

Woman's Work in the World

Women Have Made Good Everywhere---Now Will They Return to Judge Boxes?

SCAT! Sho-o-o!

Get thee behind me!
Go away back and sit down!
This is the order of the day for women, according to many of the leading theorists in social welfare work. And they are not alone in their belief that women, who so bravely came forth and shouldered the burdens which had belonged to men, should retire to the fudge box and pink teas. From every walk of life we hear this subject discussed pro and con. The returning soldiers must be taken care of and we are wondering what the answer will be to this question, paramount in the minds of millions of people, not only in America, but in all parts of the world.

Cartoonists have different ideas about the attitude of women in this new era as is proven by their pen and ink creations. Thomas, on the Detroit News, pictures a maid in feminalls, cap and hammer, saying to the returning soldier: "This is my job and I am going to hang on to it." The title of his cartoon is "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Fontaine Fox takes a lighter and more humorous view of the situation. His picture depicts a desolate home but a hilariously happy woman out in the world of politics and big business.

A Blasted Prediction.

Let us back up a bit in our recollections to the time when one of our famous orthopedic surgeons predicted a legless race, a few hundred years hence, because of the laziness which impregnated all classes since the entrance of automobiles, street cars and a dozen other means of transportation which renders "pedal-locomotion" unnecessary. Our lack of physical exercise he said, marked the beginning of a sad end when men would die untimely deaths from indigestion, high blood pressure and paralysis; our women, according to this surgeon, were scheduled to pass on, through lack of interest in life, otherwise known to us as ennui.

But now we are convinced that this war is good for one more thing. It has driven the men to exercise and our women to work. It has given the men something to think about other than the grabbing of the almighty dollar--our women are relieved of the monotony of merely consuming.

And one needs but to talk with the women who have been producing during these war times to learn that pretty clothes, nor ease, nor luxury, nor leisure suffices. There is something inborn, in most women, which spurs them on to become producers, once they have had a taste of it.

How often, before the war, we heard, "Oh, she is only a woman," and many similar remarks which bespoke plainly the sentiment of the masses toward women. Now there are new words to the same sweet tune and they tell a different story. Such men as C. W. Baron (in the Wall Street Journal), says that the war was won by women; that victory would have been impossible but for their efforts; that 5,000,000 women took the places of 6,000,000 men in England alone, which proves their efficiency.

For Women Workers.

Miss Agnes Nestor, prominent among the women's trades unions, believes that the taking care of women workers is as essential as caring for the returning fighters, but Miss Elizabeth Maloney, vice president of the International Hotel Trades alliance, says that she is convinced that it is the duty of every woman who does not need the job she holds to relinquish it in favor of some woman, or returning soldier, who does need it.

But, since we know that "the survival of the fittest" is the strongest law of nature, some of us sit back and smile, awaiting the outcome.

Why?
Because we know that the wealthy business man does not retire and leave his business to some younger man who may be just as efficient as he, and who needs the position. No, indeed! he goes to his office as long as he can walk and then, perhaps, he is taken to his revolving chair and roll-top desk by his attendants. He does not retire and give the place to another so long as he can hold on to it. Here is our first point quite clearly demonstrated.

Another point to be considered: Many women remember with what reluctance the wage earners dole out the dimes and complained because some business woman was more prepossessing, wore better clothes and looked less careworn. It is one thing to be the "queen of the home" and another to be the drudge, with no recompense and no praise. To many women have found that the "queen" is merely an illusion.

Beautiful Sentiment, but (?)

Mrs. Mary V. Halas, state superintendent of the women's section of the United States employment service, one of those closest in touch with the labor situation in Chicago offices, stores, mercantile establishments, industries and like, suggested a national movement among women workers in behalf of those who need employment.

"I would have every woman whose fortunes are such that she may not need the job she holds ask herself this question: 'Do I really need this job?'" said Mrs. Halas.

In Chicago alone there are many women and girls who are holding excellent positions and, although they do not need to work for their living, they do not intend to relinquish them. That is the wrong attitude of patriotism, I believe. These women went into the positions of men who went to war as a matter of patriotism. Some of the returning soldiers will not be satisfied with the old order of things and will want to perform bigger things than before. In cases where men do not want the jobs they should be given to women who really need them. Of course, I am in favor of giving every soldier his job back.

Lovely sentiment! but will women in positions be unlike every other class of human beings and relinquish that which she has earned by right of all the laws of society and business?

Many women who have taken up war work are amazed at their own progress. They did not realize that women could accomplish so much until they were buckled into the harness and started uphill with the lead--Red Cross, or some other organization, as the driver. They found that life held quite a bit of interest out in the "cold, cruel world," and that the day really afforded time enough to attend to both the home and outside obligations.

Women who earn money, we fear, will be even more reluctant to give up their positions. They have sensed opportunity--will they hold fast in, what seems to them, self-defense?

This year undoubtedly marks the dawn of a new era of endeavor for womankind, and that is why the whole world is agog with anticipation, unrest and misgivings as to where this change will lead the mothers of the race and into what civic melee we may find ourselves when the soldiers have returned from battle.

Because this problem is such a momentous one, we wish to know the sentiment of our readers and letters received by the society editor will be given space in the columns of The Bee from time to time. Public sentiment is the biggest factor in bringing about the proper result. What will it be?

Mrs. T.H. McDearmon as an auto driver

They Came---They Are Here---But Where Will They Go---These Women?

Where, oh, where are the clinging-vine women who led lives of idleness and whose grandness grew greater with each new melody?

Where are the women whose conversations were monopolized by petty details of household management and who made social calls for the purpose of relating the perils of their latest surgical operations?

Where are the baby stares that bespoke blank minds and little understanding when current topics or modern problems were being discussed?

From what rank and file have all these competent, healthy, splendid women emerged and what will become of them during these days of reconstruction?

Now that the war is over, where will they go from their daily lives of service to humanity, so thoroughly enjoyed during the swinging of the social and economic pendulum during these days of struggle?

From every corner of the earth the "mere women" have come forward under the yoke of patriotism. And under this yoke they have learned much. They know the glory of work and the greatness of being in the big fight for progress. Now that the soldiers are returning, will the wage earners be willing to give up this life of production, economic independence and world service?

Public sentiment will do much to settle the question and The Bee wishes to hear from everyone who has an opinion on the subject. From time to time space will be given in these columns for a battle ground of public opinion and both men and women should give so serious a problem great thought.

Women Who Strive For Recognition In All Lines.

Eight women are included among the new county school superintendents in New Mexico.

It is proposed to hold a world conference of working women in the near future, probably in Paris.

The total of women voters in the states having full, presidential or primary suffrage has now reached 11,016,964.

Gertrude Elliott, the American actress, has made a notable success as manager of one of London's leading theaters.

The Texas Federation of Women's Clubs has gone on record as opposed to the sale of German-made goods in the United States.

Lady Rhonda, who demands that women be given the right to sit in Parliament, is the active head of Welsh coal mines and other industries employing upwards of 50,000 men.

Miss Wilma Crowley of Ellensburg, Wash., walked 31 miles in less than seven hours on a wager with her brother, who bet that she couldn't do it.

Charming Hostess Becomes War Worker And Wears Silver Bars

She Can Never Again Be Indifferent to Human Suffering and Declares That Life Is Not Complete Without Both Society and Service

GLEAMING silver bars decorate the motor corps uniform of a charming Omaha matron. These insignia of rank, which mark Mrs. T. H. McDearmon as a first lieutenant, mean far more than her "commission" in this feminine branch of the great war machine, for those who are cognizant with her work during the past months know that she has made "service" the watchword of her days.

Always ready, night or day, sunshine or storm, Mrs. McDearmon holds the record for the most faithful work in the Red Cross motor corps. Her heart and soul has been in her task and she says that this service has given her a new angle on humanity and that she stands ready and willing to go night or day to help those in need. One week just before the holiday time Mrs. McDearmon's record shows 20 hours and a quarter given to help others. Her large car has been at the service of the soldiers since from her Red Cross driving, and she has left the theater many times to hurry to meet a troop train that the boys passing through might have a little pleasure.

The question of whether war workers who have done great things will ever be contented with only the domestic duties which await them in

their homes is for one woman definitely answered. Mrs. McDearmon, who has given herself unreservedly to the great cause of humanity, is confident that she will never be satisfied to attend to home tasks alone, for she believes there is plenty of time for both. She is the most gracious of hostesses and enjoys the little gaieties of life, but the serious work which has claimed her heart for so long has left an imprint which will never be eradicated.

As there was no one who was near and dear who could bear the standard of his country into shell-swept battlefields, Mrs. McDearmon felt it incumbent upon her to enter the front line at home and she has won the privilege of wearing two silver bars by dint of the most arduous labor. It is because of the days spent at the wheel of her car as she drove hither and thither on errands of mercy that Mrs. McDearmon has resolved never again to live entirely in the seclusion of her home.

Words are inadequate when one tries to estimate the amount of good done by the faithful workers who wear the uniform of the Red Cross motor corps. During the terrible epidemic of influenza which held the city in its grip for so many weeks the cars belonging to these skillful drivers were in constant demand. Mrs. McDearmon worked untiringly

during this time for the poor of the city who were afflicted with the disease, many of them in a pitiable condition and food and medicine must be brought to them daily. The soup kitchens conducted by various organizations would not have accomplished their results without these messengers who distributed the edibles to the sufferers. The visiting nurses, ministering angels during this period, found these cars and their obliging owners an invaluable aid in conducting them from one part of the city to the other.

With no thought of danger to herself, Mrs. McDearmon gave her services unstintingly, as she has done in other branches of the Red Cross work. The wounded men who find the long trips across-country so irksome have been given a breath of fresh air and refreshing glimpse of the great outdoors through the kindness of Mrs. McDearmon and the call of the boys in khaki has always found a ready response from this patriotic woman.

The funds of the great organization of mercy, the Red Cross, must be maintained and through the efforts of the motor corps many dollars have been added to the treasury which keeps this great movement progressing. The work has often been tedious and trying, the calls have come when other engagements were pressing, but Mrs. McDearmon sacrificed all pleasures for the work to which she had dedicated herself.

Never can this first lieutenant of the motor corps be indifferent to suffering, and though the war is won and peace sheds its golden light over the world, the unfortunate are always to be found. Mrs. McDearmon will continue her labors, which are lightened by love for the bringers cheer and gladness into lives darkened by suffering and sorrow.

The Camp Library

It is the longed-for drinking place. The spring in burning sands, Where men fling down on fevered face And scoop with avid hands.

It is the treasure-house, the mine Revealed to eager eyes. And clever brains quick to design. New keys to Paradise.

It is salvation! Men at large, To us the camp-man looks. Reward him then; your debt charge. Give him his longed-for book! --Amy Sherman Bridgman

Photos by the Lumiere Studio

Mrs. T.H. McDearmon the Society Hostess