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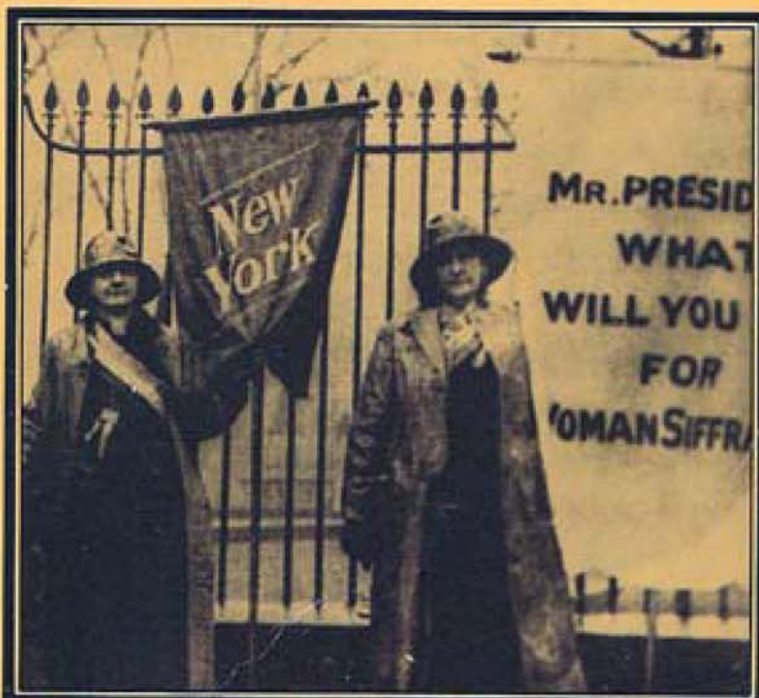
Interview of Jessie Haver Butler: An American Suffragist

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FROM PARLOR TO PRISON

*FIVE AMERICAN SUFFRAGISTS
TALK ABOUT THEIR LIVES*

SHERNA BERGER GLUCK



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JESSIE HAVER BUTLER: ON THE PLATFORM

Jessie Haver Butler is active in the current women's movement and is a well-known "old-timer" among feminists in the Los Angeles area. At eighty-nine she displays the physical vitality of someone half her age. Recently, on the occasion of the fifty-fifth anniversary of woman's suffrage, she spent two days on a round of speaking engagements, relaxing between them by swimming ten lengths of a hotel pool. Jessie is an imposing woman who pays close attention to both her physical condition and her appearance. Her manner is direct and she uses her loud, clear voice with great effect.

My interviews with Jessie were conducted in her small housekeeping apartment in a retirement community in Claremont, California. She lives there by herself now that her husband of fifty-five years is permanently hospitalized. The move ten years ago to the retirement community, with its central dining room and available housekeeping services, was motivated largely by Jessie's disdain for domestic chores. The contents of her apartment reflect her ongoing commitments and interests. Her desk is piled high with papers, feminist publications and popular health magazines. Photographs of her grandchildren share wall space with a picture of her 1909 Smith College graduating class. Her bookshelves are crammed with feminist writings, old and new, books written by her spiritual teachers, and

copies of her own book on public speaking for women, Time to Speak Up.

In the eleven hours of interviews from which the following material was edited, Jessie was most cooperative and candid about her life. She spoke with the careful deliberation that comes from long experience in public speaking and revealed in great detail the forces which shaped her life. At the age of eighty-nine she is still open to new experiences and breaking new ground.

PIONEER STOCK

The background of both my parents is amazing, really. It's an example of what fine and talented people helped to build America, though handicapped because of the primitive environment. We must never forget that the United States was built from the Atlantic to the Pacific in just two hundred years. What's two hundred years to build a great nation! A lot of the people who helped build up the West, like my mother and father, were rare people. Had they lived fifty years later, they'd have been leaders in any community.

My mother's father was a graduate of Berlin University and was also a trained Lutheran minister. He wanted to get out of Germany because that was the era in which Bismarck was launching his great Prussian campaign. He was inspired to come to America to Christianize the Indians. Siegmund Rehwaldt was a short little man who wore chin whiskers like Oom Paul * in Africa did. He traveled to Iowa and later to Nebraska, where he founded all the Lutheran churches and a great many private Lutheran schools that are still in existence. Evidently, he was a man of great drive and energy.

In Nebraska he had six children. During the birth of the last child, there was an Indian raid and his wife died in childbirth. He put all the smallest children into the hands of different farmers in the area, but my mother, who was ten years old, and her sister, who was eight, were put in an orphanage. What an orphanage in Nebraska must have been like is hard to imagine. I later learned through analysis in London that my mother was raped in that orphanage, which accounted for the fact that there was a tremendous emotional situation between her and me. This is just the kind of thing that happened in those early days.

When she was sixteen years old, my mother wanted to get

* Paul Kruger, late nineteenth-century South African Transvaal statesman, known as Oom Paul.

educated, evidently having inherited the kind of mind her father had. He let her go to Colorado, which, in those days even before the women had the vote, had the best school system of the West. She went to Pueblo and became a maid for one of the leading families of that city while she went to high school. Being a German girl, she was a good cook and good housekeeper, and a pretty woman. She was short with blue eyes and a gay and happy character. In her job she met my father, who was the first dairyman of Pueblo. He had started a dairy a mile and a half west of Pueblo. He built his own house out of adobe bricks which he made himself on the ground—formed them, baked them and then built his home. Then he brought his wife, my mother, to this house already built.

Just before they were married, she decided that she wanted to go back to visit her German relatives in Nebraska. To their horror and astonishment, she pasted a notice on the door of her father's church that on a certain night she was going to give a lecture on socialism. She and my father, just like myself and my husband, were very much interested in public questions. In those days, instead of reading about communism if you were radical, you read about socialism. Their favorite book was *Looking Backward*, by Edward Bellamy, and my mother decided to lecture on it to this farm community.

You can imagine that in a typical German farm community, where the girls were supposed to be housewives for life, what a shock it was to have a young girl like that, about to be married, lecturing on socialism. Everybody went to hear what she said, but disapproved thoroughly, as I later learned. I stopped there once on my way home from Smith College. My mother's younger sister told me this story with great reluctance, saying, "You know, your mother was really peculiar. We never quite understood her." I asked how was she peculiar, and then she told me this story about her lecture on socialism. I said, "Did people go?" "Yes, the church was filled. It was such a sensation. But they felt very sorry for her future husband, that he was marrying such a strange and peculiar woman."

I was the first child, and when I was born, in 1886, there was

no one there but my father to help with the process. In that valley of the Arkansas River and the farm area where my father had his ranch, there wasn't a single family whose mother brought up the children. They all died early. There were no doctors, there were no sinks in the kitchens, there were no bathrooms, no telephones, and there were no cars.

But my mother was very smart. She had a great big health book with which she was thoroughly familiar. She was also a faddist, so it's natural that I've been somewhat of a faddist all my life. She had all the books of a man named Dr. Jackson, who started a whole new system of eating. He had some strange ideas that didn't fit with farm life very well. One of them was that there was to be no supper. Of course, this was difficult for my father. He had the largest milk barn in all of Colorado and had five hired men who were fed by my mother in our home. To go without supper until breakfast, from the dinner meal until breakfast, must have been a great strain.

My brother and I took care of the situation. We swiped turnips and celery and watermelon and corn from all the neighboring fields, and apples, too. So even though there was no supper in the kitchen, we were well fed. In fact, we became such thorough thieves when it came to finding food at night that our mother had to hide everything that was edible in the kitchen. She was unable to cope with the thievery.

Just think of it, she had four children in the end, and no sink, just a cistern out in the backyard. My father had a highly organized dairy with hired men whom she had to feed, as well as her children. Yet, I remember vividly when the campaign for woman's suffrage was going on in Colorado, how she climbed into that spring wagon. I can see her yet doing it. She toured that valley to get the men to vote for woman's suffrage. And this wasn't something that a good little housewife, even in Colorado, in those days was supposed to do.

Of course, this is when that great woman's suffrage leader, Susan B. Anthony, had been all over the state for months. She walked, she rode donkeys, and do you know what she did when she got to a mining town? There was no place to speak but the

saloons. So she walked into the saloons, cold, where she made her speeches. The men were so grateful and happy to see that lovely Quaker woman who would take such an interest in them that she was a sensation. Women were scarce in Colorado in those days and terribly valuable, and Susan B. Anthony was such a sweet and gracious person. That she would take the trouble to go into the saloons and talk to the men, that's one way that Colorado got the vote.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1893

Women May Vote in Colorado

DENVER, Col., Dec. 3.—The State Canvassing Board completed its work yesterday. The count shows that woman's suffrage was carried by 6,347 majority. Gov. Waite has issued a proclamation giving women the right to vote at all elections in this State.

My mother didn't go along with Susan B. Anthony. As far as I know, she never met her. She just did her little thing all on her own in that valley where we lived. Why she didn't take me along, I don't know. That would have been a good thing to do, but I think I was baby-sitting at this point. My job there was to baby-sit—a job which I loathed.

I loved animals. I didn't like dolls, but I loved animals. I had a lamb for a plaything and I also had a cat named old "Three Legs." She was called that because early in her career, when she was going through the big alfalfa field near our place, one leg was cut by the mowing machine, right at the ankle. That didn't stop her. Every year she produced a nice litter of ten or twelve kittens. Finally, one of her children had kittens and we found all the kittens in the barn crying for food. Their mother had been killed by the mowing machine. My brother had said he was going to take the starving kittens and put them in a bag with a rock and take them over and dump them in the river. I told him that if he did that he'd never live to tell the tale. I would punish him in such a way, he'd never forget. I knew "Three Legs" had a set of kittens, so I thought maybe

she'd give the other litter some milk. This sort of undertaking interested me intensely, rather than that of dolls. So I took "Three Legs" to the screaming kittens and she lay down at once and gave them a big meal. The next thing I saw, she was moving them one by one down with her litter of kittens.

We went to Carlisle School, an excellent school, on the edge of Pueblo. We were two miles from the school, out of the valley, up over the hills and across the prairies. As we got a little older, our father bought us a little Shetland pony and cart to drive to school. That little Shetland pony and cart that we had was a sensation at the Carlisle School.

It was a regular public school. (The principal was a very strong, domineering woman,) an excellent teacher. I never liked her because in her class she said that her life was getting very difficult because she never could get Jessie to stop talking—in class or out. So I didn't get on too well with her. Her name was Miss Chase. But it was in that school that I had a gifted teacher of rhetoric in the fourth grade, a teaching that has stayed with me all my life. She was a humpback, a homely little woman, but a great teacher. I loved English rhetoric even at that age.

It was when I was in the fourth grade, when I was getting these fine lessons in rhetoric, that I invited the whole grade to come out one Saturday in the summer for a picnic. Somehow or other, the parents let them come. They brought some lunches and we had a lot of things to eat and we had a big picnic. Then I asked them would they like to go wading in the river. Oh, yes, they'd like to wade in the river! So we ran over to the river.

I didn't know it was full of holes. Pretty soon, first one little skirt and then another began getting wet. So I said, "Let's take everything off; that's the way the boys do. Why shouldn't we?" Well, they were in doubt as to whether that was a nice thing to do or not. They were in great doubt. But they were getting all wet. I led the procession. My cousin, who was a very religious little girl and very particular, refused, but everybody else stripped.

We hung the clothes on the shrubbery by the side of the river, and we had a swim! Nothing feels so good as water on the body without a costume on it. So we just had a gorgeous time, the whole crowd. Then everybody began putting clothes on and looking very ashamed to think they'd done it. Finally they all went home and told their mothers. I found out later that every girl was told that never again could she come to our ranch and visit me, a naughty girl like me that would get them to go swimming without clothes on.

When I was ten years old, my mother died a very tragic death. The youngest child was drowned in the irrigating ditch. Four days later my mother died. I was with her when she died and she told me that I was to get educated, that I was a bright child. This was news to me. She had never talked to me up till this point as if I were an intelligent, understanding person. She had never even let me help her in the kitchen, which was a mistake. She was so busy and under such pressure, I suspect she felt she didn't have the time.

After my mother died, my father took on Maude Fitch, who had been my mother's intimate friend and had been a school-teacher. She came with her mother and was the housekeeper, and in the end, my father married her. She was a marvelous woman and an excellent disciplinarian. I went haywire after my mother died! I really took it terribly hard. I was almost impossible to handle, but Maude Fitch could do it. She had me ride my pony across the prairie to get calmed down.

My father sold the dairy then, and we moved down onto the other side of Pueblo and he went into the cattle-raising business. He had thousands of acres of land and cattle. There was no other way to get me into town into the school there except to live in somebody's home. He didn't have the money to pay for that, but if I was working in somebody's home, then I was properly sheltered and all the rest of it. So for two years during the school term I lived with a family in Pueblo and did the housework. I was a horrible household worker. I broke dishes. I dropped everything. I didn't seem to have my heart in it from the beginning. Anyway, I hadn't been trained by my mother.

It became evident that I was not a successful household assistant. My father saw I needed to be in the public schools in the city instead of the horrid little schools out in the country where we were living. So after two years, he sold his ranch and moved into the edge of town and went into the real estate business. I had a bicycle and rode to school. I was now in high school.

EARLY DETERMINATION: THE SEEDS OF THE FUTURE

When I was fourteen years old, in a very mediocre geometry class suddenly there walked into the room the first modern woman I had ever seen. Up to that point my knowledge of women was of Mexican housewives and ranch women done up in calico dresses. I assumed that's the way everybody would look when they got older. This woman was beautiful. She was tall and stylishly dressed. She was from Ohio and was a very gifted teacher. My problem was, How could I get her to know I was around?

I was at this point having a very bad time with my stepmother who'd gone into the menopause period. She had had a child and was in a terrible emotional and mental condition and should never have been left in our family at all. She would threaten, day after day, to burn the house down—and she meant it! So I was going through this frightful situation, helping with the housework and everything, when this new teacher walked into the room.

I thought, Maybe I can get her to help me. But how? She couldn't see me at all. I was badly dressed. Honestly, I looked older than I do now. I was all round-shouldered and an unhappy child. There were all these pretty little girls with nice dresses that their mothers made, so she didn't know I was there. Then she began giving an original problem in geometry that the students were to work out at home. Every day she would ask, "Who has the answer to the original problem?" Nobody ever

had the answer. One night I was sitting in our kitchen doing the homework and thought, If I could get that original problem, she'd know that I was there. But it was just Greek. I wasn't interested in mathematics, I was interested in getting help. I sat at the kitchen table and said, "I *must get that problem.*"

I went to bed and what do you think happened? I dreamed the answer! I saw it on the blackboard. I woke up at once and memorized it, and that morning I went downstairs at five and wrote it down and proved it. That day the teacher asked, "Who has the original problem?" My hand shot up in the air and she said, "Why, Jessie, have you got it?" I said, "Yes, I have." She told me to put it up on the board.

I don't think modesty at that point was my great asset. I *strutted* up to the board. And the answer was right. Well, wasn't I astonished! After that, for five days in succession, I had the answer. I had found how it worked. At the end of the week the teacher called me to the desk and said, "Now Jessie, I want you to tell me who's helping you with your original problems." I said, "Miss Mumford! I did them myself. I'm not that kind of a girl!" From then on, I knew that she knew I was there. (And it was she, in the end, who got me off to Smith College.)

It was that very year that I met this beautiful teacher that I called on the principal one night. If ever a man looked like Abraham Lincoln, that was the man. He was a very great teacher and a very wise man. Remembering that my mother had said to get educated, I called on him to ask what was the best women's college in America. I did not want to go to a college where there were men, where I would be distracted from getting an education. I felt that was a job in itself and it was better to put off the companionship with men until after education was absorbed.

The principal said Vassar was one of the best colleges but that it was for rich girls. I said, "Well, I won't be rich. I don't want to go there." Then he said that though Wellesley was a pretty good college it never interested him especially, but that

Smith College was one of the most alert and modern colleges. He thought that was one of the best. I said, "Thank you very much. I will go there." He was somewhat surprised. I didn't exactly look like a Smith College possibility. I was ill and badly dressed.

I wrote to Smith to find out what you had to do, and they said you had to send ten dollars to get enrolled. I dragged ten dollars out of my father on some excuse—ten dollars to him in those days was a lot of money—and got myself enrolled in Smith College at the age of fourteen, but nobody knew it. They were admitting girls, if they had high enough marks, without taking an examination. I wasn't what they call an all-A kind of student, so I figured that I was really going to have to slug like I'd done in geometry in order to secure high enough marks for entrance.

For the next two years I got up every morning at four o'clock to do homework so that no children or anybody would bother me. Then I began staying at the high school and getting homework done in the library, where it was quiet and peaceful. I ended up with very high marks. But, oh, it was a terrible strain. In the end Mr. Barrett, the principal, put me on the graduating program, and I recited Van Dyke's essay "The Lost Word."

By this time my stepmother was so ill and so unaffiliated to her family life, that I had to get all my own clothes. I got a dressmaker myself and was getting a dress made to wear for graduation. I would walk from our house across the prairie a mile and a half to get on a streetcar to get to the dressmaker's. Saturday morning it was always my job to clean the house from top to toe. It was about three weeks before graduation, and I had to go down on this particular Saturday and have my dress fitted. I told my stepmother and she said, "If you go out of that door this morning, you need never come back." I went upstairs and said, "What do you know about that! I'm all through here. I am kicked out."

I was delighted. I was a typical eighteen. I put on my hat and coat, got my purse and, without a word, walked out the back door and got on the streetcar. One of my best friends,

Lorena Underhill, lived in her mother's boarding house. I beat it there to ask if she'd take me in. Sixteen dollars a week, it was. She said, "Why, Jessie, we'd love to have you here." I went down to the office and told my father what had happened. I was a wreck, physically, from the housework I'd had to do, the nervous strain I had been under, and the studying I was doing. So I holed up there for the summer and got rested. It was wonderful.

But suddenly I developed a terrible ulcer on my right eye, and there was no eye doctor in Pueblo. Then, the first of two miracles happened. I believe in miracles. The first was in the middle of that summer when the first eye doctor that Pueblo ever had arrived from Philadelphia. He was one of the great eye specialists and was in the last stages of tuberculosis and had come to Colorado to be cured. I beat it down to the office the minute I heard he was there. He said that it was a terrible eye, but if I would come to his office every day and sit there all morning so that he could treat it every half-hour, he thought he could save my eye. So I did, and he saved my eye. That's the first miracle.

Three weeks before I was to leave for Smith College, my step-mother committed suicide. My father came for me at the boarding house and brought me home. By this time the news had got out that I was going to Smith. The minister of the church called and said that it was my duty to stay home and take care of the family, my brother and sister. Whereupon the darling teacher arrived back for the fall session, and hearing of the tragedy in our home, called on my father. She told him that if he didn't get me out of there at once I'd be dead in a year. When she got through with him, he had nothing more to say. He said to her, "What will I do?" and she told him, "That's your problem, not hers."

Then, the second miracle happened. About ten days before I was to leave, a letter arrived from a fourth cousin of my father's from Illinois. She was in Colorado and wanted to come to visit. Our house was hectic and the whole situation was awful, but my father said, "I always liked Emily Bonham and

I'd love to see her." We went down to the train one afternoon and the sweetest little woman I ever laid eyes on got off. She was five feet two, had lovely soft brown eyes, was beautifully dressed and was just a darling.

The next morning I explained I had to leave to go to the oculist. That afternoon, when I came home, there was the smell of food in the air. The kitchen floor was waxed, the old kitchen stove was blacked, there was a white tablecloth and the silver was cleaned. We sat down to the first really decent meal we'd had in months. At the meal I said, "What have you been doing all your life?" "Well, I stayed home with my father and mother on their farm. First my mother died, then last month my father died. I don't know what to do. I have to have a home," she said with tears in her eyes. I said, "Well, there's a home here needs somebody like that." The next morning we had a new housekeeper. She helped me buy some clothes and a trunk and got me off to Smith College. That was miracle number two.

In those days there was maybe just one other girl in the town who went to college. Neither my brother nor sister had a college education. My brother went awhile to Dartmouth, but he was not a scholar and not interested in studying. In the end, he married a girl with a lot of ranch money and had a big ranch near Boone, Colorado. My sister was the sweetest and least ambitious member of the whole family, and very domestic. A very beautiful child. She must have inherited her looks from our mother. She had blue eyes and was just a beautiful little girl and very sweet and gracious. Later, when I was in Boston, she came and went to Massachusetts General Hospital as a nurse and became a great success. When I was in England, she came over, and on the boat met a brilliant Harvard professor and she married him, lived at Harvard and had a very wonderful life.

My father hadn't taken my college plans very seriously. He made fun of me when I kept talking about it in high school. He said that most girls he'd known would say, "I'm going to get educated, get married and have babies. But not Jessie! She's

going to get educated in high school and go to Smith College.” He didn’t see why I couldn’t go to school in Colorado instead of Northampton, Massachusetts. He didn’t see that importance. But after I’d graduated from Smith, I can remember walking along the street with him one day when he met one of his business associates. This man said, “Well, is this the daughter who graduated from Smith College?” My father said, “Yes,” and the man asked, “Well, how did you happen to send her to Smith College?” “Well, I thought the best was none too good for her,” my father said. So that was that.

SMITH COLLEGE, 1906

Of course, to go to Smith College and get into that beautiful New England culture atmosphere just completely altered my life. It took me out of that pioneer environment that I’d come from and got me into the cultural world of America. I took philosophy, aesthetics, ethics, logic, history, and another year of Latin and Greek. I also took a course in Bible study that was very interesting. I didn’t understand philosophy very well but I adored it and took every course in that department. In my junior year I enrolled in the first class in psychology that was taught in America, the very first class, I think. I went crazy over it and, in the end, it became a tremendous part of my life. When I was in London later, I attended the Tavistock Clinic, which was conducted by Dr. Jones, the Freudian, and Dr. James Hadfield, the first Jungian psychotherapist. Four years of study with Dr. Hadfield followed, a study that changed my life and character. So that psychology course at Smith was partly responsible for helping me to find my identity.

I did also want to learn to write, so I took a writing course. But we had a teacher whose special interests were poetry and fiction. I wasn’t that type of student. Once or twice I wrote something that she said had possibility, but I didn’t get very far with it. I was also dying for a speech course, but there were none. All they did was test you. If you didn’t stutter, then you

didn't need speech. I went into the only speech class they offered; it concentrated entirely on enunciation and diction. I had a voice you could hear a mile. What I wanted to learn was how to reach an audience: how to get material over, how to communicate, how to express it, how to organize ideas. There was no such class there. There is none at Smith, yet.

Frankly, I was disappointed in my teachers. In my opinion they weren't very interesting. My greatest teacher was the one who taught psychology. He was simply great. I didn't fall for many of the others. They didn't even touch my high school teacher. What I longed for were women teachers who would give me a plan for my span of life. We sat around our rooms for hours at a time: "How are we going to carry on with this intellectual life and yet have a home and children?"

My mother had said, "Get educated." She didn't say, "Be a housekeeper." I had no image of being a housekeeper except inside me. I wanted to have a baby. (How could I coordinate this?) From all I knew of married life, you spent your life having babies, washing "daidies" and cooking. Therefore, how were you going to keep up with your intellectual life? No one had the answer, and they haven't found it yet. There was nobody there who had done it, and nobody there interested in homes and children, so there was no guidance.

As a matter of fact, it was not a healthy environment, in a way. There was a great deal of homosexual relations going on there, and we had a terrible tragedy in our class that nobody had coped with. There was a girl who was a very masculine type of girl, head of the basketball program, and another who was a very beautiful, sweet, delicate, typically feminine girl. The two of them lived together. The one girl loved boyfriends and dancing, and she went up to Dartmouth a great deal. A boy in Dartmouth fell in love with her, but her roommate was determined to break that up. That summer during our junior year the roommate persuaded her to cancel the engagement; she had found out that the mother of this perfectly brilliant, gifted young boy had been in a mental institution.

When they came back to college that fall, he wrote frantic

letters, and the roommate got her to send his letters back unopened. The whole campus was rocked with this love affair because the young man had come to town and was hanging around, trying to see his fiancée. She was sneaking out the back door, dodging him. We all thought it was terribly exciting and a great love affair. Nobody else took any interest in it or knew what to do or tried to do anything.

One day, as we were all looking out our windows, we saw her coming along when he met her. She was swinging along as gay as a lark. He had his hat pulled down over his eyes. They walked across from our building into the center of the campus where he shot her and himself, before our eyes. I was very critical of that affair. I said, "That's what's the matter with this college. There's no humanity in it. There's no guidance for women, the guidance that we need." There still isn't.

I wouldn't make any dates at Smith. Amherst boys go up there and boys from Yale and Harvard and Dartmouth. Many students had dates for weekends, but I wasn't going to get sidetracked with dates. During those years the girls would want me to go to dances and parties, but I said, "No. I'm getting education. I haven't the time." While they were out dating, I was in the library. That Smith library was so beautiful and filled with great literature. I read all of Bernard Shaw and all of H. G. Wells.

I never had a date until junior year, when we had our junior prom. One of my best friends from Great Neck, Long Island, said her boyfriend was coming up to Northampton and wanted to bring his boyfriend. So she roped me in on the junior prom. His name was Horace Lyon of Lyon's tooth powder. He was a very fine young man and later came to Colorado to marry me, but I was too busy getting educated and then getting a career started, so I didn't want to get married until later on.

I am dead set against coeducation during college years for my type of student. Being immature, as many college students my age were, mentally and physically, such students are not ready to struggle with a lively social life as well as with the kind of intense study that goes with a college education. Besides, in a

women's college like Smith, the entire emphasis of the curriculum and environment is adjusted to the characteristics of the single sex, the only important sex there. Had there been men students in that college, the women would have become a second sex down the line.

That would have altered my life and my development, as I am sure it would have done for many others. I needed to be in an environment where studies and interests were primary. This fact in later life gave me the courage and the desire to take positions that were vital and important. I have often noticed how few women have the courage to speak up when it's necessary. They have never learned nor have they found out how important it is for them to stand up and speak.

THE BEGINNING OF A CAREER

While I was at Smith I didn't have any idea of what it was I wanted to do, but something happened that guided me. I have been blessed all my life with running into marvelous guidance. In Colorado, out on a ranch, there was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford University. He was the younger son of a titled family, and in England in those days the older son inherited the title and the estate and the younger son had to be either a minister or a soldier. Cholmondeley Thornton didn't want to be a minister or a soldier, so he came to America to be what he wanted to be.

He had a red-haired daughter that he himself had entirely educated until she entered the senior year in Central High School. He had the philosophy that a girl should be herself, do what she wanted to do. Typical English people are a lot more liberal about women, incidentally, than we are in our country. We're still held down by the pioneer image that the men had to have a woman run a home or they couldn't have homes. The British have all kinds of ways of running homes; they don't depend on one woman to do the whole thing.

Well, Mary Thornton, who was a brilliant, beautiful girl,

went into high school just for the senior year in order to graduate because she wanted to go East and be trained as a nurse. The one girl she picked out for a friend was me. She began inviting me out to their ranch for weekends in senior year and I began telling them what my home problems were. Of course, he had okayed my getting to Smith.

When I was a sophomore in college, I went out to his ranch for the weekend. He asked what I was going to do when I got through. I said that most of the Smith girls teach. He said, "You aren't going to be any good as a teacher, a typical teacher fitting into the machinery of teaching. But your father is a brilliant businessman and you've probably inherited a lot of his ability. Why don't you spend your summers learning shorthand-typewriting?"

"Well," I said, "I've never heard of a Smith girl learning shorthand-typing." I was beginning to be very top-lofty, you see. But when I got back after my junior year, my father and stepmother decided that as I was having this vast sum of money spent on me, twelve hundred a year, that in the summer I could come home and take the place of a weekly cleaning lady; clean the house, do all the washing and ironing. At that point, I felt called upon to learn shorthand and typewriting—*right away!*

I beat it down to the little school there, and the minute I hit the typewriter I found I didn't know how to spell, so I began getting a little respectful. Finally, I worked like a dog on it. The next summer I went back again. When I went back to Smith and told my friends who were just off of their summer beaches what I was doing, they asked, "Why did I want to learn shorthand-typewriting and just be an office secretary?" I mean, really, a Smith girl a secretary! By this time, though, I'd gotten very respectful of the whole thing.

So, after I graduated from Smith I went back to Pueblo and suggested that I work in my father's office. He'd never had a secretary. I also took in shorthand-typewriting from the lawyers in the building and earned extra money. I earned a lot of money, quite a lot. There was no typist there, certainly none that had

a college education. At the end of my second summer there, I told my father that I wanted to go back to the Smith reunion. I made him pay me, too. He didn't like that very well, and neither did my stepmother. I lived at home and ate at home but I didn't do very much work.

I went back to the reunion, and while I was there I heard that one of the English teachers had opened an employment bureau for those Smith graduates that weren't teachers. I beat it to her office. She asked, "What can you do, Jessie?" I told her, "I'm a legal secretary." "What?" she said. "You're the first girl to enter that room with a business training! I've got a hundred jobs, all over the place, and I haven't got anybody to fill them."

One of them was with the Macmillan Publishing Company in New York as an assistant to the head of the college textbook department. By September of that year, 1911, I started work on Fifth Avenue—with a secretary and file clerk. I never touched a typewriter myself, but he wouldn't have anyone there who didn't know how to typewrite because that was considered a business training.

My job was to find courses that would fit each new college book that was published. I had, in back of my desk, four hundred college catalogues, and I would write to the man that had the course and tell him about the book, and "Would he like a sample copy?" Of course, if he liked the sample copy, four hundred or however many books would go to that school. It was fascinating. And, of course, it turned out to be a great experience to get that inside look into one of the biggest publishing firms in New York—and a British firm.

When I started, I didn't even know how to write a letter. Here I'd taken this English course, but I couldn't write a simple letter. My boss had to teach me. He was quite happy, though, with the way I did it. My salary was fourteen dollars a week, and I had to punch a time clock like all the low-paid employees. I told him, "Fourteen dollars a week is going to be difficult for me to live on in New York City. When do I make more money?" He said, "At Christmas," if I made good.

At Christmas my envelope had another dollar in it. I took

it in to him and said, "Is this my increase?" as I held it up. He said, "Well, Miss Haver, I think you take a very unfortunate attitude. I came here for ten dollars a week." I said, "I'm told that now you're getting twenty-four hundred a year. How soon will I get that?" He replied, "Well, really, Miss Haver, we have Jessie Ried here and she's a Wellesley graduate and has edited a whole series of books. She's been here twenty-five years and she gets twenty-five dollars a week." Twenty-five dollars a week after twenty-five years was the status.

X I met Jessie Ried in the rest room later and said, with my knees knocking, "Miss Ried, do you know what you're doing to the women in this firm? Every time we want more money, we're told about you and how you've been here twenty-five years and are getting twenty-five dollars a week and have edited a whole series of books." "What?" she said. "What do you mean?" I said, "I'm telling you what happens and what you're doing to us." She said, "Why, Miss Haver, I have a little apartment around the corner. I have no family. I love this sort of work. I was born for it. I never dreamed I was setting a standard for this whole firm. That's terrible." She promptly went to the president and told him that she wanted more money and royalties for the books she'd edited. He answered, "Miss Ried! Have you lost your mind?" "No," she said, "I've just found it." Well, she was fired, and the next Monday there were five publishers in the office after her. What I did was to get Jessie Ried a good salary, and then I prepared myself to be moved out as a result of my efforts. X

I walked up Fifth Avenue to where the five women's colleges had started an employment service for non-teacher college graduates. I told them about the situation and they said, "Oh, goody! We knew this was going on there at that company and we're tickled to death to see you. We have another gorgeous job for you." The new job was to be the first secretary of the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University. Instead of fourteen dollars a week, I was to get eighty-five dollars a month. I was to be allowed to live in Whittier Hall, the lovely Columbia dormitory—quite a change from the horrible cheap

boarding house that I was inhabiting near the Macmillan Company. I stayed there for two years, until 1913. Again, there was a very bad employment situation, from the feminist point of view. I didn't know I was a feminist in those days, but I knew what was endurable and I didn't intend to die on the job.

I went again to the employment office on Fifth Avenue. They had a job in Boston to be a statistician and an investigator for the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission at a salary of \$1,300 a year. Amy Hewes, executive secretary of the commission and a professor at Mt. Holyoke College, interviewed me and I was invited to come to Boston the next month. I was (working to help bring about a minimum wage for women.) This was the era when women were beginning to work outside the home. They were the most exploited workers that ever existed. They were getting around four dollars a week in candy factories, in laundries and in five-and-dime stores. The Massachusetts Consumer's League had secured passage of a law that allowed employees of the (Minimum Wage Commission) to copy payrolls. I was sent out to big factories and industries to copy payrolls and was taught how to put them into statistical tables. It was a very (great education and training era for me.)

I wanted more than anything else to help women. I became dedicated, in a way, to the woman's world and the woman's needs. That dedication was really backed by the tragedy of my own family life and my mother's death when I was ten. I had lived in that valley where no woman in any family who gave birth to children lived to bring them up. I didn't think it was justice for women to suffer like that. Now I was finding women suffering outside the home, working in industry at starvation wages!

I saw how they had to try to survive. Most of them stayed with their families, but, of course, they were not paying for their keep with these wages. Or they had men friends that they lived with. They had to do one or the other. Neither one was justice because they were not carrying their own weight. They couldn't earn enough to survive without help from either their families or their boyfriends. I didn't think that was just. All down the line,

it seemed to me it was a rough world for women. I wanted to find out why and to help change it. You see, I'm a Libra, and a Libra person's keynote is balance and justice.

By the time I left Boston the minimum wage became an accepted fact. Quite a number of boards were at work setting up new standards. When Edward Filene built the most beautiful women's store in Boston, all this shouting about a minimum wage had reached his ear. From the beginning he paid the highest minimum wage that was ever paid, \$8 a week, and so the finest saleswomen came to his store. The store was beautiful; they had a big organ that played music all the time, and all these beautiful, attractive skilled saleswomen. The store thrived! And on good minimum wages!

I left Boston after four years to become an employee of the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. World War I was on, and I heard that they were looking for statisticians to do a survey of the cost of living in Washington, D.C. Federal employment is always valuable. Opportunities to grow are everywhere, and I needed a higher salary. I wrote out my experience and was immediately invited down for an interview. The experience in Boston had been invaluable.

WASHINGTON, D.C.: NEW PATHS TO BREAK

I landed the job and found myself in Washington, D.C., at \$1,500 a year. It was a fascinating job. We had to go all over Washington to where the civil servants lived. Nearly a million workers were living there in the sort of small, brick, row houses which are so common to that part of the world. We had to go out and ring doorbells to get the families' budget—what their income was and how it was spent. We were trying to determine if the civil service people were getting enough to live on. I knew now how to make statistical tables and how to interview people. I just adored it. It was a great experience to be involved in that kind of statistical survey.

At the end of two years I had become very friendly with the secretary of the Consumers League of Washington, Mrs. Zold. I knew the Consumers League background from Boston and I admired them. This woman, for some reason, couldn't carry on anymore and they offered me the job. I earned a good salary, better than I'd been getting all along, but it was dependent on my raising money to pay it, and that was a little awkward. But I loved the job because I was my own boss and could run the whole show. I had an office in the Munsey Building, and at times I had secretaries to help me run the office. I set up meetings and lectures. I didn't do too much lecturing myself because I hadn't been trained to speak and didn't know how, but I did speak. In other words, it was a one-woman operation and I was the woman.

I had an executive committee, like all such organizations, but I was the only paid employee. There were very talented women on the executive committee of the Consumers League, brilliant Washington women that otherwise I would not have known at all. One can live in Washington one's whole life and not meet such women. Among them were the two sisters-in-law of Justice Brandeis, the Goldmark sisters. They were prominent

in the New York League as well. And Florence Kelley, of course, kept coming down to Washington.*

I've forgotten what the issues were then besides the minimum wage law for women in the District of Columbia. The men were organized, but there were no women's organizations. Although the number of nongovernmental employees in Washington was not large and there weren't any great factories and industries there, the women were being exploited all right! In laundries, stores and restaurants. In order to get the minimum wage for the District of Columbia, the U.S. Congress had to pass a law. (It is they who govern Washington, D.C. A minimum wage law that was passed by the U.S. Congress would set an important precedent for the rest of the country.) To get a minimum wage law through Congress was a little different from getting it through the Massachusetts legislature. The Goldmarks worked with Justice Brandeis to draft the bill, and I was asked to present it as soon as possible to a legislator who was sympathetic to the issue. Justice Brandeis thought it would take two years to get it through, but it went through in months—to the astonishment of everybody. As it happened, the man we invited to introduce the bill into the lower house was Congressman Edward Keating from Pueblo, Colorado, my hometown. He was a very broad-minded legislator, one of the very rare men at that time who had a social conscience and understood the background of the Minimum Wage Law. He knew my father but I had never met him before. He jumped at the chance to introduce the bill into the lower house. Then we secured Senator Harry Hollis of New Hampshire to introduce the bill to the Senate. He was very close to Woodrow Wilson, the President at the time.

So there we were with our little bill now safely introduced into the Congress. My next job was to go up to the Capitol to learn how to be a lobbyist. I found out that the first man to be consulted was Congressman Ben Johnson of Kentucky. He was

* Florence Kelley, a social reformer with particular interest in child labor and the welfare of industrial women workers, was executive secretary of the National Consumers League.

chairman of the House District Committee, the committee that governed Washington. He was considered an old bear where women were concerned. He loathed having women clattering down the marble corridors of the House Office Building. He loathed advanced human ideas about things like minimum wages and women getting a living wage. Besides, women had no rights in the House Office Building because they were not voters. He was the heartbreak of the city because no decent, enlightened legislation for Washington could get through Ben Johnson. He seemed just impossible. I remember the day that Pauline Goldmark asked me, "What are you going to do about Ben Johnson? How are you going to get around him?" They seemed to think that somehow I'd find a way, but they weren't sure.

I will never forget the day I first called on him in his office. He had women working quietly in the rear of his office, but any woman with the status of a lobbyist was just like a red flag to a bull. This I knew. I had a cute little cotton dress with little red and white fine checks. We used to always wear those checked dresses. It had a ruffle right down the front, all starched and looking gay and fresh.

The door was open and I walked into Congressman Ben Johnson's back office. There he sat at his huge desk, looking very important. "Congressman," I said, "may I please speak to you for a few minutes?" I was very courteous. Looking up, he growled, "What are you doing here?! Why aren't you home having babies, where you belong?!"

I knew the fate of our minimum wage bill hung on my answer. "Well, Congressman," I answered in a soft tone, "you see, it's an awkward situation. You're supposed to have a husband before you have a baby and I haven't got a husband."

"Well, why don't you get one?"

"Well, Congressman, I would like one, but so far all the good ones are married." Of course he was already married, too.

"Oh, that's tough," he said. The tone of his voice changed and he said, "Well, come on and sit down and tell me what I can do for you. I'll have to help you, I can see that." I said,

“Yes, Congressman, I do need help.” I started talking to him about the minimum wage bill and the women in the five-and-ten-cent store downtown who were getting four dollars a week and having to either live on their families or with a man. I explained how we wanted to change that. He asked what he could do and I told him, “Well, Congressman, if you’ll just set the date for a hearing, I will see to it that all the leading employers of all the stores are there. I happen to know Edward Filene from Boston and he’s now in town. He’s widely known and was the president of the National Businessmen’s Association. If I can get him to appear at your hearing, (you’d be on the front page of every newspaper in Washington.) How would you like that?”

“Well,” he said, “that would be all right. When do you want your date?” I walked right downtown in this gay mood I was in at this point and there was Edward Filene. He said that he would be honored to speak at the hearing. So I walked back to Ben Johnson and told him. “Well,” he said, “this begins to look interesting.” We had the hearing and it was jammed with the leading employers of Washington. Edward Filene made the first speech and it was gorgeous. He told them how it paid to pay women well. A well-paid, happy, gay, well-cared-for, well-fed clerk in your store brings in business, and that’s what you’re after—*business*. They saw the point.

I’ve forgotten how long it was, but it was no time before he had the bill through the House. Florence Kelley, of course, came down and spoke, and neither she nor any of the women could believe that this thing they had fought and struggled for for years with such anguish would just fly through the U.S. Congress with no opposition. I went up to Congressman Johnson afterwards to thank him. “Well,” he said, “I have a lot of influence around here and if there’s ever anything you want around here, just let me know. I’m at your service.” With that I bade him good-bye and beat it over to the Senate.

Senator Hollis told me, “We can’t get that bill through our committee unless you can get Senator Reed Smoot to okay it.” Reed Smoot was one of the most difficult men in the U.S.

Senate. He was head of the Rules Committee and he sat right down on the center aisle so that not a single bill could go anywhere unless he okayed it. So the thing to do was to call on Senator Reed Smoot. The Consumers League decided that the president, Mrs. Edward Costigan, whose husband was head of the Tariff Commission, had better go with me to call on Senator Reed Smoot. I don't know whether they thought he was going to chop my head off, or what. I knew he wouldn't because he was from Salt Lake City and was one of the leading Mormons—a very brilliant, clever legislator, a tall handsome man, a gentleman.

Mrs. Costigan, who was a lovely, sweet, gracious woman, and I descended on Senator Reed Smoot's office. We had an appointment. As we came in he rose graciously from his desk. He had a seat at one side of his desk for me and one for Mrs. Costigan. I said, "Senator, we have come to talk to you about this minimum wage bill. It's now gone through the House and so, of course, we look forward to your help to get it through the Senate." Whereupon he rose suddenly and began to pound on his desk so that everything on it danced. He said, "You women, with all this socialistic legislation!) You know what? I'd like to be President of the United States when all this legislation gets in there. I'd just like to be President. I could be the greatest dictator you ever saw with this kind of legislation coming up!"

Mrs. Costigan commenced to tremble; she looked at the Senator with horror, as the desk was dancing with objects on it. But I just looked at him and smiled sweetly as I said, "You know, Senator, I wish you could be President of the United States." "Well!" he said, as he sat down with a bump. "Why would you like to see me as President?" I knew he was dying to be President, and he was capable of being President. He was a very great legislator, but he was a Mormon. At that time our country was a little stuffy about appointing people with such a strong religious background as that. "You see, Senator, if you were President and issues like this came up, you'd just have to look at both sides of the question and you're not used to doing that. Besides, this would make you a greater leader than you

are now." "Well," he said, "what do you want me to do?" I said, "When that bill comes in, would you just pick up your things and leave your seat until we can get it into Senator Hollis's committee?" He agreed, and we shook hands and left.

Mrs. Costigan could hardly walk out of the room, she was so frightened at what had happened. But everything was all right. As the bill reached the Senator's desk, I saw him gather up his papers and walk out. In no time Senator Hollis had a hearing that was equally impressive, and we didn't have to work so hard for it. He was a very generous and enlightened man and one of the great leaders of the United States Senate. The bill went flying through and the President signed it.

In the process of lobbying you must almost live up at that Capitol. I was there in the Senate gallery for weeks watching the men and studying the process. At the time there were very few other women lobbyists; just the suffrage lobbyists. Alice Paul was carrying on her picketing of the White House, in violation of the laws of the city. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt was living in the big hotel down on Pennsylvania Avenue while her cohorts were calling on Senator [William] Borah, who was stalling the bill after all these years.

While the minimum wage bill was still hanging fire, I discovered the meat-packers hearing. I was clicking along the corridor one day and looked into a room where there was a hearing. I knew instantly that it was a meat-packers hearing because they had been publishing huge ads in the papers. It was the most brazen advertising I'd ever seen for a big industry. It was obvious they had a lot at stake. I was surely aroused. Remember, my father had gone into the business of cattle raising and so I knew what it cost to raise cattle on the range.

It happened that was one of the days that Armour Packing cornered rice and made a huge fortune. Because the war was on and the potatoes were needed for the men in the army, women shoppers were told to buy rice instead. I went into the hearing. There were no newspaper people there, so when I caught this story of the rice, I sent it down to one of the women editors of the *Christian Science Monitor*. "Look," I said, "you must re-

port this hearing. This is hot stuff." She took the story and sent it in, and soon it came out on the front page as her story, of course.

I had called up the women on the board of the D.C. Consumers League, including Mrs. Edward Costigan, and told them that (this was a consumers story) and had to do with women. The (next day ten women) were at the hearing with nice little pencils and notebooks. When they filed in, you ought to have (seen the expression on the men's faces,) especially the man who was the district attorney back in Chicago who had been brought there to protect these men and their companies. The expressions on the faces of all of them, when they saw these women with their pencils taking notes, were just cataclysmic.

There was then a meeting of the D.C. Consumers League where the women reported what was happening, and after that women began (filling the hearing room.) Finally, Mrs. Kelley was persuaded to come down and testify, though she was very unwilling to do so because it was really not their field. Their field was women in industry, women's wages. To get off into this great monopoly of the meat packers was just something she didn't want to do. It's a wonder she ever came. But, as it turned out, she didn't carry too much weight.

A lot of publicity followed these hearings and the whole thing broke open. I attended the hearing every day, writing up what went on. My two years as a secretary at the School of Journalism paid off. I had absorbed valuable journalistic techniques, and my reports were being sent out through UP all over the country. The advertising stopped. It was a failure because the thing had broken loose and was being publicized.

So I was really at the head of the procession of women working outside their homes and with the U.S. government. I was running into all the problems headlong. Being of pioneer stock from Colorado, I was a pioneer up there as well. It was great. I never had so much fun and never loved anything in my life like that. I was completely fulfilled, as a woman even. After

all, I was helping women. I seemed to be using, and using effectively, everything I had in me. I don't know where it came from, but there it was.

JOINING THE SUFFRAGE STRUGGLE DURING THE FINAL PHASE

Of course, immediately upon getting to Washington, I became interested in the woman's suffrage movement, which, at that time, was working to get a resolution through the U.S. Senate. In Boston I had gone to a lot of meetings on suffrage and on birth control. Margaret Sanger was always coming up to Boston and lecturing because they had a very bad law in Massachusetts and no information on birth control. I also went several times to hear Mrs. Pankhurst when she came from England. Even though I went to all the big suffrage meetings, I couldn't do much about it at that time because I was busy earning a living.

In Washington I began going to Alice Paul's place. Alice Paul, the leader of the National Woman's Party, had been given a lot of money by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and had a lovely house as her headquarters right on the edge of Lafayette Park, across from the White House. There was a big dining room, and I took a great many of my luncheons there, even while I was working in the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, and that's where I met all those women. They were my intimate friends. One of the leading pickets, Mrs. Harvey Wiley, was one of the women who were in my first class in public speaking when I came back to Washington after eight years in London. Then there was Mrs. Kent, the wife of William Kent, who later gave me the money to take the trip with Carrie Chapman Catt. They all went to prison for picketing the White House and they fasted and had food pushed down their stomachs with a hose. It was a terrible story.

I remember one talented girl, young, beautiful, brilliant, and a recent graduate from Vassar, Hazel Hunkins. Alice Paul sent

her all over the country to speak on woman's suffrage. I became acquainted with her personally and found that she had not only become radical about woman's suffrage but, along with others, she thought that it was all right for anyone to have a baby if she wanted and to pick the right person to be the father of the baby, to have a eugenic baby. She intended to do this. She went home to Montana to visit her family and told them her plans. Her mother cried night and day and holidays and Sundays, but this reformer couldn't be stopped.

In the end, (she did finally get pregnant,) whereupon she was fired. Alice Paul wasn't out to create a new family life for people. She was just interested in getting the vote for women. So the future mother secured a job and departed for London. She had four children and has since become a feminist leader in London. She eventually married the man who was the father of her children, a man who became a well-known journalist in England. So this was also an era when women were struggling for more freedom and made decisions they thought were sound.

I was very close to all that. I always went there and they worked hard to get me lined up with their more radical group, but I couldn't. For one thing, I was still a lobbyist at the Capitol for the Consumers League. Besides, they all had husbands, so they ate. Anyway, I was not inclined to go in for as rugged a program as they followed. I liked Mrs. Catt's legislative system better, but I believe they'd never have got woman's suffrage if they had depended only on Mrs. Catt! She had spent twenty years working for this and was very much of a statistician and a parliamentarian. Alice Paul had been taught by Mrs. Pankhurst in London, and Mrs. Pankhurst was a militant. Alice Paul followed her way of fighting and, in the end, took the position that if any man in the (Democratic Party should vote against woman's suffrage, she would then condemn the whole party. This Mrs. Catt violently disagreed with, and that's why they separated.)

There is another explanation to this fierce antagonism between these two women reformers. They were within two days of each other in their birthdays. Alice Paul was born January

11, 1885, and Mrs. Catt's birthday was January 9, 1859. To have two Capricorns latched together in a violent historical struggle could hardly be more trying. Each stood for the truth as she saw it, and each in her way has brought about and is bringing about lasting freedom for women equal to that for men.

I don't remember much about the National Woman's Party picketing or marching because, of course, I was earning my own living and having to work at the time. We used to go over to the restaurant, though, and hear the latest news of what was going on. It was very exciting, really. Finally, Alice Paul and her group began burning the words of the President in Lafayette Park and I also seem to remember that they burned him in effigy. I remember thinking at the time how bold it was and yet how disrespectful. He hadn't done a thing to help the women get the vote, although World War I was going on and he was giving out noble statements to the world about the rights of freedom of all people. But he didn't include women's rights in his statements. He finally became irritated about all this, and after this drastic attack, decided he would personally appear before the Senate. It was a history making occasion, and my boyfriend, whom I later married, and I received tickets and sat in the balcony of the U.S. Senate the day he appeared and asked the Senate to vote for woman's suffrage. It was a very thrilling experience to be there when that happened.

The suffrage amendment went through, at last, while the meat-packers hearings were still going on. The news came out that Carrie Chapman Catt, with her party of speakers, was going to start through the Far West to hurry up the ratification of the amendment. They felt that in the West, where a lot of the states already had woman's suffrage and where they were sympathetic to it, ratification could be pressured easily. Mrs. Catt's hotel was just across the street from the Munsey Building, where I had my office. I barged into her office one evening about five o'clock, congratulating her on her victory, and said that I had heard she was going West. I told her what I'd been doing on getting the story on the meat-packing industry and explained

why I was interested in her trip. "I wish I could go with you on this tour and, instead of talking about suffrage, tell the story about the meat-packing industry, as one of the great industries women are concerned with as buyers of food."

Of course, Mrs. Catt's first reaction was against it. She felt that if the big industries thought that the women voters were going to stick their noses into something like these monopolies, they'd see to it that the women still didn't get the vote. Being a great diplomat, she said, "Well, Jessie, it would be fun to have you go with us but we couldn't afford to take you." I asked her how much it would cost and she told me five hundred dollars. "If I can get the five hundred dollars, can I go?" She replied that I could, probably thinking that I would never get the five hundred dollars and that she need not worry about the danger.

I went over to Congressman William Kent's office on New York Avenue. I knew that he was the cattle man from California who had been responsible for those hearings. I told him about her trip through six states in the West and that I'd speak from the same platform with her and tell this meat-packing story. "But she says I have to have five hundred dollars to go along." He just pulled out his checkbook, put it on the desk, and wrote out the check for the full amount.

In half an hour I was back with the five hundred dollars. Mrs. Catt said, "Well, Jessie, I promised you could go if you could get the money, so I guess we'd better take you along." We started out before Christmas and were on tour over the Christmas holiday. I remember vividly how we stayed at the great hotel in San Bernardino, the Huntington-Sheraton, for the whole Christmas period. One of the famous women of California who really started the woman's suffrage movement there was our hostess.

The trip, of course, was a very thrilling experience for me. I had never gone on a trip like that or experienced those crowds at railway stations as we went along. At every station where we stopped to speak, there were huge crowds there to greet Mrs. Catt. You never saw such adoration and such admiration and

faithfulness that the women gave to that great seasoned leader. I think that possibly she had the most influence with women and had the greatest effect in joining women to a cause than any other woman I've ever heard of. There was a magnetism about her character that attracted women and made them forget that women through the ages have always fought each other and been jealous. There was no jealousy in her program, just the selfless dedication to a great issue.

In those towns where we stopped there was lots of money. Many of the women were well-off, so there was plenty of money around. They always met her at the train and escorted her to the hotel, and all of us were there with her. Everything was (so well thought out.) Always they had these beautiful big meetings.

I sat back of Mrs. Catt as she spoke. In fact, she gave me my first lessons on how to speak on those platforms. I often noticed that she was wringing her hands behind her when she was speaking and so one day I asked her, "Why do you wring your hands behind you?" "Because," she said, "I suffer so when I am speaking. I'm in agony." I was astonished when I realized that she was really a shy woman. She really did not want to be out in front of an audience. When I asked her why she then chose that kind of career, her answer was, "I didn't choose it. It chose me and wouldn't let me go."

But her speeches were oratorical. They were profound speeches, they weren't just superficial. They were tied in with the history of government and the theory of democracy and what it all means. It wasn't just a superficial speech about the needs of women, but was a whole philosophy of the right of individuals to govern themselves. She had to fire up the women to go after their state legislators to endorse the amendment. All the big meetings and big luncheons were held at noon, and, of course, most of the audience were women. In California, I remember, the state legislature was in recess, so they gained permission to have this meeting in the Senate room of the State of California. We sat on the platform and made our speeches from there.

The other women usually gave the regular woman's suffrage talk they'd been doing for years. Mine was the only one that didn't. I think, in a way, I was kind of refreshing. It was a different talk and it looked to the future and how this was the kind of issue that the women should be interested in as consumers. The title of my speech was "The Government and the Market Basket." My future husband is the one who gave me that title, and it was right. It made for excellent publicity. Mrs. Catt wasn't too comfortable about it, though, because she didn't want them to kill woman's suffrage after all these years. At every state where we were, there was a row of meat-packers' lawyers listening. If I had made one slip of the tongue that was not on the record, they would have sued Mrs. Catt for misrepresentation. But, of course, I just spoke from the point of view of the public record that I'd received at the hearings in Washington.

We went to Colorado, California and Nevada, I recall. In Las Vegas a fascinating incident occurred. As we were leaving the hotel one morning to go to the high school where Mrs. Catt was to speak, there was one of my intimate friends from Washington. We had all been very enthusiastic about this girl because she had a fine boyfriend and they had finally decided to get married. What was so exciting was that he was perfectly willing to have her carry on with her job. That was the era when you just automatically stopped working as soon as you married. But she'd found a man who wanted her to go on with her job—a man who thought it was a great idea. We all thought so, too. But to date, such a plan was unheard of.

Here she was in Las Vegas. "What are you doing out here?" I asked, astonished. "I'm getting a divorce." "What! What's the matter?" I asked. "Well, we got along fine, but then I had a baby and I decided I didn't want to work anymore. I wanted to stay home and take care of the baby. I found it was rather nice not to have to crawl out of bed every morning on cold days and go down on the buses and the streetcars to a job. It was nicer staying home. But, you know, he wouldn't put up with it. He said that we had married on the theory that I was to continue work and that as soon as the baby got a little older,

I was to get a baby-sitter and get back to my job. He said he had no intentions of supporting me and the baby. That was the agreement when we were married.”

So it occurred to me, at that point in Las Vegas, that we women were getting into hot water on some subjects about the future and some of the women were getting into hot water, too. Another incident happened down in San Diego that made me wonder. On the train, across the aisle from me, was a woman who cried all night. The next morning I took a step over to her seat and saw that it was a young girl. I asked her what the trouble was. She was still in college, and so was the young man that I saw saying good-bye to her with much apparent sorrow. He had decided that she was to give up her college and get a job so that he could get his legal degree. That didn't seem to be her idea of marriage, giving up college and earning the money so that he could get his degree. She had written her mother about it back East, and her mother told her to leave him at once and come back East and that she'd take her on a European trip. So she was leaving him to go on the European trip.

So, on the side, as we were having the trip, I was picking up some very interesting incidents. I'm a philosopher by nature and I like to see what's going on and then try to understand it. I came back from the trip thinking that there was a lot more study we were going to have to make of the perfect world into which we were not entering as soon as we got woman's suffrage.

Shortly after we returned from that trip, Mrs. Catt had a meeting of all her following and her officers to wind up the work of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. She invited me to go with her and sit on the platform. They wound up their organization and put it to bed, and then they created the National League of Women Voters. It was not a controversial issue. It had all been thought out, as Mrs. Catt always did. She was a stateswoman. She had all the plans made and Maude Wood Park of Boston was appointed the president of the National League of Women Voters.

The whole meeting was very peaceful and very happy because they were through with suffrage and now could go on to prepare women for the new program ahead. Mrs. Catt had that gift of dramatizing things in a human way that was beautiful and noble. There was a nobility about her and a high spiritual thinking that she put back of everything she did. That was the feeling of that meeting. It was uplifting. The big battle they'd fought for so many years was over, and now a new world was coming and they were going to help create it. She put a beautiful spirit of spirituality and idealism into the meeting.

They had a business meeting right afterwards and I was appointed the first legislative advocate, as they called it. It was a paid position, with the highest salary any woman was getting in Washington at the time, thirty-five hundred dollars. It was almost double what I was getting with the Consumers League—and I didn't have to raise the money, either, as I did with the Consumers League. So we went back to Washington and I was off the Consumers League and into a big new job for the National League of Women Voters. We spent all that summer laying the groundwork for the work of the League with the Congress for the next fall. My work, by this time, became somewhat confused because this whole question of marriage had come up. You can't think about getting married and still be completely sunk in the work of a reform movement like the National League of Women Voters. So I don't think I did so good a job that summer. By December, Hugh and I were married, and off to London.

I don't know what Mrs. Catt would have liked the League of Women Voters to have done, but maybe it was to have it concentrate less on the processes of government and more on getting freedom for women. I think she was very disappointed with the league for that reason. (She felt that it lost its meaning by just limiting itself to government issues.) Not many people agree with that, though, because the league has done great work in this country in getting women better trained in dealing with government and how it works. They've been very successful, though conservative, before city councils and state govern-

ments. They've taught their members how government works, how to influence government.

I didn't know what to think! As soon as the women had the vote, they just quit. It's one of the tragedies of the whole era that a slump took place. Women stopped seeking higher degrees in college, they stopped trying to be better educated. Many young women left school for marriage and many went to work to help husbands secure degrees. Over the years this custom has become commonplace—a strange reaction to the fire and the drama of the fight for woman's suffrage.

Maybe we needed new issues. Alice Paul was right. She began immediately to plan to introduce to the Congress the equal rights amendment. Although she had helped to secure woman's suffrage, she still believed that woman's suffrage alone was not going to give women everything they wanted and needed. They had only secured the right to vote. Even now the U.S. Supreme Court has stated that the only status women have in our government is as voters. Any state today can still pass any law they'd like against women, and they have no recourse except perhaps to vote against them. There are now a thousand very bad laws on the records of state legislatures against women. This is added proof that Alice Paul is a woman with a profound mind. Getting woman's suffrage was not enough, it was just the first step.

SUFFRAGE, FEMINISM AND ATTITUDES TOWARD MEN

Everything completely changed when I left Boston. Frankly, I was worried because I wasn't meeting any men. I had had a rigid rule in college that I would make no dates because I was getting educated, as my mother told me to do. But now I was twenty-five years old. At this point, I was beginning to wonder if I was ever going to marry. I hadn't yet made up my mind to that, so I began to be a little soft on red-hot suffragists. I mean, girls who were trying to get married at that time didn't shout

their heads off about woman's suffrage, as yet not very popular with men. When I first arrived in Boston, woman's suffrage was a very *unpopular* subject. Even the president of Harvard came out against it during one of Mrs. Catt's visits there.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, JANUARY 1911

DO YOU, AS A WOMAN,
WANT TO VOTE?

*Some Prominent Women of America Answer the
Question*

It is supposed in some quarters that the agitation for woman suffrage which has been so industriously stirred up has won over to its side a majority of the thinking women of this country. The names of well-known women are juggled with in the newspapers until it is not strange that some should ask: How do the women whose works place them in positions of vantage think on this question?

To ascertain the opinions of some of the most prominent women this page was sent out with the request that each would, in a single sentence, answer the question given at the head:

"Do you, as an American woman, want to vote?"

The answers speak for themselves, and are, to say the least, illuminative.

THE EDITORS OF THE
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

WHERE THE REAL NEW YORK
WOMEN STAND

The impression is sometimes

conveyed that the best part of New York womanhood is in favor of the ballot for woman. But the other side of that impression is reflected by the Committees and Boards governing the two New York organizations that stand as against woman suffrage. Thus there appear as Honorary Vice-Presidents, Directors and members of the Executive Committee of THE NATIONAL LEAGUE FOR THE CIVIC EDUCATION OF WOMEN the following women, representative of the oldest and foremost families of New York:

- MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND
Wife of the Former President of the United States
- MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE
- MRS. GEORGE R. SHELDON
- MRS. HENRY SELIGMAN
- MRS. LIVINGSTON SCHUYLER
- MRS. JAMES TERRY GARDINER
- MRS. WILLIAM PERRY NORTHRUP
- MRS. WILLIAM HAYNES TRUESDALE
- MRS. DAVID H. GREER
Wife of the Bishop of the Diocese of New York
- MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER
- MRS. CHARLES H. PARKHURST

MRS. ROSSITER JOHNSON
 MRS. MABEL DEAN KALBFLEISCH
 MRS. WILLIAM PERKINS DRAPER
 MRS. DUNLAP HOPKINS
 MRS. HIRAM W. SIBLEY

While on the Boards and Committees and member lists of THE NEW YORK STATE ASSOCIATION OPPOSED TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE there appear the names of women equally representative of the foremost New York families:

MRS. ELIHU ROOT
 MRS. FRANCIS S. BANGS
 MRS. FRANCIS M. SCOTT
 MRS. CLEVELAND H. DODGE
 MRS. C. GRANT LAFARGE
 MRS. HERBERT L. SATTERLEE
 MRS. HENRY A. STIMSON
 MRS. GEORGE DOUGLAS MILLER
 MISS ALICE HILL CHITTENDEN
 MRS. JOHN G. MILBURN
 MRS. WILLIAM M. POLK
 MRS. LOCKWOOD DEFOREST

Those who call themselves suffragettes are making such a noise that I fear there is danger that the public may forget that opposed to these few is the great majority of womankind, proud of being women, and who glory in doing well those things which an All-Wise Creator assigned as woman's part in life.

LOUISE HOMER

I cannot interest myself in the subject in the slightest degree.

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON
 Wife of the Former President
 of the United States

No.

CAROLINE HAZARD
 Former President of Wellesley
 College

No. The active participation of women in politics would be a great and perhaps a hazardous experiment in government. I am opposed to trying it.

AGNES IRWIN
 Former Dean of Radcliffe College

The whole suffrage movement seems to me unintelligent, unintelligible and uninteresting. The achievement of universal suffrage would multiply our clubs and divide our homes.

CAROLYN WELLS

AN AUTHORITATIVE VOICE FROM
 COLORADO

I have voted since 1893: I have been a delegate to the city and State conventions, and a member of the Republican State Committee from my county: I have been a deputy sheriff and a watcher at the polls: for twenty-three years I have been in the midst of the woman-suffrage movement in Colorado. For years I believed in woman suffrage and have worked day in and day out for it—I now see my mistake and would abolish it tomorrow if I could.

No law has been put on the statute book of Colorado for the benefit of women and children that has been put there by the women. The Child Labor Law went through independently of the woman's vote. The hours of working-women have not been shortened; the wages of school-teachers have not been raised: the type of men that got into

office has not improved a bit.

As for the effect of the vote on women personally, I have known scores of women who worked for the Republican party one year and worked for the Democratic party next year, telling me frankly that "the Democrats gave us more money."

Frankly, the experiment is a failure. It has done Colorado no good: it has done woman no good. The best thing for both would be if tomorrow the ballot for women could be abolished.

MRS. FRANCIS W. GODDARD
President of the Colonial Dames
of Colorado

I did go hear Mrs. Pankhurst speak in Boston and I went to the meetings, but I did not work for them. I was ashamed of myself because I wasn't getting out and helping, but of course, I was working for women in my job. Besides, at that point in my life, I felt I had something else I had to do: to learn how to get along with men. Underneath everything else, what I really wanted was to have a baby. And that meant I had to get married.

I had never taken any interest in boys, except for my brother who was my pal. For some reason I felt superior to them intellectually. I finally did have a boy invite me to the junior prom in high school. My high school teacher got him to do it, I think. He sent me some red carnations. By that time I was seventeen years old. I didn't know how to talk to boys. I was awkward and ill at ease. That's why I wanted to go to a college where there were no men, where I would learn to communicate with ease.

Of course, when I was at Smith there was Horace Lyon. He came to Colorado to get me to marry him after I graduated. He was just a perfect darling, very good-looking and very faithful, fine young man. The trouble was I did not love him. I tried, but it was no good. Within half an hour, I couldn't think of anything to talk about. Imagine that! Well, you can't marry somebody without love—at least I couldn't. I knew I'd never get a chance like that again. My family had a fit at the way I treated him.

In Boston I began to see that I was in an environment where I'd never meet any attractive men, the kind of men I'd like. In

boarding houses and places like that, you don't. I was lonely. I had no home and I needed companionship. I liked this Portuguese at a boarding house. He was a handsome fellow. He was the one that aroused me sexually. I was twenty-four years old then. He was very interested in me, really, and is the one who taught me how to swim, but he was never with me for weekends. He would go back down to southern Massachusetts, where his family lived. He said that his father was a drunkard and would come home and beat up his mother, and so he had to be there to protect her. That was the story he told. He hadn't asked me to marry him, but I think he wanted to. Then I had a dream that he had a girl down there that his mother had picked for him to marry. He was a good boy wanting to do what his family said, but was terribly upset trying to decide what to do. When he came back one Monday, I told him about the dream. He never showed up again and I never heard a word from him. That was the end of that. Soon after that, I went to Washington. That's how a dream saved me.

When I went to Washington, everything changed. I'd landed a tremendous job and a good salary and I had prestige and loved my job. Why get married? That was a different story. Then, of course, I began knowing all those fine women who were working for woman's suffrage and got close to the whole movement. By that time and place, woman's suffrage was a more popular subject. So, although I had been a suffragist, I wasn't a frothing-at-the-mouth one until I arrived in Washington. I still didn't call myself a feminist, though. In those days you were just a suffragette. The word "feminist" was not yet used. They didn't use the term as a title and a label as we do now. We say, "Is she a feminist?" and that's a concrete thing we're asking. At that time, we did not talk about feminists in that hard-boiled way. We just said, "Is she a suffragist? Does she believe in woman's suffrage?" That was the big issue of the day.

So I was getting to be in no hurry to marry. Then I met Hugh. He didn't want to marry either. So I had a boyfriend at last. We went out to dinner every night, Dutch treat. That was a new idea. Women working in offices were new, too. If you

were working and he was working, it was natural. I think I was getting a bigger salary than he was, or as big. It was just automatic that I always paid for my own dinner and he paid for his. We just never thought about it. If he weren't there, I'd pay; he's there, I pay. There was no issue. It was utterly natural. After all, we were just pals. We had a marvelous companionship, which I needed. I never had seen any other man in my life that could give the companionship Hugh could. He helped me with speeches, too, though he had never set foot in college. He was just clever.

I think my job had a lot to do with the attitudes I was developing toward marriage. I had an important job. I saw that being like a man had its value, instead of being like a woman. Then also, there was this friend whom I visited repeatedly. She had three children. I thought she was in a horrible position. Her husband had a high position at Yale University and was a wealthy man. But there she was, glued to this home and children and cooking and everything. I thought, Thank God! I'm free.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

I had decided that I was never going to get married, so my life was very simple. I had this gorgeous job lobbying, which I adored. I had never been so completely happy and so completely using every talent I had, and it was heaven. Then I met Hugh, and since he didn't want to get married either, we just had a nice, platonic friendship for four years. We were companions but not future married partners.

Then I reached the age of thirty-three. As I looked around at the women who hadn't married and were forty on, I didn't like the picture very well. They didn't seem very happy. One of the most brilliant women in Washington, who'd had a very high position in the government, was now in a mental home for life. I didn't like the looks of that, either.

Besides, I'd been eating dinner every night with my platonic

pal, Hugh. He secured a job at the American embassy in London, so I began to wonder whom I would be eating dinner with. I enjoyed him. He helped me in my work. He loved having me do this kind of work, he was fascinated with it. He gave me titles to my speeches. He was a much more brilliant man, mentally, really, than I was as a woman. He was a Welshman and I was half German, and that's a rather slow-thinking mind. So whenever I landed into a tight place, this alert Welshman always had the answer.

It was one of the most difficult decisions I've ever made in my life: to leave the best Washington job I, or anybody else, ever had, to give it up and get married. There is a long story of the pressure that was on me by his mother not to get married. She came to Washington to help get him away without me. She told me at the first meeting that he was never going to marry. I was not having her plan out my life for me, either. She couldn't tell me what to do with my life! Then I began to want to get married. A little opposition was a good deal. Meanwhile I had grown so used to Hugh that I found, to my horror, that I couldn't get along without him. But the decision to marry was made on a deep spiritual basis. It was the most difficult and important decision in my life and one that changed my life and improved it. I did not realize that my husband would give me a great experience that would broaden my whole life and my career and everything—invaluable. Marriage is that way.

On December 6, 1920, we were married in New York City by the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, the great Unitarian preacher. We were married by him in his office, with his clerk as witness. The opposition of my husband's family to his marriage made him unwilling to have anything but a very simple marriage. Six days later, on December 12, we saw ourselves taking the good ship *Aquitania* for London, terrified at the idea of leaving America. I knew I couldn't carry on my career, but I thought I'd like to see England. I'd heard that the women whose husbands were in the diplomatic service didn't do any cooking. I thought that had its charms. A nice trip to England

and no cooking and a lot of the new world to see. I was a philosopher and full of curiosity.

We arrived in London just a short time before Christmas, and before long we found an apartment in Hampstead Garden. Later on we bought a house there, the only Americans at the embassy to buy a house, and a woman at the American Woman's Club guided me in buying enough antique furniture for the eleven-room house. Soon after our arrival in London I discovered the American Woman's Club in a perfectly beautiful mansion in Grosvenor Square. Almost at once, I was roped in to start a current events circle once a week, and that became one of the most interesting and brilliant activities I had ever been involved in. There were talented women from all over the world; there were reports from Italy about Mussolini's beginning activity, from Ireland. The only trouble was that few of the women had training in public speaking, so they had to read their reports.

Then I found Madame d'Esterre down on the Chelsea Embankment. She had taught public speaking to nine royal princes and many men in the House of Commons and their wives. The British generally took their wives with them to speak on the same platform when they were running for seats in the House of Commons. I thought that was rather neat. That was a period when our political wives were still kept under cover!

Madame d'Esterre was persuaded to come to the American Woman's Club to teach their members how to speak. Oh, was that an experience! That was the first time I'd ever had any formal lessons myself. She was so rough and critical that only about twelve of us survived. I learned later that's the British way of teaching. Madame d'Esterre was from Ireland. She came to England at the same time that Bernard Shaw did. She wore a Romanlike toga, only it was black, and she had short hair. She was, without doubt, one of the plainest women I ever saw. This, too, bothered the American students. But she worshiped the English language and she could certainly teach speech!

I also went to her regular classes in her studio and loved

them. I was a sensation because I was the first American there. They thought I had a terrible American accent, one of the worst. Madame d'Esterre said not to mind, that it would take me two years to get rid of that accent and then I would be unpopular when I returned home.

Meanwhile I had acquired fierce rheumatism in that frightful British climate, though I now think it was arthritis, and something had to be done. Lady Walker Smith advised me to go to Baden-Baden, Germany, to secure treatments from Dr. Eddie Schact. Not only did his program in the hot baths and with the Swedish masseur knock out the rheumatism, but he laid out a plan for my life that was long absent. The question was, How was I to have a baby and still carry on with my interests in public life when we returned to America? By this time it was clear that it was too late for me to turn into a dedicated housewife for the rest of my life.

The doctor advised me to give the intellectual interests a rest for five or six years while starting my family, and to get the British to teach me how to find and keep household help. He said that I must have one day off in seven, though, to continue to pursue my hobbies. "Why, Doctor," I asked, "how can I do that? I thought I could never do that anymore once I had a baby." "That's why you had a college education, to think that one out," was the answer.

It was easy to find a good woman to clean our apartment once a week and to do the washing. There was a cooperative dining room in the building for dinners, so that problem was settled. Then it began to dawn on me that having a baby was not quite the same as being a lobbyist at the Capitol. So I began to visit a huge mothers' clinic in London that was perfectly fascinating. All over England, in the small villages and in London, were these free mothers' clinics. The cheapest medical costs had to do with childbirth. Thanks to Florence Nightingale, most of the nurses in England were also midwives. Most of the babies were born at home, delivered by midwives, for something like one pound. The pregnant women had been so

well trained at the clinics, there was seldom a need for a doctor. Pregnant women even from the middle classes went to these clinics to learn how to have their babies.

Then I found Dr. Pink's Nursing Home in Blackheath. The English were making a science of childbirth and child feeding. Dr. Pink had never lost a mother or a baby, and sent every mother away nursing her baby. That did it! Our daughter was born in March 1924, when I was thirty-eight years old. She was breast-fed for nine months. That was the most exciting thing I had ever done, to learn to breast-feed a baby. Our son was born in 1926 and he, too, was breast-fed, though not as long.

Our British home was now established with a governess and a cook. The governess knew all of the tricks of the trade, since she had already brought up three sets of children. Every evening she joined me in the dining room to report every incident of the day and what she had done to meet the situation. She had two days off a week and so did the cook. When I found out how free I was the rest of the time, I was glad to pinch-hit during their absence. So another fear was settled. I was afraid that if I were devoted to child care night and day that I would lose the friendship that had been developed with my husband, a friendship which was very important. I did not want to lose it and neither did he. We were able to explore London together—the political meetings of the House of Commons candidates, the musical concerts, the Shakespearean plays at the Old Vic.

I thought I had to have all holidays with my husband, but the German doctor had pointed out that we needed a rest from each other, too. The doctor was right. Hugh wanted to go to the golf courses in Scotland for his holidays. And I went, for two summers, to the Fabian Summer School where I sat at the same table with George Bernard Shaw. While I was there, I was invited to give a lecture on prohibition, which the British thought was a very undemocratic and strange piece of legislation. While I did not support prohibition, I was able to hold my own during the question period by discussing some American history in the answers to questions. Bernard Shaw sup-

ported me with glee, as he was a teetotaler and a vegetarian.

In 1928 I was presented at the Court of St. James'. No one at the American embassy had ever gone to the court except the ambassadors' wives, but I didn't see why we shouldn't go. Hugh said, "Well, okay, but how are we going to afford it?" Then this Englishwoman got hold of me and told me, "Jessie, don't miss it." I told her we weren't rich and I didn't have diamonds to wear. She said, "None of the British have anymore. We're all poor after this World War I. You put yourself in my hands and it won't cost much." So I did. It cost a hundred and fifty dollars for the dress, the footman, the limousine, the driver, pictures, everything. She took me down to an Eva Zorn store where they sold dresses to actresses. All the American women went to Paris for gowns worth two thousand dollars. Mine cost forty dollars and the woman who sold it to me wrote out its description, which I gave to the press when they came around. Guess what! I was the only one who hit *The New York Times*—to the anguish of the ambassador's wife and the other ladies whose husbands had the top jobs.

Well, that's London for you. Hugh's boss, Dr. Klein, came over finally and said to us, "You can't stay here any longer. If you stay here any longer, you'll never want to go home." We told him we didn't want to go home now. Our home was so beautiful, with all those Oriental rugs and antique furniture. My husband had brought his organ over. He's a skilled organist. It took four years to get accustomed to British life and climate, but now we loved it. But Dr. Klein said we had to go home and he made Hugh head of the Department of Commerce in New England. So we packed up all our antique furniture and sold our house, and Uncle Sam brought everything back to America, costing us nothing.

I came back, in 1929, to Needham, Massachusetts, with the cook and a new Swiss governess. We bought a three-story old New England house which we got very reasonably and we put in our antique furniture. Oh, it was just a beautiful home. Nobody at that time wanted big old houses like that. I rented the

top floor to three schoolteachers and they almost paid the rent for the house. Why not have a nice home? was my theory.

Beginning in 1930 I started lecturing on "Pomp and Pageantry at the Court of St. James'," and I earned three thousand dollars a year doing that. I taught them a lot more about England than court life, though. All these women's clubs paid from fifty dollars to a hundred and fifty dollars for that lecture. I had to take the court dress and put it on at the end of the lecture and then come in and show them how to make the curtsy. It had cost only a hundred and fifty dollars to go to court, and I made three thousand dollars a year for five years for going!

After the depression came, in 1932, Hugh suddenly lost his job. When Roosevelt came in, he put the father of his secretary, an utterly inexperienced man, into Hugh's position. Everyone told Hugh that it was time he went into private industry, so he secured a job in a big firm in Worcester, Massachusetts. We took all that beautiful furniture and rented another three-story house. My husband had this magnetic personality, but he was not as good an administrator in private business as in government. He was given one of the top jobs over a lot of men who'd been there for years in this big factory which made grinding wheels. But he didn't know anything about the kind of politics that goes on in such a firm. Within six months they saw that he wasn't qualified for that kind of job.

Meanwhile I added to our troubles. I instinctively disliked factory towns like Worcester. One's social status depended on how high the husband's job was in those factories. We did not fit there, socially or culturally. I ignorantly started a PTA to clean up the school situation. There were a lot of Catholics and Catholic schools there, and the top people sent their children to this little private school, so nobody cared whether the public schools had any money or not. That also helped Hugh to lose his job. (Women just didn't do things like that in a factory town where the social status was based on where the husband worked.) It didn't completely cause his job to go, but it didn't help it any. I was not going to play that kind of game for anybody. Now, do you call that feminism?

The man who employed Hugh said, "We just feel terrible. We've made a terrible mistake." He was getting a big salary; ten thousand or twelve thousand a year. "But we'll pay you a half-year salary when you leave because we made this mistake." By that time, both of us wanted to stay in New England, but we found that few people secure high positions in New England who aren't Harvard graduates—and Hugh had never set foot in a college. He began pacing the streets and I feared he was going to have a breakdown. He had never been without a job in his life before.

One day I said to him, "Come on. We're going into Boston and have a big blow-out," to which he answered, "Are you crazy? I'm out of a job." I told him, "You are getting a big salary for six months. Now we're going into Boston and have some fun." As we were walking up Tremont Street, there on a building was the sign of an astrologer, and I said, "Come on. Let's go up and see her." "I know you're crazy now," he said. "Here I am without a job and I'm going to see an astrologer."

I have something—I know what it is now—a kind of inner wisdom. Anyway, we went up. There at a kitchen table in the middle of the room sat an old woman. She had the most beautiful face and eyes I ever saw. I told her we'd like an interview, and she said it was two dollars. She asked Hugh the date of his birth and all that, and then she started right in, "You are one of the few most gifted men, gifted for public work, that I've ever seen. That's your destiny." She went on about it. We had just walked in there, you see, so she had no way of knowing about us. Finally she said, "Well, I see ships all around you. I see them everywhere. Meanwhile, you go back into public work," and she talked some more.

With that, we left and Hugh said, "Well, that settles it!" We had a big fish dinner at the wharves in Boston and then we went right back to Worcester. Hugh packed his bags and left for Washington the next day. There I was left in that beautiful house with all that beautiful furniture and everything. Within two weeks Hugh landed a job on the ground floor of the Social

Security Administration. Later, he worked with the Maritime Commission. That's where the ships came in that the astrologer talked about.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON, D.C.: THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW CAREER

In due course, after Hugh was safely started, I packed myself and belongings and moved to Washington. I stored the furniture and stashed the children away, and Hugh and I went into a boarding house near Dupont Circle for two years. Our son went to Florida for a year with a lovely family that wanted to take him with them and I sent our daughter to a beautiful private school in Colorado, where my family still lived. Hugh and I were then free to struggle with our problems; to help him back into the Civil Service in the U.S. government, where he belonged. I didn't know then what I was going to get into.

At this point I had a bright idea. "Now's my chance to study public speaking officially and to get some college credits." Luckily, there at George Washington University was Professor W. Hayes Yeager, head of the Chauncey DePew Department of Public Speaking. Imagine that! And I'm in a boarding house with no housework to do. So I went there for two years, taking every course in speech. Never in my life was I so happy. You know, after you have been married a long time and had children and had problems and then you get to be forty-five, to go back to school—if ever anything is heaven, that is!

I went every single day except Saturday, and I had nothing to do but prepare those very tough speech lessons. I spent six and eight hours a day on those lessons and came out from Professor Yeager's class with one of the first A's he'd ever given. I was in a class of young people and they were bored with this old woman in the class. The first two or three months they did nothing but giggle at every speech I made. But I eventually

discovered the skill of getting the ears of that type of audience, which didn't do me any harm either.

At the end of two years I was within three points of the master's degree, but they had no program there that would give me the M.A. Professor Yeager advised me not to take any more courses, not to go after the doctorate, but to get out into the women's movement where the leadership was developing. That was what gave me my goal. Immediately I found Mrs. McGill Kiefer, who was the most beautiful singing teacher in Washington, and asked her, "Where can I start this speech class?" She told me I could use her studio. That was about 1935 or 1936. I sent out invitations and something like twenty women came. One of them was Mrs. Harvey Wiley, who had been active in the Woman's Party during suffrage and was now the legislative agent for the General Federation of Women's Clubs. She was skilled in legislation, but she couldn't speak without anxiety. As soon as I started this teaching, I seemed to have great success with it and just loved it.

We bought a home in Fox Hall Village and the children returned to Washington. It was a lovely home overlooking a deep park, and it had a top floor that I rented to four medical students. Soon I found Dora Bailey, a Negro housekeeper who ran our home for over six years. She was priceless. So from 1935 to 1950 there were fifteen successful years of teaching, beginning with that small class. From there I went to the Democratic headquarters where they had a large Democratic Woman's Club. Then the Republicans took me up and I taught classes there twice. I also held classes at the Junior League. I finally taught Pearl Mesta, Mrs. William Fulbright, and most of the leading women in Washington before I left in 1950. My classes became a social must. It was Eleanor Roosevelt who eventually put those classes on the map. She came to the opening sessions of the class three years in succession, beginning in January 1939, and urged wives of congressmen and diplomats to learn to speak so that they could share with their constituents what they learned in Washington. Later, testimonies poured back into Washington about the successes of these brilliant students.

Among them were many diplomats that Mrs. John Cabot had gotten to take the eight-week course. It's too bad that Madame d'Esterre of London, whom I had copied in my teaching, was no longer living to hear of this success.

After I started teaching these classes, I realized that there was a drastic need for a textbook for women. At the annual meeting of the Speech Association in about 1944 I encountered William Norwood Brigance, who was the founder of the Speech Association and was then the president of it. I accosted him, saying, "Where could we find a suitable speech book for these women's classes?" Most of the men's books that they used in the colleges were too intellectual and too biased from a man's point of view and they were not good books for women.

"Well, Mrs. Butler," was his answer, "why don't you write the book yourself?" I never felt such a cold chill of fear in all my life! The idea of sitting down and writing a book. I asked, "How could I do it?" and he told me, "Write down what you've been teaching, exactly as you are teaching it. Such a book is very much needed for women. You ought to write a book that's slanted towards women's use. They need many things in that book that the men don't need. I'll tell you what, I'll give you a deadline of June first." This was the middle of the winter.

All anyone has to do is to give me a deadline, and I'm sunk. I'll do anything to meet that deadline. Well, we had this hideout in the Shenandoah Mountains that we'd been going to for twelve years. We left Washington Friday nights and didn't come back until Sunday. It was right in the midst of hillbilly farmers and their families, people who had lived for generations in the mountains and who had been moved out of the mountains when Roosevelt built the beautiful Skyline Drive and set it up as a public reservation. They were now living in these modern little houses that the Resettlement Administration had built for them. We bought one of those houses for our hideout. It was relaxing, looking at those mountains. That's the reason my husband is still alive, I believe.*

* Hugh Butler died on November 2, 1975, at the age of eighty-five.

So at the end of May, as soon as school was out, we went to our hideout. I took my typewriter along. I knew I had to get those first three chapters done by June first, but I put it off every day. I kept thinking of everything else that I could do to put off writing. I was really scared. I had never written a textbook before, and didn't know how to start. Every day I'd say, "Tomorrow," and then my husband would come up for the weekend and I had a good excuse for not starting. I remember well the Monday morning when I got up at seven and said, "I am starting that book today." I had a bedroom up in the top of the little barn which I used while Hugh was away. The air was so nice up there and the view was beautiful. I climbed down out of that barn and set up the typewriter in the living room. By the time I had written one sentence, I was off with a bang. I didn't stop until one, and I had the whole first chapter done, "Conquest of Fear." Professor Brigance told me later that no one had ever written a chapter like that in a speech book. I asked, "Don't the men get scared too?" "Oh, yes, but they don't admit it."

I wrote every day that summer, and by September I had the book written. I wrote to a man at Harper's whom I had known in Boston in the Fabian Society. I had the extreme joy of having him write back at once; he wanted to see the book. It was accepted at once, something that happens to very few people who write books. It was heaven! In the end, the book was published in 1946 and Mrs. Roosevelt wrote an expression of gratitude for it and Lady Astor did a testimonial that went on the back cover. It didn't create a howling sensation, though, because everybody said that women didn't want to speak in public; they were too shy, too sweet and not that aggressive. The feeling was that this was a bit premature.

I had also become the speech coach for the General Federation of Women's Clubs, which had five million members. I was on their board, and for eight or ten years I went to their annual meetings all over the United States and put on four speech workshops early every morning during the conventions. I'll never forget the first one, in St. Louis. The president had told

me that nobody would come, that they already knew how to speak. There was a workshop on parliamentary procedure and I was going to be in competition with this experienced teacher who'd been doing this for years and years. That morning I kept reminding myself of the few people who came to my first course in Washington, and told myself, "Now just be calm. Maybe there will be just three people, but you just teach them and the next year there'll be more." As I approached the ballroom I heard this enormous buzz. The ballroom was jammed with people. I was so unhorsed, it took a little bit of time for me to gather myself together with my usual poise.

Soon that first class for the General Federation of Women's Clubs was started, and they continued at each annual meeting. Sometimes four hundred delegates came to the speech workshop, and often as many as two hundred endorsed textbooks were sold. The workshops were a great success. They just packed the place. It was delightful because it was needed. I just loved that teaching. It was inspiring, because the minute the women were trained as speakers they seemed to find themselves. Few men can equal such trained speakers, and they know it. That's why they like to discourage women from taking speech lessons.

NEW ROOTS: CALIFORNIA

My career was at its height in 1950, when my husband's job with the Maritime Commission ended. He was showing signs of weariness that I didn't like. I decided that I preferred a husband to a career. Our biochemist lived in Los Angeles, so we beat it there to her office. She caught him just in time. She said that within a week he would have had a severe stroke.

Hugh had the idea, then, that we should go down to Mexico for a while. I didn't want to go to Mexico. I didn't like the sound of it. I couldn't speak Mexican and I'd go crazy. My sister got hold of Hugh and told him, "Look, you go down to Mexico by yourself. You'll never have a minute's peace with Jessie down there. You get down there and relax and rest and get back to

your organ.” That’s what he needed, you see. He went and stayed a year. He was still a colonel in the army, so Uncle Sam paid his hotel bill and this teacher’s bill to study the organ. He came back completely healed after watching the Mexicans practice *mañana*.

Evidently we both needed a change. I stayed in California and wrote a book about my life, a complete autobiography. It was sent to two or three publishers, but I’ve done better writing since. In 1967 I wrote another book, *Adam’s Other Wife*, the wife that Adam wants, a companion. The American woman, the minute she gets a baby, never pays any more attention to Adam, see. Then he has to turn to his secretary or somebody for companionship. You can’t take care of a baby twenty-four hours a day and continue to be a good companion to your husband, can you?

I thought that when I came to California I’d just carry on with my teaching. But the Federation clubwomen out here killed my book and my career. Californians don’t like people with a career to come out here and tell about their careers and how famous they are and what they want to do. They dislike it thoroughly. I didn’t realize that you have to start all over again from the bottom in California. I was a babe in arms and just plunged in. I’d never even voted before. You don’t vote in Washington, D.C. It wasn’t until 1954 that I finally began teaching speech again, at Mount San Antonio College, one night a week. The classes were large; men and women in public life came. I did a good job and a lot of prominent people came. But after seven years, I was ruled out—because of my age.

So after I came to California my life really revolved around writing and two other things. One was that I found Vic Tanney. My sister had bought a ticket and didn’t use it, so she turned it over to me. For four years I went to the Vic Tanney gym three times a week and completely strengthened my body. I’d never given any time to my body. It was flabby, my legs were flabby. I thought, Well, to heck with it. If I can’t do my teaching and all, I’ll just go to Vic Tanney’s. You wouldn’t believe how I revolutionized my body.

That was smart, at seventy. That's when they all commence to deteriorate, you see. What's seventy? I'm in my eighties now. When I was forty-nine in Washington, I began saying, "Isn't this terrible!" Then a woman who was an editor for McCall's came to speak to the press women in Washington. She was over eighty and she gave this down-to-earth, practical woman's talk. I said, "Well, I didn't know you could talk like that on a public platform, at over eighty." And they never heard another word from me about my age. I thought, I'll fix her. I'll get to be eighty-two and I'm never going to talk about it.

So the dear California Federation of Women's Clubs did me a favor when they kicked me out because the other thing I did was that I found a new religion for the new age. Several years ago I felt I was going to die and knew it. I prayed for a spiritual leader, saying, "I'm not ready to die; there are more things I need to know." I found such a spiritual leader apparently by accident. She had just come to California from Florida. She preaches a religion tied to the Bible and the teachings of Jesus, plus dream interpretation, reincarnation, night flights and healing. All the modern things that can go with a religion, and it's a religion for the new age. My husband and I went over twice a week to Glendale. She saved my life, healed me, and I'm still here. She thinks I'm going to last quite a while yet, and maybe I'll get some of these books printed, or get my speech book into a paperback version.

**FULL CIRCLE:
THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION
MOVEMENT**

All through those years, although I wasn't teaching or anything, I was reading everything I could get my hands on that had to do with the women's movement. I considered Betty Friedan's book the greatest book I had ever read. When the history of this era is over, that book is the thing that's going to stand out as the leading book of this era, the book that's changed

the history of the world for women. A lot of people don't agree with that, but she's got the deadly facts there. The whole women's movement is covered and what needs to be done about it. I don't know how she ever wrote it. I've even heard people pretend that somebody else had written it because they couldn't understand that Betty Friedan, as she is now, was capable of writing such a book. I don't care who wrote it, or where it came from.

I was so excited. Then, immediately after they had that caucus in Washington, D.C., I joined the National Organization for Women (NOW). I never did get back there, but I sent them fifty dollars at once and would have sent more if I'd had it, because I knew they had started something that was perfectly tremendous. The more I know about it, the more I know that's got to be done.

Some time after that some woman came from Pittsburgh to help start the women's movement here. She came out to Claremont and spoke in a hall on the college campus. At that meeting I started talking to some of the women from the Los Angeles NOW and told them, "You must have some classes in public speaking to develop your leaders." One of the women went back and stirred them up and then got in touch with me to give them a class. Of course they didn't have any money, so I said, "I won't give a class unless people pay for it. Otherwise, they'll come and they won't finish it. But I'll give the money back to help start your Speakers Bureau." So they had that class at the home of a woman in Hollywood. There were twenty or twenty-five women there, many of whom later became leaders.

When August 26, 1970, came along and there was going to be that big celebration for the fiftieth anniversary of woman's suffrage, they asked if I had a speech. "Yes, I do, about Tennessee." So I took part in that, and ever since then I've been involved.

I just recently spent two whole days in Los Angeles at the hearings held by the Status of Women Commission. I've never heard such brilliant presentations on the issues that involve women in this state. It was marvelous, beautifully handled, brilliant speakers—and you know I'm very particular—although

they didn't all enunciate quite loud enough. These women brought facts and material, well substantiated, and presented their causes and told the Status of Women Commission what they must do. It was a great hearing, those two days. It's a revolution, there's no doubt about it.

Since it took seventy-two years just to get the vote, you can figure out for yourself how long it's going to take to resolve this revolution that involves every part of women's lives. Suffrage just had one thing to do, to get women and men educated to go out and give women the right to vote. But that isn't anything like the depth of all these other issues. They didn't go into these deep issues of their family lives or homes or children and all that. They just said, "We want to vote. We want to get good people in government. We have a right to vote because we're citizens." It was a simple little story and it took them seventy-two years to get that over. What do you think, how are you going to get over these *deep* discussions, *deep* issues that we're in the midst of now? It's a revolution.

We haven't yet found ourselves any plan, any program, any vision, any issue, or any way of working out our lives. I think they're finding their direction today. They're making headway every day. But I don't think the women yet know what their goals are. They're unhappy. They're getting divorces on the slightest excuse, running out of their homes. They're so unhappy, untrained, unequal to meet the problems they've got. They haven't found their destinies yet. The first thing we've got to do, I think, is to help the girls, help them make a plan for their lives, get a goal for their lives and work it out. They think the way to solve everything is to quick, quick, run away from home and get married. Nothing could be worse. Marriage is a terribly difficult prospect. There's no more difficult job in the world than to make a marriage go—and the most worthwhile job. Nothing else will bring as much comfort and satisfaction as a good marriage, but it's got to be worked at.

We are going into the Aquarian Age, which is the humanitarian age. The women need to be freed to help us in that age. Because they are basically humane, women are, though un-

trained. I think the men and women are going to join hands and work together to work this thing out. We can't do it without the men to help us. They'll want to help us. There are a lot of fine men, even in the Congress of the United States. Look at the two tough men I had to deal with, Congressman Ben Johnson and Senator Reed Smoot. Yet both of them helped me with that minimum wage bill once they saw the issue. Even to get Woodrow Wilson to understand woman's suffrage took four or five years, but in the end what did he do? When we finally won, he wrote them saying it was the finest thing he'd done. So women can get the men sooner or later. They must make them understand what the issues are.

We're not going to reach all women, though—only the ones who are unhappy. And, there are plenty of them. They're getting more and more unhappy. The Women's Club here in Claremont, where I am a life member, is just so smooth and happy. They don't want to talk about the equal rights amendment. They don't even know what it is. Yet, one by one, every now and then, they're suddenly getting a jolt because the only thing that keeps them from that welfare is that one little man there. When he dies, often suddenly, then where are you going to go, see. Then they find out. Very few of them know how to conserve insurance endowments. Within six years, all but eight percent of the women who get annuities when their husbands die are bankrupt. They don't know how to handle money, they've never been trained.

So, gradually, more and more of them will begin to wake up to what's going on. Then all of a sudden, they'll come to some of our meetings or read a newspaper and hear about the rest of us who've had a lot of trouble. See. I'm personally in a neat position because I have had a fascinating career and a gorgeous education before ever I was married. Then I had a most amazing husband and another amazing career. I went right on developing myself as a writer, a teacher, a speaker, but also as a mother and a housekeeper. That took some doing, also.

I see the work of the National Organization for Women. I want to help them all I can. They're still very amateurish, very ill-

advised, and it's going to take a long time to work out these issues. Gradually, issue after issue is going to come up and different women will arise who have leadership abilities and skill in that issue, as they did at that Status of Women Commission hearing.

Several things, I think, have got to be done. One, women have got to learn to work together better. Since the beginning of this eternity, women have been in competition for the same thing, married life and security, and so they have formed an ego of competition. Every woman they meet is an antagonist. It's a terrible situation.

Another thing, women have got to learn how to run better homes. The reasons why men are cashing out on the homes are that they are so chaotic. They're badly organized. There's a wrong theory, a pioneer theory, that the women must do everything: bear all the children, do all the cooking, cleaning and everything. It's a crazy idea and performance. The British have licked that. They're two thousand years old and we're just two hundred years old. I found out from the British the answer to that.

Third, we've got to have mothers' clinics to teach women how to bear children and take care of children. England has made a science of child care. Our girls are marrying in ignorance, absolutely ignorant about having children and bringing them up. This is a terrible country for little children to be born in. They don't have a gambler's chance of growing into normal human beings. Last year ten thousand damaged children were brought into hospitals, and not in the poverty areas either. Another ten thousand died in their cribs in crib death because they're not being breast-fed. Cow's milk is not the milk for little children! We've got to do this.

I have somehow had the vision to do something about this child care program, just as I did in the meat-packers industry. A bill was sent to the President for millions of dollars to start child welfare centers. In the past we didn't start things like that. When our great farms were started, the government didn't buy all the farms and start running them. They let the farmers

own the farms and sent out teachers to teach them how to make these farms work. So maybe we have to do the same with children.

The thought came to me that with these tracts and apartment complexes, that's the place to start your child care centers. You're still going to need them in the centers of the cities for the poverty area, financed by city governments, but the middle class, cultured people, need child care centers, too. It occurred to me that we must go to these tracts as they're being built, and put in child care centers at their back doors so that the mothers can take the babies to the centers close to where they live and then get them at night. Forty-six percent of the women in America today are working outside their homes and they're going to go right on doing that. There's no use telling them to stop it. They aren't going to stop it.

How to pay for it? The people who build the tracts must build the child care centers. But first the program had to be endorsed by the Planning Commission. So I started to talk to people about it. I got the endorsement of the Status of Women Commission in Sacramento. I talked to the head of the Planning Commission and to a member of the Pomona City Council and in June 1973, we had the first hearing on this. It was to persuade the builders of the Phillips Ranch to include a child care center in that tract. It was a historical occasion.

The month before the hearing I was appointed chairman of the Task Force for Child Care Centers of Pomona Valley NOW. We received written endorsements from many of our legislators. Eleven junior and senior women's clubs, eleven business and professional women's clubs, the YWCA of Greater Pomona and six other women's groups endorsed the idea of having child care centers in tracts, mobile homes and apartment complexes. To our surprise, there was not a single word of opposition to the idea, though many personal interviews were needed to explain the idea to members of the Planning Commission. A resolution was passed unanimously which recommends that child care centers be part of the development plans. The mayor of Pomona hopes to make the resolution mandatory.

It was gratifying to have the La Verne City Council endorse almost the same resolution passed by Pomona, the first city council to accept this resolution. Other cities in the area here have held hearings, too.

At the moment, because of the present industrial crisis in America, much of the building of tracts has been halted. Within two years, when building will start again, we believe that the groundwork laid in the Planning Commission will begin to have an effect. The builders need it to attract buyers and, at the same time, families need it to achieve more stable family life. By that time we believe that child care centers will have become as vital to families with preschool children as public schools are to school-age children.

I am proud that our National Organization for Women in the Pomona Valley had the vision to see the importance of getting these centers into tracts, mobile homes and apartment complexes for the middle-class family. They have set an example. It took them a long time to accept me, though. At first they thought I was a farce, that I was just putting on a show and had nothing real at all. They're beginning to see that isn't so. Gradually, slowly, I'm digging in. I believe I have something to share with California.

In a strange way, from the time I've been a little girl, I've wanted to help women, and I really have done it. When I worked four years with the Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission copying payrolls in candy factories and brush factories, that was to help women. To find out what was going on with women that were being exploited like that.

I just love women. I've loved working with them and I've loved teaching them. I know how to teach them and I can forget the fact that I'm critical with women. I see the wealth in those women, the virtue, the character, the goodness. I want to spend the rest of my life helping women to find themselves.