no young person in the city who is quite so cordially hated and so feared by the liquor men as Miss Styer.

The young woman says she was dismissed from her place in the clothing store at the instigation of the liquor men, and this, more than any other one thing, has thoroughly aroused the church and temperance people of the city. When it was announced that pressure had been brought to bear on Miss Styer's employer and that he had been threatened with a boycott if he did not discharge her there was widespread indignation, and Miss Styer at once became a heroine in the eyes of a certain portion of the city's population.

After her dismissal from the store Miss Styer set her determined jaws together and said she would be revenged on the saloon men, and the records show that she has done so, at least in part. She at once devoted her whole time to the work, and is now regularly employed by the Civic League to carry on the work of shutting up saloons.

She says she will not rest until the very last saloon has been shut out of Kokomo.

the struggle he had torn the flesh from her hands in strips with his finger nails. Evidently he did not wish to murder his assailant, for he threw the dagger into a corner of the room. Then he dealt the girl a terrific blow in the middle of the forehead and she fell to the floor unconscious. He then made his escape as expeditiously as possible by way of the front door, leaving a trail of blood that outlined his pathway down the stair and out to the roadway, where he mounted a bicycle and sped away. A woman, who was sitting on the porch next door, saw him go and wondered at his putting his hand to his neck as if in pain.

Miss Bruns lay unconscious until her people returned, at 5:30 o'clock. As they had no key they were unable to get in, and the noise they made aroused the girl and she staggered down to the door. They helped her to a couch, and in an hour, in spite of the fact that a lump the size of an apple stood out on her forehead, that her hands were torn and bleeding, she pluckily declared she was "all right" and modestly scorned the idea that she had done anything unusual.

Miss Alice Killian also distinguished herself for her remarkable bravery in attacking a burglar who was rifling her employer's safe. Miss Killian has wonderful waving masses of golden hair, sparkling mischievous blue eyes and is a girl of unusual beauty. Miss Killian is employed in the offices of Dr. W. H. Spinks, D. D. S., at 239 South Spring street. Though her duties usually end at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, she stayed on this particular day to put away a quantity of gold leaf that had been received that morning. There was also a considerable amount of money which she had to count and look up. The doctor left at 5, and the girl was in the office alone. As she was busily worked she happened to glance up at the window opening into the hall. In the hallway on the next floor above she noticed a tall, bearded Mexican, with slouch hat, who seemed to be watching

the men who sell liquor as Miss Carrie Styer. And she is not such a formidable young person, either. On the contrary, she is a comely, girl, young and modest, well bred and well educated. She comes of one of the best-known and most respectable families in the city, and is as well known as any young woman here. She is but 22 years of age.

For nine years she was bookkeeper in one of the largest clothing stores in town, and in that time had an opportunity to meet a great many people, not only at Kokomo, but of the surrounding country. It was while working in the store that she received her first impetus to the work she has taken up.

"I was shocked into the work," said Miss Styer with emphasis. "I shall never forget the thrill that ran through me when I heard that Byron Smith was dead. It was his death that started me out in the temperance work, although I have always been a strong advocate of temperance since I was a child. My father was a radical temperance man, and we always had much temperance literature about the house."

The young woman worked in the store when she was 17, and was addicted to drink, and was finally discharged because of her habit. He obtained work in another place, but did not keep sober.

"One night he went out, and while intoxicated, fell, striking his head against the curbstone. He died before morning. The thrill that went through me when I heard he was dead was something I shall never forget. I had many other terrible examples of the evil of the rum power thrown in my way while I was in the store, and these things fired me to enter the work."

The young temperance evangelist, with the aid of a few faithful coworkers, has been able to close ten saloons in the Third and Fourth Wards of the city, and defeat several applications for saloon licenses. For this season there is no young person in the city who is quite so cordially hated and so feared by the liquor men as Miss Styer.

The young woman says she was dismissed from her place in the clothing store at the instigation of the liquor men, and this, more than any other one thing, has thoroughly aroused the church and temperance people of the city. When it was announced that pressure had been brought to bear on Miss Styer's employer and that he had been threatened with a boycott if he did not discharge her there was widespread indignation, and Miss Styer at once became a heroine in the eyes of a certain portion of the city's population.

After her dismissal from the store Miss Styer set her determined jaws together and said she would be revenged on the saloon men, and the records show that she has done so, at least in part. She at once devoted her whole time to the work, and is now regularly employed by the Civic League to carry on the work of shutting up saloons.

She says she will not rest until the very last saloon has been shut out of Kokomo.

WOMAN CLOSES TEN SALOONS

Hoozier Girl Arranges Unique Temperance Fourth of July Celebration.

KOKOMO, Ind., June 26.—Miss Carrie Styer has her way this city will have one of the most unique Fourth of July celebrations since the Declaration of Independence was first read.

Instead of gay floats containing white gowned young girls surrounding a gilt-crowned Columbia and the other well-known features of the Nation's natal day, the people of Kokomo and many other towns in the state are likely to witness a somewhat different and more unusual celebration. In place of the shining fire engines, calliothumps and other time-honored floats, it is planned to have groups illustrating the evil effects of strong drink and in juxtaposition to floats displaying horrible examples of rum-soaked victims, there will be other groups illustrating the beneficent effects of temperance.

One float that is being planned will show a rum-soaked man being carried to his friends, surrounded by his starving family. Ragged children, with gaunt and hungry cheeks, will be lifting bony hands for bread, and the wife, also in rags, will be shown in the most abject misery.

Following this ragged and miserable picture will come a float all light and radiance. It will show a happy home, where there is every comfort and over which the bright of rum has never come. There will be flags and bunting and all that, and firecrackers and toy cannons and toy pistols and red fire and spread eagles, but if it is possible there will be no drinking.

The idea is to have a temperance patriotic celebration, where no one will accumulate too much liquid refreshments and in consequence have a dark brown taste in his mouth the next morning and a head the size of a washtub following the festivities.

Miss Styer is in favor of red lemonade and the red in the National colors and the red fire and all that, but she is not in favor of red eyes, hence she, with her coworkers, will endeavor to eliminate the patriotism usually aroused by potatoes, and call out in its place a decent and decorous patriotism.

The temperance people of the city, regardless of creed or denomination or political belief, have united with Miss Styer in her efforts for a change, and the indications are that the celebration here will eclipse for originality any that has ever been seen in this country. Not only is Kokomo to witness the new reform, but so is rumored, as many as 30 towns will try to inculcate temperance lessons along with patriotism the coming Fourth of July.

The Anti-Saloon League, a state organ-

ization with branches in many Indiana towns, is backing the new reform, and it is backing the efforts of this association that big results are hoped for. The leaders of the movement say they intend to make it a big temperance rallying day.

"We want to teach a new kind of patriotism," said one of the members of this organization. "We want to do away with the drunken hallooing and the loud, empty shouting for the flag, and put in its place a respectable and decent patriotism. We want no bear-eyed orators and tipsy spread-eagles, but instead would like to have men talk who can do so with clear brains and lips over which they have control."

Behind the movement in this city are the Civic League, the Anti-Saloon League, the Pastors' Association, the Women's Christian Association and the Epworth League and other organizations of Christian young people.

Besides the temperance floats in many places the well-known play, "Ten Nights in a Barroom," will be given during the evening, and other reform entertainments will be inaugurated.

But the great task to be accomplished, according to Miss Styer, and the promoters of the Anti-Saloon League, is that of obtaining thousands of remonstrances all over the state. Women will enter into the work with energy, and the wives, mothers and sweethearts will plead with the men to sign papers of attorney to be used later on.

The agents of the Anti-Saloon League will canvass all the counties in the state before July 4, and the names obtained, added to those gathered on the Nation's natal day, it is hoped, will drive the saloons from hundreds of towns throughout the state. The majority of the liquor licenses expire during the Commissioners' Court, in September, and it is proposed to give every voter in the state a chance to sign a remonstrance between July 4 and the time of the meeting of the Commissioners, when applications for renewals are made.

The movement is attracting wide attention, and there is much interest manifested, not only here in Kokomo, which seems to be the head of the reform movement, but also in many towns throughout the state. Miss Styer has received many letters in regard to the matter, and is receiving much attention from all sides.

Her pictures have been much in demand, and she had been given much space in religious and reform papers throughout the country. Everywhere she has been hailed as a heroine by the religious press. The following is a letter written by Miss Styer, in which she tells of her part in the work:

I do not consider that I have done anything wonderful.

In the first place, this work has not been car-

ried on single-handed and alone by myself, as some of the papers have said. One thing certain, however, that my discharge has in a great measure helped to stir up the people. I have been deeply interested in the temperance work, and only waiting for an opportunity to do a little better somewhere for years.

The saloons have been having everything their own way for several years. Sunday drunks were written up in a very humorous style in every Monday paper, until on the Sunday of November 2, 1902, with a few friends I made a visit to several of our downtown saloons. We went in at the back doors of their entrances and found each place well filled with men. The saloon men at once set to work to throw every one out of employment that had engaged in the crusade. Somehow I seemed to be the main target, and my employer, being a man of no principle and less judgment, it was not difficult for them to accomplish their purpose. Then my pastor took a hand and came out strongly in meeting.

The Fifth Ward, which lies across the creek from the rest of the city, after ten years of hard fighting had driven the saloon out about two years ago.

Their determination and example gave us courage, and we went to work. Grace Williams, a young Methodist preacher, with the help of the lawyer who had finally carried the Fifth Ward to victory, did most of the planning for the attack on the Third Ward. We divided the ward into five parts and gave each division to two women. Then a systematic canvass began on January 20. Every house was visited, except those of bartenders or saloon keepers, or those who rented buildings for saloons. The name of each man was taken, whether he would sign or not. We went at night and daytime and made it a point to see every man at home. In many cases the men would not have signed if it had not been for the influence of the "power behind the throne." Besides, by securing the signatures at the dwellings, there was little danger of getting the name of a man who lived outside the ward.

The women were carefully instructed when they started out. In addition we had the house of each signer visited just before the remonstrance was filed to make sure that every signer was a legal voter.

Then every pair of women were carefully drilled on their list of signers, so they could prove every man had signed his own name. Three saloons were attempting to get licenses in the Third Ward in March, and two of them tried it over again under the names of their bartenders this month. There were 12 saloons in the Third Ward. Now there are none.

Public sentiment is a peculiar thing. One hardly knows how to handle it to make it grow. If only more of our church people believed in the loving God it would not take long under our present laws to drive the saloons out of Indiana.

May the Lord lead us, in my prayer.

Perhaps there is no person in this section of the country, who is so much feared

by the men who sell liquor as Miss Carrie Styer. And she is not such a formidable young person, either. On the contrary, she is a comely, girl, young and modest, well bred and well educated. She comes of one of the best-known and most respectable families in the city, and is as well known as any young woman here. She is but 22 years of age.

For nine years she was bookkeeper in one of the largest clothing stores in town, and in that time had an opportunity to meet a great many people, not only at Kokomo, but of the surrounding country. It was while working in the store that she received her first impetus to the work she has taken up.

"I was shocked into the work," said Miss Styer with emphasis. "I shall never forget the thrill that ran through me when I heard that Byron Smith was dead. It was his death that started me out in the temperance work, although I have always been a strong advocate of temperance since I was a child. My father was a radical temperance man, and we always had much temperance literature about the house."

The young woman worked in the store when she was 17, and was addicted to drink, and was finally discharged because of her habit. He obtained work in another place, but did not keep sober.

"One night he went out, and while intoxicated, fell, striking his head against the curbstone. He died before morning. The thrill that went through me when I heard he was dead was something I shall never forget. I had many other terrible examples of the evil of the rum power thrown in my way while I was in the store, and these things fired me to enter the work."

The young temperance evangelist, with the aid of a few faithful coworkers, has been able to close ten saloons in the Third and Fourth Wards of the city, and defeat several applications for saloon licenses. For this season there is no young person in the city who is quite so cordially hated and so feared by the liquor men as Miss Styer.

The young woman says she was dismissed from her place in the clothing store at the instigation of the liquor men, and this, more than any other one thing, has thoroughly aroused the church and temperance people of the city. When it was announced that pressure had been brought to bear on Miss Styer's employer and that he had been threatened with a boycott if he did not discharge her there was widespread indignation, and Miss Styer at once became a heroine in the eyes of a certain portion of the city's population.

After her dismissal from the store Miss Styer set her determined jaws together and said she would be revenged on the saloon men, and the records show that she has done so, at least in part. She at once devoted her whole time to the work, and is now regularly employed by the Civic League to carry on the work of shutting up saloons.

She says she will not rest until the very last saloon has been shut out of Kokomo.

TAUGHT HOW TO FEED BABES

A School Where Preparation of the Milk Is the Vital Question.

Scientific methods have been carried so far in baby culture in these days that the feeding of infants has become an art in itself. There is an institution in Chicago which has practiced and teaching the artificial feeding of babies as the main purpose of its existence. It is the Maternity Hospital and Training School for Nurses.

The theory acted upon at this institution is that any child artificially fed is a "case" and needs a careful treatment as in illness, the only difference, being that the remedy is a careful adjustment of the food formula, says the Tribune.

The nurses are trained, not only in preparing the food, but in watching its effect upon the child, and when through with a course at the hospital they are ready to take charge of a baby where the professional nurse leaves off.

Visitors at the hospital sometimes exclaim at the pathos of the babies learning to say "telephone" and "doorbell," and "I'll go" before they say "papa" and "mama," but the home baby who is "brought up by hand" may consider himself lucky if the same care is taken for his food as is done for these little ones who are not so well off in the matter of parentage. The study and teaching of artificial feeding is the aim of this institution, and the care with which the effect of food is watched in individual cases and the conscientiousness with which all details of its preparation are carried out are perhaps exceptional even at a hospital.

Probably there are few babies in the best of Chicago homes whose food is selected and prepared with such scrupulous exactness as that in this hospital.

Lively Chorus at "Crying Time."

A little before 2 o'clock is a good time to visit the nursery—that is, if you have strong nerves—for half-past one is known as "crying hour," and you are met by a chorus which says as plainly as possible, "I want it and I want it now."

This unusual clamor is due to the fact that all of the wet ones are expecting their dinner at the same time, which only happens once during the 24 hours. There are different relays of babies on different time schedules, so that there is hardly a stroke of the clock that isn't "bottle hour" for some of them, but 2 o'clock is the only time they all come together for a table d'ote.

With 15 babies to be attended to, it is a lively enough dinner time, even with one nurse allotted to every two of them. The older ones can see a bottle coming at a distance of three or four rooms, and there is a joyous kicking of legs and arms that changes to tale of woe if the nurse turns aside in an unexpected direction. Another

thing that adds to the general excitement is restoring the bottles that get away from those who are fed lying in their cribs and who make the fact known every time they lose the nipple. Six of these babies are under 3 months of age, which means that they must be held while taking their milk, and three more which are over 14 months are fed a mouthful at a time.

East Twenty Minutes at a Time.

One thing carefully watched while they are feeding is that each child takes its bottle in about the right time. Twenty minutes is the time allowed, and when a baby gobbles it down in less, a smaller nipple is given to him. If, on the contrary, he shows a disinclination for his food he is not allowed to doze off with his nipple in his mouth, but is either gently shaken to keep him awake or the bottle removed until the next meal. After "bottle hour" the babies are kept as quiet as possible for a few minutes, as this is called the time of the greatest impatience.

Another thing with which the "new code" has made a radical change is in testing the warmth of the milk. The bottle is set in warm water until it is at "blood heat," which is gauged by shaking a few drops of the milk on the wrist, and never in the old-fashioned way by tasting it, which is regarded as almost a crime in these scientific days.

Fight Against Germs.

The work of feeding the babies, however, is as nothing to that of getting ready for it. The first law is eternal vigilance in sterilizing everything that touches the milk. For example, here is the programme the time they are used until they are again ready for the icebox:

First—Rinsed with cold water.

Second—Filled with a weak solution of bicarbonate of soda.

Third—Washed in warm soapuds with a bottle brush.

Fourth—Placed for a half-hour in the sterilizer.

Fifth—Cooled in a granite dish (previously sterilized).

Sixth—Filled with milk to the number of ounces indicated for one feeding by the child's formula.

Seventh—Stopped with sterilized cotton, which is done with the least handling possible.

The cotton is sterilized by separating it into little wads and boiling it 20 minutes in a fruit jar.

The nipples are washed in borax water and sterilized by themselves.

All the utensils used in mixing the milk are sterilized.

The plans which receive things from the sterilizer are previously sterilized.

The towels which are laid over them are baked.

The 8, 9 and 10 in the morning the whole quantity of milk which the child is to use during the 24 hours is prepared. When pasteurization is necessary it is done early in the morning, or after the milk and cream bottles in cold water, letting it gradually come to 170 deg. and keeping it there 20 minutes. These are cooled by floating first in tepid and then in cold water.

All this care in addition to an absolutely pure icebox, kept as near as possible at the same temperature all the time, is not considered too much care to take of the baby's life if he is to be given a good chance for food.

There was consternation at the hospital the other night when the milk soured in spite of precautions and for inexplicable reasons, as the temperature was not unusually high. The night nurse discovered some time after the 2 o'clock bottle. What to do at 3 o'clock was a serious question, and she called up the diet nurse, who called up the matron, who, in turn, called up the doctor by telephone.

Another thing which the doctor recommended by the doctor, a tablespoonful of it to a pint of water, and to be boiled for 15 minutes with a pinch of salt and a little sugar. But, although this does for the baby in emergency, it is not recommended for him for long at a time.

Since the milk curdled, which was May 22, pasteurization has been regarded as necessary, with only one delivery. Dr. Davis, one of the attending physicians, says that while it is preferable, taking the chances of disorders which come through omitting it, a prolonged diet of pasteurized milk is not recommended for babies which is already the trouble with most of the babies that are brought in for treatment. Usually these cases have been fed fat, condensed milk, or proprietary foods, and are corrected by an addition of fat to the formula. Neither of these is condemned as baby foods, in certain instances, if enough cream is added to make up the proper percentage of fat.

Respect for the Chaplain.

Successful American.

Chaplain Russell, of the Missouri Legislature, when praying, wants the members to give their attention. His prayers being sent up especially for them, he thinks it unseemly for them not to listen. Having observed that the members did not attend to what he said, Rev. Mr. Russell recently issued the following petition up to the throne of grace: "O Lord, I ask that those in the House who rise to read their papers may not continue to read their papers while the chaplain prays. Grant that they may have some respect for God, if they have not for the chaplain."