

How Woman is Received in Toledo Public Offices

Because of the fact that women are infrequent visitors in many of the city's public offices Beatrice Vaughan made a tour of the principal offices to ascertain what reception is usually accorded a feminine visitor. The results of her investigations will appear in The News-Bee from day to day.

By Beatrice Vaughan.

I entered police headquarters at a door marked "turnkey." A man came forward from behind the grating.

"I wish to see Chief of Detectives Carew," I said.

A moment later I was ushered upstairs. The chief was busy. I was given a seat, and from the chief's office floated sounds of advice being given to two boys, that had Judge Lindsey and John Gunckel silenced!

At last—the chief was at liberty. I entered the inner office, was offered a chair, and sat down.

"My apartment has been robbed by my maid, Mr. Carew."

"I am not Mr. Carew, but am occupying his desk, and am acting chief—your flat has been robbed? Who, and what is the history of your maid?" said Acting Chief Hall.

"I do not wish to divulge her name." (My heart was beating 2:40.)

"Why, we cannot help then—"

"O, indeed, you can," I interrupted. (I felt like a feminine Sherlock Holmes.)

"Ah!"

A light dawned on the acting chief's forehead, and he offered me some gum, the finest pepsin brand. I declined, thought it was kindly meant—gum chewing is for frivolous matinee girls.

The acting chief was deeply interested, and gave me the benefit of the experience of the department to aid me in tracing the maid, and stolen goods. While doing so a man entered, and broke the privacy. The acting chief looked very much annoyed, and took me to a small, private room. (Clearly, I was having a wonderful experience.)

He told me in all cases, no matter what mode of life was divulged, nothing was ever known outside of police headquarters—that I might freely tell anything—that—well, he said mysteriously, "You understand?" (Heavens, I didn't!)

"Oh!" I said, "I fear I don't. My only motive is to shield the girl from the consequences of her deed."

We moved to the door, and he said, most courteously: "The force is at your service if you wish help," and bowed me out.



Detective Del Hall.

Success is the result of beating the other fellow to it.

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