

As A Woman Thinks

Charlotte Story Perkinson

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

What do we need to keep the nation whole?

To guard the pillars of the State? We need

The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part

Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart.

—Edwin Markham.

PEACE TIME PATRIOTISM

I did not go to Washington to attend the inauguration. I could have postponed my trip last month to this if I had chosen, but I can't bear to be one of a mob, and somehow the sort of patriotism which expresses itself in the blowing of horns and in the cheers of the multitudes doesn't appeal to me. It is apt to be so fickle, so like those who one week shouted "Hosanna. Blessed is He who cometh in the name of the Lord!" and the next week, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

But there never has been a time when true patriotism of the kind which expresses itself in confidence in and love for one's country is more needed. Every good citizen should co-operate now and do his kicking later. It would take so little at this present moment to throw our country into such a state of chaos that the rights of the individual, personal and property, would be trampled under foot by some of the same applauding mass of last Saturday. Now is the time to trust our President and not let the self interests of a few groups thwart his every move to better conditions immediately. And the same is true of State government. It seems that we are in a pretty bad mess all around, and it behooves the thinking, patriotic citizen to be calm, sit steady in the boat and to say nothing or do nothing which might start a conflagration among those less capable and less stable.

Dr. Hart and Christ Church

When I came to Raleigh to make my home four years ago, a man said to me, "It's the finest place in the State to live." After four years of trial, I find it, with no reference to the political, to be little short of ideal in many respects. Every week there is opportunity to hear something which will add to one's cultural growth or education. This last week came Dr. John R. Hart, many years chaplain of the University of Pennsylvania. He gave several addresses at the colleges and sermons at the churches. I heard him at Christ Church speaking upon the subject, "Religion, Inescapable, Indispensable, Ineffable." The church was filled to capacity, so in order to get a seat, I climbed a dangerous dark spiral stair case, leading to a balcony at the back of the church, which I supposed was once used for Negroes. I was far from comfortable physically, but I soon forgot that in the beauty and smoothness of the entire service. I heard every word spoken and could see every move. There wasn't a false move or a false note. The whole thing was beautiful. The music excellent, the sermon inspiring, but the thing about Christ Church which is so ineffable is its atmosphere, the something which envelops you, and makes you know that God is there. Having been forced to worship for years in a country church of another denomination I appreciate as few can the great privilege of having the opportunity to worship in such a soul satisfying place.

Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, New England Aristocrat.

Then at the First Baptist Church I heard Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Massachusetts, who said she was leaving her native State when it went wet on a referendum.

It is only too rarely that the people of the South have a chance to meet the Yankee of the aristocratic class. I've even been told that there are none such. Mrs. Peabody represents one of New England's oldest and best

families, and true to their traditions she is willing to sacrifice her all, her time, her strength, her money, for that which she believes to be right. She is organizing the women over the country into the Women's Union for Political Action, in order to be ready for unity of action by 1934 to combat the organization on the wet side led by Mrs. Sabin. These latter women call themselves "Crusaders"—crusaders for more liquor, and better liquor. Awful thing it seems to be to take the name once used by those who fought for the Cross of Christ; and a word used back in 1873, by those first brave women under the name of "Woman's Crusade" who knelt in the streets in front of the saloons and, without the ballot, finally accomplished perhaps more than we women of later times have accomplished with it, for the cause of temperance.

I fear that Mrs. Peabody's activities here were rather circumscribed by the local W. C. T. U., a most worthy organization but comprising a very small portion of the dry women of the state, and not half as aggressive an organization nor as powerful as it used to be. It was the Massachusetts woman's idea to unite the women of every church and party within or without the dry organizations into the Women's Union for Political Action.

I was particularly interested in Mrs. Peabody, because my mother had as a partner in medicine at one time Dr. Sophia R. Peabody of Lawrence, Mass.

Not until the liquor issue is again taken to the people bereft of politics, will all be free to vote their convictions. As it is now, there is always some husband's job to consider, or some political string or other tied to almost everybody's vote. And no matter how much we love the cause, we cannot starve, and there are few who will sacrifice any personal financial interest for the good of the whole.

Miss Helen Keller

Now next week comes Helen Keller, blind, deaf and dumb, who, handicapped as she is, has been an inspiration not only to those likewise afflicted, but to all who can see and hear, as well. She speaks in the Memorial Auditorium March 17th in the interest of The American Foundation for the Blind. Her coming is sponsored by the Woman's Club. Admission will be by card; but any good citizen who is interested, may obtain admission card through his church or club. The object of the card is to get a more representative audience and to keep out large numbers of children.

Miss Frances Perkins

The first woman to take her place as a member of a President's cabinet was born in 1882 in Boston. She was educated at Mt. Holyoke and became interested in sociology. She was at Hull House with Jane Addams for a time. Her record as Commissioner of Labor for State of New York won for her the highest place yet accorded to a woman in government.

The thing which interests me most, and about which I hear the most comment from women, is that although married she uses her own name. She is really Mrs. Wilson and has a daughter sixteen. I don't see why women object to her using Frances Perkins, the name she won her reputation under, instead of her husband's name.

Women writers and actresses and doctors and lawyers have been using one name in public life and another in private for some time; so why shouldn't the woman in politics do the same? It may be a little bit hard to be the Mister in the family in such cases, but he has the same privilege to achieve something in his own right and own name that the woman did; and by no means should social usage compel a married woman to submerge a brilliant record achieved in her own name in that of a husband less distinguished, or maybe quite nondescript.

But be it said, both to the credit of Frances Perkins and of President

Hoarding An Inherent Right

A NEW PROHIBITION PRECEDES LEGALIZED BEER

The Voice is as much concerned with the return of prosperity as any one, but it goes against the grain to see such decrees as that of a \$10,000 fine or imprisonment for hoarding money. Hoarding was the original method of providing for the "rainy day," and seems to be an inalienable right of the people. There should be sufficient currency to permit hoarding to one's greatest ability and desire. It is the one way of saving that costs nobody anything except the hoarder; while the government in case of actual loss of the hoard becomes the gainer. In recent years, if done discreetly, it has been the surest means of preserving one's cash. An example: A citizen of "High" Sampson became ill a few days ago. Thinking his end was near, he called his children in, gave a diagram of the location of his hoard, and when fifteen hundred dollars had been brought to him, divided it among his children. That money had lost nothing. If the citizen had died without revealing the treasure, the government would have been the clear gainer, if it was currency, and largely so if silver. Many of his neighbors have "put their money out to usury" and have lost it. Or if they have not lost it, it went to increase the sum of the troublesome debts that account so largely for the impasse of recent years. And money lost through investment goes to some other individual or to some corporation and not to the government. Our Sampson friend has not contributed to the debt debacle, and he had his money to hand over to those who helped make it. Of course, we are not ad-

vising anybody to hoard, but in that matter and every other one, we erlige when an age-long right or privilege has been taken from the people. The decree against hoarding is probably now of value, due to the conditions which have so long prevailed and to the ideas about the reality of money that are so dominant. But the right to hoard should be restored as soon as possible.

Verily, the new administration, so vigorously pledged to restore the "personal rights" of citizens to make, sell, and drink liquor, finds itself enforcing a more unjustified restraint of personal liberty than that restraining the liquor maker or seller.

The maker or seller of liquor hurts other people. The hoarder of money hurts nobody if there is sufficiency of currency extant to allow it. He may give his labor or produce for which he secured the hoard away, for money is a mortgage upon goods, and if the mortgage is never foreclosed, the transfer of goods becomes a sheer gift. The world should not object to such gifts, or to the deferring of collecting the goods without the charge of interest rates. The hoarder is the risk. The people's is the risk when a man is permitted to make and dispense a poison.

Prohibition, then, is not tabooed by this administration. Lo, before the ban can be lifted from beer, another prohibition, bearing most terrific penalties, appears upon the stage. Next let's see the snooper and the whole regiment of enforcement officers needed to compel citizens who have money to lug it to the banks against their will or judgment. ||

THE WAKEFUL SLEEPS

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The midnight hour has flown—
O darkness, upon me pressing,
Lift high thy darkening pall,
Or give sweet sleep refreshing,
Please stop the flow of sheep—
I've counted full ten thousand;
Send things that do not leap,
As poky mules or cows and
Just let 'em creep and creep
Till rosy dawn a-blushing
Surmounts the eastern sky
And sets an life a-rushing;
Or till I've gone to sleep
Let them creep and creep and creep.

My! It is broad daylight!
I hear the birds a-twittering;
The VOICE is calling to work—
This is no time for frittering.

Knock, knock, knock—
"Mam, it is nine o'clock,
You've had a long old snooze;
The coffee's still hot, I guess;
Here are your pants and shoes—
Bounce out of bed and dress."

My! What a fine long sleep—
The VOICE is still a-calling—
But bless the poky mules that creep,
Even if it be a-bawling.

O. J. P.

BREAKS THE RECORD

Rarely does any Senator become chairman of a Senate committee during his first term. Senator Bailey of this State, breaks the record by being designated as chairman of the Committee on Claims. He was, of course, helped to this by the big turnover in the last election. However, his remarkably efficient work in analyzing claims at the last session and protecting the treasury against a horde of unworthy ones brought him high commendation from fellow Senators.—News & Observer.

SOME FIDDLING ON RELIEF JOBS; SOME REFUSING TO WORK

Laborers paid by Federal relief funds are still digging down the em-bankment on both sides of Federal Roosevelt, that she is Commissioner of Labor not by reason of who her father was or her husband is, but for what she is, and what she knows and what she can do in her own right, and fee simple.

Highway No. 1 opposite the Lee County hospital. They are not allowed to blast out the rock, but are required to cut them down with picks. It is said it will take them all summer to finish the job. What difference does this make? The tax payer foot the bill by the Washington route.

Business men in Sanford tell The Express that they have been trying to get negroes who are being furnished food supplies with Government funds to assist in loading and unloading trucks and engaging in other jobs around their places of business, but they show an insolent, independent spirit and refuse to work. This thing of feeding the families of men who are offered employment at a living wage, should be stopped. We see that two more appropriations have been made by the government for the relief of the unemployed—\$9,000 for March and \$7,000 for April. It is time for the government to stop feeding people who are able to feed themselves by their own labor.—Sanford Express.

AND WHERE WILL THE ROAD TAX MONEY COME FROM?

A Russian inventor in Paris produces for two cents a tablet of vegetable matter which, dissolved in a gallon of water, turns the fluid into a high-grade motor fuel said to equal gasoline. The French Academy of Sciences is investigating the state ments of this well-known Russian professor. If motorists should take to carrying tubes of tablets, would filling stations, which do not charge for water, run the risk of becoming mere charitable institutions?—Christian Science Monitor.

Why, Bobby!

"Robert," said the teacher, to drive home the lesson, which was on charity and kindness, "If I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," said Bobby.—Tail Spins.

Sixteen farm families are now selling regularly on the newly organized corn market at Lenox in Caldwell County.

Remaining stores of corn due to the drought last summer, a group of Johnston County farmers cooperated to buy 2,000 bushels recently.