

ganize a chance to be able to say to the big employers of Chicago: —

"We are one; you cannot treat one of us badly without treating all of us badly; you cannot starve one girl without every other girl working for you or your brother millionaires resenting it; you cannot dig a grave before the feet of one child among us without all of us fighting you for it.

"Working women have a right to life, have a right to sunshine, have a right to a little play as well as to a lot of work. And we're ready to go as far as possible to get these rights," said Mary McDowell, the woman who has become known as "The Mother of the Stockyards."

"If a girl could live on \$8 a week, as some of these millionaires say," said Mrs. John T. Bowen, "it would leave nothing for emergency, nothing for amusement, nothing for right living. We must demand more, and we must make our demand so strong we'll get more."

"I don't believe in people getting together and pitying themselves," said Mary McDowell. "We're not going to do that. We're going to get to work."

"Organization is the only hope of the women," said Elizabeth Maloney, the fighting little waitress who did more than any other one person to force a sluggish, employer-cowed legislature to pass the ten-hour law. "If there were a few more strikes on State street, the girls of the department stores would get more decent treatment. You girls have a right to live and to enjoy life. You've got to fight for that right. . . . I think you're ready to do it. . . ."

"I found that the girls of the department stores looked on the work of the O'Hara commission as a God-send," said Mary O'Reilly. "They're all ready now to fight for the right to help themselves upward. . . ."

And all through the meeting, the women, the young girls with the fresh complexions, and the old women with weary, bowed backs, cheered.

And at the end they stood up and sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," with a new spirit, a new hope and a new meaning.

It's a pity that none of the big millionaires, who leaned back fatly in their chairs before the O'Hara commission and talked about how easy it would be for a girl to live on \$4 or \$5 a week, who smugly declared that any really good girl would starve to death before she'd ever go wrong, who, by the way they talked of their women employes, eternally disgraced their own sex, were not at that meeting. . . .

Their eyes might have been opened. They might have awakened to the fact that these women employes of theirs of whom they talked in terms of dollars and cents, actually were human beings, made of flesh and blood, just like themselves. If some of these millionaires really are flesh and blood. . . .

And they might have come to realize that the time is really past when any employer, no matter how many millions he has, can treat any employe in terms of dollars and cents. . .

It's a pity, too, that the members of the O'Hara commission weren't at that meeting. For if the day should come when the courage of any member of that commission should begin to fade, it would have been renewed by the memory of these women of last night, the women with the new hope and the new courage in their tired faces.

#### CHIVALRY—1915

To the Editor:—I have a kick to make, and I ask for goodness sake, that you take and air this outrage in your book. I got in a crowded car, and it gave me such a jar, when I found two women seated in a nook. In front of them I stood, as any sane man would, but neither one of them rose to her feet. Where is chivalry, I say, whether has it flown away, when a lady will not give a man her seat?

A Mere Man.