

# A Woman's Club Takes Over the Town's Paper

## The Scarsdale Women Finance a Clubhouse and Print the Town's News

# The Scarsdale Inquirer.

Vol. 1, No. 1 THE SCARSDALE INQUIRER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1919

**THE CLUB ELECTS MRS. F. H. BETHELL**  
December First Fixed for Opening of Wayside. Nearly All of The Club Bonds Have Been Sold.

**INTERESTING EVENT AT THE CATHOLIC CHURCH**  
On Sunday evening last the members of the Holy Name Society after having received Holy Communion at the 7:30 Mass in the morning, for the remarkable number of fifty, assembled again in the Parish Hall, after the evening devotion and listened to an eloquent and interesting lecture by the Rev. Fr. J. W. McF...

**URGENT NEED FOR HOSPITAL SPACE**  
Westchester County Children's Association to Meet Next Friday. Scarsdale Led in Membership Drive.

**NEW FIRE ALARM SYSTEM IN USE**  
Village Board Reports That Design of Bronze Tablet for Our Honor Roll is Now Ready. Work on Highways.

**SOLDIERS TAKE SIGNIFICANT PLEDGE**  
Scarsdale Post Goes on Record as Disapproving of the Strike Weapon and the Present Radical Agitation.

## Using the Sinews of War and Suffrage to Serve Peace and Community Needs

IF A LOCOMOTIVE, with full steam up, suddenly lost its freight cars, and there was nothing on the line to carry and nowhere to go, no one would think of scrapping the locomotive. It would be run off speedily to a place where there was something that did need to be hauled and set to work.

The women's organizations, both for suffrage and war work, were well constructed engines puffing along under full speed when the end of the war and the coming of the Eighteenth Amendment diverted their traffic. Now, obviously, there is plenty of work in the world to do and all too few to do it, and those who have deemed women lacking in adaptability should observe the lightning changes that are taking place in town, city, state and national organizations, as the women remodel their machinery to serve the crying social, civic and industrial needs that press on every side. The National American Woman Suffrage Association melts painlessly into the National League of Women Voters. Why not?

**When a Town Needs A Mother's Care**

It is one of the most valuable of the fruits of the war, this quiet turning from dramatic world needs to serve simply the next-door need of our own community. The milk of human kindness that must be condensed and shipped half round the world before it turns sour is not a very good brand.

Now, up at Scarsdale, on the Harlem Division, there was one of these very enthusiastic and well organized corps of suffrage and war workers. The community needs are peculiar, inasmuch as there are about 800 houses scattered over a township as large as New Rochelle. It even has its Americanization prob-

lem, has this real village community, with its Italian settlement, and it has had a struggle with such civic housekeeping questions as drainage and garbage disposal, even as did Chicago, when the women began to nose about in civic affairs out there!

It may not seem aesthetic, but the garbage question has converted more than one home-staying female to the idea that she must have a finger in civic affairs in order to keep her own house clean.

And then there were school questions—late and absent children were too numerous—and with a couple of women on the school board other women took more interest in co-operating with them and having their views and convictions made effective.

### "The Scarsdale Inquirer" Makes Its Bow

Out of all these needs and aspirations came the Women's Club of Scarsdale, and, feeling that their scattered community needed a binder, so to speak, they have lightly disregarded all pending printers' strikes and other minor and major difficulties and prepared to issue a weekly newspaper—"The Scarsdale Inquirer"—which made its bow on November 15.

No propaganda sheet is "The Inquirer," but a straight newspaper, to be owned, managed, published and written by the Women's Club on a business basis. A far cry this from the academic women's club of yore, which read papers and discussed all subjects, from Plato to pumpkins, but never did much of anything. There will be no room for Hermione on "The Inquirer's" staff ("The Sun" and Don Marquis please take notice).

Though the workers are all volunteers, "The Inquirer" is not a club organ nor a philanthropic venture aimed to elevate the community. It



The historic Dutch inn on the Old Post Road turns feminist and opens its doors to the Women's Club and its newspaper

is a weekly newspaper, operating on a business basis, and with no outside financial backing. It gives the local news, political, social, legal.

The paper is staffed by prominent women of Scarsdale. Mrs. Allen H. Richardson is editor; Mrs. Kenneth Hoag, business manager; Mrs. Jacob Neahr, subscription manager; Mrs. John Hallmann, advertising manager; Mrs. C. W. Montgomery, chairman of the reporters' committee of the club, and Mrs. Burchard Dutcher is chairman of the newspaper committee. Back of all these and working with all of them is Mrs. F. H. Bethell, president of the Women's Club.

### A Lusty One-Year-Old

Mrs. Bethell last January called together five women and submitted to them the plan of organizing a women's club to strengthen the community work done by the women of the village.

There had been an organization

for war work so remarkable that it was claimed that through one committee alone, on the Civic Index, an important message could be put into every home in the Scarsdale community within two hours of its receipt. And before the war work the older residents of the district had stood shoulder to shoulder in work for suffrage. Like the women in many other communities, the Scarsdale women thus learned their potentialities of service to their communities, and it was felt that this spirit of organizing to serve a common cause must not be allowed to die. The club, started that day less than a year ago with five members, now numbers 350, a long stride on the way to achievement of its aim to enroll every woman of the district. All are wanted. Only so, the club believes, can it attain its full usefulness.

### A Bond Issue Finances the Club

The launching of the newspaper

1919, was approved. Provisions for further extensions were discussed and legal details submitted to Village Attorney White.

The Police Department submitted a report upon the running time of traffic cars, showing that the cars are not running according to schedule. The Transportation Committee was instructed to bring this matter again to the attention of the Westchester County Board of Supervisors.



Mrs. F. H. Bethell, President of the Women's Club of Scarsdale and prime mover in the newspaper project

was the first big piece of work that years there had been a weekly newspaper called "The Scarsdale In-

quirer," but it was written and published in Bronxville. In July it suspended publication. Unsatisfactory as it had been and inadequate to Scarsdale's needs, it was missed. Mrs. Bethell's plan for the Women's Club to buy the paper met with the united support of every member.

For this and other planned work bonds were issued and sold. The newspaper was bought, the work apportioned, and in an astonishingly short time the enterprise was under way. The women of Scarsdale are working enthusiastically and efficiently at their new jobs of news-gathering and soliciting advertisements and subscriptions. So successful have they been that the paper had to be enlarged to six pages, instead of the four-page issue that was planned. An initial edition of 1,000 copies will provide one for every family in the community.

Every organization in the Scarsdale vicinity has appointed a representative to send in news. In addition to this news service, the district is divided into thirteen sections, each one of which has at least one woman detailed to reportorial duty. In all the staff there is but one paid worker, an executive secretary who attends to the details of make-up, business and book-keeping. The committees in charge of each department are so large that no hardship will be worked on any one member, however much the business of the department may increase.

The newspaper will be housed in the new home of the club which will be ready for opening on Tuesday. This home is the gift of Miss Emily Butler to the village of Scarsdale, for the use of the women, and is a Colonial house on the Old Post Road. It has a history that dates from the Revolutionary

War; was a Dutch inn then, and in it the Hessians tarried for rest and refreshment on their way to the battle of White Plains. In repairing and remodeling and making it ready for its new uses the Women's Club has taken care that none of the old beauties and excellences of workmanship shall be lost. The wide planks of the floor remain, and, too, the old brass door latch. Later a restaurant and tearoom will be installed.

### A Historical Clubhouse

It is the aim of the Women's Club to make of this old inn a real community house for the entire Scarsdale district—a community house that will welcome men as well as women to all that it has to offer—which is again a fine departure for a woman's club. And the men of Scarsdale are heartily encouraging the women in every phase of their new enterprise.

Every once in a while, out of the medley of servant and rent problems and the strife of peace leagues, the rumors of sex wars and the tramp of those marching with passionate solicitude for babies in Russia while babies in Hester Street, a short walk away, suffer—in the midst of all this—a group of women proceed to go vigorously about their own business—doing with their might what their hands find to do—and the spectacle is refreshing.

We take off our hats to the Women's Club of Scarsdale and wish them good courage and clear vision, for they will have troubles. No prophet is ever perfectly appreciated in his own home town—and it takes ardent soul who can work in broad sunlight with no glamour, to serve his neighbors. But it is worth doing.



## "Come and Do," Says the Charity Society

EVERY big organization supported by the public has two duties—first, loyalty to those it serves; second, the somewhat difficult obligation of trying to interpret itself to the general public.

If the Charity Organization Society were to seek interpretation through a "Come and See" month, in an effort to make its work tangible, what would happen? It might take you to see the very many thousand families it visited last year, in spite of the fact that this would be violating the promise of confidence given them; or, to save your time, it might have the many thousand individuals it served during those twelve months pass in embarrassed review up Fifth Avenue. This is ridiculous to contemplate, and yet let us fancy for a moment what such a parade would look like.

### Sympathy Put to Work

What then? Well, why not call our campaign a "Come and Do"? If you have two days a week leisure, or its equivalent, we will try to show you how to put your desire to be neighborly to the less fortunate into action. For there are certain definite ways of making something constructive out of sympathy, which can be learned only through experience and training in a city like New York.

Three prime requisites for the real social worker are sympathy, judgment and training. In addition, it would stand her in good stead to possess such qualities as patience, tact, humor and magnetism.

New York is a city of strangers. Many are alone and "up against it" for the time being. They don't want alms, but a friend—some one who will not weep and say, "Truly a hopeless situation; I feel for you," but one who says, "Yes, pretty discouraging, but there's a way out if you have the grit to take it; here is my hand, I am your friend, let's try it together."

### A Training School For Volunteers

The Charity Organization Society stands ready to give you the training, so that you may learn how to fit the wonderful facilities of New York to the needs of these people in trouble.

A six weeks' course of four hours a week is to be available to the volunteer who wants to "put her shoulder to the wheel of misfortune."

It is inspiring in some spots and discouraging in others, but gratifying undeniably, because one is no longer an outsider, an observer of life, but one is living through the pages of the greatest novel ever left unwritten.

Not "live and let live," but "live and help live" is our challenge to the volunteer.

She was the second line of defense in time of war—now she is needed right up front to fight the battles of peace.

## Thanksgiving Day, 1919

THERE is the story of the little boy who prayed that he might get his share of the prevailing epidemic of diphtheria and so escape school. But on waking up in the morning with a slight sore throat he anxiously asked his mother whether she thought God couldn't take a joke. People who get their prayers answered in the affirmative often feel this way, though they lack a child's frankness.

A year ago we all thought that if only we could have a victorious peace and get out from under the darkness of a worldwide war cloud we would stand anything.

The war is over, but it seems doubtful whether a more grumpy, complaining, bad tempered old world ever sat down to its Thanksgiving dinner. We certainly have our troubles, but the chief one seems to be selfishness. The first Thanksgiving was based on the fact that our ancestors had just begun to see light through the woods and stood an even chance to escape death from famine, cold, Indians or wild beasts. And a fighting chance was all they asked. Because our dangers are a skulking Bolshevism instead of Indians, high prices instead of starvation, we are not only unthankful, we are full of self-commiseration and disgust.

We have conquered the air and the Hun, but what does it profit us if our souls are lax and whining and selfish—if we go out complaining and half-hearted to battle with the dragons of our own particular time and country, carrying no weapons of Hope and Faith? We had proved to us the saving grace of the God of Battles—though we were ill prepared and badly ca-

parisoned—but we seem to have no faith in a God of Industry or his power.

Four years ago, before the war started, the industrial and economic streams of the world were much roiled and muddied. We forgot that prices were going up, that labor was restless and dissatisfied and that rumors of an industrial war were heard then. We have spent four years in the destruction of men and material; that it was necessary to do this does not alter the results. We have turned every stream of natural activity out of its accustomed channels to operate quite other mills. And now we stand aghast that the streams are turbid and that the world's wheels do not turn peacefully, as before. Without minimizing at all the seriousness of the situation, it would seem more sane to see it in its relation to the past, not isolated, and to set about with an intelligent optimism to seek for solvents that will gradually clear the stream.

A Toast of Thanksgiving for the saving few who believe that "life is not a measure to be drained but a chalice to be filled," who still find joy in overcoming and have faith in the fair fates of the future and strength and courage to fight the battles of peace.

If there be only a comparative few of these men and women, capitalists and laborers, they may be able to lighten the lump of world selfishness and wring victory from seeming defeat. It has been done many times in the world before, but still we doubt. Let us be thankful for opportunity.

Anne L. Pierce.



## "Come and See," Says the Y. W. C. A.

ONE of the most interesting phases of work the Y. W. C. A. is doing in New York, which it invites the public to "Come and See," no funds asked, during November, is its work among foreign-born women and children.

Miss Edith Jardine is executive secretary of the International Institute for Foreign Born Women, at 108 East Thirtieth Street, which is doing an extensive work among the foreign communities. One of the most recent additions is the *Societa per le Donne Italiane*, at 317 East Forty-fifth Street. Miss Jardine describes it as a "second edition of the village of Naro, province of Girgenti, Italy, but much more of an American village than when we made its acquaintance two years ago.

"I remember the cold day, two years ago, when I made the acquaintance of this village. It was in the winter, when rich and poor suffered alike for lack of coal. The pipes in all these houses were frozen; the people could get no water; conditions were terribly unsanitary and had been so for weeks. I said to our committee: 'We must do something at once for these people if we want them to have any respect for us and our city.'

"What do you want to do?" they asked. "I hardly know where to begin," I said, "but I want to make friends with the people first. Let me rent an apartment and furnish it, and then invite the women to come and see us."

"Mrs. Maria Viezzoli is in charge of this club, and knows every man and woman in the community. Once a week she gathers the women together to sew for their children, and then an English teacher comes in and gives them a short lesson. We do not expect them to learn much, as they have too many family cares to distract them.

"Mrs. William E. Baker and Mrs. Edward M. Cravath, who are both deeply interested in our club, and incidentally have both lived in Italy, came to visit the children's clinic the other day. They decided at once that we must take the adjoining store for a children's playroom, and have promised to furnish it. This is only the beginning, I hope, of bigger things for this community and for others in which we are working.

"Is not this an illustration of a very practical kind of Americanization work, if you want to call it such?" asked Miss Jardine. "I believe that when friendship is established between Americans and people of foreign birth, then a vital seed of real Americanization is planted."

## Elene the Versatile A City-Country Exchange

ELENE was no problem; she was simply restless and unhappy in the city and wanted me to take her along. Her mother consented, for the child—she was fourteen—wouldn't stay home in the evenings—would spend every spare minute at the movies or want to go to a dance with some boy friend.

She has been in the country a year and here are a few of the things she has done: worked with a Land Army Group at haying and harvesting; had a garden and exhibited at the county fair; is an excellent cook and housekeeper; has done notably in preserving and pickling; has raised chickens and a pig; gone logging; cut wood; helped with painting and papering and plastering; varnished floors; got up entertainments; taught children dancing and folk-dances; made her own clothes; this besides some study and getting up a play, for which she was stage manager and designed and made the costumes. She has also done all sorts of dangerous stunts in climbing.

The child simply had not enough scope in town for the variety of ability which she possessed.

There ought to be a lively interchange of young folk between city and country. If the country life and the freedom it afforded were a delight and refreshment to Elene, quite as valuable to the stolid, self-conscious New Englander were Elene's zest and joy of life and eager energy.

F. D. M.

## A CALL FOR HELPING HANDS

Volunteer workers who can give one or more afternoons or evenings a week, as well as full-time workers, are urgently needed in more than two-score neighborhood houses in this city. Lecturers, nurses, stenographers, clerical workers, kindergarten, manual training and English teachers, playground workers, athletic leaders, chamberlains, story tellers, song leaders, entertainers, lawyers, workers in the charge of children's outings, and general assistants—all are needed.

Write to the United Neighborhood Houses of New York, 27 Barrow St.

## The Peasant A Russian Story

MIKHULA the Villager drew breath and stood in the black, hoamy furrow. A knight was approaching, who made signs that he wanted to talk.

"Ho, good Mikhula the Villager!" he cried. "Look at me. I have come from across the world. Down the steep edges of the hills I have ridden. The galloping hoofs of my horse have trodden the grassy plains. I have slain dragons, ogres and false knights. Now, there is no one dares to fight me; there is no one as strong!" Tell me, Mikhula the Villager, do you know of any one as strong as I? If you do, I will greatly reward you!"

Mikhula put his hands on the plow. "Help me lift my plow and I will tell you," he said.

"I will be glad to favor you, for I am indeed strong," said the knight. He leaped over without leaving his saddle and seized the handle of the plow. He pulled on it, but it did not move. Then the good knight lightly sprang from his horse and seized the stick with both hands. He lifted. The plow did not move. Anger came on him that he should be made little in the sight of Mikhula the Villager, and again he took hold of the handles. His muscles swelled. The sweat rolled from his forehead. "Truly!" he gasped. "This is a greater deed than any I have done!"

Then Mikhula the Villager lightly brushed the knight aside, lifted his plow with one hand and tossed it aside. "The weight of all the world is in that plow!" he said.

In silence the knight mounted and rode off. He had found his man! B. S.

The Tribune Institute In the World of Women

Volunteers are needed in various departments: NURSES, SOCIAL WORKERS, INVESTIGATORS, MUSIC TEACHERS, ATHLETIC DIRECTORS, and LESSONS FOR BOYS' CLUB.