

From the Life

The Clue

THERE had never been any one more unimportant than the poor body of a woman found in the moat. Its legs had been severed, its fingerprints were meaningless. No one who looked at the staring dead face could remember ever having seen it before. How old it had been no one could say; youth and age alike were indifferent to it. And the grim fortress, under whose shadow the creature had been borne by its murderer, was as careless of it as of the moss on its own old stones.

The police had a mystery on their hands. The newspapers were at first excited, and then had nothing more to say. What can be said of nothing? Who is interested in nobody? After all, if one is murdered and there is no one—brother or child, landlady or neighbor—to cry out or point a finger, why then one has existed only in one's murder. And that is not much for the police to go on. There is certainly small use in thinking, thought the police gloomily, when there is nothing to think about.

But somewhere there was another woman who couldn't seem to stop thinking about this murdered one. Here had been a woman, she thought, who had lived and died and no one cared in the least. No one who had ever seen her had even recalled her face well enough to recognize it in the bright glare of murder. Yet some one had cared enough to wish her out of the way—to destroy her completely, and, not satisfied with destruction, to mutilate and fling her away.

She thought of the usual directions of any woman's life. Love and work. Parents—husband—child—employer—fellow workers. There were none of these. Nothing that moved a woman in the direction of living. And it suddenly struck her that the police were right. This woman had existed only in her murder. Her whole life could have moved only in the direction of her own murder. And the thought that had so baffled the police, the nothingness and insignificance of a human creature, broke upon her like a wave of light. Here was the clue to the murder. Nothingness.

She tried to feel her way back slowly into the life of a woman that had moved and faded and dissolved into this nothingness. What were these feelings that were the opposite of life? Loneliness, she supposed, and despair. No interest in anything—except in those conditions, whatever they were; that had

caused her murder. But what could make a woman feel like that? Poverty, perhaps—no, not poverty alone. Depravity—but the depraved were known and had their acquaintances. This woman had had only one acquaintance, if the evidence of her nothingness was to be accepted; and that one had murdered her. Disease? Yes. Disease certainly could take a woman away from life, could hide her from companionship and terrify her with poverty. Illness, terror and despair—could these make a woman cling in panic to a single companionship that in the end would turn and murder her? She answered herself—lost in that other woman—painfully; and knew it could be true.

And being a newspaper woman she sat down quickly and wrote her ideas—in simple language—to the police.

"If you will have the body of this unknown woman X-rayed," she wrote, "you are likely to find evidences of some disease by which you may identify her through the records of a hospital. I urge that this be done in the name of justice."

So it came about that the poor remnant of a creature that had lain so long silent and unavenged was brought before the justice of an X-ray machine. The finished picture showed a ravaged lung. Now, asked the police triumphantly, where was the hospital record to match the picture?

At last they found it. The doctor could scarcely remember the patient, poor and insignificant, but here was her name and address. At the given house number the landlady remembered vaguely there had been such a woman, unable for a long time to pay her rent; she had forgotten what she looked like. But what else was there to do, only turn her out? Certainly, the furniture was upstairs. Certainly, they could look for fingerprints.

And yes—they learned at last—there had been a man who went about with her; the only person ever seen with her. And he had looked like—well, he was sometimes seen even now, in the neighborhood.

When the man was apprehended and had confessed to the murder, the police felt modestly elated over their victory. And why not? Give them something to go on, they agreed, and they could solve the most baffling mystery. As for the next question, why had this man murdered that woman? They would even be able to answer this in time. All they needed was to be given a problem worth thinking about.

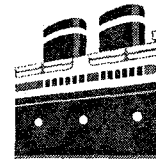
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Discouraged Feminists

(Continued from Page 303)

over the country there are other women who, to a lesser degree perhaps than she but to a greater degree than their sisters engaged in professions and other commercial undertakings, have made a financial success in the food business and are on an economic equality with the business men in their communities.

It should be possible for these and other women gradually to gain control of the food-serving industry of the country. If they did, they might in time run not only the restaurants but the hotels of the country. The hotel business is one for which women should have a special aptitude. They are entering it in great numbers, as clerks, housekeepers, stewards. Whether many of them rise to managership remains to be seen. But if this new movement assumed any proportions, it would not be too much to hope that women would invest in hotels and with the strangle-hold of capital insist that women have authoritative policy-making positions.

In this connection I am reminded of what a very successful business man once said: "The three greatest women in this country are Alice Foote McDougall, Elizabeth Arden and Elinor Beard." His reason for so acclaiming them was obvious. They had been successful in the man's world. There is a lesson here for women. To be accepted in this man's world women must be as successful financially as men. They must control as large a business. Only when they do will they be accepted as equals. It is strange that whereas women who inherited thrones in the past became great rulers and had an effect upon the world they lived in, few of the many women who have inherited great wealth have become queens of industry and by their activities had an effect upon the man's world of today. What a power a feminist like Ruth McCormick would exert if she used her great wealth to gain the control of a single industry.

There is another thought to be had from the success of these women. All three of them made their fortunes by developing a business that was tied to women's traditional interests. Elizabeth Arden went into a business that had its inception in the kitchens and bathrooms of women. Women were her customers and to a large extent her employees. She went into it when it was just beginning to be popular and so had little competition with already established businesses controlled by men. Today this business is largely in the hands and control of women.

Elinor Beard's business is that of marketing women's handiwork. Her customers, too, are largely women. There is no reason why women should not do for other household arts what she has done for quilting. There are many things that women want and



Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of the Week in the Outlook of July 4, 1951

The newly appointed American Minister to the Republic of Italy arrived Monday at Naples where he presented his credentials to the Foreign Office.

During the recent hot spell eighteen landlords were arrested for violating the city ordinance of Metropolis requiring each realty owner, when the temperature reaches 80°, to refrigerate the sidewalk fronting his property.

"The good old days," exclaimed an editorial in this week's *Nature and Sport Magazine*, "when the skunk had not yet been deodorized, and when outboard motor boats and airplanes were not required to use mufflers!"



women make. Why should not an ambitious woman, instead of going into a department store where the chances are she will never rise to a vice-presidency, be she ever so able, look about her, see something that is needed in the home, or anywhere else for that matter, set women to making it and organize the business of selling it? I would not, however, limit the industries that should be controlled by women to those dealing with household needs or with women's traditional tasks. But they might serve for a beginning.

Such a division of labor would have to come about gradually, nor is it unthinkable that it should. Women have their share of ambition. They wish to



rise. Naturally the wise ones will go into those businesses in which other women have seemed able to attain success. Still others will flock after them, and as the women enter these businesses or industries in increasing numbers, men will leave them to take the places left vacant in the businesses these women have left.

Of course, there will be objections raised to my contentions. Women who have succeeded as individuals, those who have been acclaimed in the public print as "the first this" and "the first that," will insist that there is opportunity here and now for women with ability to achieve equality. Those to whom the sweets of economic independence are far more important than participation in managership will hold tight to their jobs of working for some man instead of striving towards a policy-making position. And feminists of the old school will insist that to abandon identity with men is to sacrifice equality. They will see in such a movement a retreat to women's old position, for to them the only equality is that which gives them an equal chance to work at a job, hoping that some day, somewhere, their labors will bring equal rewards.

But the young women just out of college talk differently. They are not fooled by the appearance of equality. They look at what this man's world offers them and they are not satisfied. If they start out to enter it as individuals, they find they must start much further down the line than their brothers. They observe that most of the plums still go to men. They are, in short, realizing that suffrage and woman's opportunity to work at a job as an individual have not changed the fact that this is still a man's world and there is little opportunity for them to be effective in it.

This realization comes to them with a shock, for they have been taught that women had an equal part in it. And what they see does not spell for them equality. They are thus ripe for rebellion. Never having had experience with the period when woman was denied a chance to work as an individual in competition with men, the younger woman sees the inferiority of the positions open to her rather than the right to get into them. For what one has, one always values less than what one has not. Naturally she does not know what she owes those early feminists. She takes as a matter of course what they had to fight for. She does not realize that if they had not insisted on the right of women to enter the man's world as individuals she would not now feel equal to a man. She does not realize that their fight cleared the ground of many preju-

dices against women entering business, removed many of her disabilities. So she enters the business world aware only that the "cards are stacked" against her and she is ready to call for a new deal.

But the next decade will see these younger women reaching for real equality. It will see women taking new means to obtain it. What they will be no one can foretell. They may seek the new division of work between men and women that I have outlined, or they may seek it by other means. But seek it they will. One has only to hear them talking to know that. When water is set upon a stove and a fire is built under it, sooner or later it will boil. It does not take a prophet's mind to know that. The next decade will set this question boiling.

The Spotlight on Sports

(Continued from Page 309)

Armstrong's third varsity eight was designated as Harvard's jayvee crew when Lawrence's outfit pointed for the Henley regatta. Still, Cambridge counted on beating the Yale junior varsity boat. That race was the only upset at New London.

►►Football Report

THAT hardy perennial of the sport page, football overemphasis, is blooming again thanks to Bulletin 26 of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. A cynic might be justified in remarking that at least half of this overemphasizing can be traced to the agencies which presumably seek precisely the opposite objective.

There is nothing like an assault on college football to get you reams of free space in the newspapers. Aside from educators and scholars, few people had ever heard of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching before it arrogated to itself the right to investigate the conduct of intercollegiate football. Bulletin 23, released in October, 1929, embodied the results of that survey. Conservatively estimated, it yielded ten million dollars' worth of free publicity. No professional press agent ever sprang such a coup. Newspapers devoted whole pages of close-set type to the report, printing it verbatim and elaborating upon it via special articles.

Can you imagine a report on some educational trend (the Foundation's legitimate field) creating one-tenth the furor that this digest on athletics did? Personally, I would call it overemphasizing the Carnegie Foundation.

The present bulletin, supplementing

the first, has again yielded sport-page broadsides, eight-column streamers, and flaming headlines. Sport reporters are chided for lack of idealism in their writings—for giving too much space to the competitive angle—for trying to create a synthetic frenzy.

The fact is that skeptical sport writers exposed such evils as the proselyting and recruiting of football players by certain colleges long before the Carnegie Foundation issued its bulletin. Every essential fact in that supposedly startling report had been commented on by football editors over a span of years.

Everybody knew that prep school athletes received tempting offers from scouts connected with colleges which were bent on building up a winning football team at any cost. Sport writers, whether motivated by altruism or expediency, crusaded against this commercialism and lost few chances to satirize elevens which were obviously built up as box office attractions. These maligned reporters dared to burlesque the graduate-manager system and demonstrate that the stadium-building orgy was the product of the big-business phase of football. Far from lending themselves to the ballyhoo, leading sport critics poked fun at the highly organized college news services and consigned those publicity blurbs to the scrap basket. The Carnegie investigators have merely reaped the fruit of soil already sown by cynical football editors.

►►Bulletin Twenty-Six

BULLETIN 26 attributes part of the so-called "college football deflation" to a growing public interest in the professional game.

This is pure tosh. Professional matches don't compete at the gate with college games. The former are patronized by those who cannot buy tickets to the important intercollegiate matches. Even though the "pro's" stage Sunday games they don't get much of a turnout.

Professional games lack the neck-or-nothing, devil-may-care fervor that is the lifeblood of football. College loyalty alone can evoke this self-sacrifice for a cause. There are some things money can not buy. Disregarding such appealing by-products of intercollegiate football as pageantry and academic atmosphere, the amateur game has a zest and sparkle entirely lacking on the drab, perfunctory professional gridiron where each player is content to do only as much as his contract demands. Nobody feels like risking his neck for the Red River Packers or the Dingletown Yellow Jackets.

GEORGE TREVOR.

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