

FROM SUFFRAGETTE TO SOCIALIST



Lady Warwick,
From One of
Her Latest
Photographs



Lady Warwick Addressing a Crowd of English Dock Laborers on Social Reforms

tionary it may prove, do not those changes in mankind's own manner of existence present an importance that is supreme?"

It was a little more than seven years ago that Lady Warwick joined the Social Democratic Federation, in London, and, then at the height of her extraordinary beauty and attired in her ultra-fashionable clothes, went among the working men of the East End and declared herself as one with them in their righteous demand for relief from the burdens of overwork and inadequate pay they had to bear. She met the reproaches of her titled friends with the solemn announcement that unless the government and the wealthy classes should discharge their obligations to England's poverty-stricken toilers, both would suffer the penalty of violent disturbance to the existing structure of society. And she made that break with all her traditions when there was only the brilliant Mrs. Keppel to dispute her position as the reigning beauty at the court of Edward VII.

MUCH ATTAINED IN AMERICA

"Socialism," said the woman who has passed through these changes, "is bound to come in some marked degree. But the socialism which I mean is something hard to explain in the United States, where so much that is regarded as merely attainable is already practiced. Here you have no so-called ruling class, unless your office holders may lay claim to that distinction. Do they?"

She was answered that, since colonial days, there has been no office holder who laid claim to being of the ruling

conditions and public feeling as they are, it is only a step to the nationalization of our coal; and, after that, it will be only another step to the nationalization of our railways."

"Can you discern any social cause for the progress you note toward a practical socialism?" she was asked.

"Very readily. It is the same cause which has been operating ever since the printing press began to put knowledge into minds capable of thought and so long deprived of the opportunity to exercise it. That cause is education. The common people—a phrase hardly enough, but altogether misleading in its usual acceptance—are learning—learning their rights, learning their power. They will be irresistible when they choose to exercise it, for they will come to its exercise slowly, without any such terrible catastrophes of society as alarmists would have us tremble over in advance. The world stands now at the threshold of democracy in its purity. We have had democracy ignorant; we are to have democracy educated. And in the face of its education, the spectacle of so few controlling all the wealth and wielding all the power will seem too wrong to permanently endure. England is so far forward now that a very large number of educated English people, particularly university women and professional women, distinctly favor socialism of the type I have referred to. These more recent accessions to the socialist ranks really put England next to Germany in the progress of socialist thought."

"Do you think, then, that women are inclined to be Socialists? Will they give their votes, if they get any, to that particular party?"

toward socialism; the women, independently of the men and of the franchise—solely of their own reflections on the subject—will incline toward the same course. They divide on national issues as the men do, and their opinions on these issues are not determined by their sex. Nevertheless, with male-enfranchised England now tending toward socialism, it is likely that the women, if they win the ballot, will, in about the same proportion, go the same way. It is impossible to make socialism a distinctive issue for women as apart from men, or for men as apart from women."

"Is there, however, any special inclination or distinction regarding socialism on the part of English suffragists?"

"Some of the hardest workers for suffrage whom I know there are Socialists. Perhaps the appeal which socialism makes, in its abstract principles, will largely determine the attitude of many women in the future."

WANTS ECONOMIC FREEDOM

She paused, to smile with one of the most serious smiles the face of a handsome woman ever wore, then added:

"Do you know I often surmise that the world generally does not comprehend what this woman's movement for suffrage really means? This agitation for the ballot is merely incidental to woman's new, and very necessary, struggle for something far greater, far more vital to her."

"And that is—?"

"Why, that is woman's need for her own economic freedom. The franchise is merely her means to that end, a mere, essential end. She must, for her own salvation, win or compel somehow her place on the same economic plane with man. I've been told that your women here, for the same work, get the same pay as the men."

At her visitor's grim smile, she took opportunity for quick comment:

"Oh, yes; when I said that to an audience here, they just laughed at me. Perhaps this country isn't so close to ideal fair dealing with women, as we in England imagine. Well, there we women get about one-half the pay of men for doing the same work. We at least must change all that; and when we get the ballot we will change it. We must change more. Women must possess the right of admission to professions that now bar her, notably the law. If she is fit, let her be admitted to any work, physical or mental, which the men perform; and, if she perform her task as well or practice her profession as capably, let her claim, as of right, her equal reward."

"It will not say that is socialism as I defined it. But I will say it is the impelling force, the driving power, which lies back of woman's—no, not her demand—woman's need of the franchise. As for socialism proper, which she shall have secured her right to vote, you will find that her judgment will be about that shown by the men voters; and, as I have said, they are more and more looking to socialism as the remedy for many of the ills that afflict the body politic and social."

It's a Natural Evolution, Says the Countess of Warwick, Because Women Are Merely Following the Trend of the Times

TO LOOK at the future of the world through the eyes of one who has been famed as its handsomest woman, who has been the intimate friend of kings and queens, who has led society and toilers, who has been the confidante of industry's captains, and to have those luminous eyes color all that future with a rosy haze of socialism, universal equality of rights, whichever the sex concerned—that is something which doesn't happen every day, even in this period of general lowering of ranks and abdication of privilege.

If she had not qualified her interpretation of what socialism is, the talk that Frances, Countess of Warwick, indulged herself in shortly before her hurried return to England while the coal strike was at its height would have seemed to Americans like the idle speculation of some frothy society theorist who chose not to see her world as it is.

But Lady Warwick has had some years of partisanship of socialism, under constant correction of association with the titled and rich of her own class. Her socialism is scarcely the extreme, in division of wealth and total abstinence from labor, which has been exalted to be the ridiculous bog of popular imagination.

She foresees, and calmly forecasts the time, near at hand she declares, when a practical, working socialism will reign in her own country and will be spreading abroad; and she adds a significant deduction that women voters are to be among the prime, contributing causes to that surprising end.

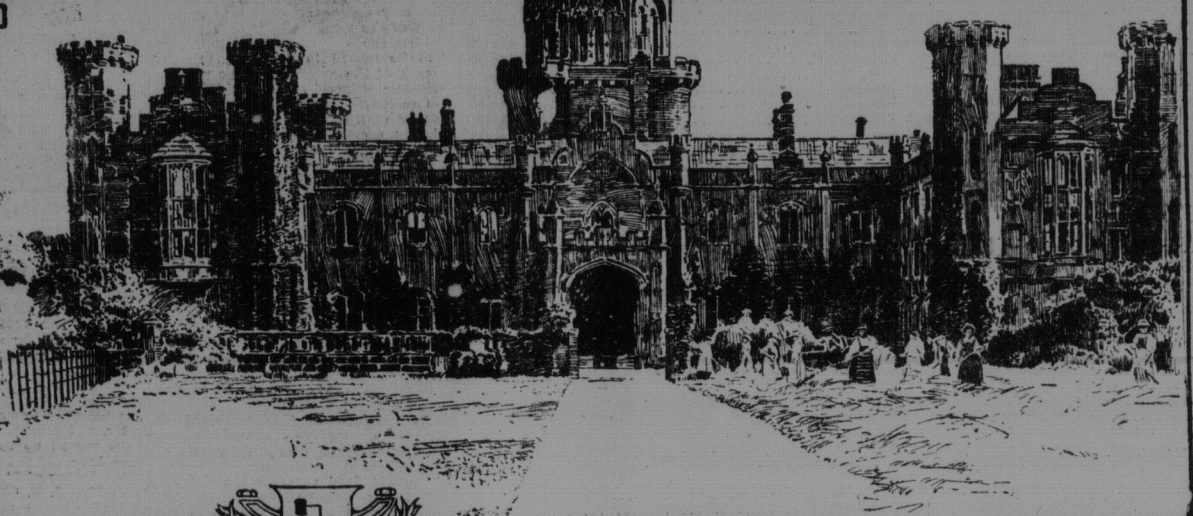
There have been other friends of socialism who have more vociferously prophesied greater changes; but the very reasons why the Countess of Warwick should be least willing to acknowledge their possibility makes her dictum all the more significant.

Few women who are alive in Great Britain today have so impressed themselves upon the social and political development of the nation. And few present so impressive a figure, merely from the viewpoint of their own, human selves.

Excepting those inexplicable freaks of feminine beauty, the belles who, like Nipon de l'Enfer, never grow old, the fascinating creatures of one generation go one or two ways in the next. They are prone either to wither and fade or to overbloom.

It was the kindly fashion during Lady Warwick's brief stay in the United States to admit the fact that she is past 50 and forget the fact that she doesn't look 35. At most, her dandied beholders found themselves able to perceive that she has become gray.

But the truth is she has lived beyond the earlier, Hebe freshness of her charms; in the army of feminine beauty, she has gone beyond the towering distinction of a handsome young grenadier and has achieved the air of a general. And that look and men-of-fully lived years borne with the vigor of a splendid animal vitality and an unquenchable, sunny spirit—impulsively hers. Ten years ago the subjects of admiring King Edward could have completely indured the royal verdict, "There



Warwick Castle.

The Historic Country Home of the Countess

is a most beautiful woman." Now they would only say, "There is a handsome one."

With that unusually tall and now heavily framed figure, with her boldly cut features and her wealth of gray hair, Lady Warwick looks the general born to the trade; but she adds to the mere physical proportions the manner of the grande dame. Whatever the future she divines for herself in the common equalization, it is ever apparent that the triumphs of her past invest her with that assured self-possession which comes neither of rank nor of riches, yet never falls the woman who has habitually seen men's eyes aglow with homage for her charms.

This is the famous Lady Warwick, who coolly averred that her native land is destined to drive forward to socialism, with the women on the eve of helping the men do the driving.

"We people of this century," she said, "are living in what appears destined to prove the most epochal of all time. Vast changes impend; many old conventions, beliefs, rights and customs are doomed to be disregarded or gravely modified. Society will transform its structure in many fundamental details, and one sex will find itself invested with powers and duties to which, as a whole, it has hitherto been strange. Compared with the miracles of scientific and mechanical progress, however revolution-

ing class, but that there were mighty few who didn't try to be.

"Well," she resumed, "our situation is different, or has been. Setting aside these conditions, which present their own problems, I may emphasize as one prime feature of the practical socialism that impends the common ownership of those things which are essential to existence. Socialism of this type—it may seem mild enough to you, with whom the question of public ownership of natural resources and of many public-serving properties has been discussed broadly enough—is something that is gaining the attention of the thoughtful in Great Britain. Previously such advanced ideas were confined strictly to the working classes. But now it cannot be denied that those classes which may properly be defined as cultured—the real thinkers, the writers, the teachers—are beginning to see in such a socialism a safety rather than a menace.

"This attitude is by no means confined to England; indeed, we are rather behindhand with the real progress of socialism in the modern world. In Germany, all the scientific and cultural classes are coming over to socialism. And for the present, is in the throes of a social evolution of a development into an advanced social stage beyond its past and its present—precipitated by the national embarrassment over its coal supply. Why, with

Now, the Countess of Warwick was on a lecture tour; and she had not shown herself at any time after her arrival in this country averse to whatever wide publicity her views could secure. And she knew that, if she should say votes for women means votes for socialism—right or, like that—the telegraph wires would be buzzing with it all over the country. Well, she didn't say it—that way, which shows what kind of a social reformer she is. But what she did say made it evident that she believes socialism is going to win for itself an army of women as big as any army of men who shall endorse it. The woman who rules over historic Warwick Castle, and has written a history of its earls, planted a plain thought of political common sense in the very center of the topic the moment she replied:

"Among the suffragists who are endeavoring to obtain the franchise in England there are conservatives, radicals and Socialists. You cannot term the suffragist movement here a Socialist movement, any more than you can term it a Tory movement. It is simply a woman's movement. The franchise for women makes absolutely no difference in their attitude toward socialism; it makes no difference in the attitude toward the suffrage. Yet the two must interact, as must every issue and every party. The fact is apparent that the men in England, who have the franchise, are beginning to lean

Beans Contain Rubber

A GERMAN expert has demonstrated that beans contain a product which, when properly treated, will make a very good grade of crude rubber.

The process has been patented and a company has been formed to manufacture the material. If it should prove to be as cheap as the product secured from the rubber tree, a wonderful new industry will be the result.

An oil of considerable density is extracted from the soya beans, and this is treated with nitric acid and then subjected to heat of great intensity. This produces a substance which is viscous and tough, like crude rubber. It is vulcanized by the application of a sulphur bath, and is then difficult to detect from the ordinary crude rubber of commerce.

The ever-increasing demand for rubber is making it essential for new sources of supply to be found, and several recently discovered methods for obtaining it from various forms of vegetable matter will lead experts to formulate methods of extracting it without too great an outlay of capital. It is reported the bean product is easily and cheaply secured.

He'd Learn, Anyhow

JACOB PORTER, a venerable but frangible farmer, who resided not far from a certain institution of learning, sold his wheat early in September last year, and at a comparatively low price, in order to get sufficient ready money to start his son in the treadmill class of the college. The college is noted for its advanced curriculum in athletics.

Just before the fall term ended, the son ran away and went out northwest. Mr. Porter was furious. He blamed the institution, of course.

One fine Saturday afternoon one of the professors drove down to the Porter farm to see Mr. Porter and talk the matter over.

"William left school," said the professor, "and we cannot imagine what caused him to act in such a rash manner. We did not know that he was dissatisfied with any of our rules or methods of training."

"Well, you see, professor," that that son of mine siders did hanker terrible after gittin' an education," said Mr. Porter, quietly.

THE KISS AT THE STATION



It may as well be said right here that public persistence in the soul kiss, with Mary Garden variations from "Salome" thrown in, such as keep a whole railway station longed either for the police or the "movies," must be cut out almost at once. The fame of the New York innovation has spread, and continued indulgence in such rapturous greetings and impassioned adieux is liable to precipitate imitations in every city where they keep on attracting even their common measure of attention.

ORDINARY kisses, such as your shy fiancée is willing to accept a few days before the ceremony, while the presents are pouring in and she's too happy to grudge a little popular share in her kisses, will still do little harm in popularizing the impending disaster. But a few trivial kisses of farewell to poor Mamma, complicated with weeping and poor Mamma's usual bluff at a swoon, are liable to set any town's stationmaster to work rapping off a space in the ladies' waiting room and hanging up a sign:

"Kiss Here!"

So, whatever brand of kisses you happen to be, you can keep your grip on your favorite diversion only by adhering to the most soft and silent of embraces—and you shouldn't hang on to one of them more than one-half a second either.

What with its measureless tide of humanity flowing in and out at all times and seasons, and what with the infinite variety of people who compose those tides, the New York Central Railroad's new Grand Central Station was scarcely finished before it echoed to the tender sibilations, the swift pop-pops, the giggling gurgles, the

resounding smacks of what soon sounded like the delights of all the kisses of the world, civilized and savage.

Beautiful employees from Broadway establishments ere long began to drop in to the Grand Central to form some idea of how the other half kisses; traveling salesmen themselves were forced to admit that the scene was a liberal education. At length, G. W. Kittredge, the chief engineer, decided he would establish a special kissing gallery—an elevated platform behind whose porch the waiting, loving ones could behold their darlings emerging from the train exits and, as soon as the arrivals were within arms' reach, could seize and, to their hearts' delight, embrace them. Within a day every chief engineer and every stationmaster in the United States knew of the innovation and it was a long-felt want.

The railroad men say it averts embarrassment; the rest of the men say so, too. What women say has been heard thus far chiefly in whispers; and some of them have been wrathful.

There are plenty of women who think that, forced to choose between being kissed in public and being deserted in private life, they'd prefer the desertion; but there are others who regard the kiss affectionate, the kiss dutiful, the kiss ecstatic and the kiss surprised—all as tributes which they would rather forego at home than at the train gates, with 50 women or so looking on and saying:

"Well, some women certainly do like to show they have a man tied to their apron strings!"

The run of ethical criticism, therefore, has it that the kiss is a vulgar, a disgusting, an indecent—well, never, it may happen to be designated as an invasion of woman's rights, variously considered as ground for suits

for damages or as a damned good thing, according to the age, sex and condition of servitude of the critic.

It is looked upon, in more highly capitalized and revenue railway circles, as a modern improvement, rated to take its place among the accommodations and conveniences provided in main stations in all large centers of population. It will probably never find a place in the towns and way stations, even of the most traveled lines. There popular interest in the minutest phases of station kissing is too strong to endure even the smallest hint of a measure which tends to prevent John's Corner from knowing whether its storekeeper kissed his wife fondly or just perfunctorily when he made that trip to the city to renew the spring stock.

So, to true connoisseurs of occlusion, there should remain the comfort that many of the finest varieties will continue to bloom amid the fair gardens of nature—lovely scenes, diversified by the chewing-gum slot stands and waiting freight cars—where the kiss of lasting fidelity, of love's most innocent dreams, of the farmer's daughter and the lady summer boarder, or the long-lost son and the newly christened baby, shall persist unspiced—lessons for all who see in it civilization's most agreeable art.

As for the grapevine kisses, the how-can-it-beat-leaves-you-kisses, the dear, dear girl friend kisses—which are merely palpitant, anyway—private practice can be relied on to maintain the high level of accomplishment for which a cordial and affectionate people is justly famous. And if any new models are needed, an Olga Nethercole, on the stage, can be relied on to produce some fresh variation for her Carmen; Mary Garden will oblige with an example of utter abandon as Nipona; or, if you prefer, France will call on such a fiery exponent of love as Mme. Yavoroska to start a fresh fashion in a play like "The Parisienne." The Yavoroska really had all Paris imitating her reconciliation kiss, as Clothilde taming her lover, last year.

But, thus far, we've been doing well enough on our own books. The trouble has been that, in the glare of public admiration, we've been stimulated to overproduction; that's all.