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LIFE AND LABOR



December, 1911



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The National Women's Trade Union League of America

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Original Drawing by Katherine S. Dreier

The Woman's Coronation Parade in London

The procession is here seen passing along the Thames Embankment with the Houses of Parliament in the background

(See page 375)

LIFE AND LABOR

Volume I

DECEMBER, 1911

Number 12

CHRISTMAS



IT IS the birthday of a Carpenter. It is one acknowledgment of the world's debt to a Workman who was a Jew. It is a token of the leadership of one who toiled. Here is inspiration and obligation, prophecy and imperative, for all toilers who stand together for the common good. To those who can serve and suffer for the good of all, to them belongs the leadership of the race.

It is the day of the child, the day when men and women forget care and renew their own youth in making merriment for children, the day when thought runs back to a Child in a stable. There, by the manger, whence came so much that today ennobles our common life, the world may learn the value of a child. The civilization that sacrifices its children is wasting its richest treasure. All that the world has it must give to the child, and to all the children, if the children are ever to give what they have to the world.

It is the day of peace and good will. For one day truce is declared in all the wars of life. For one day men realize that conflict is a "destruction that wasteth at noonday," that the only social organization which can endure is one compacted by good will. Slowly peace spreads over all the stricken battlefields of life, as men learn that it comes not by winning the fight but only by the establishment of justice. "Blessed are the peace makers," who while they battle against injustice still carry in their hearts good will to all men.

It is the day of gifts, not gifts begrudged to pay debts, not foolish gifts that waste hardly won earnings, but simple tokens of friendship and good will. For the value of the gift lies in the spirit and the purpose of the giver, said the Carpenter. Life fulfills itself in giving not in getting, He taught, and straightway gave Himself without stint to the service of men. Therefore He knew that men only find themselves as they give themselves away.

It is the day of fellowship. Grudges are forgotten, jealousies are abated and enmities suspended. Selfishness stands silent and greed ashamed. In its atmosphere of universal kindness and good cheer men instantly discover the littleness of the things that divide and the greatness of the things that unite them, are suddenly aware that differences of creed or class or race are not as great as common needs. In the light of this discovery the possibility of common effort to meet these common needs breaks through all barriers. If for one day men know themselves as brothers, then brotherhood is not an idle dream. In life it may be worked out, upon this earth it may be established in righteousness and justice and peace. For this the Carpenter labored and died, declaring that with Him, and with all who work for the same great cause, there toil also the Universal Love, the Eternal Energy.

HARRY F. WARD

Protective Legislation for Women

Recommendations Adopted by the Third Biennial Convention of the National Women's Trade Union League of America

This committee has carefully considered the recommendations made by the president, as well as those made by the legislative committee at the Second Biennial Convention, and begs to submit the following plan, under five divisions:

I. Education of women workers regarding existing labor laws and the need of others:

This committee recommends that the legislative committee of each local league visit all women's unions and present to them in simple language the existing laws, how far-reaching they are, what others are necessary, and the value and use of the ballot; also, that a brief and clear statement be printed of existing laws, which are to be distributed among the women workers.

II. Enforcement of laws.

The President recommends a Permanent Law Enforcement Committee. The Committee on Legislation would suggest the following plan: That each league request all women's unions to send one representative to such a committee. Through each union this committee is to form in each union shop or factory a voluntary social police force consisting of two shop members, whose business it is to see about the enforcement of the fire, labor and sanitary laws. This shop committee to report to its union representative on the enforcement committee, and also to the chairman of this committee, which will have on file the shops and factories and the names and addresses of the voluntary social police committee of each shop.

This committee is to report to the Departments of Labor or Fire any violation reported to it. If this does not bring results, the union is to be requested to take up the question.

This committee should also have a resume of the laws affecting the women workers in factories, and distribute through the shops and factories.

III. How to meet judicial nullification of such laws.

The President's report shows a number of judicial nullifications which are disas-

trous to the welfare of the women of the country. The decision of the courts of California annulling the eight-hour day is the most recent and outrageous.

The committee recommends the following antidote to such decisions: That all leagues work for the initiative, referendum and recall, including the recall of judges, and the proper amendments to antiquated constitutions to meet the new needs.

"Oh, fling to the wind

The parchment wall that bars us from
the least of human kind."

"Man is more than constitution; better
rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state, while
we're doubly false to God."

IV. Program of Legislative Measures to be introduced into the various State Legislatures as soon as possible.

The following program of legislative measures is suggested, and we recommend that in the preparation of bills they be introduced as a measure "in order to safeguard the health of female employes:"

1. The eight-hour day.
2. Elimination of night work.
3. Protected machinery.
4. Sanitary workshops.
5. Separate toilet rooms.
6. Seats for women, and permission for their use when the work allows.
7. Prohibition of the employment of pregnant women two months before and after child-birth.
8. Pensions for working mothers during the lying-in period.
9. That we ask for an increased number of women factory inspectors, based on the percentage of women workers in the state.
10. That the state department of health be urged to appoint women physicians as health inspectors, whose duty it shall be to visit all workshops where women and children are employed, to examine the physical condition of the workers.
11. A legal minimum wage in sweated trades.

12. Provide adequate fire protection.

13. Also to co-operate with other organizations in—(1) employers' liability law and compensation for industrial accidents; (2) banking laws for the protection of the savings of the worker; (3) control and supervision of employment agencies.

14. The enactment of a law making it compulsory on the owners or managers of any manufactory or other establishment wherein women are employed, when advertising for employes in times of strike, to state in such advertisement that a strike is going on.

V. Suggestion for Legislative Campaign to procure proposed laws.

The committee recommends that in times of a Legislative Campaign the Local League and Legislative Committee shall call upon all women's trade unions in the state to form a state legislative committee with representatives from all women's trade unions and trade union leagues throughout the state.

The committee also recommends a joint labor legislative council, called by each local league, of the legislative committee of all local unions, or central labor bodies.

Also that at all legislative hearings on labor questions the Women's Trade Union Leagues shall send as large a delegation of trade union women as possible.

For the purpose of better co-operation

between the W. T. U. L. and the unions, the committee suggests direct affiliation with the central labor bodies of each city and with the State Workingmen's Federation.

For further help in obtaining satisfactory legislation, this committee recommends that the National League establish a central medical information bureau for the purpose of collecting facts from the medical profession to assist in getting shorter hours, minimum wage laws, sanitary laws, etc. To begin this work we urge the president to send a letter stating our wishes and the need for the co-operation of the medical profession, to the medical journals and medical associations, and that all League members send a copy of this letter in a personal note to their own physicians.

The committee believes labor legislation may become a powerful constructive force for social righteousness if it is reinforced by trade union organization which sees to the enforcement of the laws. We recognize in it another weapon in the hands of the trade union women to protect not only themselves and their children, but the great mass of unorganized women to whom has not yet come the social vision which will redeem the world.

(Signed) KITTY O'TOOLE,
Chairman, Legislative Committee.

Good Tidings

The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

THE PROPHET ISAIAH

Carola Woerishoffer*

By Helen Marot

Carola Woerishoffer had indomitable courage, a wonderful physique and an intense desire to do her share. She had the courage of youth, but lacked its egotism. She valued experience and realized that it took time to accumulate it. The first year out of college she had opportunities to serve on committees and to hold office in various organizations. These opportunities were not what she was seeking. She wanted to work and gain experience. Serving on committees or acting as director of a board did very well, she often remarked, "for old fogies." After working on several lines for three years as steadily as though regularly employed, she was urged by friends to accept a position of responsibility. She felt that she could do the work, but wanted to be assured that she was not overvaluing herself "Do you think," she asked me, "that I have served my apprenticeship sufficiently long to warrant my accepting the position?"

A Holiday

Her short life was full of interest and experience. One week-end adventure illustrates how keen she was to understand situations, and how lightly she regarded her physical comfort in comparison. She had planned with some friends to spend the week-end at the shore. Through some misunderstanding they missed the appointment, and she found herself on the beach alone with Saturday and Sunday on her hands. What should she do? While she was deciding, she saw a sign outside of a third-rate seaside boarding house, "Servant Wanted." All her schemes for what would generally be called a holiday disappeared. But for her, here was a ready-

made holiday. Here was an opportunity to find out for herself how girls are treated who work as servants in summer boarding-houses.

She presented herself as a waitress in search of work. The distracted boarding-house keeper, with an overflowing house of week-end guests, fairly embraced her in her delight. Here was a good, strong, bright, capable girl—it was like a gift from heaven. She took her new-found treasure up to the sleeping room used for servants. All were crowded in one room at the top of the house, under the roof, and the time of the year was summer. The room was small and hot, filled with double



Photo by Broadbent Co.

Carola Woerishoffer

beds. The treasure said abruptly:

"I won't sleep here. I won't sleep with anyone else."

"But you must," protested the landlady. "There is no other place; my house is full."

"Very well," answered the treasure of the twentieth century, "I won't stay."

"But what shall I do?" the woman asked, and pleaded, losing the dignity of mistress.

"I don't know," stolidly answered the treasure.

The mistress saw that she must make some adjustment or let her go. She suddenly bethought herself.

"Oh, I could put up a cot for you in the basement."

"All right; I don't care if you only give me a bed to myself," was the answer.

They descended to the basement, which was divided into bathhouses for the guests, and where the mistress explained she would place a cot.

"I made a very bad waitress," Miss Woerishoffer told me later. "I could not remember what the people wanted, as I had to take several orders at once, and the dining-room was so crowded that I

*Carola Woerishoffer, Treasurer of the N. Y. W. T. U. L., was killed while driving her automobile and on duty as an Inspector of the N. Y. Immigration Bureau. She was 26 years old and a graduate of Bryn Mawr College.

could not pass things. But the people liked me and helped me out."

After dinner was served she helped wash dishes till midnight. The next morning, Sunday, the whole force of servants was at work at six o'clock. During breakfast and the dinner hour, which on Sunday was at noon, the treasure made enough blunders to warrant a discharge, but the distracted mistress could not be particular about unskillful work. After dinner the dishes were to be washed and the kitchen cleaned up. When this was accomplished, at three, the whole corps of servants began preparations for supper.

Miss Woerishoffer had found out what she came for. She had found that the girls had no time off during the week or on Sunday, that they were driven from six in the morning till midnight. When the dinner dishes were finished her opportunity had come and she said so that the whole kitchen could hear her:

"Aren't you going out for the afternoon? Do you mean to say that you work all day Sunday? Don't you have any time to yourself?"

The mistress was in the kitchen; she tried to stop her. The other girls were frightened at her boldness. They did not answer her. When the landlady found that she could not stop her and that she persisted in addressing the girls, she realized that she was in danger of losing not only her treasure, but other girls as well. She flew into a passion, and cried out:

"You are an impudent, ungrateful girl, and you can leave at once."

"That is just what I am going to do," calmly answered the treasure, but she persisted for a while longer in trying to make the girls realize how unfairly they were being treated and that if they would stand together, they could force some consideration for their right to a few hours of leisure a week. She enjoyed her holiday as much as any she could have taken and delighted in the thought that she had given the mistress a taste of rebellion against the conditions she imposed on helpless girls.

An Ally

Her contact with the Women's Trade Union League brought out some of the strongest elements in her character. The

object of other organizations in which she worked was to get some definite thing or things accomplished. The Women's Trade Union League has also a definite object in view, but its processes of work are as important as its object. The members of the League who are not trade unionists have become members on the understanding that they endorse the policies and principles of the trade union movement. No member of the League ever accepted her responsibilities and position more literally than did Miss Woerishoffer. As a member she served and felt that in her few years of service she was not yet fitted for leadership or direction. I well remember when she joined the League, being impressed with the modesty with which she asked me how she could help. If an organization was worth joining, it was worth working for.

For three years she did such clerical work in the office or for committees as canvassing for the label, distributing circulars, addressing envelopes, making a card list of members by districts, collecting and filing of newspaper articles. She compiled for the League a valuable reference list of books and pamphlets on Women in Industry, spending several weeks in the libraries of New York.

While the officers of the League will always remember with gratitude her part in the daily grind, she will be remembered by the League members and by the trade union girls of New York for her service in the strike of the Shirt Waist Makers. The strike was not one week old before it became evident that the young girls on strike would suffer hours and nights of detention in jail if some one were not found who could furnish bail on short notice. The court insisted on real estate security. A half-dozen people or more were kept busy for the first few days of the strike telephoning and running hither and thither trying to find bondsmen. It seemed to Miss Woerishoffer a great waste of good time and energy. If real estate was needed, the most direct way out of the difficulty was to acquire it. She succeeded in making a rapid transference of property and notified the Women's Trade Union League that she was willing to serve as bondsman as long as the strike lasted. She appeared one morning in Essex Market Court with her bond. Her whole time for

several hours previous had been given over to completing the transfer and she had given little attention to her dress and was in consequence a little disheveled when she offered her bond. She was rather curtly received by the clerk, who took it for granted that in all probability her security was insufficient. Those in court were amused at the sudden change which came over the clerk as his glance fell on the bond representing real estate to the amount of \$75,000.

For thirteen long weeks bail was required for girls in Essex Market Court, in Jefferson Market Court, and at the Tombs. The amount of bond varied from \$50 to \$500. Sometimes bond was required for as many as ten girls a day. Carola Woerishoffer gave bond also for the girls who were bound over to keep the peace. The call for a bondsman was so constant that she took up her post in Jefferson Market Court, where the majority of cases were held, and spent her day not only in acting as bondsman, but as a friend of the defendants and their witnesses. It was a godsend to the girls, as well as to the union, to have some one in the court to whom the distracted girls could turn. For of all of the several hundred girls arrested, not one had ever before suffered the nervous strain of appearance in court.

She held the money supplied by the Women's Trade Union League and by the union for the paying of fines. Naturally, she came to know the officers of the court. Some of the judges tried to convince her of her misplaced interest and took great pains to show their impartiality in handling the cases. No one could talk to her without realizing that she asked no favors for anyone. All she wanted was fair play. How much she counted for fair play was evident in the way the plaintiffs appealed to her and elaborately explained their side of the case.

But her position as bondsman did not end with the close of the Shirt Waist strike. She had made a unique position for herself in the trade union world. From that time to the time of her death she was appealed to by the striking unions—box makers, cloak makers, cordage workers, tailors, white goods workers—to go their bond. She let it be known, in fact, where she could be found day and night and never refused a call at any hour. Often she was called after retiring for the night.

Indeed, she was more anxious to be called for arrests at night than during the day, for she feared the detention of girls in court over night, on account of the special class of people with whom they were thrown in contact.

It was her experience in the Shirt Waist strike that made her realize the need of a fund for emergencies in time of strike. One morning in October, 1910, she asked me casually, "Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a strike fund started? I have received an unexpected dividend, and will make the first contribution." From her tone I thought that her contribution would be possibly \$500. She handed me a check for \$10,000. It was with that check that the Strike Council was organized and incorporated, with the purpose of anticipating strikes of employees in trades where there are women workers, by strengthening the organization of women workers when and where such strikes are threatened; for co-operating with trade unions in such trades where amicable methods have failed to prevent a strike or where a strike would be conducive to the trade union organization of women; for paying wages or benefits to women for short periods in compensation for employment lost through trade union activity in any business or for emergency services in organization among women. The Council is giving the New York League an opportunity which has been a dream in the trade union world.

In the same off-hand way that she provided the League with a strike fund, three years before when it was found that the League needed a house, she remarked casually, "I'll pay the rent." The house at 43 East 22nd street has made it possible to extend every branch of the work and make room for the activities of the growing membership.

Only One—In All Honesty

There are as many ways of life as there are people, but there are also ways on which the people divide and on which they come together.

Carola Woerishoffer's way was not one of the prescribed ways; it was her way. As a departure it was interesting and refreshing, but the strength of it lay not in the fact of its non-conformity, but in its truing up to fundamental things.

Her non-conformity was the effect or

result of her truing up. She had very little use for people who tried to be different from others for the sake of being different. She had little use for props of any kind, for dependence on outside forces, for the extension of personality or individual power. It was in her aversion to props that we find the force that shaped and controlled her life.

Everyone comes into life surrounded by props; some, perhaps all of which have at one time served civilization and have helped to free people from bondage. We find theologies, social position, wealth, and even poverty, offering itself as a chastened form of piety. We find new political faiths and new philosophies. Carola Woerishoffer had adopted no one of the props in their new or old forms. She had regarded all with intense curiosity. She was still regarding some of them when her life was cut off, but some she had rejected.

It is quite a simple matter to reject formal religion, conventional forms, or political creeds, but it is rare to find a man, and even rarer to find a woman, who can disconnect herself from the social or economic environment to which she is born. Even though she herself regard these as unimportant, she finds that others, in their valuation of her, persist in taking seriously into consideration her social and economic setting. She may have every impulse to get outside of her environment and stand on her own feet, but she finds herself entrapped, she finds the world leagued to keep her in place.

But Carola Woerishoffer broke these chains and forced her way out. Out where? That is the marvel, that was Carola.

It was not out in open space to be wondered at for her achievement, but down into the crowd, where she was with the many—only one. We have a name for such people. In acclamations and pretensions they seem to count by the hundreds and thousands. But we hesitate to give the name of democrat to Carola Woerishoffer, whose likeness we cannot find among the usurpers of the name. She never called herself anything, and we need not name her faith, for she lived it.

It is a fair certainty that those of us who have not possessed wealth or social

position and have never been tested, would use it as the majority use it who have been so endowed. We might not use it in dissipation or as though it were ours by right. There is an increasing number of people of wealth who generously acknowledge and conscientiously observe social obligation in the use of their wealth. We find, also, a large number of people of wealth who not only in the shape of gifts return their fortunes to the use of others, but who give their lives to relieve suffering. There are, indeed, a fair number of people who give at once their lives and fortunes to changing the social structure so that wealth in its making will be distributed among all who produce it, and not accumulated in the hands of a comparative few. Among those who give simply in the spirit of charity or those who give to movements which stand for a new economic order, there is a marvelous amount of "quiet giving."

But there is a very strong conviction, especially among ardent contributors to the movements for economic reforms, that they should so use their money as to increase their personal influence in the cause for which they stand. That is, it is their theory that they not only enrich their cause by giving their wealth, but through the very power of their wealth they are given opportunities for a hearing and a position of strength. As I understood Carola Woerishoffer, she took no position against any theory of giving, but her faith in the strength of relationships of man to man, based on the power of each to hold his own, was too deep, too strong an element in her nature to make it possible for her to allow artificial forces to play a part. The claim that one should be grateful for the opportunities which wealth and social position had given and use them to their uttermost, she answered in her own way. Her way was to separate her wealth from herself and return it through channels created to serve the people and then to count in a cause for what she herself was worth, and no more.

Modern philosophy judges of theories and creeds by their results. The result or effect of Carola Woerishoffer's position is to make men and women who will through the force of character contribute to the progress of the race.

Jo Davidson

An American Sculptor

By Gertrude Barnum

Jo Davidson, whose sculpture exhibit in the Paris salon, last year, was pronounced "one of the most hopeful expressions of the art vitality of our day," is a Russian-American, only twenty-eight years of age. Springing from the "plain people"; representing the new ideals of our new country; untrammelled by outworn traditions and borrowed conventions, he dares to be true to himself and his own times, and, in the words of Kipling, to "draw the Thing as he sees it for the God of Things as They Are."

The life of this artist, like that of so many other self-made men, has been full of problems and difficulties. Born in Russia in 1883, Davidson was brought to New York at the age of seven years. His family were orthodox Jews, and on his father's side he came from a long line of rabbis. They were people of cultivation, and lived comfortably in Russia until a cruel campaign of persecution of Jews drove them to seek freedom across the water along with thousands of their co-religionists. They had the learning of the Russian Jew, his idealism and his perseverance; but that was all their capital. Therefore, poverty set Jo Davidson to work at the earliest possible moment, first as a messenger boy, and later in any position which offered "promotion and pay." But however hard his "job," however scanty the leisure, he always found time

for his favorite amusement, sketching. He sketched and drew at all hours and places, filling in every little cranny of time between less congenial tasks, and "saying things" with a few lines which made friends and strangers stop and wonder.

"One day," his story goes, "a man of prominence saw his sketches and asked why he did not become an artist.

"I have no money," was the reply.

"I think," said the man, "they would be glad to teach you without pay!"

The idea had been in the boy's head for some time, and now he took heart and began to make plans for an artist's life. At evening high school he laid the foundations, and finally in 1898 he entered the

night school of the Art Students' League, after each day's wage-work, eagerly availing himself of the instruction of such men as Bridgman, Bryson Burroughs, and George de Forest Brush. In 1902, with the help of a brother-in-law, who wished to make a physician of him, he entered the Yale Medical School; but Fate soon steered him back to his old paths. By way of "making ends meet," he had taken up commercial "burnt-wood work," and one day he idly turned off a burnt-wood portrait of President Hadley of Yale. So perfect was the likeness that, on the very day it was finished it was purchased by a prominent political asso-



Mitsumasa Miki Jo Davidson

Photo

ciation and hung in their headquarters. This had attracted the notice of the directors of the Yale Art School, and thus the Medical Department lost a pupil. As Davidson first entered the Art School, he chanced into the modelling room, and when once his fingers felt the clay he made his choice. Sculpture, he decided, should be, from that time on, the medium of his expression. Here at Yale he had the benefit of McNeil's teaching and soon became an apprentice in McNeil's studio. By 1905 he had a studio of his own and made his first contributions to the exhibitions of The Society of American Artists and of the Architectural League—his "David" and a little piece entitled "Primitive Music." The originality and power of this work attracted much attention, being compared favorably with that of the most prominent artists who exhibited at the time.

Soon after this, he had the conviction that he must go to Paris, and the fact that he had no money seemed of small consequence. "If he had considered details of that sort," says one of his friends, "he would not have been Jo Davidson." To Paris he went, at twenty-one, arriving with exactly forty dollars. And there he made his way by hard work and the originality and courage and "sweet reasonableness" which he displays in other directions, as well as in his art. He even managed to take an occasional vacation, by novel methods. For example, here is a little true story:

One summer Jo Davidson went a-tramping in Switzerland, in his usual impecunious condition. He entered a hostelry of moderate pretensions, one afternoon, and asked for the proprietor.



The Russian Dancer

"I would like," said the artist, "to spend a week at your hotel."

"Salaams and welcomes from the innkeeper."

"But," continued the new arrival, with a pleasant smile, "I have no money."

"Then, of course, you cannot stay."

"The artist looked reproachful. 'How unreasonable you are,' he said. 'If I had said nothing I could have stayed here a week and gone away without paying. Be-

cause I frankly tell you I have no money, you proceed to deprive me of shelter.'

"The innkeeper stared, then laughed. 'There is some truth in what you say,' he admitted. 'I see by your kit that you are an artist. Suppose you practise your art to pay for your board.'

"'I should be charmed,' said the artist, truthfully. And he received instructions to do a sketch of the hotel with the Jungfrau rising in the distance.



The Peasant Boy
Tragic Model by Jo Davidson

"'But, one cannot see the Jungfrau from this porch,' protested the artist.

"'The innkeeper grew impatient. This was too much. 'Are you an impostor?' he cried. 'Are you not an artist, after all, but a mere photographer?'

"In haste, with a vision of a week's vanishing board, the artist assured his host that he was not of the realistic school. And he made his sketch for advertising purposes, reassured by the reflection that the two miles the guests would have to walk to see the Jungfrau would prove beneficial to their health."

December, 1911

After a few hard years, working quite alone in Paris, Mr. Davidson made his first entrance into the Salon, exhibiting the "Portrait of a Violinist," which was well placed, and brought him generous recognition. Later he was invited to hold exhibitions in London and New York. And everywhere the public and the critics welcomed him as "One of the greatest of the younger sculptors." Holbrook Jackson, writing in T. P.'s London Magazine, says: "Rodin is the master sculptor of our age, just as Michael Angelo was the master sculptor of the renaissance. Davidson, among the rest, has come under his influence. But the influence has not so much helped Davidson to find Rodin, as Davidson to find Davidson. * * * The work of Davidson is impressionistic; but it is not the impressionism of the painter, not even when the painter happens to be, say, Renoir, whose wistful faces have some affinity with the sensitive forms of Davidson's sculptures. His art is more allied to impressionism in music than in painting; it has the same reflective emotion, the self-contained sense of design. * *

* The quality of beauty clothes all his work, even though, as in those tragic little terra-cotta models of French peasants, the actual thing seen has been a piece of what is conventionally supposed to be ugliness. * * * You feel a re-awakening of the classical in the modern about his epic (in the Salon) 'La Terre,' but added thereto you feel also the personality of the modern world, the restless intensity of the soul which sees, feels and records with reference to itself. Jo Davidson is a representative of a new individualism. He sings his songs in bronze and creates tone poems in clay in his own way. That is how it should be and the judicious are made glad thereby.

"Few sculptors of the past and still fewer in the present have set the seal of matured personality to their work at so early an age as Davidson; his conception of life is large and free; his imagination courageous and his mind bright and alert; and these things are expressed with a masterly command of his medium, clay."

In his recent exhibit at the Reinhardt Gallery, Chicago, none of his work won him more praise than his portraits, especially those of the daughter of Harry Payne Whitney; the son of Mitchell Kennerly; Miss May Morris, daughter of Wil-

liam Morris, and Dr. Abraham Jacobi, this last to be placed in the entrance of Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City.

And the vitality and variety of his genius is obvious in the three masterpieces now at the Art Institute in the Exhibition of American Artists.

From his present studio in the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, Mr. Davidson expects to return to Paris in a few months to join his wife and baby son and fulfill certain special orders there. But he calls America "home," and will eventually settle in this "land of promise."

Karl's Christmas

By Ethel Carnie

The Black Forest mountains were covered with snow. Snow everywhere, so that not a green bough of pine could be seen, and the lichen on the oldest trees, hanging like the beards of very old men, was frozen into weird shapes. Those peasants in the mountain villages who had wood (holz) for the stove thought themselves blessed, and those who had not were very wretched. I am happy to say these were not many. The birds, kindly provided with shelter-boxes containing seed, shivered, looking out on the wintry scene. The air was so biting that the peasant journeying down the narrow mountain track, with snow up to his waist almost on each side, had scarcely courage to pause and cross himself at the little wayside shrines, lest he should be turned into a block of ice.

Karl, the only son of a poor wagoner's widow, his father having been killed sliding the logs down the mountain side, sat close by their stove, his teeth chattering so much that for once he did not laugh.

Last year at this season they had laughed very much, his mother and father, and himself, burning many colored candles, eating goat's flesh, and going to the city to see their relations. The icicles that hung round the deep eaves of their homestead had delighted him very much, glittering in the cold rays of the winter sun, but now it seemed to him they were like daggers. He knew the honey-pot in the cupboard was empty, and that they had only one tiny loaf of rye bread, and a few coffee beans. "Let us talk of last Christmas, mother," he said at length, "and then we shall feel warmer."

So they began to talk of his cousin's cosy house in the city, close by the quaint

town gates, and how they had seen from the window the cathedral spire lit up with red and green lights at twelve o'clock, and had sung songs of praise of their beautiful land. Only it did not make them feel any warmer, and poor Karl's teeth chattered more and more.

"Get your flute and play," said his mother, "and maybe the blowing will warm you." So he got his flute and played the "Grail Song," out of "Lohengrin," and imitated the horn, which sounded so pure and fearless and inspiring. Still he did not feel any warmer. He thought the player must always have had enough to eat and plenty of warm clothes, or he would not have played such a horn-song.

"I am afraid I must make coffee, then," sighed his mother, for she did not want to be left without a single bean in the house, so she set the pan full of water on the stove, and sighed again to see there were now only five coffee beans left. As they sat sipping it as slowly as if the beans had been gold, the door opened without warning and in walked an old man, looking like a forester, with his huge, snowy cloak, and the frost glittering in his beard. Cold as the house had been before, it was worse now, and to their astonishment he walked right up to the stove, bending to warm his large, knotted hands, at the few sparks of dying embers.

"Miserly people, to be without fire in the stove on such a bitter day!" he said scornfully.

Karl set down his cup of coffee to stare at the strange old man. His mother answered gently that they had only a few bricks of wood left, and did not wish to be without fire on the morrow, which was Christmas Day, and Karl's birthday.

"I have come far up the mountain," gruffly said the uninvited guest, "and you cannot be so inhospitable as to let me sit before a fireless stove."

"Let me fetch one brick, mother," pleaded Karl, and bringing one from the holz-shed set fire to it, and they sat far back so that the old man might get more warmth.

When Karl looked at his cup of coffee it was frozen, and he had only had a few sips. The house had been so much colder since the old man entered it.

The guest fell asleep, but woke again as the red brick was nearly burnt away.

"Put on more wood," he demanded savagely, and in tears and with much trembling Karl's mother did as he bid, shutting the little cold, iron door with a clickety-click, and thinking what a selfish old man he must be. Then he went to sleep once more.

"I will not fetch another brick," whispered Karl's mother to him across the old man. "No; not though his beard should freeze to icicles. My pretty Karl shall have his fire tomorrow."

As the second brick burnt out the old man awoke again, and commanded them to put on the last brick. Karl's mother sat still and her face was as white as when they brought her husband home, and laid him dead on the great clumsy wooden bed in the corner under the crucifix.

"He is a very old man," said Karl, "and needs a fire more than a boy like me. I will play the flute all day to-morrow, if he may have another brick, and I shall be quite warm."

As the last brick burnt out the old man arose, and went out without a word of gratitude, slamming the door behind him. Looking out of the window they saw him disappear down the mountain road in a skirl of snow-flakes, and wrapped round in his icy cloak. With a groan, Karl's mother sat down beside her spinning-wheel, seeing nothing before them but being frozen to death.

"I know what I will do, mother," said Karl cheerily. "I will go down the mountain-path to the city, and play my flute in the street. I will stand by the cathedral door, and as the people flock into Mass I will play the song of the Grail, and they

will give me many silver marks, which I will bring to you."

So she put on his little thick coat, with fur around the sleeves and the collar, and his little blue hands were pushed into woolen mits, and because he was so tiny a boy to travel so far she wept, and then she laughed so that he should not be sad.

So Karl set off down the mountain road, following in the footsteps of their rude, ungrateful guest. He passed the little church, all draped in white, and saw the fir tree, glistening like silver, on his father's grave just over the wall. It seemed to him that his father knew his errand, and praised him for a brave boy, and lighter and warmer of heart than he had been when he sat by the stove, he went on his way.

Soon he saw in the distance the traveler who had sat by their fire, the huge cloak of white blowing about, and it seemed to Karl, as he approached more closely, that he would die of cold.

"Ah!" said the gruff voice as Karl overtook him. "I am pleased to see you, little Karl. I have been waiting for you. Have you never heard of me? I am the North Wind. I live in a palace of ice that never melts, and my vassals are the Hail, the Frost, and the Snow. The Hail is a brave fellow! Have you not heard his bullets rattling the windows, and his tiny drumsticks going? The Frost also is a valiant servant of mine. Out from our crystal palace, that gleams a thousand colors in the sun, but never melts, he goes to my bidding, making the window panes so white that tired travelers cannot see the gleam of pleasant fires, but go on and on till they are lost. Then the Snow (ah, he seems a soft, gentle, lovely fellow) comes and spreads his mantle all about—on the hills, fills the valley, overflows the river, and at last covers up the poor traveler."

Then Karl heard the sound of bells, so faint, yet so sweet, that he thought it was like his mother's voice long ago rocking him to sleep when he was restless.

"Come and see my palace, Karl!" said the North Wind.

"Nay, I must get to the city and play my flute by the cathedral door," he answered wearily, and would have passed

on, but with a blustering laugh the rough man caught him up and strode on with him at the rate of a mile a minute.

When he opened his eyes, for he had fallen asleep so soon as the North Wind wrapped him in his cloak, he was in a mighty palace cut out of a block of ice more than a mile long. The moon looked down through the roof and flooded the place with pale light, making it fair as day. Men and women, wonderful, proud, walking like kings and queens, passed to and fro, and there were little people like the sugar figures he had once seen on the edges of a bridal cake, and these little people were all laughing together, and it was the clatter of their silver tongues he had thought were bells.

He would have been happy in that strangely-beautiful palace if he had not been trying all the time to reach the city, and the weight of the flute in his pocket like lead. As he sat by himself, watching these cold beings, he felt the touch of a hand on his face. A little girl stood beside him. She had eyes like blue jewels, and hair like sunshine, where the long, glittering icicles did not hang there, and her touch soft and cool as a snowflake.

"You have come to the palace of lost children," she said in a voice like the rippling of a lake, looking round to see that no one was watching her. But the North Wind was in close conversation with the Hail and the Frost, and did not notice anything.

"Shall I never get out?" inquired Karl, fearfully, "for I have to play beside the cathedral door and take home silver marks to my mother. Oh, dear! Whatever will she think if I do not go home any more?"

And he began to cry.

The tears he shed turned into icicles, and clung to his lashes, and he had to cease lest he should be turned into a block of ice. For he saw in high niches now as he looked about him, little children, clear and cold as glass, set in the walls—the children who never went home!

"There is one way," went on the child at his side. "When you see the North Wind going through the door, cling to the tail of his coat, and as he sweeps past

your dwelling let go, and he will never miss you."

"But hold your breath, lest he hear you, for if he does he will put you in a niche in the wall, and you are lost forever."

"Are you a lost child, too?" asked Karl.

"No," she sighed. "My father is the Snow, but my mother is the Sunshine, and that is why it makes me sad to see the lost children. My mother's heart is warm, and her smiles give life, and so I hope you will get home, little Karl."

Just then the North Wind approached the door, and holding his breath, Karl clung to his coat. Oh, how fast they flew, and over what terrible ravines, and rocks where the eagle makes its nest. Karl knew not more where he was, his poor, little head was in such a whirl.

Suddenly as they rushed along more rapidly he loosened his grasp, for the edge of the North Wind's cloak smote his face like a knife blade. He felt himself falling, falling, through the silent air. The flute grew heavy again, and dragged him down till he touched something soft and cold, and thought he heard his mother singing him to sleep in the firelight with the plaintive melodies of his native land.

When he awoke he was in a wagoner's cottage, and his wife said they had picked him up some miles down the road. He told them of his visit to the palace of the North Wind, and they shook their heads, smiling sadly, and held him the bowl of steaming soup.

The wagoner carried him home and gave them money for fuel and food, and said he was a brave lad to go so far on such a day, even if he never reached his journey's end, and that he would see if he could not find him a place in a holz yard. This he did very soon, when the spring came. Even Karl's mother laughed at his account of his visit to the home of the North Wind. So at last he ceased to talk of it, but he never forgot it. He wrote many beautiful songs, all about the glories of winter in the Black Forest mountains, and people used to sing them on hot days and feel quite cool. And if he did not learn them in the palace of the North Wind, who taught them to him?

Some American Suffragists

By Mary Gray Peck

The enfranchisement of the women of California gives new interest to the suffrage movement in this country, and makes timely a review of some of the leaders in it, their personality and what they stand for. The early American suffragists were agitators, the strongest leaders today are organizers and legislative workers. Behind the whole suffrage movement is the age-old struggle for economic independence which means social existence.

The Early Movement.

The first American women to speak and write for "Woman's Rights" generally, took the ground that spiritual and mental equality between the sexes entitled women to political equality as a matter of justice. Such a woman as Margaret Fuller could not fail to recognize the necessity of economic independence for women, but even she was interested more in equal opportunities for education. And because in those days education was the chief avenue by which women could go out to earn a livelihood, other remarkable women of the early nineteenth century labored to throw open the hitherto closed door of higher education to them. This resulted in the founding of women's colleges where girls could study Latin, Greek, philosophy and mathematics, as boys did in their colleges. Such an education as this, however, did not help women earn a living in the industrial era which began with the close of the Civil War, and its value today consists in having demonstrated the mental competence of women, in having given them self-confidence and culture.

Another group of women numbering personalities like Lucy Stone and Julia Ward Howe, were not content with seeing women admitted to the professions and practically appropriating those of teaching and nursing. Their efforts in the cause of freeing and enfranchising the negro, made clearer in their minds the connection between economic and political independence, and after the war, they, with Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and practically all the famous

abolitionists, both men and women, went into the suffrage movement. Having helped give votes to the negroes, they set about giving votes to women.

It would be hard to find anywhere in history a group of more strongly differentiated or picturesque personalities. They were lifted by consecration and moral enthusiasm for their cause into a kind of prophetic grandeur, and like the prophets, too, most of them took no pains to be like ordinary people. According to the view of these leaders, the franchise was an effectual safeguard of economic independence and legal justice. For a generation they wrote and traveled and lectured, often suffering hardship and indignity, rousing public opinion with the cry, "Taxation without representation is tyranny!" And then they passed away, some of them having lived to see Wyoming, Utah, Colorado and Idaho enfranchise their women.

It is dangerous to attempt to group the suffragists of today according to a hard and fast criterion, and I am fully aware of the fact that every such attempt must be regarded as an exercise of private judgment. With this caution in mind, I venture upon a kind of general classification which is based upon the apparent conception in the minds of suffragists themselves of the relation of suffrage to the economic struggle.

Intellectual Aristocrats.

There is a class of women working for suffrage who may be called intellectual aristocrats. One section of them regards government in its ideal form as a benevolent institution by means of which the uneducated many may be directed by the educated few. Essentially they distrust democracy, and are only stirred to the point of working for a complete democracy by sex loyalty and pride. "If men are to vote, then women, too! But, oh, for an educational qualification!" these women say. Side by side with them, another section of this same scholastically educated class is the title of Philosophical Anarchists, which name so far has not seemed to disturb the gov-

ernment. At least, I do not know of any of their discussions having been interrupted by the police. Generally speaking, both conservative and radical among the scholastic suffragists conceive of a democracy at present as something to be run as a college is run by its faculty. It may be paternally, or it may be by self-government, in either case, the administration of government is regarded academically. The most conspicuous figure among women of this class because of her achievement in having built up a famous school for women in Pennsylvania, is perhaps President Thomas of Bryn Mawr College. She comes from the aristocratic city of Baltimore, and one feels the tradition of exclusiveness in the background of her thought. In one of her published addresses, widely read and quoted, she says that producing one remarkable intellect among women to rank with the greatest among men will do more for the cause of women than can be done by raising the intellectual level of many women a little. She has put in self-government by her student body as the best form of checks and balances, but at the same time she defends the procedure of asking an objectionable professor or other official to resign without a hearing. This last, together with her well known adroitness in bringing things to pass diplomatically as she wishes them to be, puts her in the category of those who work for democracy in theory, while they act practically along the line of the divine right of rulers, and illustrates my point that the scholastic view of democracy differs from the conception some of the rest of us have. Her ascendancy in the councils of the National American Woman Suffrage Association of late is seen in the proceedings of the recent National Convention in Louisville, particularly in the slate of officers elected and reelected and the announcement of special contributions to the cause at special times.

President Thomas is head of the College Equal Suffrage League, which has been organized throughout the country by a very able woman, Mrs. Maud Wood Park, of Boston.

Wealthy Suffragists.

Another class of suffragists are women of wealth who feel the injustice of taxation without representation. During the

past few years, these women have come into prominence all over the country, and the prestige they bring to the movement is seen in the suffrage news of certain metropolitan newspapers, nameless here forevermore, which reads strangely like the society columns. These women give generously to suffrage campaigns, and often work hard in local propaganda. They are usually connected with some reform movement other than suffrage, like Mrs. Maud



Laura Clay

Nathan of New York, who is leader of an Assembly District in the Woman Suffrage Party, and president of the National Consumers' League. She works in conjunction with a woman well known in industrial circles, Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the Consumers' League, and recently vice-president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Another wealthy suffragist is Mrs. Clarence Mackay, a New York society woman. Mrs. Mackay confines herself to educational propaganda, introduced suffrage lectures into the Columbia University Summer School, had courses of lectures given in the Garden Theater of New York, and was the first president of the Equal Franchise Society, a national suffrage organization. A woman of wealth who took a leading part in the campaign which

won the vote for the women of Washington last year, is Mrs. Hutton of Spokane. It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast of externals than that between Mrs. Hutton and the New York women just mentioned, in appearance and manner. Mrs. Hutton is a woman of the people, self-made, self-educated, careless of con-

from this needless misunderstanding. She imitates Mrs. Pankhurst in remaining outside working unions of suffrage societies, preferring to be independent. Indeed, she does better service so, for she is brilliant and swift and independent in action, a guerilla leader rather than a regular officer.

Constructive Suffragists.

Although no longer the chief body of suffragists in the field, the old-line workers of the established state and national associations are the best known throughout the country. These are the women who have borne the cause in their hearts in unpopular days, who for years have conducted losing campaigns and who won four states before the tide of popular opinion helped them along. Their leaders are now confronting problems of re-organization and adjustment to new conditions of grave importance, for upon their successful solution depends the continued usefulness of the old societies. Their strong individualities find it difficult to agree on the working out of new ways and means, for they are from widely different environments and traditions. There is a historic solidity and dignity about women like Laura Clay of Kentucky, Rachel Foster Avery of Pennsylvania, and Harriet Taylor Upton of Ohio.

They are distinct from any other type, in direct line of descent from the pioneers from whom they derived their principles. Alice Stone Blackwell of Boston, daughter of Lucy Stone and editor of the national organ of suffrage propaganda, "The Woman's Journal," is their ablest controversialist, a writer of pith and vigor, with no sentimentality and all kinds of humor. Kate Gordon of New Orleans, Catharine Waugh McCulloch and Ella Stewart of Chicago, women in the prime of life, able and resourceful as campaigners, are younger leaders.

To these suffragists, there is one issue which should take precedence of all others in the efforts of women, and that is the struggle for political independence, and their consecration to their cause is deep and sincere. Their best known speaker on the popular platform is Rev. Anna H. Shaw. Miss Shaw's oratory was a more valuable asset in the old pioneering times than it is today in the critical time of industrial and economic revolution, but it



Notman Alice Stone Blackwell Photo

vention, accustomed to work with politicians as a professional sister, and jovially versed in all the rules of the game.

Women's Political Union.

The Women's Political Union is a suffrage society, about a year old, which grew out of a working girls' society in New York, started by Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the pioneer. Mrs. Blatch is an admirer of Mrs. Pankhurst, and has adopted name, colors and methods from the English organization headed by the famous suffragette. She abjures the machinery of a society, believes in "enthusiasts" as over against "clubs," focuses her efforts on the New York Legislature, and is an able, if sometimes disconcerting, leader. I say disconcerting, because Mrs. Blatch changes her mind and forgets to tell people who are trying to co-operate with her, and embarrassment and inconvenience have more than once resulted

has, nevertheless, put and kept her in the presidency of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Miss Shaw's deficiencies in executive capacity have caused her to rely largely upon the board for initiative, and upon Miss Thomas for advice and support.

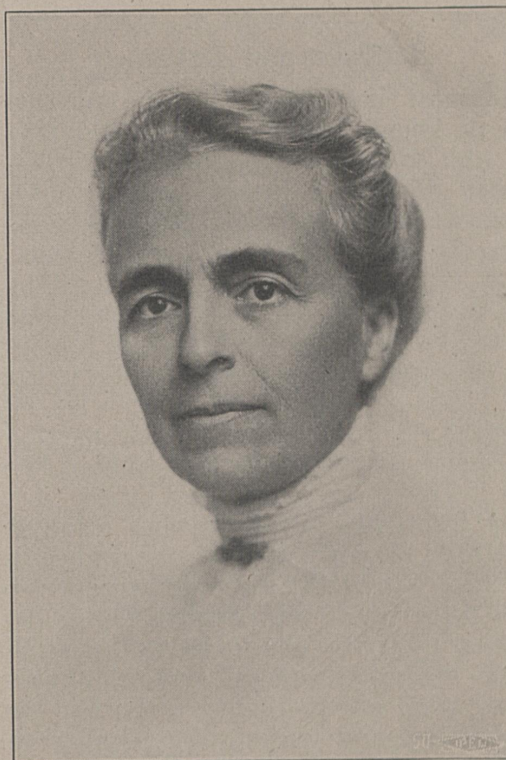
The Woman Suffrage Party.

The most significant development of the suffrage movement in recent times is the Woman Suffrage Party with the department idea embodied in the Political Settlement. The party is organized on the lines of the other political parties of the day, and the Settlement is a district organized with headquarters where all societies endorsing suffrage meet, in a similar manner to that in which the different departments of a woman's club meet on one plane as club members. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, is the leading figure in the rise of this political organization, and Prof. Frances Squire Potter applied the department idea to the suffrage movement. Taking into consideration the character of her achievements and services, Mrs. Chapman Catt is the most considerable suffragist in this country. She is the most intellectual leader the cause has had here. Her best gifts are along the line of combining and directing forces. Her greatest contribution to the movement has been that of the organizing mind. Caution, conciliation, patience, wisdom in divining the hour and point of attack, these are chief features in her generalship. She does not believe in miracles, and it is characteristic of her methods that she laid the ground for district organization in New York for some time before it was attempted. The historic convention of October 29, 1909, in Carnegie Hall came upon the public with the éclat of a dramatic surprise. It was the public appearance of a completely formulated and equipped political organization in a setting of dignity and distinction. It gave the effect of daring, of having sprung full-armed to mature life, but it was the result of weary months, even years of preparation. I do not mean in details, but in general scheme. And the reason the Woman Suffrage Party has been so unparalleled a success in New York City as compared with its history

elsewhere, is undoubtedly to be found in its leadership. This leadership is in no respect more admirable than in its power to attract and hold lieutenants, and the proof of this ability in Mrs. Catt is seen in the assured course steered by the women who are directing affairs during the city chairman's prolonged absence on her voyage around the world.

Mrs. W. W. Penfield is acting chairman in Mrs. Catt's place. She is a woman of executive ability, legal training, social position, and means. She has shown promise of sound and sagacious leadership, and has the impartial and impersonal view of things which is the tradition of the New York chairmanship. As a speaker and writer, she has weight and dignity.

Another worker in the New York party whose indefatigable industry makes her



Sykes Mrs. Catharine Waugh McCulloch Photo

invaluable, is Miss Ida Craft of Brooklyn. Miss Craft was the first chairman of the Borough of Brooklyn, and is now chairman of the Committee on Political Settlements in the Party. Space fails to speak of other New York women. In Massachusetts, Mrs. Mary Page of Boston is the chief Party leader; in New Jersey, it

is Mrs. Clara Laddey, president of the State Suffrage Association; in Illinois, Mrs. Fannie Rastall, Mrs. Raymond Robins, and Miss Margaret Haley are prominent; in Ohio, one of the rarest and truest spirits the movement has ever known, Elizabeth Hauser of Cleveland, is organizing; in Maryland, Mrs. Elizabeth Ellicott leads the movement; in Minnesota, a strong group of old and new workers have taken it up; in California—but what can one say of the many triumphant workers of the California Party?

They have the chance to apply their organization to actual test; everywhere the Party idea is gaining hold, and it means that women are being trained in the school of practical experience in politics. In the ward and precinct laboratory of the Settlement within the Party, women are being trained in citizenship, are seeing what ought to be done and setting about doing it.

Suffrage and Labor.

The most important ally the suffrage cause in America has is the Labor Federation, and ultimately the most important element of this industrial wing of the movement is the National Women's Trade Union League. "Votes for Women" means better living and working conditions for women, and the working women are the ones to contribute knowledge of conditions and help in bettering them. The awakening of women in industry to their political duty and destiny is the most significant social sign of the times. They are organized, they are vitally interested in the crucial struggle of the age, they are getting experience in the actual war of the strike, experience to which there is nothing comparable for developing self-reliance, courage, social feeling, consciousness of power, knowledge of what are the bogey and what the real foes of civilization. The leader of the Women's Trade Union League, Mrs. Raymond Robins, is a woman in the prime of life, a natural leader in that she finds and gives opportunity for her assistants to show their ability, a leader, too, in that she has had from the first a true and consistent vision which she has unfalteringly followed. The large and impersonal view which insures respect and commands confidence is hers. In her public utterances and in her informal

conversation, one feels the same pervading spirit of idealism behind the practical sense of affairs. She has an unflinching courage in the face of cares and anxieties as great as the human will can endure, and she has escaped so far the loss of humor and of sweetness which is the "last infirmity of noble minds."



Mrs. W. W. Penfield

The magnanimity and justice with which she has filled a position of the greatest strain and responsibility place her among the ablest executives of the present, and her powers are of the long-growing kind. Mrs. Robins is a Trade Unionist first, and city chairman of the Chicago Woman Suffrage Party as a corollary of that. To her, suffrage is one feature of the fundamental economic question, not an independent issue. Another suffragist in the Trade Union camp who regards suffrage as a factor in a larger problem, is Frances Squire Potter, recently of the English Department of the University, Minnesota, and still more recently corresponding secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. Professor Potter combines several activities never before inter-related, namely those of university lecturer in an international association, chairman of the im-

portant Literature Committee in the General Federation of Women's Clubs, lecturer for the National Drama League, lecturer for the Women's Trade Union League. But in all these activities she has one interpretive purpose, that of showing the one-ness under all its phases of the problem society must solve, namely the economic problem. In the realm of art, in the realm of clubs, in the realm of industry, there it waits, and till it is solved, civilization waits. Mrs. Potter is unique in the range and authority of her knowledge and appeal. Her power as a speaker makes her a synthetizing force of rare value to the movements she represents. To speak of other suffragists in the Trade Union ranks would carry me too

far into the pages of this magazine. I shall mention Alice Henry, however, because of her connection with the movement on the other side of the world, and her continued service to it as a journalist now. Nothing is more to be desired than a clear understanding of suffrage as an economic issue, and that is Miss Henry's theme when she writes for suffrage.

These are some of the women most prominently connected with the movement for woman suffrage in the United States. There are many more who deserve mention, and who have had it from more extended scribes. The roll of suffragists grows as one writes. This is the time of new victories, new leaders, new hope.



Votes for Women



Woman Suffrage Convention at Louisville.

The idea of choosing Louisville for the 1911 convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association originated with Miss Laura Clay, president of the Kentucky Equal Rights Association, and now for many years a member of the National Board. The Kentucky Equal Rights Association, although not very numerous, has done much in improving the State laws regarding women and children.

Having invited the convention, Louisville gave the delegates a truly royal reception. The Convention and Publicity League of Louisville, placed at their disposal the beautiful and commodious De Molay Commandery Hall. Private homes were thrown open and more hospitality offered than the delegates were able to accept. Better than all, the residents, both men and women, showed their genuine interest in the subject by attending the sessions in large numbers. From the evening meetings, indeed, hundreds were turned away.

There was great jubilation over the victory in the two western states whose women have been enfranchised since last the Association met, especially over California, where the triumph was so recent and for many days so doubtful. They

were a tired, but joyful, crowd that sang California's praises and waved California's banner, though not all were able to arrive in time for jubilee night, but came on by later trains, and as they could. Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson, the State President, was there, however, and Mr. J. H. Braley, as ardent a suffragist as any woman among us. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Hutton spoke for Washington.

From another enfranchised state, Colorado, came Mr. Omar Garwood. There was quite a sprinkling of men delegates. Other men, the husbands of delegates, came great distances with their wives.

For the past year there had been a committee working on the constitution and a very large amount of the convention's time was spent in considering the amendments brought forward. The discussion centered mainly round two proposals, the admission of independent local bodies and the holding of monthly board meetings. In the proposal to admit to membership in the national local suffrage societies with a membership of 50, even although not affiliated with their own State organization, the object was plainly to strengthen the national body by opening a door, through which the numerous woman suffrage parties and other independent societies may come in. The objection to the plan was that it would en-

courage the drifting away from the state bodies of small disaffected groups for trifling reasons. The final decision was to accept local bodies having a membership of not less than 300.

But the discussion over this amendment—though it lasted for hours—was mild, and brief, compared with the fight over the apparently harmless proposition that the National Executive Board should hold monthly meetings. The delegates from the south and middle west saw in this the introduction of a dangerous principle—the localization of the administration in New York, and through long sessions they struggled for what they believed meant democracy. The sole argument of the eastern delegates was that of efficiency. Democracy and efficiency at last shook hands over the compromise of two-monthly meetings.

The contending parties had another tussle when it came to the election of officers, although the matter was thought to have been simplified by the retirement of three members of the Board.

Were the movement an inert or a dying one, it would be possible to accept as inevitable the machine politics, which have been recently introduced into the national organization, and which were unpleasantly in evidence during this convention. It is because the woman movement, of which the demand for the vote is the most distinct expression is so fundamental a part of our social development that such methods have to be banished. If they are not, the National American Woman Suffrage Association will pass away and its place in the nation's life and the international movement be taken by some other body or by some re-organization of the contending elements, which compose the national body today.

That the forces of democracy, whether voiced by women from Louisiana, Kentucky, Illinois or California, Massachusetts or New York, will eventually be victorious, no one who was present at this convention can doubt. And this, whether the victory of freedom, democracy and the principles of a broad-based representation land their champions eventually within or without the fold of the mother association.

It was somewhat depressing to those who believe that the woman movement is

the greatest movement of our day, and who feel the urgent need of constructive work to have the precious hours slip away in discussions like these. But there was something inspiring, too, in knowing that the struggle was for the fundamental issue of a larger freedom and that no hours so spent can be considered wasted.

Compare this with the comparatively smooth sailing at such gatherings only a few years ago, when the regular suffragists found little to differ about and when the public interest in votes for women was strictly and decorously limited. There is great encouragement in belonging to a movement live enough to include such strong and widely opposed personalities.

How charming and interesting a suffrage slide lecture may be made, was shown by Mrs. Susan Fitzgerald of Boston who threw about fifty slides on the screen. Child labor scenes in the southern mills and Pennsylvania coal-breakers, the familiar "Sacred Motherhood" picturing the home worker of New York and Chicago, told, better than words, why mothers need the vote, and the encouraging feeling of comradeship in a mighty cause thrilled the big audience as street meeting and parade followed one another. To an evening audience, Miss Jane Adams took up her favorite subject of "Women in City Housekeeping."

On the Sunday afternoon the big theater was packed. The National President, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw was in the chair. Miss Mary Johnston, the Virginian novelist, criticized in a piece of grave, but burning satire, the words of Tertullian, that old father of the church, when he said woman was the gate of hell. Dr. Harvey Wiley, of pure food fame, followed her. The Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane pleaded for cleaner, safer cities, and Miss Breckinridge closed with a pathetic appeal for the overworked and underpaid girl worker on the one hand, and on the other for that class whom we used to ignore and despise, but whom we can now no longer either ignore nor despise, knowing that society is responsible for the conditions that drive them to their awful fate.

The fraternal delegates were two, Miss Caroline Lowe of the Woman's National Socialist Committee, who presented the petition for full suffrage Congressman

Berger will have charge of in Washington, and Miss Alice Henry, who presented the greetings of the National Women's Trade Union League, and carried back with her a resolution endorsing the league's work "in raising the industrial status of the working women and girls of this country, many of whom are individually helpless and in aiding them to organize for self-help and self-expression."

The officers elected for the coming year are: Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, president; Miss Jane Addams, Miss Sophonisba Breckinridge, Mrs. Susan Fitzgerald, Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett, Miss Jessie Ashley, Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw and Miss Alice Stone Blackwell.

Our Frontispiece.

Our frontispiece this month is a drawing of the great woman's parade which took place in London on June 17, as part of the Coronation celebrations.

It has been universally conceded that it was one of the greatest pageants that have ever been known and eclipsed even King George's procession to Westminster.

"Lloyd's Weekly News," of June 18, 1911, said of it:

"Alike in the greatness of its conception, in its wonderful richness of color, and in the world-wide character of its appeal, the women's march through London last evening was in every way a fitting prelude to the coming season of Coronation pageantry. One can readily believe that it was easily the most imposing procession of women which has ever been marshalled—in this country or in any other. No fewer than 40,000 women took part in it; over 1,000 banners, many of them of remarkable beauty, were carried; and a hundred bands, playing inspiring music, walked between the various sections. Altogether, the pageant must have been fully five miles long. The Royal procession this week will be mainly symbolical of the Manhood of the Empire—of the nation's stirring record of military glory. Last evening's march was representative of the Womanhood of the Empire—of the mothers to whose self-sacrificing devotion to duty the nation's heritage of great men is due. And not of the Empire

only, for the flags of almost every great country were displayed, showing the universal character of the movement for the political emancipation of women. It was 4:30 when the feminine hosts began to assemble on the Embankment, in Whitehall-place, and other adjoining meeting grounds. They came in motor cars, in taxi cabs, in wagonettes, and on foot—all inspired by the common purpose of advancing the cause of Votes for Women. There was no confusion. Everyone knew exactly where to go, and went there without question. The organization, indeed, appeared to be absolutely perfect."

It is also interesting to note the description of an Australian labor leader coming as he does from a country where women for years have enjoyed equal political rights with men, and who wrote this to one of his home newspapers, "The Worker":

"The agitation for votes for women began 45 years ago. The militant section began in 1905. Over \$500,000.00 has been raised by women, and 60,000 public meetings held. Over 700 have suffered imprisonment. Why they are refused a vote is a mystery, and the attitude of Cabinet Ministers is inexcusable. They prefer sending the women to prison to receiving them as a deputation. These militants are splendid workers. All classes are represented, and there are men's leagues in association and support, but the rich titled women have taken up the cause with enthusiasm, and are putting money and effort into it. On June 17 they took London by storm. The procession gave the lie to those who say women do not want the vote. The ignorant mere male who has an idea that suffragettes are only the hatched-faced, sour old maids, ought to have seen the thousands of splendid women who marched in that wonderful procession. Beautiful in face and form, mentally strong and alert, a glance at them made one proud of his race, and made one feel the future of Britain would be safe in the hands of such magnificent womanhood.

Nothing but wickedly narrow conservatism could refuse the vote."

“Woman’s Wages and the Vote.”

The above was the title of the very able lecture given by Miss Maude A. Royden, of Oxford University, England, to a Chicago audience on November 6. Miss Royden is one of the lecturers for the Oxford University Extension Delegacy, a member of the Executive Committee of the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies of England and an ex-editor of “The Common Cause.” She has won distinction in her own country through her lectures on literature, history and suffrage, and is adding to her laurels and her economic knowledge as well as her large circle of admirers in America. American audiences have gained no little stimulus through the message brought by many of England’s brilliant leaders in the woman movement.



Maude A. Royden

Victory in California.

The victory for democracy in California expressed in the overwhelming vote for the Initiative and Referendum and Recall, **including Judges**, and the conclusive vote in favor of equal suffrage is an encouraging sign of the times.

The returns for woman suffrage showing a defeat of 14,000 in San Francisco where the liquor and white slave interests feared the conscience of the women expressed through the power of the ballot, and the heavy vote from the country counties where the interests of the home

are paramount, show significantly the forces for and against woman suffrage. Will women everywhere please take notice?

From the Twentieth Century Magazine we print an interesting table of the population of states and countries in which women exercise equal suffrage.

English Speaking.	
California	2,377,549
Colorado	799,024
Idaho	325,594
Utah	373,351
Washington	1,141,990
Wyoming	145,965
Australia	4,275,297
New Zealand	1,029,417
Total	10,468,187
Foreign.	
Finland	2,673,200
Iceland	78,470
Isle of Man	54,858
Norway	2,240,032
Total	5,046,460
Total in the world	15,514,647

Mrs. Pankhurst in Louisville.

We have rarely seen a more dramatic incident than Mrs. Pankhurst’s entrance and capture of the Suffrage Convention. Her train was late; for an hour after she was due, Dr. Shaw held riveted the attention of the packed hall, telling of the experiences in the campaign in California. Mrs. Pankhurst entered the hall. Instantly her presence was felt. The moment she appeared on the platform, one realized by what power of personality she has become the best loved and best hated woman in England. We have seen William Jennings Bryan capture a convention. We have seen those we account greater than Bryan dominate men. We have never seen any personality that instantly impressed itself more than does Mrs. Pankhurst. A gentlewoman she is, evidently, in all that sweet word implies; but a leader with a courage to stake all on the cast of a die, and lose and start again and never breathe a word of her loss.—Lexington Herald.

More About Pearl Buttons

The Muscatine Strike



Little Willie sewing buttons,
So is Sister Anne,
Papa and Mamma sit up at night,
Helping all they can.

Up early in the morning,
Never stop to lunch,

And then their pay,
Not a dollar a day
For the whole blamed bunch.

To the factory we'll never hike
While the Button Workers are on strike.

Juvenile Sewers' and Carriers' Union and Lines Printed on the Back of Their Union Cards

At the Hallowe'en ball of the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago a guest suddenly turned and asked one of the hostesses:

"Who is that tall, handsome girl with the splendid Western swing to her dancing?"

"That," was the quick reply, "is an American striker from the cornfields of Iowa."

How often we are told that the industrial problem in America would not exist were it not for the influx of foreigners, but here in a Western, pioneer American community, surrounded by the rich wheat and corn fields of Iowa, here in Muscatine, the conditions of the pearl button industry are such that a strike of many months is on. No foreigners here—American men and women striking against intolerable conditions.

In "Life and Labor," May and June (pp. 143, 185) the origin of the strike was told, as well as the satisfactory ending, as we thought, by the signing of the agreement witnessed by Governor Carroll of Iowa.

This contract was broken by the manufacturers, and the strike renewed, is still in full progress.

Organizer Flood, of the A. F. of L., is again on the field, and at his request and

with the co-operation of the A. F. of L. and the Button Workers' Protective Union, Miss Catherine Finnegan and Miss Emma Steghagen, organizers for the National Women's Trade Union League of America, are organizing the women and girls.

Realizing that it may be a long siege, the Button Workers are using the utmost economy in the expenditure of their funds and have established a commissary store on the Chicago plan, and a restaurant for their unmarried people.

Miss Finnegan was arrested on October 5 in front of one of the factories for not walking as fast as she was told to. She was taken to the jail at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and kept there till 1 o'clock the following morning. Mr. William. J. O'Brien, an Irish mail carrier, was very much incensed that bail would not be accepted for her release, and made such a fuss that he finally got the judge to the lock-up and ready to accept bail at 1 o'clock in the morning. Bail was set at \$300.00. Miss Finnegan's case was called off on October 10, for want of sufficient evidence.

One of the largest mass meetings ever held in Muscatine took place on Tuesday evening, October 10th, in the Grand Opera House, with the overflow meeting in As-

sembly Hall. The speakers were Mrs. Raymond Robins, president National Women's Trade Union League; Emmet T. Flood, A. S. Langille, Miss Steghagen, Miss Finnegan and J. R. Hanley. Mr. Hanley's speech for the button workers made a profound impression in his home city. Former county attorney, and honored for his integrity through a generation in the practice of his profession, he was not at first disposed to agree with the button workers in their demands, but when the facts of the strike were put before him by Mr. A. S. Langille he examined them without prejudice, finding them so meritorious that he was one of the most powerful speakers at the mass meeting of October 10th.

A Children's Organization.

The arrest of Miss Finnegan, with the immediate appearance of A. S. Langille, of Cruice & Langille, Chicago, representing the National Women's Trade Union League, to defend her, together with the mass meeting, so aroused public opinion that within two days another special mass meeting of the women of Muscatine was held, followed by a meeting of the children, who organized themselves into the Juvenile Sewers' and Carriers' Union.

The women formed themselves into ward clubs for the purpose of seeing that the strikers did not lack warm clothing and other necessaries. As an example of their realization of the protection due to the women workers, the First Ward Club sent a committee of twelve women to the county attorney to protest against the language used to one of the arrested women strikers.

The children acting as carriers and sewing the buttons on the cards range from fourteen to four years of age, and are paid at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ c per gross—a gross in this industry being 168 buttons, as against the old multiplication table gross of 144.

As usual, one of the most dangerous elements introduced into the strike was the importation of thugs who were sworn in as deputy sheriffs. To show to what lengths these men will go, they arrested several little boys and girls, eleven to fourteen years old, for calling "scab" in the streets, and threw them into jail for four hours, though the statutes of Iowa provide that no child who has not reached its seventeenth birthday shall be impris-

oned or kept within the enclosure of any jail.

The Sale Price of Pearl Buttons.

When you pay 10c to 65c for a dozen pearl buttons, how much do you think the workers get? Many times not a cent. Every button not passed by the inspector is counted out as so much dead work, and represents 25 per cent of the buttons made in Muscatine.



Mr. O'Brien and Miss Finnegan

"But," it may be stated, "the manufacturers must at least pay for the shipping." But what of those buttons we bought right in Muscatine for 10c to 65c a dozen? Does it not illuminate the manufacturers' methods that buttons which are marketable at such prices and at such enormous profit bring not a cent of wages to the workers?

The system of weighing is equally advantageous to the manufacturers, and the button workers claim that within the last two years this system of weighing has brought about a 25 to 50 per cent reduction of wages.

Another iniquitous practice is a system of discounts at the rate of 5 per cent per

week on the earnings of the workers if they collect them three days after they are due, instead of ten as arranged by the manufacturers. For instance, if a wage of \$10.00 is due on Wednesday and collected on the following Saturday, \$9.50 is given to the worker, and 50c kept by the employer as the accommodation fee.

What the Button Workers Want.

"1. We want to preserve and strengthen our only means of protection against the men who have taken our labor and energies without just compensation, who have poisoned and injured us by failing to provide sanitary working conditions, and who now seek to destroy and injure our good name and fame in this community. We shall and will preserve our "union."

2. We want honest weights, counts and measures; honorable, fair treatment and methods of pay.

3. We want sanitary, comfortable working conditions.

4. We want prompt pay for services rendered and no discounts.

5. We want prompt arbitration of all grievances which may hereafter arise.

6. We want some pay for every button made by us which has a market value.

7. We want the pay doubled for each and every kind of work done in the manufacture of pearl buttons.

8. We want every law-abiding and right-minded resident of Muscatine to join us in our battle for a better "social order" and more "permanent prosperity" for Muscatine."

How to Take Part in Meetings

By Margaret Dreier Robins

Lesson VI. Nominations and Election of Officers

The election of the officers of an organization is always a matter of great importance. These officers—your and my elected representatives—are charged with the responsibility of carrying on the work of the organization under the constitution and as outlined by the members, and as it is you and I who give and delegate this power to our fellow-workers we must see to it that we are accorded full opportunity to express our desire and our judgment at the time of election. But to do this effectively we must begin with the nominations. That is the reason we hear so much of the primaries in the political world. We must have freedom to nominate, for on the wisdom of the nominations depends the possible wisdom of the election.

The right to nominate as well as elect our representatives is a fundamental right. To preserve this right every democratic organization provides that nominations be made from the floor. This technical phrase, "nominating from the floor," simply means that at the regular meeting any member may nominate any other member for any office. It is true that some organizations put the power of nomination into

the hands of a nominating committee, but this is largely due to the fear and distrust of the people—the rank and file of the membership—and it speaks volumes for the democracy of our trade union world that we always provide for nominations from the floor.

Sometimes the enthusiasm of some members for certain candidates to be elected causes them thoughtlessly to put the motion to "close the nominations." This is a very grave mistake, for the motion to "close nominations" is never in order until every member has had the opportunity of presenting her candidate. Not even a majority of the assembly has the power to deprive a member of this right. Some members are always slower and more timid in making nominations, and their right to nominate ought to be protected by all. In this connection it may be well to emphasize the fact that if the election takes place by ballot the members are not restricted in voting for candidates who have been nominated. Closing the nominations prevents the public endorsement of any other candidates, but does not pre-

vent such candidates being voted for and elected.

For the sake of avoiding confusion, the nominations for the presidency must be made and closed before the nominations for the vice-presidency can be made, and these again must be made and closed before we can proceed to nominate, in turn, candidates for the position of secretary, treasurer and any other officers to be elected.

To insure fairness to all candidates, the election must take place by a vote by ballot, or by roll call. There is a great difference of opinion as to which of these two methods is the wisest and the fairest;

but it is quite customary to vote by ballot. In large organizations, the ballots are printed and booths are arranged into which each member can retire for the purpose of voting. Having voted, she places her ballot in a ballot-box which is presided over by the tellers appointed to protect the right of each voter, to guard the ballots, count them and announce the election returns. Then whatever the result, whether our particular candidates are elected or defeated, we prove our fitness for democratic self-government by accepting the will of the majority and continuing to give the organization the best service we can render.



From Near and Far



The Chinese Revolution.

Astonishing in this era of insurgency that even China, the oldest of living nations, may become a republic.

Provincial capitals and other large cities in the center and south of China have been captured by the revolutionists and great cities like Nanking, Shanghai and Canton are openly friendly to the revolution. The foreign consuls have been informed by General Li Yuen Heng, the leader of the insurgents, that he has been proclaimed president of the republic of China. The National Assembly (the incipient Parliament of China), is making demands for radical reforms among which are:

Full power to Parliament to revise the Constitution.

Army and navy must not be used in internal troubles, without consent of Parliament.

Emperor must no longer have absolute power of life and death.

Pardon for political exiles.

A responsible cabinet with a premier to be chosen by Parliament.

Royalty to be ineligible to the cabinet.

Parliament to share the treaty making power and have full power over the budget.

Throne to have no power over taxation unless authorized by Parliament.

No appointive members in the Upper House of Parliament until the reforms are

completed and the army and navy to have a full voice in their shaping.

All lovers of democracy must hope that the missionaries will ally themselves with the people of China in their demands for social justice and thus avoid the disastrous error of their predecessors, who in the revolution of 1866 stood with the Imperial element against the common folk.

As the land question is one of the greatest issues in the present controversy it is interesting to note that Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" has been translated into Chinese.

The Social Creed of the Churches.

Unanimously adopted December 4, 1908, by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, representing over 20 different denominations and since reaffirmed by various national denominational assemblies.

These churches stand:

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind. For the right of workers to some protection against the hardships often resulting from the swift crises of industrial change.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from

dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulation of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

For suitable provision for the old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the abatement of poverty.

Off to Dreamland.

By Ruth Vivian Phillips (a Child of Nine).

Ho Boatman, Ho!

We want to go

To Dreamland over the seas.

Pray tell us the way

To get there today.

And Boatman, please,

What must we pay?

"Six kisses you pay

If you want to go

To Dreamland, over the seas, you know.

Six kisses you pay

And I take you away

To Dreamland, over the sunlit bay!"

Here! Boatman, here!

Come near, come near,

And take the price, though it is so dear.

For we see it's clear

We'll have to pay

If we'd go to Dreamland, far away!

—From the Westminster Gazette.

Union Men Own a Coal Mine

Labor unionists in Denver, Colorado, have just bought a coal mine near Erie, which promises to furnish them fuel on twenty-year contracts at a price lower than current rates. It is a union project throughout. The mine is owned and worked by union men, and the coal will be delivered to unionists by union teamsters.

Trade unionists of western states have made an informal alliance with members of the Farmers' Union, who are the principal owners of the coal mine, and stockholders in the scheme are union men exclusively.

Two thousand tons a day is the estimated capacity of the mine when opened up and running full. The property consists of 320 acres one and a half miles from Erie and seven miles from Louisville. The company is named the State Coal Company. It was incorporated for \$200,000.

This sounds like a fairy tale. Yet, if our miners would quit talking about conquering all the world at one time and be satisfied to get a bit of it day after day, it would not take long to solve the social problem.—United Mine Workers' Journal.

Union Victory in Australia

The Railway and Tramway Association of Brisbane has won a splendid victory, which has resulted in an increase in wages for all classes of skilled and unskilled labor. The increase affects over 5,000 workers. In addition to the wage increase the agreement provides for an eight-hour day, extra pay for overtime, and for traveling and rest time.

Get Good Increase

The servants of the tramway in Budweis were organized in the Austrian Transport Workers' Union, consisting of engineers, firemen, coal men, locksmiths, carriage work washers and track-watchmen and cleaners, and have secured a splendid increase in wages.

Correction. In our October issue, page 308, under the illustration "Trafalgar Square," we state that Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Pankhurst are shown holding a meeting. It is Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson who are represented. Mrs. Pankhurst's name was inadvertently inserted.—Editor.



Myra Kelly as a Car-full.

The late Myra Kelly, writer of East Side stories of New York life, used to tell this story:

The car was quite empty, with the exception of one man, and his condition was exactly the reverse. As I entered he arose, made an unsteady but magnificent bow, and said: "Madame, please be kind 'nough to asshept thish plashe." There was nothing else for me to do, so I thanked him and sat down. For twenty blocks the idiot hung from a strap, with not a soul in the car but ourselves. I have been taken for another woman, but never before had any one thought I was a car-full.—Exchange.

Do Unto Others.

A 12-year-old girl from the slums of New York was invited to a garden party given by an aristocratic lady to a group of poor girls.

The little girl, as she drank her tea and ate her lunch on a velvet lawn under a white-blooming cherry tree, said to her hostess:

"Does your husband drink?"

"Why—e-r—n-o," was the astonished reply.

"How much does he make?"

"He doesn't work," said the lady. "He is a capitalist."

"You keep out of debt, I hope?"

"Of course, child. What on earth—"

"Your color looks natural—I trust you don't paint."

"Why, child," exclaimed the amazed hostess; "what do you mean by such questions? Don't you know they are impudent?"

"Impudent?" said the little girl. "Why, ma'am, mother told me to be sure and behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our rooms they always ask mother those questions."—Exchange.

Try It.

A conjurer who was giving an entertainment to a crowded audience in the school at a village in Yorkshire performed some astonishing tricks. He was clever,

and he knew it, otherwise there would probably have been no cause to tell the following story:

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, pompously, at the conclusion of his last trick, "I defy any one in this audience to mention a single action that I can perform with my right hand that I cannot do with my left."

The intense silence which followed the great magician's challenge was rudely broken by a boy at the back of the room.

"Put yer left hand in yer right-hand trouser pocket, guv'nor!" he shouted.—Exchange.

The Foolish Giant.

There's one fool that somebody's fooling

All the time, day after day,

A fool that's had a deal of schooling

Which, it seems, has failed to pay—

A fool that suffers impositions

needlessly;

A fool that bends 'neath hard conditions

heedlessly;

A fool that rascals boldly prey on,

A fool that wrongs forever weigh on;

A fool that might arise and smite

And end the evil and outrages,

A fool that might have things done right

By honest men for proper wages,

A fool that is supremely strong,

Yet suffers humbly every wrong,

A fool that's bullied every hour,

Robbed and insulted, without shame,

Despite his all-compelling power—

The Public is the scorned fool's name.

—Exchange.

Father as a Cook.

A young man, who had not been married long, remarked at the dinner table the other day:

"My dear, I wish you could make bread such as mother used to make."

The bride smiled and answered in a voice that did not tremble:

"Well, dear, I wish you could make the dough that father used to make."—Exchange.



Flood and Famine in China

A subscriber in Wuhu, China, writes under date August 23, 1911:

"The coming year is going to be dreadful in our part of China. The very heavy and almost continuous rain for the past two months has done untold damage. The Yangtse River has overflowed its banks, dikes and embankments have been swept away, and the country flooded, all crops being utterly destroyed through a large area of which Wuhu is the center. The water swept away many houses, many people have been drowned, and even now many are starving because the stored rice in the granaries as well as the growing crop was destroyed. The water is not going down any, though the flooded condition has already lasted over a month. In Wuhu rickshaws can

not run in the principal business street because the water is up to the waists of the men. Our foreign houses and hospital buildings are on hills outside the city proper, so personally we are not affected by the water, but think what it will mean to live in the midst of 500,000 destitute men, women and children, starving and freezing, homeless and hopeless. The sickness is awful in famine times, and typhus or famine fever is one of the many diseases that comes.

At a meeting yesterday of representative men from all parts of central China (white men) the reporters from the various flooded districts were called for and a strong committee appointed to formulate plans to help the people. This committee is to make suggestions and study means by which the real root of the trouble may be found and remedied. They hope to bring pressure to bear on the Peking government to prevent the cornering of grain by the big rice merchants who

keep the price up at such times, and to cause if possible, the opening up of the public lands so that these wretched people who are tenant farmers in the low lands may be able to take up land of their own in a better location and so help solve the problem by emigration.

At present all we can do is to try to save the lives of the starving people by giving out the rice bought with donations



A Typical Farm Home of Central China, Destroyed by the Floods

from America and Europe. Last winter a large force of business men and missionaries of all denominations gave their whole time to the famine relief work. The coming winter the famine will extend over a wider area and will likely be even more severe because so much of the grain stored up for emergencies was used in last year's famine. We will be in the very heart of the flooded district in Char Hsien, a little town of 10,000 people, five hours' trip by steam launch from Wuhu. * * * No doubt there will be other missionaries sent by the committee to help in the famine work, but at the least one man tries to give out rice to 10,000 people a day. * * * It means the same sort of work the League carried on last winter by its feeding of the Garment Workers in Chicago, but the conditions here are much worse; and a million people or more are affected for at least a year, if not longer.

The worst part about it is that their famines came every year in some part of

China to a certain extent, from the floods, just as in former years there was distress in the southern part of the United States from the floods of the Mississippi. It will take many years of hard work to build all the proper levees and dikes to successfully drain the valleys of the Yangtse and Yellow rivers. The example of the dikes and canals built under the direction of the missionaries in the employment of the famine refugees has shown the Chinese government the manner of solving their problem, but it is an immense task and will take endless work and money, even after the government becomes aroused to action. In the meantime the people of more favored countries can only do their best to help the starving, homeless people who are in no way responsible for their misery, the victims of the carelessness of an ignorant and graft-ridden government."

The Girl Who Lives at Home

Mary Anderson, of the Boot and Shoe Workers, Chicago, writes:

"November 'Life and Labor' (page 346) prints an article on "The Girl Who Lives at Home," with two suggestions to trade union women.

1. Girls usually pay nothing for board and room because they live at home.

The writer states that as a general proposition this is not true, but that there is enough truth to be worthy of careful consideration.

An investigation of some years ago found that 97 per cent of women working supported their homes. The other 3 per cent cannot do much harm to the women who support the home. We want a living wage organization and education is the way. The women who work for pin money will soon give up the struggle—it is too hard, the hours too long and the wages too low for her to continue unless she has to. We must agitate, educate and organize. We must make public opinion that will see the need of organization and legislation. We need a public opinion that will not permit women and children to be so cheap.

As for the second question, that girls spend nearly all their money on dress, it is almost wicked to speak of dress when one remembers the thousands that sit up at night making their own clothes, and if the girls dress fairly well, why not?

Have they not worked hard enough? It is not so much a question of spending money wisely, as how to procure a living wage and have some to spend. When we think of the girls at piecework and the hard training how to make the most of the time, we may well trust them to spend the money wisely. Let us have stronger organization, and we won't have to trust to the pin money women's honor."

Stories Too Pleasant

The following letter reaches the Mail Bag from New York:

"At our League meetings every time we are asked to write to you and tell you what we think of Life and Labor, and that is why I write to you to-day. I am a Jewish girl, and I like Life and Labor; but the girls in our factory are not interested in Life and Labor, and I will tell you why. They do not know much—they have not much learning; they cannot do much thinking after the day's work, and no one can do any thinking "speeding up" at a machine, and only when they see something written by someone they know, like Pauline Newman, will they take the trouble to read it. What they need is stories, but stories that will stir them.

I do not know if I can tell you in English, but I will try, to tell you why I think the stories of Life and Labor do not mean much to the Jewish girls. You see, they are all **pleasant stories**, and we Jewish people have suffered too much to like just "pleasant stories." We want stories that tell of struggle, and that tell of people who want justice—passionately. You see, with the people in your pleasant stories we have no fellowship. They do not seem real.

Last night I was with some of our factory girls, and they begged me for a story and I told them the story of Jean Valjean, and they all listened eagerly, and when I finished they said, "So long, so long have men and women struggled for justice and it is not here yet. We, too, must struggle," and so they went on with more courage in their hearts for the struggle, and then I thought why not have Life and Labor give us the story of Jean Valjean, so that we may all take new heart and new courage.

A NEW NEW YORKER.

LIFE AND LABOR

Volume I

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