

stricted budget, I believe it worthwhile to divide that appropriation between advertising and the buying of either promotion service, or the outright hiring of a publicity man who devotes all his time to selling the work of the Henry George School to the nation.

In other words, showmanship in education.

Causerie

BY THOMAS N. ASHTON

WOMAN'S WORK

MAN works from sun to sun," says the old adage, "but woman's work is never done."

Immediately there arises the vision of a toiling housewife or, in the scientific terminology of the United States Census, that of a "home-maker." The home-maker is defined as "that woman member of the family who was responsible for the care of the home and family," and we are further informed that this nation has (at the latest accounting) exactly 28,405,294 cases of this feminine fortitude.

It appears that there are nearly one and a half million families without a "mother" in this land of opportunity and triple taxes. Hired housekeepers are not rated as home-makers in this world of beano games, cross-word puzzles and multiple taxation—the sacrifice must be supreme, as to wages, before a home-maker's blue ribbon can be awarded for rearing a family. The more tragic part of the picture, as played up by the old adage, lies in the unsung, prosaic fact that nearly four millions of these home-makers are obliged to work at "gainful employment" in addition to—and in furtherance of—their unending tasks in keeping the wolf from the paint-peeled door as they keep the home fires burning in nondescript stoves. To these mothers of monotonous labor belong the distinguished service medals.

"That woman of the family" includes, of course, such girls of youthful years who have undertaken to carry the household burdens laid down by departed mothers, thus the ages of these womanly warriors might be anything from ten to three-score years and ten. Oratorical emotionalists have at times dwelt upon the female labor question at great length. Senators and Representatives have struggled with "humanitarian legislation" seeking to prohibit the hiring of females at ages below a minimum which varies with the politics of the States. Laws on female labor, for hire, have taken the time and attention of our numerous Supreme Courts, wherefrom judicial decisions have emanated without any reference to the fundamental cause of child and woman labor.

In 1922 Justice Holmes was nonplussed by the reasoning of the majority members of the United States Supreme Court in the Adkins case which involved women, work, wages and morals. In a dissenting opinion Holmes said,

"I confess that I do not understand the principle on which the power to fix a minimum for the wages of women can be denied by those who admit the power to fix a maximum for their hours of work. . . . The bargain is equally affected whichever half you regulate."

In 1917 he dissented from the majority opinion in the *Hamer vs. Dagenhort* case involving child labor—girl-child home-makers included—"But if there is any matter upon which civilized countries have agreed. . . . it is the evil of premature and excessive child labor."

In both cases, as well as in a multitude of others passed upon to a legal finality by the wisdom of "the law," the economic duress which forces women and girls into labor competition with husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, is given no weight in seeking a final, lawful and binding conclusion upon the status of female toilers. In both cases, the majority and minority opinions of the Supreme Judges were exactly contrary to each other over an issue which never can settle such contentions—the final, legal indexing of women's wage-rights and child-labor rights now being settled by a fortuitous combination of men over a lesser combination of fellowmen—a mere matter of numbers, which at once disproves that we have "a government of laws and not of men." Thus the "rights" of women and children are settled (?) until the passage of time brings the natural Law of Consequences into revolt against uneconomic adjudications rendered by uninformed judiciaries.

What are the conditions today in respect to women and girls employed at "gainful" work? What can be done to remedy these conditions? If our civic leaders and tri-part governments, both State and national, simply ignore or wilfully refuse to learn and to apply the positive principles enunciated by Henry George, can we make better progress by challenging these negative conditions which now evoke naught but nonchalant acceptance as natural and inescapable results?

In the nation's roster of State home-makers we find Mississippi—the Magnolia State—leading the parade of States in the display of the greatest percentage of women and girls obliged to labor by day whilst keeping house by night. South Carolina—the Jasmine State—runs a close second. Louisiana—another Magnolia State—hits the low mark, with North Dakota—the Wild Prairie-Rose State—running next to low in the number of economic female slaves.

To gain a more comprehensive picture of the existing conditions relating to female enslavement under judicially-determined "freedom to contract," we find that Rhode Island—the shrinking Violet State—has more of the weaker sex, aged ten years and upwards, engaged as laborers for hire, than any other State in the Union. Massachusetts—the Mayflower State—sometimes known as the State of Mind—the home of culture and the birthplace of erudition—runs only a nose behind Little Rhody.

To West Virginia—the Rhododendron State—goes the iron cross for sending the fewest females (age ten and over) out into the world's uncouth competition for work and wages, whilst Idaho—the Syringa State—wins honorable mention comparable to the Rhododendron's record.

As we scrutinize the factual records of statesmanship among the States' enslavement of girls and women, the blossomy nomenclature of States' floral fragrance and femininity conveys a sense of tainted travesty upon female fragility. We are reminded of the story of six stalwart sons—grown to maturity and to physical perfection under the sacrificial ministrations of a doting, widowed mother—sons who compassionately relieved their maternal guardian of all future anxiety. "Dear mother, you have toiled long enough in bringing us to the threshold of manhood. No longer shall you slave for us—you are free to go out and work for yourself."

The magnolias and jasmines and prairie roses and shrinking violets and mayflowers and syringias have seen three-score springtime birthdays illumined in the morning sun since Henry George penned the powerful paragraphs which point the way to economic freedom for women, children and men as well, but as we foolish humans stand looking through taxation's bars our statesmen (?) see the mud, whilst Single Taxers see the stars.

DICTATOR DE LUXE

Political chaos had come.

From his sheltered window on the third floor of the State House the Governor looked out upon an ever-increasing mob which surged onward and upward toward the State Capitol. Frantic fear filled his mind and, with a furtive glance around his suite, he snatched at his hat and disappeared through his private exit.

A nondescript, timid soul paused in his walk as he passed the front of the Capitol building—paused to ponder the rushing mob which swept toward him with all the force and roar of an angry surf. Too long did this gentle stranger stand in the path of the shouting, struggling mass of humanity and, in surprising quickness, he found himself swept upward and onward into the Halls of Statesmanship—coming to rest only when the mob precipitately had rushed him into the Senate chamber. With uncanny alertness this unknown simple soul quickly mounted the rostrum and at once mustered all his strength to swing the gavel up and down upon the Speaker's desk.

Fleeing Senators and Representatives turned in their wild haste and automatically ran back to the Senate chamber—struggling through the mob finally to force their way into the Senate in a disheveled condition. Surprise swept their faces as they saw an undersized, anemic stranger pounding away with the gavel.

"This man must be the leader of this mob," said one Senator to ten Representatives as quiet fell upon the

raucous rabble. "We had better humor him lest we excite his wrath and perish at his command."

"The convention will be in order," commanded the Unknown Speaker. "The Senators will be seated. The Representatives will fill the chairs around the areas and also occupy the standing room. The citizens will repair to the galleries. The loud-speaker will be operated at once—in and out the corridors and at the main entrance. Relief is at hand. The sergeant-at-arms will lock the Senate doors and bring the keys to this desk. The convention will give its attention, in absolute quiet and with utmost respect. Any infraction by any member of this Parliament, of this last order, will be cause for throwing the member to the mob."

Nonchalantly did the Unknown Speaker select an old, brown, dilapidated book from a miscellany of tracts and pamphlets which yet he hugged to his breast with his free hand.

Calmly he faced his audience.

"I have come to restore the peace and prosperity of this naturally wealthy State," he began. "Jobs shall be had by all who wish to work. Industry shall be freed of its shackles. Capital shall go its legitimate way untrammelled. All this shall be done upon the completion of my message and instructions—it shall be done by immediate Act of this parliament, and within seven days this glorious Commonwealth shall be forever free of fear and famine and silly depressions."

The mob in the galleries—the mob in the corridors—and the mob out at the main entrance stood spellbound whilst they wondered who this Unknown Speaker might be. The Governor could not be found and the Lieutenant Governor was not far behind him.

The Unknown Speaker resumed his address.

"I shall be brief and to the point. My message is the essence of simplicity. Each day, for seven days, I shall read to you a portion of our future economic platform. Each evening I shall examine the members of this parliament as to what they have learned from my readings. Each and every fractious member of this parliament shall be thrown, unceremoniously, to the attending mob—thrown to be torn limb from limb."

Opening his well-worn copy of "Progress and Poverty" at page one the Unknown Speaker began to read the high-lights of paragraph and page.

The Unknown Speaker paused in his readings.

"In order that my readings may be absorbed by this august body with as little pain as possible, I shall frequently pause to permit the penetration of the thought. The mob awaits any and all members who are inclined to equivocate or to offer ill-considered arguments. My people and I have been patient during three centuries. That patience has terminated. We are here to stay until this book's teachings have been digested by this assembly