

Equal Rights

VOL. XII, No. 16
FIVE CENTS

SATURDAY,
MAY 30, 1925



Mrs. George T. Hendrie

Chairman of the Michigan Branch of the National Woman's Party and General Chairman of the Mid-Western Conference to be held June 4-7 at Bloomfield Hills and Detroit, Michigan.

Feminist Notes

Equal Rights Unpopular With Privileged
TRUE to its aristocratic principles, the British House of Lords rejected on May 21 the bill to enable peeresses to sit and vote in their own right with the male peers. While but natural for noblemen to disapprove of equality, it was by only two majority that this bill was defeated. Chief among the opposition was the Earl of Birkenhead, who proved the genuineness of his devotion to aristocratic ideals by describing himself as "an unrepentant opponent of woman's franchise."

Women Co-operators in Control in Russia
IN Russia 538,000 women are members of the various co-operative unions which perform there the functions attempted here by the chain stores, covering with their branches by far the greater part of the country. In Moscow alone there are 43,000 women co-operators. They are not passive members merely, but are gradually getting control of the movement. In the city organizations 500 women occupy places on the boards of directors and 6000 others are in responsible positions.

A Girl Prodigy

AFIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD French girl, Mlle. Irene Laurent, has made an important chemical discovery in the form of an explosive fuel to replace petrol. Mlle. Laurent is the daughter of a scientist and has been a close observer of her father's experiments. She then began work in her own way and produced a clear golden-colored liquid without any precipitate. Much is now expected of this new motor fuel, which, if kept from monopolistic control, will cost but a few cents a gallon. It will probably be given the name of "Irolene."

Objects to Being Kept Down

ATEST case against the recent ruling barring women as professional air pilots will be brought in the French courts by Mlle. Adrienne Bolland, who holds the woman's world record, having made 1200 hours of flight. Mlle. Bolland claims to be the only woman professional in the field of aviation.

Tabooing Taboos

BY a recent order of the Public Service Commissioner, Leroy T. Harkness of New York, women as well as men are allowed to smoke in the rear compartment of street cars. Miss Dorothy Dickerson was the first to take advantage of the new ruling.

A Woman Assistant Secretary of War

PREMIER PAINLEVE of France has named a Mlle. Salmon as a "chief adjutant" of his cabinet. Her position will be with the Ministry of War, thus making her what would be in this country an assistant secretary of war. Such an appointment would create a considerable sensation if made by President Coolidge or Secretary Weeks.

Simple Justice Is Not a Favor

THE "Groupes Feministes de Redon" in France have issued a formal protest against the patronizing spirit in which the municipal suffrage has been granted to women. This they declare a gratuitous insult. The granting of the vote, they point out, was but an act of justice.

Page Secretary Kellogg

AN official has been found with even less ability than the heads of the State Department in grasping a new idea. Traffic Director Eldridge of Washington bears this marvelous distinction. Though it seems scarcely thinkable, he is still unaware that there is nothing criminal in a married woman making use of her maiden name. He has had a woman arrested who applied for a permit to drive an auto under her pre-nuptial cognomen. The case is to come up in the Washington Police Court for decision and will probably have been passed upon before this report appears in print.

A Maharajah for Equal Rights

DEMOCRATIC government in the native-controlled State of Cochin in India was inaugurated on April 3, when the legislative council, recently chosen by equal suffrage, was sworn in. The session was opened with an address by the Maharajah. In this address he stated:

"Considering the very large number of educated ladies which our State has produced, a number not yet approached by any other State or District in India, it was essential that their claims should be recognized by not only abolishing the differences of sex in franchise matters, but also by inducing them to come forward and take an interest in administrative affairs. It was, however, not possible to nominate more than one lady as a member of the present council. It is hoped that in the future women will take the field in open competition with men in the general constituencies and will gain a fair proportion of the seats."

In Charge of State's Schools

THE first woman was appointed on May 2 to the position of Assistant State Superintendent of Education in Maryland. She is Miss I. Jewell Simpson. Her appointment is a promotion from the position of State Supervisor of Elementary Schools.

Woman Honored by Architects

IN recognition of her work as teacher in the schools of Portland, Oregon, the American Institute of Architects has elected Mrs. H. C. Wortman as honorary member. This is the second time this honor has been conferred upon a woman.

Efficient All Down the Line

WITH women occupying positions as congressmen, judges, governors, mayors and other high officials, the fact is likely to be overlooked that hitherto few communities have thought of selecting one of the sex for the humble place of dogcatcher. This step has now been taken by the village of Bernardsville, New Jersey, where a young woman, Miss Mary P. Decker, has been appointed dog warden. She is said to be showing remarkable efficiency in the performance of her duties.

Death of Amy Lowell

AMY LOWELL, who long ago achieved a place in the front ranks of the poets of this generation, died on May 12 of a paralytic stroke at Brookline, Mass., aged 51. As a writer of free verse she was generally considered at her best, although her poetry in other forms is of a high class. Like all true poets, she was a deep thinker and philosopher. Her literary labors were not confined entirely to poetry, but devoted considerably to prose as well. Much of this was in the form of critical essays. That she was a niece of James Russell Lowell is a fact that received and needed little attention in discussions of her works, her own merits being sufficient for her fame. She is survived by two brothers—Percival Lowell, a prominent astronomer, and A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University.

Advertising Clubs Put Woman on Board

THE Associated Advertising Clubs of the World has joined the swelling ranks of business organizations which recognize the advantage of admitting women to important positions. This has happened through the election of Ethel B. Scully of the Morris Fox Company, Milwaukee, to the executive board. This is the first time that a woman has been selected for this place. At present Miss Scully is the only woman on the board.

Seek Sex Equality in Property Rights

THE New Jersey Women's Republican Club, meeting in Haddon Hall, Atlantic City, on May 15, by resolution unanimously decided to prepare and support a bill to be introduced at the next session of the Legislature equalizing the law relative to the interest of husband and wife in property owned by either, in the event of death.

The subject was presented by Mrs.

Oscar A. Nicklaus of East Orange, who said that at this time a wife has only a third life interest in her husband's property after he dies, but that the husband, when the wife dies, has a full life interest. Mrs. Nicklaus spoke on the subject, "What Legislation Is Most Needed to Improve the Legal Status of Women in New Jersey," and said that the majority of women felt that legislation on the question

should be first supported.

"It is not that we hate the men," she said, smiling, "but that we love the women."

The proposed measure would give both husband and wife equal interest regardless of whether there are children or not. It will be drawn up by a committee to be named by Mrs. Lilian Feickert, president of the club, who presided.

Plans Completed for Mid-West Conference

THAT the Mid-Western Conference of the National Woman's Party, to be held in Bloomfield Hills and Detroit, Mich., on June 4, 5, 6 and 7, is being most enthusiastically received is evidenced from the letters and telegrams of acceptance which are pouring in to headquarters, 2233 Park Boulevard. This is the first conference of the party held in the mid-western district since 1916, and women interested in the local organization are delighted to be able to attend without traveling always East-ward. Mrs. George T. Hendrie, State chairman, is general chairman of the conference.

Three of the four days' meetings of the conference will be held in Bloomfield Hills. The guests will be housed in the homes and clubs in the district, which is noted for hospitality as well as beauty. Mrs. Wallace Frost is chairman of the committee on hospitality.

The first day of the conference will be taken up with the annual meeting of the Michigan Branch at the Lone Pine Tea House in Bloomfield Hills. During the morning session the election of officers will be held, to be immediately followed by breakfast at high noon. Speakers of national importance will discuss matters of interest to Michigan women. A full explanation of the workings of the California community property bill will be offered and the possibility of the adoption of a similar bill in Michigan will be discussed. Miss Alice Lake, chairman of the Legislative Council of Michigan Women, will be one of the speakers; also Mrs. F. C. Aldinger, who has been the official representative of the council in Lansing for the past six years, will discuss the vicissitudes of the so-called women's bills before the Legislature just adjourned. A dinner complimenting the out-of-town guests will be given at the Bloomfield Open Hunt Club by the officers of the Michigan Branch: Mesdames George T. Hendrie, Emma A. Fox, W. N. Whittemore, Bess M. Garner, Mrs. Harold Bowen, together with the chairmen of committees.

Friday morning the National Council of the National Woman's Party will hold its session in the Birmingham Community House. The National Council is composed of State chairmen and the following seventeen elected members: Anne Archbold, Maine; Florence Brewer Boeckel, District of Columbia; Mrs. R. J. Caldwell, New York; Lavinia Egan, Louisiana; Zona Gale, Wisconsin; Sarah P. Grogan, Georgia; Inez Haynes Irwin, New York; Elizabeth T. Kent, California; Sophia G. Meredith, Virginia; Helen E. Scott, Maryland; Lois Warren Shaw, New Hampshire; Dr. Caroline Spencer, Colorado; Doris Stevens, New York; Amelia Himes Walker, Maryland; Florence Brooks Whitehouse, Maine; Mary Winsor, Pennsylvania.

The matter of chief importance before the council will be the proposed plan of reorganization, worked out by Mrs. Emma A. Fox, official parliamentarian of the party at the request of Miss Alice Paul. This plan proposes a more comprehensive plan of organization in the towns and villages with more equitable distribution of the dues between local, State and National branches. The organization meeting which will immediately follow in the afternoon will be presided over by Mrs. Arthur B. Cramer, national organization chairman. A dinner of interest to everybody will be held at the Bloomfield Hills Golf Club on Friday evening, June 5. Mrs. H. O. Havermeier of New York will preside as toastmistress and the speakers will include Doris Stevens of New York, Mrs. John J. White, also of New York, and Margaret Whittemore, who has spent the past winter at the Washington headquarters, filling the place of Miss Alice Paul.

Saturday the guests will be taken on a drive through the Lake district and will stop for lunch at the Sunset Hills Club, where they will be the guests of the women of Pontiac. Saturday evening will provide the *pièce de resistance* of the conference. The pageant depicting the development of woman from the time of

Queen Vashti to the present industrial and professional woman will be given at the Open Air Theatre, Cranbrook, the estate of George G. Booth, Esq., by the industrial division of the Inex Milholland Committee of the National Woman's Party. Mrs. William A. McGraw is general chairman of the pageant. She has selected as appropriate for the day one verse from Tennyson's Princess:

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

Mr. Booth has completed a beautiful new pavilion at the entrance of the theatre, where supper will be served by Mrs. Fraser from 5 to 7 o'clock. The pageant, under the direction of Nina B. Lamkin, will begin at sundown and finish in a dramatic display of electricity. Dancing will immediately follow in the pavilion. This pavilion will make possible a presentation of the pageant, rain or shine.

On Sunday there will be an industrial mass-meeting in Detroit at the Bonstelle Theatre at 3 o'clock. There will be no admission charge and every one is urged to attend. The speakers will be women well known in the realm of industry, who speak from experience—not from theory—such as Mrs. Mary Murray, president of the Woman's Union of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit. The meetings of the entire conference will be open to the public. Tickets for the annual breakfast and the pageant may be secured at the headquarters, 2233 Park Boulevard, open daily from 9 to 5 o'clock. Mrs. George T. Hendrie, chairman of the conference committee, requests every one having a moment to spare to drop in at headquarters and help with the addressing of letters, folding envelopes or answering telephones. This conference belongs to every woman; it deals with the problems of every woman, whether she be laundress, office employe or lady of elegant leisure.

Equal Rights



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Subscribing Members.....	\$3.00
Founders.....	\$100.00
Life Members.....	\$1,000.00
Endowers.....	\$5,000.00
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OBJECT OF THE WOMAN'S PARTY

To remove all forms of the subjection of women.

THE LUCRETIA MOTT AMENDMENT

"Men and women shall have Equal Rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

"Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation"

[Senate Joint Resolution Number 21.
House Joint Resolution Number 75.]

Introduced in the Senate, December 10, 1923,
by SENATOR CHARLES E. CURTIS.
Introduced in the House of Representatives,
December 13, 1923,
by REPRESENTATIVE D. E. ANTHONY.

Heart-Warming

THERE seems to be no doubt that man is a gregarious animal. He and she gets something out of group contact that can be had in no other way. And there is nothing to be ashamed of in this fact in spite of all the talk about "tub-thumping," demagogues and "hot-air artists." A crowd and a good rousing speech is excellent medicine for a flagging spirit. It stiffens the neck, renews the courage and makes one realize that one's efforts are perhaps less futile than, all alone, they appear to be.

The fact of the matter is that man is a gregarious animal because he is a gregarious organism. He stands or falls as a unit, a nation, a race, a world. "He must hang together," as was once said astutely, "or he will hang separately."

The Detroit Conference was conceived in wisdom. It is many years since a gathering of this sort was held in the Middle West, and women who have not heretofore, because of distance eastward, had an opportunity to sense the true spirit of the Woman's Party, may now quaff of it to their fill. Meetings, speakers, luncheons, dinners, a glorious pageant, women from the West meeting those from the East, those from the North meeting those from the South, a genuine heart-warming. "Nellie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady" will meet at the Conference, clasp hands, avow their sisterhood. For once they will look reality straight in the eyes and we venture to predict that they will like it.

It is a wonderful thing to be a member of the human race, to have a chance to demonstrate the potentialities of protoplasm. Strange, incomprehensible, the purpose of it all, when we are alone, but when we meet together, the objective is clear, direct, commanding. Equal Rights, justice, a world fit for human beings to live in, hand in hand we see it, the objective, when alone we falter. We bid God-speed to the Conference. May it mark another milestone in the march toward Justice.

What Price Protection?

"SHE WHO GETS SLAPPED," by Mr. John E. Mitchell, which appears in this issue, makes one reflect on another manifestation of the subjection of women.

Bodily punishment administered to the wife by the husband always "for her good" has been sanctioned throughout time, in law and in custom. Once it had the prestige which, according to this story, seems now to be considerably lessened. But the practice goes on. This lack of prestige carries danger with it. It implies acceptance, inevitability, secrecy. We understand that more cases of wife beating come before the magistrates' courts in New York City than all other forms of crime combined, and less is heard about them.

It avails little to punish the individual man who finally comes before the court. Imprisonment is not the final answer. Outrageous as are special cases of brutality, we shall see them continue so long as we, as women, consent to live in subjection to men.

The sinister fact is that slaves are always beaten. They always have been, and we see no reason to suppose that they will not continue to be beaten, whether they are slaves of a race, a class or a sex. Beatings of slaves by masters as between men are difficult enough to eradicate, but not as difficult as beatings of women by men, for the latter take place as a rule secretly inside the home. There is no body of opinion on which to rely, except consenting law and custom. There is no solidarity of protest comparable to that of a race or a class.

If a pogrom takes place, the whole world is likely now to hear about it and protest. If in a remote part of the country negro prisoners are beaten, the chances are that the metropolitan press will feature the circumstance and demand its abolition. This procedure in both cases is admirable.

But wife beating is hushed up, rarely chronicled, alternately too unimportant as news or too shameful to be admitted. Women must understand, herald, and demand the end of similar humiliations to women as a sex. But it would be difficult to handle wife beating as a separate grievance because it is done under cover, and because it is only a symptom of the present unwholesome social relation of man to woman. It is a frank confirmation of the existing sex antagonism which we seek to rout. It will go down of its own barbarous weight when woman is the peer of man in the whole of life.

We cannot on the one hand be content with subjection and on the other hand be shocked when this subjection exacts, as does all subjection, its brutal price.

London Letter

IT is not often that feminists get a chance to demonstrate that what they ask for women is not special privilege in any form, but genuinely a "fair field and no favor." Among the proposals included in the budget recently presented to the House of Commons by Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a scheme for widows' pensions. The scheme is being criticized on several grounds, as for example, that it is a "contributory" scheme, the payment of the pension depending on whether the father contributed to the national health insurance; and, again, that the pension provided is manifestly insufficient—a widow left with two children would receive 18s. a week, or about \$4.35. But the feminists have also another line of attack in that Mr. Churchill proposes to provide pensions for childless widows.

In the course of a fresh and delightfully satirical speech at the London School of Economics last week, Rebecca West assailed the House of Commons for having "taken such a suggestion lying down." "What feminist," she said, "what woman with any sense would demand that childless young widows who have had a fatal effect on their husbands should receive 10 shillings a week for the rest of their lives?"

"Why in the name of all that is reasonable," writes Lady Rhondda in this week's *Time and Tide* "has he (Mr. Churchill) decided to waste the country's good money on pensioning the childless widow? Every widow without children is to receive 10s. a week. What curious tag of atavistic sentiment invaded the treasury to make it think of that? No one who had studied the question would have dreamed of suggesting anything so foolish. What is there about a childless widow that should entitle her to 10s. a

week for life, any more than a childless widower, or a spinster, or a bachelor, or any other member of the community? Such a provision can do no good whatever, and can and will, if it is enacted, do a great deal of harm. Ten shillings a week is not sufficient to keep a person, but it is enough to make her a very real menace to those who are fighting for adequate pay in the labor market.

"The truth is that at the back of the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer when he made himself responsible for that provision was exactly the same instinctive feeling which, in India, results in Suttee. It is, of course, pleasanter to receive 10s. a week than to be burnt on a funeral pile, but though the net result is in the one case over-kindness and in the other over-cruelty, the spirit that prompts both is the same, it is grounded in the belief that a widow is merely a relict; that is, not a complete person in herself, but just something left over; as it might be the branch of a tree of which the trunk has been severed. You may provide for the branch by throwing it on the bonfire or by keeping it in cotton-wool until it can be grafted anew onto some other tree, but what neither Mr. Churchill nor the exponents of Suttee can do is to regard a widow as an independent, self-supporting being in herself."

The feminist organizations are apparently going to be as quick to repudiate this unasked and unwarranted privilege for woman as they always are to demand equal rights for her. The Six Point Group at its annual meeting on May 4 passed a resolution, regretting "that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have announced his intention of pensioning childless widows, and trusts that he will reconsider his decision and devote the money thus saved to increasing the

amounts of pensions available for fatherless children."

Miss Underwood, secretary of the Woman's Freedom League, tells me that her organization is opposed to a "contributory" scheme. "She can see no reason, certainly, why widows without children should be pensioned by the State simply and solely because they have been married." Mrs. Bumpus, secretary of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, is of the same mind. "Surely," she said, "the Alliance has always stood for pensions for widowed mothers, not for the sake of the widows, but for the sake of the children; the basis of such a pension must be the need of the children. This proposal to pension healthy young childless widows is another matter entirely. It seems to me a monstrous idea. It is an admission that widows are not self-supporting. It is bad feminism, and it is bad economics. It would make a widow into a sort of half-subsidized competitor."

Of course the budget is a Government measure and the Government has a clear majority. Nevertheless, it will be presented and debated point by point and amended without doubt in many minor matters. It is to be hoped that by the time the widows' pensions provision is reached the women's organizations will have taken a united stand against the pensioning of childless widows and can make their influence felt. Surely a country which can afford only \$4.35 a week to a widow with two children to raise cannot afford to pay \$2.50 to the widow with none. Nor, I feel sure, will the modern-minded woman in England welcome another of these "special benefits" of the law which are brought up against her when she demands a measure of simple justice. CRYSTAL EASTMAN.

She Who Gets Slapped

By John E. Mitchell
New York World, Sunday, May 10.

WIFE-BEATING is the greatest crime. It has become a crime—once it was a husbandly diversion—and it has become the greatest, on the word of the forty-odd men who preside over the Magistrates' Courts of New York. Wife-beating has no statistical standing. On the court ledgers it appears as D. C.—disorderly conduct—the catch-all for crimes less than felonies.

As a crime, wife-beating has no prestige. Bring a man into court for selling liquor, and he is a bootlegger; bring a man into court for beating his wife, and he is a plumber, a grocer or an automobile salesman. In Magistrates' Courts it is an am-

ateur crime; it may overtake any one as a common cold does; it has no technique, no master-craftsmen, no mythology as mail robbing has. It is always trivial and dull.

* * *

A court attendant stands between the two. At his right is the wife, and, for a place where months and years of men's liberty are dealt in as if they were canned peas or washing powders, she is grotesquely in earnest. She is in her forties; her face has set like neglected sculptors'

clay; her hat has the wrong angle for appeal, and her coat and skirt drag at one side a little. There is a welt across her left cheek, and her left eye, the one toward her husband, is greenish blue.

He is a sullen man. He braces himself on the edge of the lawyers' table before the bench, looks miserably straight before him. The woman twists around to fix him with her good eye. She starts to speak. She is trying to tell what has happened to her faith in herself, in her mate, and in the world they two together stood for.

She is talking in a room filled with men. It is not a pretty place, badly lighted,

dusty and painfully bare. The euphonious term for the men is "the district machine." In no respect do they resemble a thing of flashing wheels, rods and cams, these bail bondsmen, runners, shysters, detectives of the Special Service Squad who arrest prostitutes and sellers of dirty pictures, these uniformed attendants, clerks and tired magistrates.

They are not interested in what she is trying so desperately to make articulate. This is not her first beating. She did not bring her husband to court easily. Neither a man nor a woman wants to confess failure.

* * *

Twenty years before, her father, her pastor, her school teacher told her by squeamish indirection that she would be nothing until she was married. Into the awful and lovely isolation of marriage, they had told her truthfully, you must go with your man, to discover whether you can make happiness for yourself and him.

As she stands before the bench she aches to be told that she has tried, that she is not short measure, that the scales have been tipped by the corner gin mill, by her husband's mother, by an uncontrollable something outside the ordered universe of the two of them.

Out of this stirring of half-realized things, what she says is: "Fourteen years, y' Honor. I've tried and yesterday night, y' Honor." * * *

No one cares how she has tried. The upraised hand of the attendant—he handles a dozen just like her every day—halts her. The magistrate has begun to roar at her husband.

"Did you strike that woman? Answer me, yes or no. Turn your head a little, lady." To the court stenographer, "Indicating left eye and cheek." Again to the prisoner, "Don't you try to talk back to

me. I want an answer, yes or no, and I want it quick."

The magistrate's red face looms over the husband. There are two magistrates on the list who at this point always have something to say. It starts out customarily with "any man who would lift his hand to a woman" and ends up with "not fit to associate with beasts." These also happen to be the two magistrates who exacerbate themselves to frenzy when prostitutes are brought before them.

These magisterial interludes, however, do help to establish wife-beating as a crime and, because of them, it becomes occasionally worthy to be remarked by court habitues, criminals of repute who are awaiting arraignment, and to be recorded in newspapers.

* * *

Then comes the inevitable question, "What do you want done with him, madam." The wife is piteously confused. She and her man stand before the judgment seat, stripped of family, friends and occupations, to be weighed according to the laws of living, to have praise and guilt assigned, so that if she be found blameless she may be reinforced in her righteousness, and if her man be found guilty, he may have his evil purged away.

"What I mean, lady," explains the magistrate, "is, if I send this man away for ninety days, how're you gonna live? Got a job? Got any means of support? Dependent on your husband?"

The wife gathers herself together. She has resolved on this appeal to society only after weeks of heart-breaking nights. So far the actual ceremony has taken about four minutes, during which no one has listened to her, hardly ever looked at her.

"Y' Honor, he 'n' me has always * * *" but the wife never gets beyond these words.

Amy Lowell

By Babette Deutsch

turous poets. Her intellectualism, but even more her aggressiveness and pugnacity, showed a male strength which was no more expressed in the smoking of big black cigars than it was denied by the wearing of small jewelled ear-rings.

Except for her first book of weak and stilted verse, every production of Miss Lowell's was heralded with trumpets and followed by not a little strenuous fighting. In her second volume, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," she made a violent departure from the path heretofore followed, and took up the cudgels in defense of a method which was to become for almost a decade the chief poetic fashion,—that of

"Suspended sentence," the magistrate is saying conversationally to the court attendants' captain, "and have him report to the probation officer, I guess. What's next?"

This is the best that we collectively can do for sex antagonism in its final, rawest form—wife beating.

* * *

There is just one variation. A mother brings in her daughter, red-eyed and lugging a heavy baby. The older woman inclines to be mean-tempered as she talks about her absent son-in-law. The judge silences her. Under his questioning, the girl says her husband of a year or two has left her—usually he is living with some one else—and comes home only when he is drunk and wants a fight.

In brief marriages there is little to hang on to; the girl-wife is told to go to the Domestic Relations Court, where, if a reconciliation is not made, she is given a decree of separation and an allowance. If her husband then leaves her alone, she rarely comes back to the Magistrates' Court to prosecute him as a wife-beater.

On the whole, magistrates and courts do very well. Wife-beating is always post-mortem. Unhappiness is not a statutory offense, nor are bad wifehood and bad husbandhood crimes in common law. Besides, these have been committed long before. The slap in the left eye, at the end, over which alone the court has jurisdiction, does not mean much.

* * *

Wife-beating is the greatest crime, and it is the last desperate blow which the wounded can aim at our present form of society. Yet we collectively bury it under the title of disorderly conduct; besides the gaudy crime of murder it has no standing. It is infinitely more dangerous; we give it five minutes and a suspended sentence.

the "unrhymed cadence." It was with the preface to this book that she first entered the lists against those who preferred their poetry diluted with sentimentality, and served, slopping over a little, in rococo goblets. The poems themselves are not especially interesting. It takes more than patience, more than eagerness, more than scholarship, to make a poem. But the question of technique which Miss Lowell raised here grew to be an increasingly lively issue, and as the years went on Miss Lowell became the recognized ambadress in this country of the French Parnassians, and the English Imagists. The volumes which now succeed each other, with astonishingly short intervals between them, were in

each case a further attack upon the citadels of poetic convention, a more detailed and often a more irritated explanation of the principles which Miss Lowell had discovered in the work of her French and British colleagues, and which she had forthwith made her own. Her exposition of the technique of vers libre was followed by a discussion of the possibility of paralleling the movement of music in the rhythms of poetry, by an examination of the uses of "polyphonic prose" (the creation of M. Paul Fort, which Miss Lowell enthusiastically acclaimed and adopted), and by excursions into the exotic, exciting, rewarding realm of Oriental verse-form and Amerindian myth.

In all these adventures Miss Lowell was not at all content with the role of cicerone, well equipped as she was for such a part. At the outset of her career she had stated her belief that "the poet must learn his trade in the same manner, and with the same painstaking care, as the cabinet-maker." Indeed, she had studied her craft for some eight years before that first meagre book was published just two years previous to her fortieth birthday. The rest of her life she gave over to a discipline equally conscious, and more instructed, a study of new methods which, for her, went hand in hand with the practice thereof, a virtuosity which, for her, went hand in hand with challenge.

It is characteristic that even her recently published tome on the life of her favorite, Keats, is largely given over to argument. As her books of verse seem all to have been written to exemplify some theory of technique developed and defended in the preface, so this biography was also a work of rescue. Not only did Miss Lowell successfully present her hero as a man too big to be slain by the barbs of mean critics, but she also for the first time presented Fanny Brawne as a woman worthy of the poet who so greatly loved her. For more than a century—it began before Keats' death—it was the way of his admirers to assert that the girl was a frivolous creature who had helped the dour reviewers to break Keats'

heart. Miss Lowell, by dint of careful research and a wise analysis of the situation, cleared the baseless charges from the woman who loved the poet in the flesh as she herself loved him in the spirit.

The poem by which Miss Lowell is best remembered is the one called "Patterns." This fact was a source of some annoyance to her. She had, she asserted in her clipped firm resonant voice, written other poems. And so she had. But practically all of the others that are worth preserving are, as she failed to recognize, *tours de force*. They impress by means of the magnitude of the effort involved more than by that of the effect achieved. "Patterns" stands out from the rest because of its greater succinctness, its smoother cadences, its absence of too rich embroidery, too dazzling color, as also of that melodramatic note which rings so stridently in most of her poetic narratives. This matter of over-emphasis is easily explicable when one considers Miss Lowell's background. She hailed from that section of Boston, "the home of the bean and the cod," where, as an irreverent rhymster tells us, "the Lowells speak only to Cabots, and the Cabots speak only to God." It was not a place which encouraged any rebellion of more recent origin than the famous tea-party. In her very first book Miss Lowell wrote of her life thus:

"The gifts are there, the many pleasant things:
Health, wealth, long-settled friendships,
with a name
Which honours all who bear it, and the gift
Of making words obedient. . ."

This atmosphere, these gifts, were of a sort which stifle poetry. Even the power "of making words obedient" is not valuable unless the words have some deep faith, some major passion to obey. Polite and spacious living, peace and comfort, revered tradition, are not aids to faith and passion. If Miss Lowell, making poetry her chosen vocation, found that she

must raise her voice a trifle, swagger a bit when she walked, it was because she was largely surrounded by people who were deafened by philistine chatter, and blinded by the enclosing walls of refined custom. Her shouts and her flourishes were the noise and fury of one who must emancipate herself from a routine that is part of herself in order to speak and walk freely. She was hampered by the very things that most men clamor for. She could not help a certain self-consciousness. It was the misfortune of her fortune, not her fault. As one looks over the bulk of her work, one is struck again and again by the way she dwells upon the burden of an esthetic conscience, by her desire for getting to grips with life, which she expressed sometimes in melodramatic narrative pieces, sometimes in pathetic lyrics. It was as though her enormous vitality were mewed up in the airless vaults of her inexperience, and escaped only in half-angry, half-humorous cudgellings of her duller fellows, or, occasionally, in the vicarious hysteria of her unhappy heroes and heroines.

One evening Miss Lowell, with a number of other people, was listening to Elinor Wylie read the sonnet which begins:

"Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
There's something in this richness that
I hate,"

and which goes on to celebrate austere, immaculate landscapes, "bare hills, cold silver on a sky of slate," all that is chill and grey and sparse. Miss Lowell was heard to mutter to herself: "No Puritan could have felt that." The Puritan marrow of *her* bones wanted warming, and the whole body of her poetry was written in an attempt to come closer to the essential fire of human needs. For her brilliant effort, as much as for any of her brave achievements, the name of Amy Lowell should be gratefully remembered, not only by her fellow-poets, but by all comfortable, unhappy, struggling women.

The Passing of a Brave Spirit

"I AM guilty if there is any guilt in a demand for freedom. I protest against the action of the President who is depriving American women of freedom. I have been sent to represent my State, Florida, and I am willing to do or to suffer anything to bring victory to the long courageous struggle. I have fought this fight many years. I have seen children born to grow to womanhood to fight at my side. I have seen children grow up to fight with us."

A little woman, frail, over seventy

years of age, uttered this challenge to the forces of injustice on January 20, 1918. She was being tried in a magistrate's court in the District of Columbia for taking part in the watch fires of freedom demonstration. No need to say to the members of the National Woman's Party who she was. On May 18, 1925, Mrs. Mary A. Nolan passed out into the great unknown. She leaves a place vacant that no one else can fill and she leaves a record that all who love liberty may well emulate. On the picket line more than thirty

times, so frail, braving the cold of winter, and the rigors of the courts of law, smiling into the eyes of those who scoffed, pressing the hands of her sisters in the struggle, she proved that she was willing "to do or to suffer anything" that victory might be. Dying, she lives still, an inspiration, a comfort, an ideal. The world is better, happier, a bit more in line with justice, because Mrs. Nolan lived. She touched the heart of life, she achieved victory, she has gone to her reward, and yet we weep at the passing of this brave spirit.

News From The Field

AT the annual meeting of the California Branch of the National Woman's Party on May 16, presided over by Mrs. William Kent, the State chairman, a number of reports were received and addresses delivered. The fight before the recent session of the Legislature was described by Mrs. Genevieve Allen, State legislative chairman. She arranged for three equal rights bills, one of which passed both houses and awaits the Governor's signature. She was also active in opposing and defeating proposed hostile legislation. An address on Women Pharmacists' Legislation was made by Mrs. W. Bruce Philip, head of the Alameda County Pharmaceutical Association. Mrs. Elinor Carlisle, former chairman of the State Branch of the Woman's Party, told of a visit with Governor Ferguson of Texas.

On Sunday afternoon, May 20, at the Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco, Miss Helen Keller and her life-long teacher and companion, Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, were the guests of honor at a meeting of the California Branch.

ON May 19 Burnita Shelton Matthews was elected president of the District of Columbia Women's Bar Association. This is one of the largest groups of women lawyers in the United States.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT of Pennsylvania has signed the two bills on guardianship and the bill equalizing the right to administer estates, which were adopted by the Pennsylvania Legislature. The guardianship bills establish practically absolute equality between father and mother in their rights to the child.

THE Governor of Delaware has signed the two National Woman's Party bills adopted by the Legislature of that State. One of these laws equalizes the right of the mother and father to inherit the personal property of a child; the other law makes a married woman responsible in damages for her own civil wrongs.

REPORTS from Margaret Whittemore and Lucy Branham, sent in to Headquarters from various points on their journey from Washington to Detroit, in-

dicating the ever increasing interest in equal rights over the country. "We are having a most successful tour," writes Miss Whittemore, "starting with a charming dinner party at Mr. and Mrs. Theodore W. Forbes' beautiful home at Fallston, Md. At Wilmington we had a lovely drawing room meeting at the home of Mrs. Victor Du Pont. Mabel Vernon, Ella Riegel and members of the Delaware Branch were there. Plans were made for a large card party to help finance the sending of delegates to the Detroit Conference." From Philadelphia the word comes, "We had a delightful luncheon with Mrs. Ruth Billikopf as hostess. The Pennsylvania Branch is planning to send delegates to Detroit."

At Lancaster Mrs. Cora Bixter entertained the travelers, and at Meadville Mrs. Elizabeth Culbertson introduced them at luncheon to the local group. A dinner at the Lawrence Hotel, in Erie, was given in their honor by Mrs. Ellen Browne Berkenkamp.

As a result of the tour a large number of new members of the Party were secured.

Two Million Dollar Fund

RECEIPTS of National Headquarters, December 7, 1912, to May 1, 1925, \$1,301,701.48.

Contributions, membership receipts and other receipts, May 1, 1925, to May 15, 1925:

Mrs. Anne Archbold, D. C.	\$50.00
Mrs. Theresa H. Kann, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. Margaret A. Worrell, D. C.	1.00
Mrs. James D. Winsor, Pa.	100.00
Mrs. Dorothy Fagan, Pa.	1.00
Mrs. Edna M. Barkley, Neb.	10.00
Michigan Branch (House Furnishings Comm.)	80.00
Per Virginia Branch:	
Mrs. H. R. Connor	.50
Mrs. Dorothy Leatherbee	.50
Mrs. William T. Jackson	.50
Mrs. Thomas Y. Sidnor	.50
Per Colorado Branch:	
Mrs. George Y. Wilson	5.00
Myrtle Marsh	.50
Mrs. W. H. Kendrick	.50
Mrs. Mary E. Aldrich	.50
Mrs. Rowena W. Collins	.50
Mrs. C. F. Pressey	.50
Mrs. Kate H. Rogers	.50
Mrs. Anna H. Burges	.50
Per Kansas City, Missouri, Branch:	
Mrs. L. F. Freed	.50
Mrs. Ethel E. Buxton	.50
Mrs. C. E. Gaston	.50
Mrs. R. E. Lauk	.50
Mrs. Paul A. Hartung	.50
Mrs. E. E. Thomas	.50
Mrs. J. L. Lantz	.50
Mrs. Jessie Shafer	.50
Mrs. Alfred G. Hertz	.50
Miss Vida Rearick, Kans.	1.00
Mrs. F. C. Roe, Va.	10.00
Mrs. Wymond Bradbury, D. C.	5.00
Miss Mabel Chick, D. C.	2.00
Miss Mary T. Hayden, Md.	1.00
Miss Anna Dell Beatty, Pa.	1.00
Miss Elizabeth Fairall, D. C.	10.00
Mrs. Sophie Meredith, Va.	10.00
Miss Lavinia Dock, Pa.	5.00
Per Pennsylvania Branch:	
Mrs. L. T. Rosenwald	5.00
Miss Anna Van Skite	5.00
Mrs. Grace E. Vail	5.00
Dr. Miriam M. Butt	5.00
Mrs. Sol Selig	5.00
Miss Charlotte F. Jones	5.00
Mrs. John Gribel	5.00
Miss Ida Gibb	5.00
Mrs. P. S. Dupont	5.00

Treasurer's Report

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Mrs. Enid Oppenheimer	.50
Miss Jane Hoagland	.50
Mrs. Julia Borchgrevink	.50
Miss Astrid Borchgrevink	.50
Mrs. Daniel P. O'Connor	.50
Miss A. M. Hill	.50
Sale of literature	6.00
Rent of rooms at National Headquarters	47.50
Telephone receipts	.88

Total receipts, May 1, 1925, to May 15, 1925\$509.50
Total receipts, December 7, 1912, to May 15, 1925\$1,802,210.98

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