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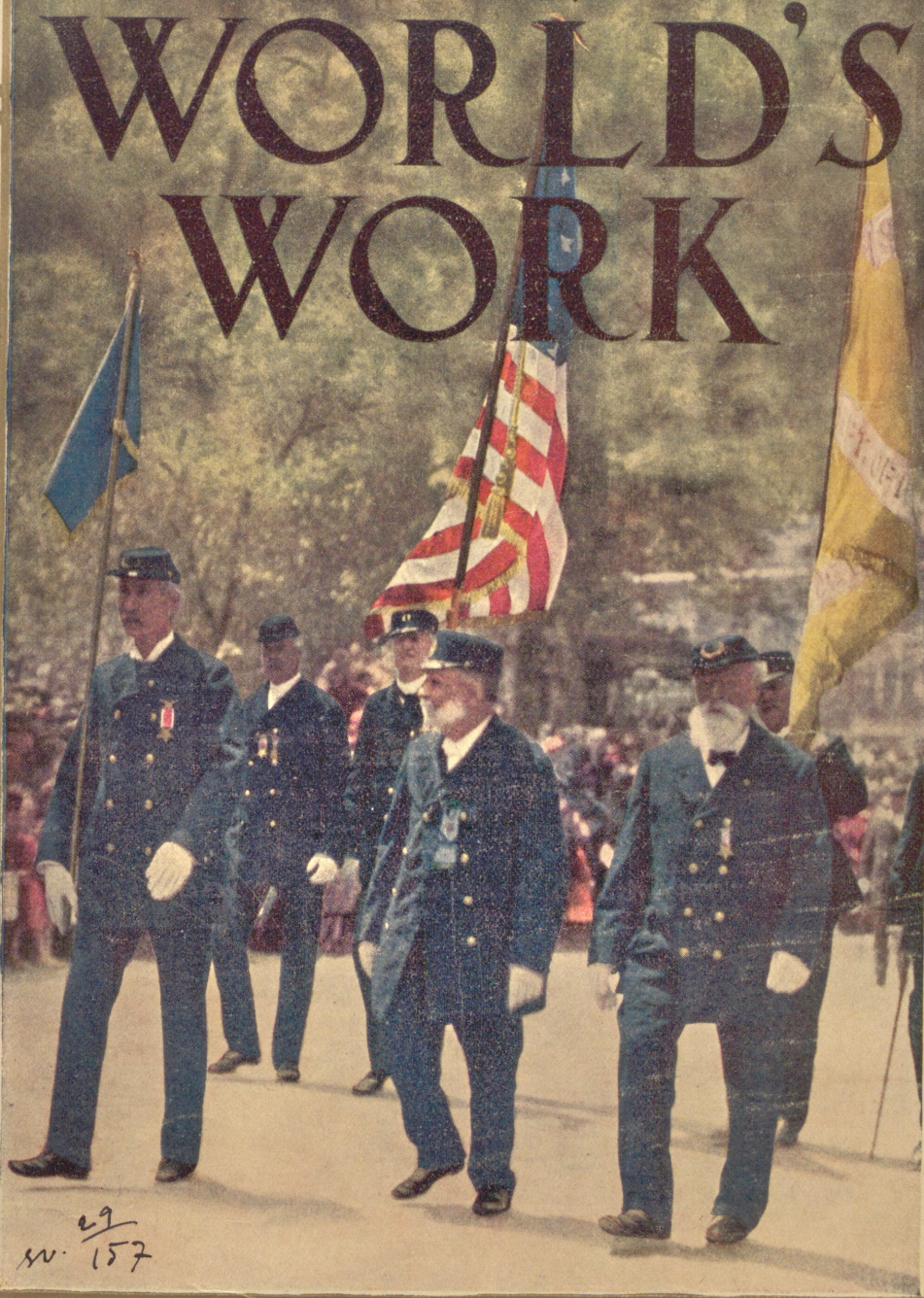
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THE WORLD'S WORK



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The World's Work

WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1912

<i>President Taft's Tariff Board</i> - - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE MARCH OF EVENTS—AN EDITORIAL INTERPRETATION - - -	363
Mr. William C. Reick	The Executive Committee
Mr. Ralph Pulitzer	of the American Federation of Labor
Mr. Clarence H. Mackay	Selma Lagerlöf
Work in the Open	The Arbitration Treaties
A Case of Pot and Kettle	The Mystery of the Orient
Railroad Publicity	Every Fire a Crime
Where Publicity is Needed	A Shock to Youthful Modesty
A Challenge for Efficiency and Cleanness	The Rural Conquest of Typhoid
A Good Deed in a Naughtly World	Good Roads—Who Should Build Them?
Control of the New Currency Plan	The Gifts of the Rich
One Way to Diffuse Credit	How Pensions Make Cowards
An Equal Suffrage State in Earnest	An American Adventure in Persia
The Programme of the Carnegie Peace Fund	The Distribution of the Nobel Prizes
AN ACCIDENT THAT SAVED A BUSINESS - - - - C. M. K.	382
PENSIONS—WORSE AND MORE OF THEM—III. (Illustrated)	CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS 385
FLYING ACROSS THE CONTINENT—II. (Illus.)	FRENCH STROTHER 399
THE PRESENT PLIGHT OF "LABOR"	A MEMBER OF THE WORLD'S WORK STAFF 409
SELMA LAGERLÖF - - - - -	VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD 416
WOMAN THE SAVIOR OF THE STATE	SELMA LAGERLÖF
	(Translated by Velma Swanston Howard) 418
THE FATE OF ALASKA (Illustrated) - - - -	CARRINGTON WEEMS 422
OUR IMMIGRANTS AND THE FUTURE (Illustrated)	E. DANA DURAND 431
HOW ONE BILLION OF US CAN BE FED - - - -	W J MCGEE 443
A CABLE RATE FOR COMMON USE (Illustrated)	ARTHUR H. GLEASON 452
THE WORLD'S UNREST (Illustrated) - - - -	458
WOODROW WILSON—A Biography—V. -	WILLIAM BAYARD HALE 466
SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS - - - -	CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN 472
HOW WE FOUND OUR FARM - - - -	JACOB A. RIIS 475
THE MARCH OF THE CITIES - - - -	480

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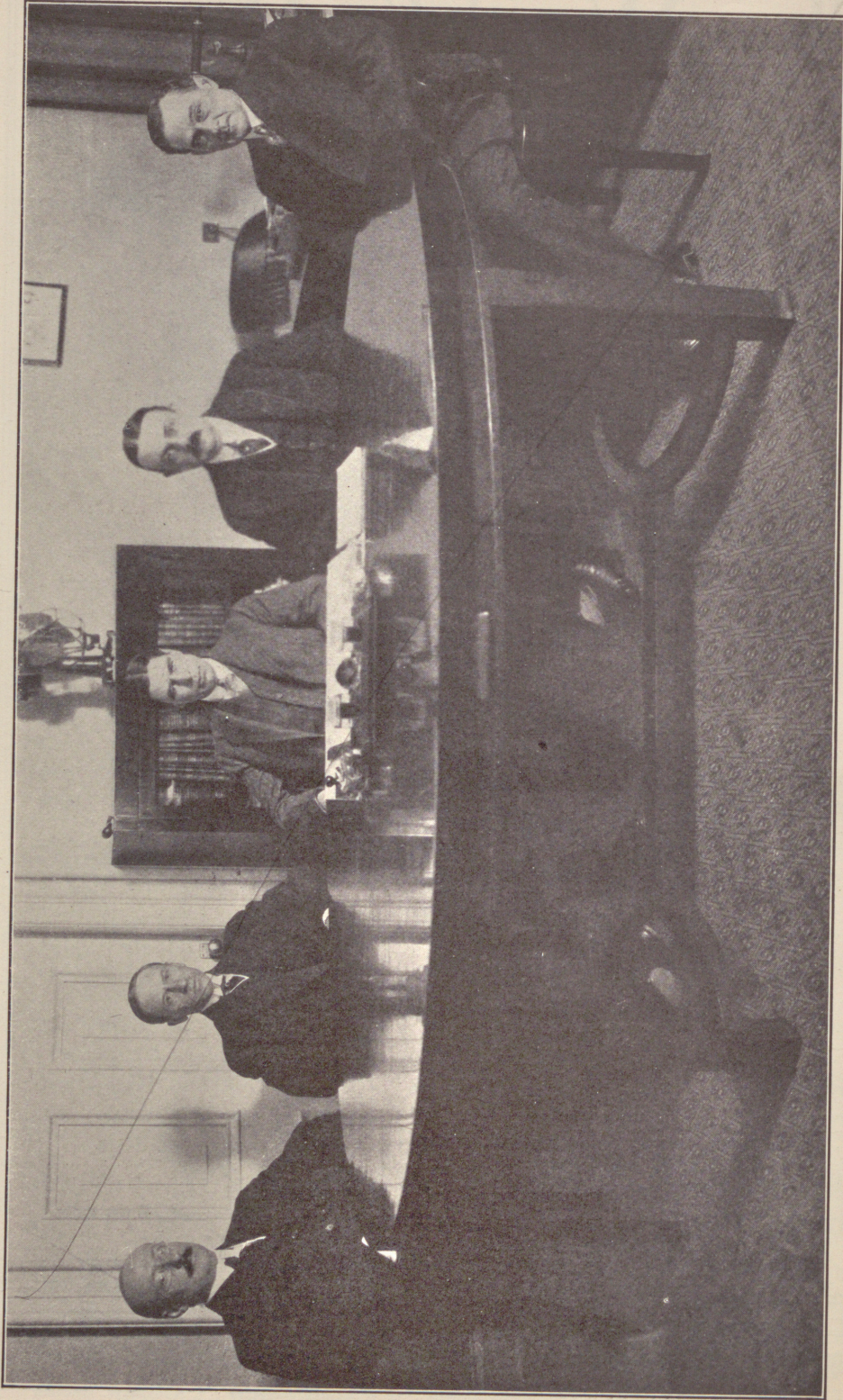
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WHOSE VOLUMINOUS REPORT ON THE WOOLEN INDUSTRY POINTS TO A NECESSITY OF REVISION DOWNWARD, AND SHOWS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, THAT A HIGH TARIFF HAS NOT UNIFORMLY BROUGHT HIGH WAGES



MR. CLARENCE H. MACKAY

PRESIDENT OF THE COMMERCIAL AND OTHER CABLE COMPANIES; ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN THE RATE-WAR AROUSED BY THE INSTITUTION OF THE WEEK-END CABLE LETTERS BY THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY



SELMA LAGERLÖF

AUTHOR OF "THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS" AND "THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF NILS," IN WHICH SHE HAS CREATED A TRULY NATIONAL LITERATURE FOR SWEDEN AND GAINED FOR HERSELF PERHAPS THE WIDEST AUDIENCE AND THE WARMEST AFFECTION OF ALL WOMEN WRITERS OF THIS GENERATION

A dozen Socialist members of the Federation have assured me that there would be no attack on him within the union — no section within will assail him while he is the victim of attack from without. It is hinted that Mr. Gompers's friends like to keep him in the position of a martyr; they suggest that the Bucks Stove Company contempt case has been unduly drawn out with an eye to keeping "Sammie" in the martyr's rôle. Yet, in the long run, the McNamara case must necessarily ruin the old chieftain's influence. It puts him in a comic position. He should have known if he did not know, the shrewd workingman will argue.

One thing which deserves to be made clear to everybody interested in the labor problem is the conflict between labor-unionism and Socialism — as the advocates of each to-day understand them. The issue is sharp, and the opponents fierce. The point of the matter is that labor-unionism exists to gain all it can from private capital, while Socialism wants to abolish private capital.

All Socialists, within or outside the unions, look upon Mr. Gompers as a conservative, a reactionary. They desire political action. Anything short of that is, according to the non-union Socialist, idle; according to the union Socialist, at least an incomplete programme. The radicals hold that, under the present organization of society, the interests of labor are always inevitably in conflict with those of capital. One can gain only at the other's expense. There can be no compromise, no conciliation, no harmonization of interest. The officers of the American Federation of Labor do not embrace this view. They are willing to confer, they attempt to harmonize.

The issue focussed itself at the last Federation Convention, Atlanta, November 13-25, on a resolution calling on all union men to resign from the National Civic Federation. John Mitchell had already been asked by the Mine Workers' Union to sever his connection with this body, founded on the false assumption of "identity of interest." The Atlanta debate raged for many hours during two

days; in the end the convention refused, by a vote in the proportion of 12 to 5, to pass the radical resolution.

On the other hand, paradoxically if not inconsistently, Socialists outside the unions charge that dynamite is the logical result of trades-union opportunist policy. It promises so little, says Congressman Victor Berger, a union man, that "the desperate character readily turns to desperate acts." "Dynamite is a logical result of an attempt to wage the class struggle without the ballot," declares the editor of the *Coming Nation*. "Had the McNamara brothers understood the philosophy of Socialism they would never have resorted to deeds of violence," says the *Appeal to Reason*. These are Socialist sheets.

Put into more reasoned shape, the idea of the Socialists is like this: "The McNamara result shows the futility of all methods of fighting the capitalistic oppressors, except the political method. The American Federation of Labor has been growing up for thirty years, and it has now reached formidable proportions. But it has grown in consequence of violent methods of persuasion, and the moment these methods are revealed to the world, they meet with a crash a public sentiment which will not tolerate them."

There are some Socialists in the unions, but not enough to make a fight for its control. There is Duncan MacDonald and William Johnson and Max Hayes and Morris Braun; practically the whole of the Western Federation of Miners is socialistic. But there is going to be no organized opposition to Gompers.

The most interesting question in the world of labor is whether, in the months ahead, Socialism or Trades-unionism will grow the faster. Both will grow. The Los Angeles tragedy is not going to discourage the Federation. It will only stir it to new energy. But the Socialists have a more picturesque if a less practical appeal. Their leaders are younger and more brilliant; they speak a later word; they interest a bigger audience. Their hope now is that the Los Angeles tragedy will make it plain that theirs is the policy of law and order.

SELMA LAGERLÖF

SWEDEN'S IDOLIZED WRITER. A WOMAN WHO HAS CONQUERED ALL EUROPE WITH HER PEN

BY

VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD

NO SWEDISH writer past or present has so faithfully mirrored the soul of the Swedish people as Selma Lagerlöf, and no writer past or present is so idolized as she. When the International Woman Suffrage Congress met in Stockholm last June, it was the spirit of Selma Lagerlöf that dominated the Congress of Nations. In making her address before this diverse audience, she was able, by the compelling earnestness of her plea, to move profoundly even those who could not understand her language. Yet she is a woman who aspires to no prominence. She is modest, retiring, and with no trace of self consciousness, or desire to compete or impress.

In her native province her work has sunk deep into the hearts of the people. The places and characters she has described have become so intimately associated with her stories and legends that the real names are constantly being confused with the fictitious ones. This summer I visited Mårbacka, sailing up Lake Fryken on the steamship Selma Lagerlöf and returning on the Gösta Berling. Everywhere in Sweden one finds postal cards representing scenes in "The Adventures of Nils." There is a Nils Holgersson game; there is a topical song in Swedish dealing with the author and her tiny hero, and even in this country there is a Nils Holgersson Club.

Selma Lagerlöf's popularity is not confined exclusively to the Scandinavian countries. In Germany she is more widely read than any other foreign writer. A Berlin critic has said of her that she is the "foremost woman writer of our time." She is equally beloved in Russia and Holland, and recently she has conquered

France. Although prize after prize has been awarded to her, it is only since the bestowal of the Nobel prize that she has become a world figure.

In her own land no crowned queen has wielded a greater influence, has been more feted and honored than this woman of the people. She sprang into fame with her first book, "Gösta Berling," which won for her a substantial prize. Soon after the publication of the first volume of "The Adventures of Nils," she was crowned with the laurel wreath at the Cathedral of Upsala and received from the University of Upsala the degree of Doctor of Letters. About a year after the second volume of "Nils" had made its appearance, she was awarded the Nobel prize in literature.

Selma Lagerlöf might well be called the founder of a new school of literature. She arrived at the psychological moment when the literary tendency of Europe was morbidly realistic. She saw what other writers had seen — only in another light. Hers was the seer's vision rather than the critic's judgment, and so clear was her vision that she discovered life where we had seen but dead things and gray.

Her method is to throw into obscurity human frailties and vices and to turn the light on what is biggest and strongest in men as she sees them. It was for "optimism in literature" that she was awarded the Nobel prize.

Her religion can be expressed in two words: Love and Compassion. She has written three notable books of a marked religious tendency, two of which are modern novels: "Jerusalem" and "Miracles of Antichrist," while the third, "Christ Legends," is her own treatment of material gathered mostly in the Orient

— simple lessons in tenderness and self-forgetfulness.

Selma Lagerlöf has broken away from conventional and academic literary forms; she tells her stories in her own way, which is as distinctly individual as that of Kipling. Her style is marked for its simplicity and purity; in her work there are no involved sentences, no meanings lost in a maze of rhetorical windings.

Feeling the need of radical reform in the public school system of education, the National Teachers' Association of Sweden commissioned Miss Lagerlöf to write a book which should embody the geography and natural history of the country, to be used as supplementary reading in the schools. Having once been a teacher herself, she understood the requirements of children and how best to attract and hold their interest. After four years of study and research the author gave her rich imagination full play, ingeniously and delicately weaving and interweaving fact with fancy. The result was "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," an enchanting fairy story which has been compared to the fairy classics of Grimm and Andersen.

The innovation was so successful that, since the appearance of Miss Lagerlöf's book, other distinguished authors have followed in her footsteps. And now educational works in fairy tale form, including an interesting history of Sweden's heroes, have been added to the list of school books. However, Miss Lagerlöf's book remains preëminently the most popular. Her book is to be found in every home where there are children; and tourists visiting Sweden find it an interesting and invaluable guide book. While I was stopping with Miss Lagerlöf in her old manor, which she so charmingly pictures in "The Further Adventures of Nils," everything about the place recalled incidents connected with the fairy tale. Here was the pond she described, where no one was allowed to fish lest they disturb the carp; here at any moment Thumbietot might appear, or the doves and Lady Brown Owl; for it was here that Miss Lagerlöf made the acquaintance of little Thumbietot (Nils Holgersson), who told her all about himself — how he, a human

being like herself, had been turned into an elf; of his travels with the wild geese and his wonderful adventures. To quote her own words: "What luck to have run across one who has traveled all over Sweden on the back of a goose! Just this which he has related I shall write down in my book."

And when the story was finished she bought back the home of her childhood among the blue hills of Vermland, where she now lives with her aged mother and where she can have the solitude she craves for her work. Farming is her recreation and the farm animals are her pets. A recent acquisition to her household is a little orphan boy whom she took from a poor-house and who happens to bear the same name as the hero of her fairy story — Nils Holgersson.

However, Miss Lagerlöf does not live exclusively in her own fairy world. She finds time in her busy life for the enjoyment of other writers and reads with deep appreciation the best standard works of English and American authors. Dickens, Tennyson, Kipling, Hawthorne, Emerson, George William Curtis, and Longfellow are among her favorites. Like most educated Swedes, she is an accomplished linguist and can read understandingly English, German, and French works in the original.

Alive to the needs of the peasants in her district she has in her drawing room an open library of books which she herself has carefully selected.

Selma Lagerlöf, as is typical of her people, is of the blonde type. She is of medium height, with figure well rounded. Her hair is quite gray. Her face is broad, her steady clear blue eyes light up wonderfully when she smiles. Her movements are slow, her gestures few. The most striking thing about her is her rich contralto voice with its soft low tones vibrant with feeling. She cannot "make talk," as we say, but speaks only when she has something to say. When one of Miss Lagerlöf's close friends laughingly said to her in my presence: "Selma, you cannot pay compliments," it seemed to me that her very manner of listening was in itself a gracious compliment.

WOMAN THE SAVIOR OF THE STATE

HER FUNDAMENTAL ACHIEVEMENT IN HER WORLD, AND MAN'S HALF-SUCCESS IN HIS,
AS THE BASIS OF THE DEMAND FOR SUFFRAGE

BY

SELMA LAGERLÖF

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD

From an address delivered before the Sixth Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in Stockholm and regarded as the most eloquent statement of the suffragist plea made in any country

HAVE women done nothing which entitles us to equal rights with man? Our time on earth has been long — as long as his. Has it left no trace in passing? Have we created nothing of incontestable worth to life and civilization? Beside this, that we have brought human beings into the world, have we contributed nothing of use to mankind? I know that the women before our time did not fritter away their lives as playing children, but worked. I look at paintings and engravings, pictures of old women of olden times. Their faces are haggard and stern; their hands rough and bony. They had their struggles and their interests. What have they done?

I place myself before Rembrandt's old peasant woman, she of the thousand wrinkles in her intelligent face, and I ask myself why she lived. Certainly not to be worshipped by many men, not to rule a state, not to win a scholar's degree! And yet the work to which she devoted herself could not have been of a trivial nature. She did not go through life stupid and shallow! The glances of men and women rest rather upon her aged countenance than upon that of the fairest young beauty. Her life must have had a meaning.

We all know what the old woman will reply to my question. We read the answer in her calm and kindly smile: "All that I did was to make a good home."

And, look you! This is what the women would answer if they could rise from their graves, generation after generation, thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions: "All that we strove for was to make a good home."

How few among them would answer differently! One and another nun might cry that her aim in life had been to serve God. One and another queen would declare that she had served her country. But their forms would be lost in the throngs, their voices would not be heard among all those who answer: "Our only ambition has been to create a good home."

We all know that this is true. We know that if we were to ask the men, could we line them up, generation after generation, thousands and millions in succession, it would not occur to one of them to say that he had lived for the purpose of making a good home.

We know that it is needless to seek further. We should find nothing. Our gift to humanity is the home — that, and nothing else. We have been building upon this little structure ever since the time of our Mother Eve. We have altered the plan; we have experimented; we have made new discoveries; we have gone back to the old; we have adapted ourselves; we have gone forth and tamed such among the wild beasts as were needed in the home; we have selected from the growths of earth fruit-bearing trees, luscious berries, seeds, and the choicest flowers. We have furnished and decorated our home; we have developed its customs; we have created the art of child training, comfort, courtesy, and pleasant social intercourse.

For the home we have been great; for the home we have also been petty. Not many of us have stood with Christina Gyllenstierna on the walls of Stockholm and defended a city; still fewer of us have gone forth with Jeanne D'Arc to battle

for the Fatherland. But if the enemy approached our own gate, we stood there with broom and dish rag, with the sharp tongue and clawing hand, ready to fight to the last in defence of our creation, the home. And this little structure which has cost us so much effort, is it a success or a failure? Is this woman's contribution to civilization inconsiderable or valuable? Is it appreciated or despised?

For answer we need only listen to the comments we constantly hear around us: Why does it go well with this or that one? Because he has had the advantage of a good home training. Why, for instance, is this person so much better able to meet the trials of life than many others? Because his training in the home had been along right lines. Another fails. Why? you ask. This, again, is in a great measure due to the faulty upbringing he received in the home. How has that man been able to bear up under all his misfortunes? Because his wife has always eased his burden by making a good home for him.

Isn't it wonderful, this little retreat! It receives us with joy as tiny, helpless troublesome babes; it has an honored place for us as feeble and broken old men and women; it gladdens and refreshes the man when he returns, exhausted by the day's toil; it cherishes him as warmly when the world goes against him as when it honors him. Here there are no laws, only customs, which one follows because they are useful and expedient. Here one is disciplined not for the sake of punishing, but only for development. Here one finds employment for all talents, but one who has none can make himself just as beloved as the most gifted genius.

The home can take into its world humble servants, and keep them for life. It does not lose sight of its own, and slaughters the fatted calf when the prodigal returns. It is a store house for the legends and ballads of our forefathers. It has its own ritual for fêtes and ceremonies; it treasures memories of our forebears which no history can record. Here every one may be himself so long as he does not disturb the harmony of the whole. One finds nothing more adjustable, more compassionate

among all that mankind has effected, and there is nothing so beloved and so highly prized as woman's creation, the home.

Since this is so, since we admit that all the other work of woman is of evanescent character as compared with the extraordinary work which she has accomplished in the home; when we see how persistently the woman's talents point in this direction, must we not with all our heart bemoan the Woman Movement — this departure from the home, their emigration, I might say, from their one accustomed field of usefulness to the man's field of labor?

Most men and a large proportion of the women themselves have fretted and grieved over this. They have also hindered and obstructed in so far as they could, but nothing has availed. The young woman in her search for employment has received but little encouragement, rather has she been scorned and ridiculed. The least desirable places have been open to her; the poorest pay has been offered for her services, which she has gratefully accepted. Few have found anything praiseworthy in this. One instinctively had the feeling that she acted wrongly in leaving the home service.

Nowadays we are making the most extensive investigations as to the causes of emigration. We find that it is due to economic oppression, to a desire for equality and freedom, to a yearning for change, to tempting examples —

But, with that has all been said? Do we not all feel that this breaking away from the land of our fathers is due to an irresistible force? We liken it to a fever, this which drives thousands upon thousands from familiar surroundings and beloved associations, away to strange lands, to adapt themselves to a new country, to learn a new language, to acquire new methods of work — while the rewards are uncertain, the hardships and discomforts are inevitable. May it not be that some great law of Nature sets into motion the emigration throngs? The rest of us scarcely dare do aught to check it, for we know that, so long as there is an acre of unbroken ground on the face of the globe, there will be pioneers who will find their way to it. One cannot prevent humanity from pop-

ulating the earth and making it habitable; therefore no one laughs at the emigrant.

And I believe that there will soon be an end to all ridicule of the working woman. It will be understood that when she was forced to leave home it was not solely for economic reasons, not only from a desire for equality, not only from a longing for change and freedom, all of which have played a part, but there are also other reasons. A force stronger than Nature herself, a touch of the indefinable has stirred woman. Yellowing wheat fields, new cities, flourishing states show us where the immigrant has advanced. Perchance the woman, also, shall some day show us that when she forced her way into the man's working territory, she too wished to cultivate wildernesses and deserts!

But before we venture to predict anything as regards the future, let us consider what the man has accomplished in his world.

First of all, in what has his labor consisted? During the thousands of years that woman has been working upon her humble creation, the home, what has been man's greatest achievement?

There can be no question as to the answer. Man has created the state. He has served it and suffered for it; he has given to it his almost superhuman efforts; he has risked life for its upbuilding; he has given to it his profoundest thought. To defend it he has placed himself at the cannon's mouth. He has constructed its laws and has classified the inhabitants of this elaborate creation, which embraces all of us and unites us, like the members of a human body.

We must not deny the man the great honor due him as founder of the state, and not only the state as a unit, but also the smaller and greater organizations of which it is comprised; for they are all his work. As soon as we step outside the four walls of the home, we meet him, and him only. He has created the farm, the village, the city. He has constructed the church, the university, the industrial world. All the states within states are from the start his work. He is the great builder of human ant hills. He never stands alone, but always in coalition. Man's greatest

contribution to civilization is the well organized, strong, and protecting state.

Let us be clear on one point! It is not my meaning that the home, as I have just presented it, is perfected everywhere. If such were the case, then verily humanity had reached its goal, and further reforms and improvements would not be needed. Naturally I'm aware of the fact that the majority of homes are not perfect, and that many are bad. But the good and happy homes do exist; we have seen them; we have lived in them. We may not have had them ourselves, perhaps, but we can bear witness to their existence. They are no mere dream. Women can create them in poverty and in affluence, in lowliness and in refinement. They are to be found in kings' castles and in cotters' huts.

Now, as to the states — these our greater homes, so difficult to build, constructed with so much effort, watered by so much blood and so many tears, builded by the help of the strongest characters, the boldest minds — is there or has there ever been one that has satisfied all its members? Are they not always in the midst of continuous reform work? Does one not desire even to-day to reform and reconstruct them from the bottom up? Do they not present constant reasons for discontent and bitterness?

In the "Nardesta" of Runeberg, Catherine of Russia says to her friend, the Countess Natalia, apropos of her home:

"What happiness is yours! To be able to extend toward all a helping hand; to be able to meet all needs, creating a little paradise of joy and bliss only with the heart's desire!"

Catherine was a woman, but here she does not speak as woman but as regent of the greatest kingdom on earth. She knew what every statesman knows: that the state can enforce order and procure defense; yet she was permeated with the feeling of its limitations, and its helplessness in many ways.

Where is the state in which there are no unprotected children? wherein no budding genius is crushed, but where all its young are lovingly nurtured?

Where is the state that gives to all its aged poor the protection and respect

due those who are nearing the end of this life? Where is the state that punishes offenders only with the idea of correction and development? Where is the state that utilizes every talent, that gives, and in which the unfortunate receives as much thoughtful consideration as do the most favored?

Where is the state which does not embody alien peoples it cannot care for? Where is the state which gives to all the opportunity of living their own lives, so long as they do not disturb the harmony of the whole? Where is the state wherein none of its members may go to waste in idleness, drunkenness, and in shameless living?

Perhaps you will answer that this is not the business of the state. It stands for law and order. But if such is the case, why does it meddle with all these other matters? It does so because it knows that the state which does not create happiness cannot prosper. It is essential to its welfare to be beloved by high and low. The state must be a promoter of comfort, security, education, culture, and ennobling; for to it mankind must look for the realization of their hopes.

Nor has the state been remiss in making great enough demands upon humanity itself; but thus far, for some reason, the state has been unable to enforce these demands.

There is one thing more to be considered. I have been bold enough to state that the home is woman's creation. But I did not say that she alone created it. Fortunately for her and for all of us, she has ever had the man with her. Master and mistress have sat side by side. Had the woman toiled alone she could not have solved the problem. The home would not have been in existence, either as a dream or a reality.

But in the creating of the state, man has stood alone. Nothing has impelled man to take woman with him into the Hall of Justice, into the Civil Service Department, into the House of Commerce. He has forged his way alone.

Think how long he alone performed the duties of physician! He still prepares his own meals at the barracks; he coaches at the boys' school. He has taken upon himself the hardest tasks, and he has not been afraid of work.

But has he succeeded? Witness the hatred between the classes; witness the stifled cries from beneath, all the threats and revolutions. Witness the complaints of the unemployed; witness emigration! Does all this signify that he has succeeded, or that he ever can succeed?

And, mark you! At this very moment, when governments are tottering, admirably constructed though they be; when social revolution appears at our very door—it is right here that the great Woman Invasion into man's field of labor and into the territory of the state begins.

Does this signify anything? Or, does it simply mean that women desire a better lot in life—equality, change, freedom, power?

Why does all this come just now? One must be blind not to see, deaf not to hear!

Has not something within been calling and urging? Go forth to new and difficult work! Take your place at the railway switch, sweep the street, copy at the office, sell postage stamps at the postoffice, teach the elementary branches, take your place at the telephone switchboard, be a surgeon's helper; do all this subordinate work and be assured that it is not wasted!

Above all, be assured that it was necessary work! You must enter all fields; you must be on hand everywhere, if the state is ever to be beloved like the home. Be certain that your services, now so despised, shall soon be sought after. They will be in such demand that you will hardly be able to meet the wants. Be assured that we shall soon be in evidence everywhere—in uninhabited regions and in cities, with many new occupations not yet known to us, but all working toward the One Good.

Alas, we women are not perfect beings! You men are no more perfect than we are. How are we to attain that which is great and good unless we help each other?

We do not think that the work can be accomplished at once, but we do believe that it would be folly to reject our help.

We believe that the winds of God are bearing us onward, that our little masterwork, the home, was our creation with the help of man. The great masterwork, the state, shall be perfected by man when in all seriousness he takes woman as his helper.

THE FATE OF ALASKA

A BATTLEGROUNDS FOR CONTROVERSY LEFT UNDEVELOPED — LITTLE DANGER OF MONOPOLY — THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE LEASING SYSTEM — THE DUTY OF CONGRESS

BY

CARRINGTON WEEMS

Written after Mr. Weems had visited Alaska in person

THE Alaskan coal supply is not in danger of monopolization, nor is any one "interest" likely to gain control of its outlets. The actual market value — not the amount or absolute value — of the coal has, moreover, been greatly overestimated in the violent struggle between those who were more or less content with the old methods of dealing with the public domain and the conservationists who brought a new and vital conception to the public mind. In the struggle between these two forces, Alaska served as a battlefield, and the importance of its problems was somewhat magnified while its interests were sadly neglected and abused. In the conflict over how it should be developed, development was stopped. For five wasted years Alaska has suffered, and Congress now has before it the duty of starting the country forward on a wise course.

The general lack of trustworthy and accurate information about Alaska is apparently the fundamental difficulty. On one authority it is reported that the coalfields of Bering River contain wealth undreamed of. Upon another we are asked to believe that the geologists have been mistaken in the deposits which are all but worthless; that from excessive faulting their product is crushed and unmarketable; that "California oil has killed Alaska's goose." One day the country is startled by learning that Controller Bay is the sole key to the coalfields, and that with official cognizance it has fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous syndicate bent upon monopoly. Not long afterward this alarm is discounted by news

from the front which characterizes Controller Bay as a windswept mudflat, valuable as a duckmarsh, utterly worthless as a harbor. The public may well wonder where the truth is to be found.

To all intents and purposes, the Bering River field comprises the Alaskan coal question. Of all Alaskan coal deposits this field contains the most accessible of the high grade coals. The Matanuska field, several hundred miles to the northwestward, comes next in importance; its quantity and quality are about the same or better, but it is removed nearly five times farther from tidewater. Eventually, increasing demands will justify the exploitation of the Matanuska field, and it will be connected with the sea either by a branch — already surveyed — of the Copper River and Northwestern main line from Cordova to the interior, or by a railroad having Seward on the Kenai Peninsula as its terminus. Later, of course, increasing industrial demands will automatically open up one interior Alaskan coalfield after another. The settlements in the Arctic region will have coal near at hand on Colville River and at Cape Lisburne. In the interior near Eagle and in the vicinity of Fairbanks, as at various points along the Yukon River, lignites are found in abundance. The same is true of the Innoke River district, and of all the eastern half of Kenai Peninsula. Even far out to the westward in Chignik Bay and on Kodiak Island, coal of good grade is waiting to be mined. In falling back thus upon widely scattered coal deposits, Alaska will be protected naturally from monopoly and extortionate fuel charges.

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