

Laney, Wash., Has Woman Mayor and Town Council

The story of how women are running a town comes from a newspaper of Everett, Washington, and is sent by Miss Katherine Crayton, who lives at Everett, just across the Sound from Langley, the town which has achieved the distinction of being run entirely by women:

Doubtless that first time Adam got home at 3 a. m. from the Eden club and Eve told him in superlatives and tears how she wished she'd never met him and how she'd like to run things in the Garden for awhile and there'd be an end to such doings, doubtless aeons back there. Adam wondered "What would a place become run by Eve and a few others like her?"

Just after Caesar reminiscing about Cleopatra, pondered some serene moment in old Rome what Rome would be if Cleopatra's gender instead of his own did the bossing.

On down through history probably not a human has lived that hasn't sometimes stopped to make a guess.

After all those millenniums of questioning, the interrogation is no more. The question mark is gone.

We know. Langley, the little Whidby island town of 350 odd people just across the Sound from Everett, cut the Gordian knot. So far as we know, it's the first town on the face of the earth in the long sequence of ages since the slime in some oozy tropic marsh first was wiggled by the wiggling of the original bit of protoplasm—the first one that ever had an executive body of women to run it.

What is Langley's answer to the question?

Ask anybody over in Langley. You'll be surprised.

It's nothing like what you'd expect after reading the literature of Carrie Nation and its villainesses and its saints and clinging vines.

How it Happened.
Hugh McLeod, attorney and notary public and real estate dealer and former city clerk, has a sense of humor.

Along in November last fall came the caucus meeting when candidates were to be named for city offices—the mayor's chair, treasurer, and four councilmen.

Not a soul showed up. In fact nobody cared much about how the town was run. Though council meetings were supposed to be called every two weeks, the men who had been serving never met more than once a month or every three months when there were pleasanter things to do.

From May 6 to August, 1919, there wasn't a single session, to be exact.

Clerk McLeod got an idea. He ordered the ballots printed. They came. Not a soul in town knew what was on them until Dec. 1, the day before voting. Then somebody heard.

He had picked the best known women in town and he had named them on one side of the ballot as the candidates of the "Citizens' ticket" and he had named on the other side of the ballot under the heading, "Peoples ticket" the best known men in town. The news went around fast and it startled the little community. Forty people voted in the choice for mayor—twice as many as ever took the trouble to get to the polls in a Langley town election before.

The women's ticket lost in just two places. Mr. Foster is in the bank. That's why he won in the treasurer-ship contest. It's easier to pay at the bank. Mrs. Peck is telephone central for the whole village and environs—that's said to be the reason the public thought it wouldn't be wise to put her in.

Five members compose the council body at Langley. A woman mayor and three "women councilmen" had been put in by the election it will be noticed. One woman councilman went in and another held over.

Here shows the essential muleishness of the male—or else his chivalrous desire for once let womankind run the whole works. Neither of those two men would act. One would not qualify and the other resigned. That's how Mrs. Margaret McLeod and Mrs. Grace Brown came to be appointed councilwomen to act with Mrs. English, Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Monson.

Here's What They've Done.
What has this women's council done?

Here's a summary. Considering the size of Langley we argue that it's notable; that it's creditable; that it's a pretty good proof that—well. Here it is:

1. Pool halls and card tables are

closed Sundays.

2. Gambling and punch boards have moved out.

3. The moving picture show which was operated only on Sunday nights, was ordered to choose another night or quit.

4. Jitney and drays and dogs now must be licensed. The old council remitted these licenses for a year.

5. The town is spruced up. Councilwomen themselves have done everything from nailing down sidewalk boards to voting a cemetery fund to keep the cemetery a place one won't be sorry to go to when one dies. A clean-up week was a spring inoculation.

There now—you are picturing a mayor and council with reform methods as serene as a jazz band.

You see a militant band of skinny-skirted, thin, dispirited, birdcage variety of creatures sternly scanning the landscape for signs of an opportunity to clean up something, each militantly erect and disciplined in the things that make life juiceless and equivalent to ashes.

But that's all wrong.

The mayor, Miss Helen B. Coe, is a quiet gentle-voiced, grey-haired lady who has leisurely traveled through Europe several times, before it was warscattered. She was a kindergarten teacher once. She has an income which frees her from work and she lives in Langley because she likes it, likes the blue Sound stretching out from the cliff on which her pleasant cottage stands, has liked it since she came a number of years ago.

The majority of the six women have grey in their hair. All are housekeepers. Grown up or growing families attest the ability and energy and wholesome interests of most of them.

And here it should be said that not a word is breathed in Langley about any lack in their households of socks unattended, bread baked black, food half-cooked, buttons off. I myself went through the mayor's kitchen and I saw on the table a berry pie which certainly excelled in the crisp flakey appeal of its crust and the lacy edging of all the openings with a perfection of red, tempting berry juice.

Nobody Knows How.
Most of the women elected to the council had no clearer idea what a city council does than the average ditch digger has about the deliberations of the inner council of the khedive of Egypt. One woman had attended once or twice. Another was wife of a former councilman. That was the extent of their information.

At the last meeting of the council of men, they were present, to see how things went. Incidentally, so they relate, things went, including cash, somewhat more peppfully than customary for the council proceeded to vote away about all the money there was in the city treasury.

About this time, some worthy male member of the community realizing that the women were taking their positions seriously decided that the election had been a pleasant little joke which had now lost its humor and that the dominance of the superior other half of the human race must be duly asserted. So they appealed to the district attorney about the election. The only assuagement the district attorney could give, however, was that there was another election coming. The women council was safe for the present.

One of the first things the women did was to order a road repair. The public read in this—some of the public, anyway—dire things for the future of the city. Had not the men on the council considered that piece of road—had not their sagacity, tempered with a long experience in sundry business, assured them that a distinct loss to the community would result from the repair of that road? What did these women mean by ignoring the wise policy of their predecessors.

And the women—some of them admitted—were for a time quite worried.

But the thing drifted by with no lamentable catastrophe to any of the 350 residents and a few have come to regard it as distinctly an asset.

They do things with a dispatch—these women. That is starting.

A casket shop on the street to the dock showed its gruesome wares through uncurtained and unpainted windows to all passersby, blighting the gait of spirits and dimming many a fine spring morning for imag-

RIVER FLOWS UNDER CITY.

Made Peoria Biggest Distilling Center in Country.

Peoria, Ill., Dec. 25.—Flowing at some depth beneath the residence and business section of Peoria is a large subterranean river, the existence of which made Peoria the biggest whiskey distilling center in the country in pre-prohibition days.

The stream, which flows at right angles beneath the Illinois river at the edge of Peoria, is of unknown volume. More than a dozen wells sunk through the bottom of the upper river by distilleries to tap the subterranean body of water have failed to diminish the flow of the lower stream.

From these wells comes a water of unusual warmth and softness and it is this water that drew the largest distillers in the world to Peoria, as well as several smaller ones. Practically free from acid and alkali the water required no special treatment before being fit for whiskey distillation purposes. For this reason distilleries were able to operate here at lower production cost than elsewhere and Peoria's "corn grind" for the liquor made here became the greatest in the country.

WHITE ROBED MEN PARADE.

Scatter Warnings to White and Blacks in City.

Columbus, Ga., Dec. 25.—White-robed figures paraded some of the streets of the city tonight, scattering warning circulars to the loafers and undesirable class of citizens. Many negroes fled in terror, seeking cover in the dark sections of the city.

The notice read: "Warning! Undesirable, both white and black, we are after you. We know you—take warning—this loafing, thieving and prowling around has got to stop. Ku Klux."

Genuine Surprise.

Tittleton, the tragedian boasted that nature was his only teacher.

"Please tell me," an admirer once asked, "is that expression of astonishment you assume in the second act of your last play copied from nature, too?"

"It is," said Tittleton. "But I had no end of trouble to get it. To secure that expression I asked an intimate friend to loan me \$50. He refused. That caused me no surprise. I tried several other friends. They refused. Still I was not surprised. Finally I asked one who was willing to oblige me, and as he handed me the sum I studied in a glass the expression of my own face. I saw surprise there, but not astonishment. It was allowed with the suspicion that the money might be counterfeit. I was in despair. Where should I find genuine astonishment?"

"Well," continued the admirer, "where did you get it?"

"Then an idea struck me," the tragedian said. "I resolved upon a desperate course. I returned the \$50 to my friend the next day, and on his astounded countenance I saw the expression I sought."

Supply of box files just received at Herald Book Store.

inative folks. Again and again, women of Langley asked to have the windows curtained. Nothing happened. So they went down and soaped the glass. The soap is gone but the windows no more allow a sight of the long narrow boxes for the dead.

It should be said that the town government does not absolutely ban the men. A man is still allowed to be the policeman of the town. A woman has applied for the place however, and was amply qualified for the position which involves merely impounding cows and supervising some road work. But it was considered policy to have a masculine arm of the law. When an attorney is needed the help of a man from outside the city is called in to give legal advice.

Everybody Seems Pleased.

At the end of the city clerk's records, of last year and at the beginning of this year's records of the women's is posted the verse:

"Running 'Em Ragged."
"It's quite the rule for gentlemen To give their seats to ladies fair; But gosh it's tough on mayors, when The ladies want the mayor's chair."

It may be so. But the rest of Langley seems now quite happy with the present arrangement of things and reports about the town say Miss Coe and the others of her council will be re-elected.

\$50,000 LOSS IN COTTON FIRE.

800 Bales and Part of Building Destroyed at Orangeburg.

Orangeburg, Dec. 26.—Orangeburg's second cotton fire within the past fortnight last night destroyed about 800 bales and part of the building of the Orangeburg Bonded Warehouse Company here. The loss of approximately \$50,000, exclusive of the building, is said to be covered by insurance. Several freight cars on a siding were also destroyed by the flames, but the Standard Oil Company's tanks and the plant of the Southern Cotton Oil Company, nearby, were saved.

Christmas fireworks is supposed to have been the cause of the fire, the blaze appearing to have its beginning on a side of the warehouse which was not provided with firewalls. The building had been left in an unfinished condition in the anticipation of an addition being built and had only board walls where the flames started.

The other recent cotton fire was at the fair grounds where cotton held by the Orangeburg Marketing Association was consumed. This blaze is supposed also to have been accidental origin.

JUDGE SCOTT KILLED IN WRECK.

Greenville Officer's Car Overtakes Wife and Brother Hurt.

Greenville, Dec. 26.—Walter M. Scott, judge of probate for Greenville county, was instantly killed; his brother, W. Henry Scott, of Oklahoma, was seriously injured and his wife was slightly hurt, when the automobile in which the three were riding, overturned this morning on the Augusta road, ten miles below the city. Judge Scott, who is one of the county's best known citizens, was driving the car. In rounding a curve, the car slid into a deep gully, overturning on the three occupants and crushing Judge Scott's skull.

The judge's brother and Mrs. Scott are now in the City Hospital. While Mrs. Scott's condition seems to be safe, that of the brother is regarded as critical.

ONE DEAD; FOUR HURT.

Mr. Creed, of Gloversville, Killed in Automobile Collision.

Augusta, Dec. 26.—The fourteen-year-old son of Anderson Creed, of Gloversville, S. C., was instantly killed; Mr. Creed, his wife and a Mrs. Purvis and her two daughters, of Gloversville, S. C., were seriously if not fatally injured, this afternoon near Langley, when the automobile in which they were riding was struck by another car in which there were two men and a woman, believed to be residents of Augusta.

Well Matched.

"Even as a boy, Oliver Goforth was extremely volatile—never interested in any particular thing very long at a time," related old Festus Pester. "His relatives feared that his uneasy state of mind would cause him unhappiness in the future. And it did so far at the earliest opportunity he married a girl who was just as unstable and jigger as he was. Owing to their active natures and unsettled dispositions they are both kept on the jump most of the time, and their varied and assorted actions prevent their married life from being in the least monotonous. Each is continually anxious about the other, for fear he or she will kill himself or herself, as the case may be, by his or her own silliness, and so each is constantly concerned and solicitous about everything the other does.

"An especially shining example of the vivacity of the life they lead is found in the preparation of their daily food. Early in the game the fair bride purchased a gigantic cookbook and began to cook her way through it, beginning with the A's and proceeding to cultivate onward down the alphabet toward Izzard, taking everything as it comes. This affords her pleasure, for the novelty prevents the homely task from palling on her. She never attacks the same dish twice, and there is always the delight of essaying something new. And Oliver never cloyed, is religiously eating the fresh and unique productions that are set before him, always happy at being confronted with something different. And the funny part is that they are both actually growing fat on their foolishness."

Read The Herald, \$2.00 per year.

W. A. Mason, Former Treasurer of Hampton County, Found Short

COUPLE IS ASPHYXIATED.

Bride Arrives From Italy One Day; Dead the Next.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 24.—A small dark eyed girl who arrived here yesterday from Naples, Italy, and her soldier hero, Rocco Bruillo, whose bride she became a few hours later were found dead from asphyxiation today in their snug Academy avenue apartment.

A month ago, in Italy, Carmella received money for steamship fare and with it a note:

"Come to me, my sweetheart, and we will be married at Christmas time."

After the simple wedding at Ellis Island yesterday relatives of Bruillo feasted the veteran and his bride. The celebration lasted into the early hours of this morning.

When the couple retired it is believed Carmella, who at home was used to lamps, blew out the gas.

NO NEW TRIAL FOR GREEN.

Refusal by Georgia Court of Appeals Is Made.

Atlanta, Dec. 23.—The Georgia Court of Appeals today refused to grant a new trial for William B. Green, former vice president of the Fairburn Banking company, who was convicted last spring of embezzlement and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

Green was vice president of the bank when its building was burned in the fall of 1919. He was in the building at the time and later said that robbers entered the bank, bound and gagged him, looted the safe and then set fire to the structure. An audit of Green's books was said to place Green's shortage in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

Mrs. Katherine Bradstreet, who was jointly indicted with Green on the embezzlement charge, was found not guilty when she was tried a few weeks after Green's conviction.

LITTLE BOY KILLED.

Falls Beneath Wheels of Loaded Wagon.

Walterboro, Dec. 26.—A very sad accident happened at Islandton Monday afternoon in which little Henry Willard Rentz, five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wade H. Rentz, met his death. His father had gone to Padgett's mill for a load of wood, and on approaching his home this little fellow, with two other children, ran to meet him. Mr. Rentz stopped and helped them mount the wagon and just as the mules started off little Henry fell beneath the wheels and was instantly killed, the wheels running over his head.

Goes Once Too Often.

Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 23.—A thief had been sneaking into the barn at night and stealing milk from a cow owned by a Johnson county farmer. The planter determined to put an end to the culprit's depredations. A few days ago the cow was transferred from her regular stall and a young mule was substituted. One night later, the farmer was aroused by a terrific racket in the vicinity of the stable. He grabbed his shotgun and ran to the barnyard, but the thief had escaped, leaving a battered milk pail, a small stool and a hat in the mule's stall. The visits of the intruders have ceased.

Some Santa Claus, This.

Tacoma, Dec. 24.—Santa Claus came a day early to the home of Mrs. Ray D. Goodale, in Puyallup, and left a half million dollars in her stockings for herself and baby son.

The gift came in the form of news that the woman and baby have inherited the estate of Ray Merwin, a New York stock broker, who recently died.

Liquor Still in Church.

Hanford, Wash., Dec. 24.—Fire which broke out in a church of Hanford yesterday was declared by deputy sheriff today to have been caused by an overheated whiskey still which was in full operation in the basement. The basement was rented by J. A. Brooks, a butcher, for which a warrant had been issued on a charge of operating a still. The church was not badly damaged by the fire.

ACCORDING TO ALLEGATIONS MADE BY GRAND JURY.

SAYS BOND NOT RENEWED.

Presentment States Affairs of County Not Being Conducted According to Law.

Columbia, Dec. 22.—W. A. Mason, former treasurer of Hampton county, is alleged to have been short in his accounts to an amount aggregating \$17,801.91, according to a verified copy of the presentment of the Hampton county grand jury, made December 20, 1920, and filed with Governor Cooper today. The Attorney General is requested to begin action in the name of the State to recover the amount from the bondsmen of Mr. Mason.

According to the presentment, and from other sources, it has been found that no record has been brought to light of the renewal of the former treasurer's bond when he was recommissioned February 15, 1915, for a term of four years. Neither the office of the Secretary of State, then under the administration of the former head of the department, R. M. McCown, of Florence, nor that of the State Treasurer, where the bonds of state officials are to be filed, have any record of the bond being issued. W. A. Mason was first appointed during the Bleas administration on February 20, 1913, took out his bond and was commissioned March 9, 1913. He was renominated in 1914 and again appointed on February 9, 1915. He resigned and R. E. Causey was appointed by Governor Cooper to succeed him on November 29, 1920, and Mr. Causey was commissioned on the 9th of this month.

Text of Presentment.

The following is the presentment: "At a special session of the grand jury for Hampton county, convened by the foreman for the purpose of looking into the affairs of the county on December 20, 1920, the grand jury entered into consideration of the report of the auditors, who conducted an investigation at our suggestion, through the cooperation of our Senator:

"We find a shortage reported in the office of W. A. Mason, as county treasurer, amounting to \$17,801.91. We direct that the clerk of court immediately upon the filing of this presentment, certify to a copy of this presentment and forward to the attorney general to whom we take the liberty of stating that suit should be authorized on the bond of the treasurer. It is stated that said W. A. Mason, as county treasurer, had not given bond since his appointment four years ago and that suit will have to be instituted against the bondsmen for a period before that date. If any state officer has been negligent in not requiring such bond we suggest and recommend that the bond of such state officer be sued in the event of loss because of this failure to perform his duty. We direct that the county attorney for Hampton county be forwarded a copy of this presentment and that he be requested to get permission from the attorney general and the solicitor to commence the action in the name of the state for the recovery of the funds of the county and the state. We direct the supervisor and county treasurer to see that such steps are taken as may be necessary to secure the shortage.

Other Matters Up.

"As to the other matters investigated by the grand jury we state that we are apprised of the fact that the county tax books have not been opened until December 14. This condition prevailed two years ago, that is, 1918. The attention of the auditor was called to this matter last summer. Explanations were made. The schools of the county and other county works were seriously in danger of being closed or stopped because of this failure to perform the plain duty of making up the tax books as required by law. We direct the clerk of court to forward a copy of this presentment, immediately upon its being filed, to the governor, to whom we take the liberty of suggesting that the county auditor of the county should be required to perform his duties even to the extent of requiring him to show cause why he should not be removed from office in the event he has failed. The county attorney of the county should look into this

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