

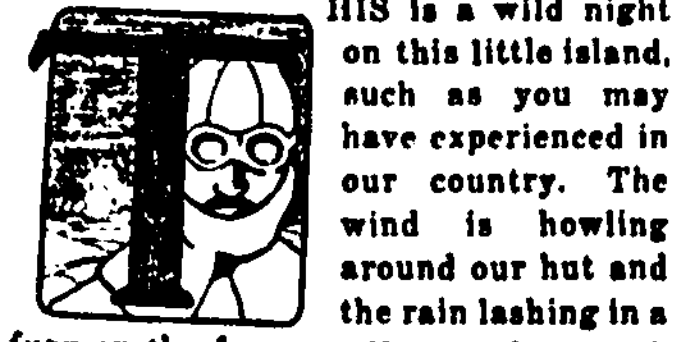
Are Women People?
By Alice Duer Miller

To Byron R. Newton

"Every true woman knows. . . Those things which God Almighty and Nature designed them to do. . ."—Anti-Suffrage interview of Mr. Newton.
O. Mr. Newton, are you really sure you know what each true woman knows and thinks? No wonder that you go your way secure, a wise young (Edipus to that old sphinx. The woman question: it cannot perplex your intuition; many men are loath to boast of understanding either sex. But you, I gather, understand them both. You, if I read you rightly, understand Not only all that women know and hope. But everything which God and Nature planned in evolution. So, we cry with Pope: "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."
The first use of the new Collector of the Port is making of his special knowledge of woman's sphere is to advise us to be slackers. He says: "When women attempt to leave their own realm and do man's work in a man's way they lose their power in the world. Just as men would become ridiculous if they should attempt to invade the realm which nature and civilization have set apart for women."
Before again attempting to help in a military census, in selling a Liberty Loan, in working in munition factories or in replacing men in any work, we hope women will ask expert advice from Mr. Newton as to whether or not they were designed by God, Nature and civilization for such work.
We notice that the Ordnance Department of the United States is advertising for female stenographers, typists and filing clerks. Will this be doing man's work in a man's way? Ask Mr. Newton, ladies.
The same types of mind express themselves in almost identical terms even at the distance of a century. In 1821 the Rev. H. H. Powers said:
"We would not confound all distinctions between the intellectual pursuits of the sexes. I urge not on women the pursuit of those masculine attainments for which our minds are better fitted. A woman regards herself no less by the usurpation of masculine men than the man who leaves the sphere of action to dabble in the kitchen."
Only Mr. Powers was arguing against equality for girls in secondary education.
The former Collector of the Port, Dudley Field Malone, resigned his post because the Administration was not taking a sufficiently active stand on woman suffrage. The new Collector is a violent anti-suffragist. If the Administration becomes more aggressive in its suffrage policy, will Mr. Newton show the same sincerity and courage that Mr. Malone showed—and resign?

With London's Aerial Watchdogs

Somewhere Off the Coast



The story of the British aerial coast patrol—the great organization that defeated the Huns' Zeppelin campaign, and is now fighting desperately against the more dangerous raids of swarms of Gothas—has never been told. The letter which follows is the first glimpse given the outside world of its great work—an intimate and thrilling glance into the lives of the group of airmen who have so far been seen only for an instant in the flare of a burning Zeppelin. It was not written for publication, but is a personal letter from a member of the corps to a close friend in this country.

lessly upset, and it starts to descend in narrowing circles, faster and faster, until it is tearing down like a meteor. We rushed to where Tollymarsh was falling, but heard the sickening, grinding crash among the buildings while still some distance away, and when we got up there others had beaten us to it. He had fallen between the engine shop and the power house, just grazing the fuselage to get him out before fire started. The poor boy was terribly mangled, head injured, legs like rags, and internal troubles, but still conscious. The expression of agony on his face brought a lump into our throats as we lifted him tenderly on to the stretcher.
These cases are not infrequent, and God only knows why a brave man should be made to suffer these tortures when he's out to rid the world of these baby-killing fiends.

Looped the Loop With Pup in Lap
The following day I went up with Jack Alcock, my pet pilot, with the staff surgeon's terrier pup in my lap, and looped the loop two or three times. The pup persisted in chewing my ear while I was trying to hold him and myself in, and as there was no shoulder straps on the machine it was a little disconcerting. Looping is quite sensational, the earth, sky and machine have a great time chasing one another around, and when you eventually straighten out in the air again you have to argue with yourself a wee bit that you are right end up and all intact.
I have also had some nice cross-country trips on break downs, and you get a wonderful view of the country. Alcock took me to one on a certain afternoon, and after an hour's work I started the repaired machine off with the understanding that if he was all right after one spiral, to start for home and we would catch him up. I then started our engine up and waited to see if the other was all right. Presently he headed for home and we took to the air. We had a big, powerful new machine and I knew it was to be a race, giving them 3,000 feet elevation and a mile or two cross-country start. Alcock made a wide detour, climbing fast as we went along the coast, then straightening out on the home trail we tore after our partner at a ninety mile clip.
Just as we were overtaking him we

approached a violent thunderstorm, so both machines turned nose up and went above the clouds into the sunshine and then continued the race, 6,000 feet up, about 100 yards apart at ninety miles an hour, with a bank of cloud below like a huge blanket of cotton wool. We had them well in hand by this time, but had to refer to the compass for direction, as all landmarks were obliterated.

Villages Scud By Like a Reel Running Out
Presently we ran out of the storm area again, and at intervals the clouds would open up and reveal the fields, villages and rivers scud by, then they would close up again shutting out the panorama like a movie reel running out. We got home together after a pleasant trip and ready for a hot supper. I have just been putting in three or four days work on a beautiful new French machine preparing it for night flying—dynamo and lights, luminous instruments, two machine guns, bombs, etc.

I went up with Alcock yesterday to try her out and had a fine flight. We got up to 12,000 feet in 15 minutes, which brought us out over the sea. I never expect to feast my eyes on a sight more beautiful if I live to the end of the war. Way down ahead the water lay shimmering in the sun, a beautiful golden purple sheen, quivering like the transparent wing of some giant moth poised on the edge of the earth.
Beyond we could distinctly trace the coast of France, a bold dark background, the sight of which awoke strange feelings as I realized that beyond the curtain of distance the destinies of empires are being juggled and tossed about like thistle-down on a morning breeze. We drove out over the sea a long way, then swept round again and started to descend gradually, as we approached the coast. When we got down to 5,000 feet Alcock shut off the engine entirely, and we started a 15 mile volplane for home with a stationary propeller, the wind humming through our struts and wires droning a most weird chant, as if the storm gods were voicing their resentment for trespassing in their domains.

Country Below Looked Like a Patchwork Quilt
The country below presented a wonderful bird's-eye view, the fields in the different stages of cultivation, showing from pale yellow to dark green, and

from Punta Arenas for a fortnight, but one was leaving within two days for Punta Arenas, Chile, and the other was being sent to the London and Paris Bank, to Punta Arenas, Patagonia, on a business errand, and was there when war was declared between Great Britain and Germany. There was no boat

McKaig has been decorated, and for perhaps one of the most valorous deeds manifested in this historic conflict. McKaig took up with another chap as a pal, and the pal was killed on patrol duty in No Man's Land. Patrol duty consists in going over the top at night, wiggling and squirming through a lane of barb-wire over the shell-pocked, stench-laden ground to within hearing distance of the enemy's front line trench. The night McKaig's pal was called to do patrol duty was a moonlight one, and a shimmer of light on his helmet attracted the attention of a machine gun crew, and an instant later he was watching a bright red light in the sky. When the time for his return passed and he did not come back, McKaig unstrapped his trench kit and, without seeking authority from the C. O., went over the parapet and searched No Man's Land until he found his friend's body. McKaig lay still within listening distance of the German trench, and then started on his ninety metres' trench trip toward his back, crosswise, and thus crept and crawled to his own lines, and when asked later why, without consulting his superior officer, he had undertaken the enterprise, he replied: "Not only was he my friend, but he bore a copy of the orders of duty on his person, and I did not want these to fall into the enemy's hands—and then, again, his mother wants to know where her boy is buried."
And thus do they carry onward, wiggling flat and fearless over the bodies of their deadest friends, and never and anon the ghastly relics of earlier activities—a bony hand reaching up from the mud and mud, the staring eyes of a cadaver, going deep into the gully of a shell hole and the other side to destruction, the God-fearing but less afraid of the blood-curdling inventions of man than it is possible to convey by rhetoric.
And the mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers of our own American boys who now seek glory in the abysmal conflict need mourn no loss, for it is better to mourn a living slacker than one who has "gone west" for God and his country.

The Godmother II
By Mme. Delarue-Madrus

Translated from the French by William L. McPherson

This is a companion piece to the story by Mme. Delarue-Madrus published in The Sunday Tribune on September 23 last. The author had constructed a situation in which a soldier at the front, without near relatives and seeking a sympathetic "godmother" with whom he may exchange letters, engages unwittingly in a correspondence with his divorced wife. She, who forced the divorce and now regrets it, knows who he is, but he addresses his confidences in good faith to an unknown.

Mme. Delarue-Madrus has wit and imagination. Her upright exploitation of the godmotherly relation is a bit of sunshine against the sombre background of war.

I HAVE already told you how Géo, divorced, became by the merest accident the godmother of her poor husband, that lawful adorer of whom, before the war, she had disbarred herself so quickly, with all the unconscionable cruelty of youth, in order "to live her own life," as so many others do.

Now the correspondence between them is well established. Adjutant Charles Bouvier doesn't know that the godmother to whom he writes with so much ardor is his former wife. He doesn't know her name or her age, since it was on that condition that she agreed to accept him as a godson.

Letter Weighted With Self-Revelation
Géo, alone as usual in her studio, where she has not painted since the war began, settles down to open the thick military letter, a letter weighted with the self-revelations of an unknown soul, an unknown soul which is also the soul of her ex-husband.

Perhaps You Smile Over This Masculine Dream
"My beloved, my collaborator, my guide—that is my wife. I give her, you see, the rôle of a domestic providence. But, perhaps, you will smile, out of the means to maintain the domestic establishment, I want her, the negative element, to be the mysterious spirit of the home, that spirit through which the miracle of daily life is accomplished. The miracle of order and direction in the household. All my being, absorbed in work without counts on her for repose in that interior, made of difficult, I expect from her, also, good advice, rather murmured than spoken, which, once again outside, I shall follow without realizing too much the influences on my life which she, that priestess-like authority, exercises.

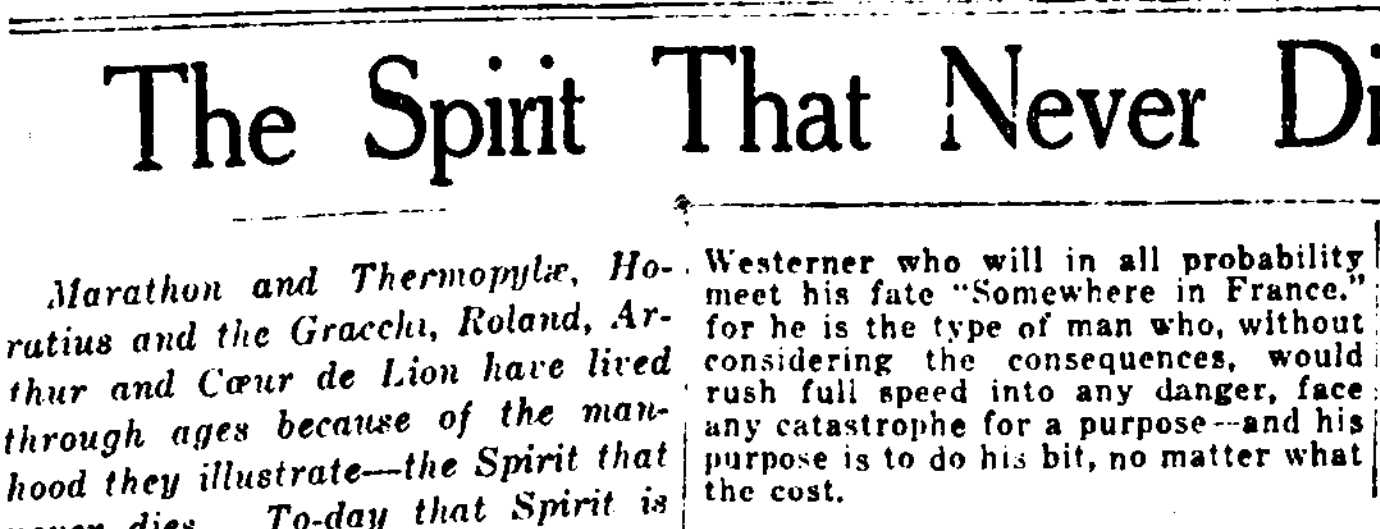
You Ask What I Think of Women
"My godmother, you asked me in your last letter to tell you what I think of women, since I speak of them all the time and neglect to write you anything about the war. Such a curiosity on your part leads me to believe that you are still young, in spite of all your bitterness. And that thought delights me, because one can never be truly understood except by his contemporaries. Children love the company of other children. Young people love the society of young people, and so on. As for me, I am now entering my second youth; and so are you, it seems to me.

Feeling of Tenderness
"You understand well that this pre-occupation is not due solely to sensual unrest, but comes primarily from a deep feeling of tenderness, in which there remains, as it were, a souvenir of that infancy which was so gently cradled at a mother's breast.

Hair in a Knot
Géo didn't finish her letter. A little cry, a little jump. Throwing the sheets on the floor, she ran to the mirror. What contention! She had her hair cut short with a jerk she pulled open the door and entered her dressing room. There, before the big triple mirror, in a fever, she tried with the aid of some hairpins to twist her short locks into a knot.

The Spirit That Never Dies—By Harry L. Reichenbach

Westerner who will in all probability meet his fate "Somewhere in France" for he is the type of man who, without considering the consequences, would rush full speed into any danger, face any catastrophe for a purpose—and his purpose is to do his bit, no matter what the cost.
Not unlike young Croke is Worsdale McKaig. McKaig was stationed at Punta Arenas, Brazil. He had been sent by his employer, the London and Paris Bank, to Punta Arenas, Patagonia, on a business errand, and was there when war was declared between Great Britain and Germany. There was no boat



The great bell of Rheims Cathedral shown where it had fallen during bombardment by the Germans.

Marathon and Thermopylae. Horatius and the Gracchi, Roland, Arthur and Cœur de Lion have lived through ages because of the manhood they illustrate—the Spirit that never dies. To-day that Spirit is burning again on a thousand battlefields, flaming into a tragedy, smouldering through months of dreariness, but always the same. This is an attempt to save from utter loss some of the stories of the Spirit, gathered at random and by accident from out the turmoil and confusion that have hidden a myriad like them.

This name was Croke, and he hailed from Denver. He crossed the Atlantic with the intention of joining the Morgan-Harjes Ambulance Service. Upon arrival at Bordeaux he learned that there was a great deal more excitement in driving a camion, so he joined the American Ambulance Transport Service, and after two weeks of training was put in active service near Ypres.

Croke was making his way from an ammunition depot behind the lines to an artillery post. He reached his objective, and while awaiting orders a shell of the incendiary brand dropped in the midst of an adjoining battery and set fire to a number of empty cases which littered the ground around. The fire sprang up almost instantly and assumed alarming proportions, and slowly ate its way toward the stacks of shells and grenades nearby. Croke, without an instant's hesitation, leaped from the seat of his transport bus, raced twenty metres across open ground, grabbed an iron bar and succeeded in carrying the space between the fire and the ammunition stacks and diverting the flames, which soon burned themselves out. One instant more and an entire battery would have been annihilated, perhaps a hundred men killed or maimed, and a strategic move frustrated.

A Simple Philosophy

"Far better the Red Cross which I have just witnessed on the nurse's breasts than the yellow suffrage banner."—Everett P. Wheeler.
"I am not an illiberal man. I think you will agree, On woman's work I place no ban. If she but work for me, I think it not impolitic That she should nurse me when I'm sick, The only thing at which I stick Is letting her be free."

Navy Club's Home for Sailors; Meeting Place of Allies' Jackies

"Want to shoot a game?" "Don't care if I do." For a few moments there was nothing to be heard but the click of the billiard balls and an occasional word of appreciation for a good shot, first by one and then by the other. "Where do you hail from?" presently asked the first speaker. "I just came in from Calcutta. Where you from?" said the other. "Got in two weeks ago from Liverpool," answered the first. "Going away in the morning," he added. Followed another silence for a few minutes, and then the first of the two to speak said, "Great place this, isn't it?" "Bet your life," answered the other promptly. "Best thing I've seen in the whole town," he added with conviction. They were both boys—neither could have been more than fifteen. They had dropped into the Navy Club at 509 Fifth Avenue. One, as he said, had just finished a trip from far-off Calcutta and the other had been in only a few days on a ship which had run the perilous route of the submarine haunted ocean. Thousands of miles from home; without friends; in a strange city that isn't too friendly even to those who live in it; no wonder the Navy Club seemed the best thing one of them had found in the whole city. Organized by Women That's the whole idea of the club, to give the young fellows a large through the efforts of women for the very purpose to which these two wanderers were putting the Fifth Avenue club. Equipped with small but carefully selected libraries, with a piano that is intended for use and not as an ornament, with the inevitable phonograph in a corner, and always a pool and billiard table, the clubs are free to the men of the navy not only in the States, but the other Allies. They have been equipped and are being maintained by popular subscription. Without fear of exaggeration, it may truthfully be said they are the most popular source of shore leave for the great majority of the thousands of sailors who are constantly coming into this port. At present there are only a few of the clubs. The women interested in them, however, are making it their number. They offer not only entertainment to the men, but opportunities to get their mail and answer their letters. Aided to Earn Money They serve also as an exchange through which many of the men held here for a considerable length of time are enabled by various methods to earn considerable sums. A youngster from Leicester, England, for example, who was seen skimming in the writing room at the Fifth Avenue Club was sent direct to a magazine editor, who promptly bought his drawing and ordered more. The club aids those who are seeking good, clean accommodations at a price which they can afford to obtain what they are looking for. The steadily increasing popularity of the club has made the cost of its upkeep correspondingly high, so that those who are helping to keep it have been forced to ask for contributions to aid them. Any communications may be sent to Mrs. William H. Hamilton or Maxwell Carrere, in care of the Navy Club, 509 Fifth Avenue.