

FENCE NOW BARS OUT SUFFRAGISTS ASTRAY

**Neighbor Damskinsky Tired of
Saying "Next Door" to Those
Seeking Votes for Women Club.**

LIGHT ALSO TO GUIDE THEM

**Despite Elaborate Signs They Would
Ring the Damskinsky Bell—Then
Called Him "That Terrible Man."**

They have a brand new are light at the Fourteenth Assembly District Political Equality Association at 140 East Thirty-fourth Street. It is to lead the wandering feet of suffragettes in the way they should go, so that they may by no chance try to surmount a brand new fence that was put up yesterday afternoon. The fence is of iron, eight feet high, and is the property of Carl Damskinsky, a dye manufacturer, next door neighbor, east, of the suffragettes, who does not hesitate to say that they have tried his temper to the limit.

Miss Mary V. Donnelly, who is in charge of the suffragette establishment, is bubbling over with sympathy for Mr. Damskinsky. She says she really does feel sorry for him.

"With the front of the suffragette headquarters simply covered with bills, would you think any one would be so dense as to go and ring somebody's door bell?" she asks.

That is the trouble. Every other suffragette seeking the club headquarters, and there are 200 or 300 a day, rings Mr. Damskinsky's bell.

"It's simply fierce," says Miss Donnelly, "the remarks that man makes. They're worse than his name."

Just why Mr. Damskinsky's quiet residence should have such drawing power for the suffragettes no one can tell. When the first lot began to come the gentleman thought he would reinforce the suffragette signs with one of his own, and on his front door, in quiet letters, as befitting a quiet establishment, he placed this sign:

THIS IS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE.

This proved only a drawing card. Three times as many suffragettes rang the bell. They came morning, noon, and night. Mr. Damskinsky's temper, which had been growing more and more sensitive, took on ragged edges. Mrs. Damskinsky's did not like it, either. Whenever the front door bell tinkled, Mr. Damskinsky's ire rose, and usually he remarked:

"More of those blankety-blank women looking for the vote!"

And the women rushing in to Miss Donnelly, safe at last, would cry:

"Oh, we met the most terrible man!"

The tall iron fence is the last resort of Mr. Damskinsky. It is made of closely set rods, and is just now in its first coat of paint, a rosy-red wrathful hue. It bounds the suffragette front door yard on the east and matches the tall eight-foot fence bounding the suffragette front door yard on the west, put up by Brig. Gen. Joseph Cook Jackson for much the same purpose. Strange to say the suffragettes do not bombard Gen. Jackson's front door.

He objected to a Christmas party of children which overflowed into his flagged-front door yard and also took exception to leaflets of suffrage literature which occasionally landed there.

Now the suffragettes are going to have a big arc light. They were putting it up yesterday. In brilliant letters can then be read, at night, at least, over the suffrage entrance:

FOURTEENTH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT
CLUB! POLITICAL EQUALITY ASSOCIATION!
VOTES FOR WOMEN!

Mrs. Belmont and Miss Donnelly hope now they will be able to keep the women inside those two high fences.

"I don't know what more we can do," says Miss Donnelly. "Mrs. Belmont is very sorry and so am I. I scold the women, too, but what can you do? It seems that fate leads them. Sometimes there are 165 coming here for luncheon, not to say anything of the ones that come at other times, and I don't blame our neighbor for not liking to be disturbed."

The entire front of the Belmont headquarters is glass and most of the glass is covered with signs. There is the club sign, the "Votes for Women" sign, the "Equality Association" sign, besides the luncheon signs: "Regular Dinner 25 cents," and the bill of fare in its entirety, à la carte, everything 5 cents, except the chicken sandwiches. There is a wide variety of luncheon guests—politicians, policemen, artists, and writers—but it seems to be only the women who stray into Mr. Damskinsky's premises. Mr. Damskinsky has, in addition to the fence, an iron demi-aureole by the side of the suffragette windows, so that no one can by any chance climb over in that way.

VALESKA SURATT WEDS.

Married to Fletcher Norton, an Actor

Appearing with Her in Vaudeville.

Valeska Suratt, now appearing in vaudeville, but who attracted considerable attention in "The Girl with the Whooping Cough," a play whose run was terminated by the Mayor, was married in Jersey City last night to Fletcher Norton, a California actor now appearing with her at the Manhattan Opera House. Miss Suratt, Mr. Norton, and Miss Nance Guynan, an actress, were taken to the home of William Burke, a Justice of the Peace, by Mrs. Jackson Gouraud in her touring car.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Norton and their friends speeded to the home of Mrs. Gouraud at 46 West Fifty-sixth Street. There a light luncheon was set, after which the newly wedded couple returned to the theatre in time for their appearance. After the theatre they returned to Mrs. Gouraud's, where a number of friends awaited them.

Mrs. Norton was born in Owensville, Ind. She first appeared with William Gould in vaudeville. She next won a measure of success as the Gibson girl in Thomas Ryley's production, "The Belle of Mayfair."

Old Penmanship on Exhibition.

At the educational museum of the Teachers' College there will be exhibited this week the George A. Plympton collection of works on the teaching of penmanship. Examples of pen work from earliest times to the present day, including a series of copybooks covering 200 years, and examples of the work of famous teachers of penmanship in the last century will be shown. The collection also contains many works on penmanship teaching. One of these dates back to 1450.

Fordham Law Alumni Organize.

The graduates of Fordham University School of Law have formed an Alumni Association. These officers have been elected: President—Eugene F. McGee; Vice President—W. J. Fallon; Secretary—T. F. Connolly; Treasurer—William Hayes; Historian—Charles M. O'Keefe.