

WOMEN IN TWO KINDS OF REVOLUTIONS

In Mexico Women Are So Used to Revolutions That They Gayly Continue Slapping Bright Colors on Themselves and Their Homes.



MISS WILHELMINE WEBER AMONG HER FUTURIST PAINTINGS AND PAINTED FURNITURE.

MEXICO is the last place one would look for art in these troubled days, and especially Futurist art, yet it is from Mexico that Miss Wilhelmine Weber got her inspiration for the glowing painted furniture which has taken New York captive as the latest fad in interior decoration. As for that, even into exterior decoration has modernism extended, for Miss Weber and her co-worker, Thomas Furlong, are now decorating a garden in a country estate with Slavic-blue fences striped

She becomes very enthusiastic when she speaks of Mexico. "It is the most wonderfully beautiful place," Miss Weber says. "I always think of it as a land rioting with happiness, not as one devastated by bandits and black with smoking ruins. This, too, in spite of the fact that I lived through three revolutions, nine miles from the City of Mexico, and that we were finally driven from our home by the noise of battle just over the hill.

"We expected at any moment that the fight would spread into our town, and we feared we could not trust to the kind feeling of our neighbors to overcome the anti-American prejudices of their countrymen. At all events, a town clamoring with battle is no place to woo the muse and we felt it timely to depart.

"Mexico is radiant with wonderful lemon white sunshine that glorifies everything and brings out the beauty of all the dazzling colors the people love. Americans who are not well informed think Mexico is made up of terra cotta and mud color. Nothing is more false. The people revel in brilliant colors. They use red and purple dyes even on their floors. After the floor has been scrubbed to a dazzling cleanliness they take a pail full of dye and splash it on, swishing it around with a broom.

"If a woman gets tired of her white muslin dress she dips it in the dyeing pail. Imagine the color effect of a woman in an orange skirt in a room with a lemon yellow floor, with furni-

ture of a deep purple, lighted by touches of red!

Mexicans Love Brilliant Colors.

"The Mexicans are not afraid of color, you see. They dare all these wonderful effects which Americans have not the courage to adopt. We cling to dismal old gray-greens and blues, and, of course, we get despondent and think the world is full of trouble. The Mexican puts on her red skirt and her green shawl and laughs at trouble."

When Miss Weber made her first visit to Mexico she found the country rich with art treasures completely overlooked by the eager collectors who ransack everything from a New England farmhouse to an Italian peasant's hovel. She brought back to the United States precious antiques, and called the attention of the connoisseurs and travellers to the rich art objects and furniture to be had for almost nothing in the pawnshops.

Their Art Is Not Crude.

"All the art of Mexico is not the crude art of the psons, however. The old towns are full of exquisite bits of Talavera pottery, such as are treasured to-day in the British Museum. This is the art of the Spanish invaders. When Cortez and his followers settled Mexico they brought over with them Talavera tiles.

"They soon discovered that there was a kind of clay in the north of Mexico which was very similar to the Talavera clay, so they began the manufacturing of tiles on a large scale. The domes of the old churches to-day are covered with these wonderful tiles in soft yellows, greens, old blues and vermilion. The jars in the apothecary shops and the household pottery are made of this same wonderful tiling.

"Then, too, the Spanish conquerors brought over boatloads of the most beautiful art treasures that Europe knew at that time. They were aristocrats, you know. They brought rich tapestries for their churches and beautiful furniture for their palaces. Much of this is now to be picked up in the pawnshops, since the old families have died out or have had their taste perverted by a certain American standard which can only understand the price of things, not their artistic value.

"The revolution, of course, has meant the undoing of many of the old family fortunes, too, and priceless tapestries which have hung on palace walls for centuries are now to be picked up by the tactful collector for a song.

American Tourists Destroy Standards.

"It is quite true that the modern art of Mexico is being destroyed by the American tourist. The beautiful

old vases and jars which the psons have made for centuries according to the standards set by their Spanish masters in the old days are now being altered to suit the souvenir hunter.

"Perhaps some American thought it would be nice to have a Mexican flag set on the side of the jar, so he could remember where he bought it, I suppose. The peon, eager to please the dispenser of gold, drew a flag in

the jar, which was quite out of harmony with the pure color of the pottery. Then along came other souvenir hunters who thought it would be even better to have two flags, the American and the Mexican, crossed. To do this meant that the potter must broaden his vase, and thus the destruction of the perfect form was accomplished.

"Please do not imagine that the Futurist furniture which we are making now is a product of the Mexican art. The Mexican is a decadent art. Our furniture has been influenced by the crude Slavic art of Bohemia and South Germany. Mexico's part in my career is that while there I learned to love bright colors, and when I returned to this country, after five years there, I was ready to learn the lessons of Europe as I could not have done had I not had preliminary training in Mexico.

Decadence Wedded to Innocence.

"The South of Germany and the little known country north and east of Vienna is where one must go to-day to find real color in innocent abandon. The people there use it even on their fences, and the little kiosks, which are like Swiss chalets, are covered with conventional flowers and birds in all sorts and colors.

Miss Weber and her partner, Thomas Furlong, are having a lovely time making a blue, green and white garden set for a wealthy Long Island landholder. The fence is to be of alternate green and white pickets, with the thickness of the boards painted black. The summer house and gateways are to have broad bands of blue.

"I don't know why people think their garden benches must be green always," said Miss Weber, in explaining this creation. "Every color is beautiful in the bright sunlight with a background of green. A bit of color in the landscape makes the most perfect garden a brighter and pleasanter place."

Miss Bessie Beatty, a San Francisco newspaper reporter, has fallen heir to \$20,000, to be used in behalf of poor children as Miss Beatty sees fit.

The Wisconsin eugenic law, which provides for the issuance of marriage licenses only upon the certificate of a clean bill of health, has been declared unconstitutional.

Women act as steamship captains in Norway.



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In a Revolt Against Established Authority Young Women of the Fiery Becky Edelson Type Take Their Share as Agitators in the Labor Strife.

IT IS little more than a month since the newspapers began printing the sayings and exploits of one Becky Edelson. Besides being an agitator, who and what is this person who, bursting out of obscurity, has caused more editorial comment for and against than any woman since Emma Goldman? Where does she come from? What conditions have thrown her into the fight as their spawn? What has this young girl endured to make her ready to outface street rowdies, to criticise the government and laugh in the face of recognized authority?

As she tells her story there is little in the background of her life on the East Side to differ from the upbringing of the ordinary child in that section of the city. She, in her expression of the restlessness that pervades all womankind, gives one a concrete idea of what we must recognize as the spirit of a large class of young women and men—first generation Americans—in whom is combined the traditional oppression of their fathers in Europe and the breath of freedom of the new world. They have taken the word freedom in its almost catholic sense. Should Becky give way, there are many ready to take her place to fight the fight of "labor against capital" unto the death.

Works on Anarchist Magazine.

Becky—her full name is Rebecca—is an anarchist. She was nurtured in the faith of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman, and now works on their publication, "Mother Earth." The blood of Russian revolutionists is in her veins, heated by the experience of a life on the East Side and by the fire in her own heart.

Doubtless the melting pot will give us more burning "Beckies" before all the fires which have been smoldering in the hearts of the oppressed of Europe for generations shall have burned themselves out or before there is nothing in American life to make food for these flames. As a portent of the East Side woman of the future, then, Becky becomes a candidate for analytical attention.

In what she has actually said in her speeches in Printing House Square or elsewhere there is nothing more alarmingly radical than the utterances of eminent women in public meeting in regard to the Colorado and Mexican wars. Yet hers have been the opinions which have been greeted by the majority of men and women with alarm, anger and contempt. And that is because she generates, without saying it, a bitter hatred of all institutions and situations which the majority of us view with complacency, if not glorifying satisfaction.

Becky is Short and Stocky.

She is a strong-faced girl, with a good forehead and deep, keen brown eyes, not at all the melting brown

eyes of the poet or the soft, passionate brown eyes of the south of Europe. Becky's eyes were built to flash, not to weep. Add to the eyes strong, regular features and a skin which is a healthy brown and red and you have the type, short, stocky, "built for service."

Listen to the explanation of her life—the life that is like that of thousands of young women—and remember that this is a young woman of twenty-one or twenty-two only, roughly speaking, a young woman the product of a neighborhood house—the Ferrer School—but a neighborhood house which sows seeds of revolt instead of those whose blossoms earn the commendation of society.

Upbraids Teacher.

Becky did not hear anarchistic talk as a child, but she began to practise it in her own life from the days when she wouldn't go to bed just because it was time to and when she ran away from home just because she was told not to. When she was twelve she had her first clash with "authority." It was a case of the child who was too smart in school. Becky got a different answer from that the teacher had in a problem which dealt with quarts and gallons.

"I knew mine was right," her version of it runs, "so I told that teacher she had forgotten to change the quarts to gallons. She had, too. She was much annoyed at my heresy. She was one of those old-fashioned school m'arms who thought her word was law, you know. I was kept out of school for three days, but then they found out I wasn't going to apologize and they let me come back.

"My next encounter with estab-

ever, so impressed with the unfairness of the authorities that I became more and more in sympathy with the revolutionary party here.

Could Not Stand Discipline.

"I went one year to High School, and another to the Nurses' Training School, but I couldn't stand the iron discipline of either. Since then I have worked at various things, in offices and as secretary of the Cloak Makers' Union."

Becky is bitter with the bitterness of the Industrial Worker of the World for all things capitalistic. There is a whole generation of bitterness between her and Emma Goldman.

"There can be no understanding in this class war," she said.

"I think settlements and those other near-charities are a menace to the working class, because they obscure the issue. They make the poor think they are getting something, when, as a matter of fact, all that the rich have to give is the wealth that the poor have earned and are by right entitled to, any way.

"These rich women who come down to the factories when there is a strike and dole out coffee, dressed in thousands of dollars' worth of furs, are ridiculous. They cannot understand. The rich never can understand. The sooner every one understands this is a war, and not a fit of the sulks, the better it will be for all.

Suffrage Won't Help.

"Woman suffrage won't help the laboring classes any, either. As soon as the women get the vote they will start making laws, while the trouble with this country to-day is that we have too many laws already. I don't see



MISS REBECCA EDELSON.

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

By ALICE DUER MILLER

STATESMEN WE HAVE EXPERIENCED.

We have not heard anything so carefully balanced as Mayor Mitchell's speech to the suffragists since William Howard Taft retired from public life.

THE DANGERS OF CAUTION.

Just four years ago President Taft, in cracking up representative government to another convention of suffragists, said that he wished to be understood as excluding "Hottentots, or any wholly unintelligent class."

In commenting on the incident "The New York Times" said: "That the President is not for or against either group may be a mark of the judicial temperament, but it will not give him peace or popularity in the one camp or in the other."

THE ATTACK ON THE WELL KNOWN HOME.

Sir Arthur Newsholme, the English statistician, says: "Infant mortality is the most sensitive index we possess of social welfare."

The infant death rate in New Zealand (a suffrage country) is less than half the rate of the United States.

ONLY PANACEAS NEED APPLY.

"As to whether or not the ballot would confer material benefit upon the 20 per cent of women in industrial and professional life we have only to recall the fact that millions of male voters are out of work."—The Woman's Protest [anti-suffrage], April, 1914.

As to whether or not doctors confer any benefit upon the human race we have only to consider that about 900,000 people die annually in this country.

THE DOG DIDN'T KNOW.

Dispatches from Albania say that in the taking of the town of Kolonia women and children were massacred.

Evidently some one had not heard about women and children having no part in war.

THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

The Wellesley policeman is said to have been won over to suffrage by the behavior of the girls during the fire. Many men were converted by a study of the facts in connection with the Triangle fire, where 135 girls and 101 men were burned.

And some day, perhaps, people will just listen to reason without any fire at all.

IS IT ESSENTIAL?

In 1850 the Tennessee Legislature refused to pass the married woman's property bill on the ground "that women have no souls and therefore have no right to hold property."

Colorado papers please note.

THE INDIRECT MENACE.

We doubt if timid males will be much reassured by Mrs. Gilman's assertion that feminists will never propose. Her reason is so sinister: she says they can manage without.

ALWAYS JAM YESTERDAY.

In commenting upon the younger women of his day a Lord Chief Justice of England, who died in 1676, said: "In former times the education of gentlewomen was religious, sober, serious; their carriage modest, and creditable was their habit and dress. When they were young they learned to read and to sew; as they grew up they learned to spin, to knit, to make up their own garments; they learned what belonged to housewifery. . . . But now the world is altered; young gentlewomen learn to be bold, talk loud and more than comes to their share, think it disparagement to them to know what belongs to good housewifery or to practise it."

WHY WE OPPOSE VOTES FOR MEN.

Because man's place is the armory.

Because no really manly man wants to settle any question, except by fighting about it.

Because if men do adopt peaceable methods, women will no longer look up to them.

Because men will lose their charm if they step out of their natural sphere and busy themselves with other matters than uniforms, drums and feats of arms.

Because men are too emotional to vote. Their conduct at baseball games, football games and political conventions shows this, while their innate tendency to appeal to force renders them peculiarly unfit for the task of government.

A SARTORIAL NOTE FROM ALABAMA.

"I do not believe that there is a red-blooded man in the world who in his heart believes in woman suffrage," says Mr. Hefflin. "I think that any man who favors it ought to be made to wear a dress."

INDEFENSIBLE DEFINITION NO. 2.

Democracy is this—to hold

That all who wander down the pike

In cart or car, on foot or bike

Or male or female, young or old,

Are much alike—are much alike.

lished authority was when I was fourteen. The Russian revolution had just broken out then and there was a protest meeting held at the Manhattan Lyceum. The police came with clubs to break it up. They were brutal in their behavior to the people, not giving them a opportunity to leave the hall, even when they were trying to do so.

Arrested When a Child.

"One policeman tried to push me downstairs. I resisted him just because he was so officious. He arrested me. I was then, remember, a little girl with short skirts and hair down my back. I was put in the same cell in the 57th street court with thirty street women, who were sodden with drugs. The place was full of vermin. We had no beds to sleep on, only wooden benches. I was kept there three days until our friends could get us out on bail. I was the only woman arrested at that time, but there were a large number of men.

"When the case eventually came to trial I was accused of "assault" upon that 250-pound policeman. The case was dismissed at once. I was, how-

what women want to make laws for. I'd rather break them."

And that is Becky's philosophy—a philosophy to which she becomes more and more attached and which she goes out to Colorado to preach to the striking miners—untaught, unreasoning foreigners. What is her kind, a promise or a menace?

Women Silk Culturists.

The Ladies' Silk Culture Society of California has announced that during the coming season 3,000,000 silkworms will be raised at its station in Napa County. The society is planning to send to Italy or France for a modern machine for extracting the raw silk from the cocoons.

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