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# Kitchen Statesmen

By **ETHEL WADSWORTH CARTLAND**

What is the mother's destiny in our political life? What kind of place is woman's place in the home?

**W**HY, Beatrice has five kids! She's a mere kitchen drudge! All she knows in life are the dishpan and the cook-book! She doesn't see anything or know anything worth while in life. She's lost her chance to do anything real in the world."

So spoke a certain young woman of my acquaintance as she refused to marry the man of her heart. She has the near-sighted view of many of our young people toward the woman with children. They truly feel that from the experience of motherhood a woman derives no compensation for her sacrifices and the world receives no commensurate gain. They have never imagined that out of kitchens come statesmen, that out of drudgery comes character, that in the midst of children comes the greatest happiness known to any woman, and that the contribution of five useful citizens is worth more to the world than any other female accomplishment. Above all, they do not recognize the mother's destiny in our political life.

**W**HILE talking with a professional woman I heard from her a sad account of the marriage and retirement of a certain brilliant young woman.

"And the worst of it is, Mrs. Cartland, she says she's going to have eight children, and never, never come back to us," mourned the chum. "She says she's going to become a kitchen statesman! Now what is that, I'd like to ask you? She had the face to advise us all in the studio to get married and have children. She says there is nothing we women can possibly do as women that has not already been done over and over, and done better, by men. She says that the men will be delighted to get us out of their way. I don't believe that, do you? Yes, and worse than all, she says that as a kitchen statesman she will be qualified to enter politics after the eight children are at school, and expects to run for Congress as a mother-statesman to work for child and mother welfare, world prohibition, and world peace. I said, 'I guess, Portia, you think you can rule the world like Alexander and Napoleon!' She said: 'Not personally, as they did, but through my children.'

"Portia went on to say, 'Don't you know that one European state, Czechoslovakia, has given women a definite part

to perform in legislation, that they have originated and put through most of the social legislation, and after trial the Government announces that it is well satisfied with their work? Don't you know that Lady Astor says that women must have a unique place in politics, and don't you see that nothing in this world can prepare a woman for this sort of a career like motherhood?' I can't argue, and this stuff is new to me and out of my line—but *eight* children! She'll get eight votes, anyhow! But what is a kitchen statesman?"

I put that question later to a friend of mine who is the leading woman in one of our large cities.

"My mother," she said, "was certainly a kitchen statesman. I was a little girl when Lincoln was shot, and I can never forget the stricken look on my mother's face as she fell on her knees in the middle of the kitchen floor and, with all the rest of the family weeping around her, prayed God to guide our bereaved Nation through that dark period following the war. Mother always claimed that Lincoln's next work was to have been the suppression of the liquor traffic, and she herself started the first temperance society in our town. I well remember how the neighbors eagerly sought and highly valued my mother's opinion. We often had political gatherings in the evening at the old home, when National problems were discussed. One summer evening a Congressman was present. The house was crowded, and people overflowed upon the veranda and lawn. After the meeting I came into the back parlor with a crowd of other children. The distinguished man was just taking his leave. 'What is it,' he asked my mother, 'that makes you such a radical thinker? You are two hundred years ahead of us all, but your ideas are sound—they are fine, and will be generally held some day, although not now. Where did you pick up these ideas of government?' Mother drew an armful of children to her and faced him smilingly. 'From my children,' she replied. 'Motherhood stimulates what you call radical thinking. You men plan for the present day and generation, but mothers plan for the future and for the race. You men go into politics with your heads, but mothers go into politics with their hearts.' The Congressman was right; my mother was

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ahead of her time; she stood alone in advocating measures which have since become several amendments to our National Constitution. I think Portia intends to become such a woman, and it is only through motherhood that she can become such a woman. My own mother had eleven children."

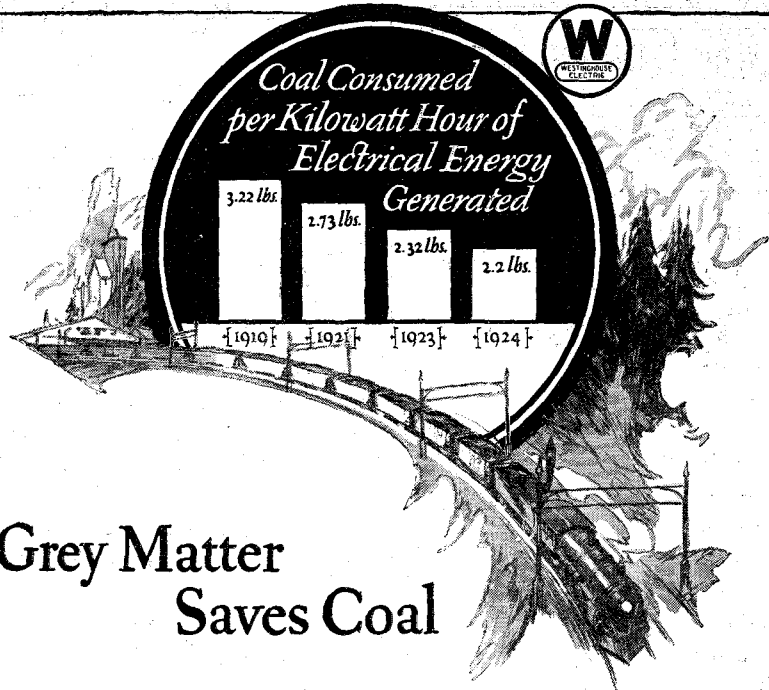
**W**E have always had these kitchen statesmen among us, the progressive women thinkers of their communities. They were mothers, mostly, who started the Washingtonian movement, which has finally resulted in the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. They fought slavery by many hearthsides, and, for the sake of their daughters and their homes, asked for suffrage and the higher education of women. They have done their part in supporting the Federal Child Labor Law (now discarded) and the minimum wage laws for women (now discarded), and they have striven to secure pure food and to do away with sweat-shops. They have not always been successful, but their efforts are the inevitable goals of our democracy.

Consider the case of Harriet Beecher Stowe, "a little dried-up wisp of a woman," a mother of seven children, wife of a poor, underpaid professor in a struggling little college, who sat down with a baby in the cradle beside her and little toddlers playing about the room and wrote those pictures of slavery that stirred the whole civilized world to action. She was radical because of her motherhood. She says: "When I looked on my own children, and thought what it would mean to me to be torn from them and to leave them to the care of strangers, my heart bled for the slave mother, and I cried to Almighty God for strength to write what would arouse good men to end it!"

In the midst of little children a woman receives her greatest stimulus to progressive and fundamental thinking. All up and down our land to-day mothers are thinking, reasoning, planning, in the midst of their little ones, not for themselves, but for the next generation. Motherhood compels it, the greatest developing and ennobling and quickening power that can ever come into any woman's life.

**W**HEN women's votes have been advocated or opposed, it has most often been the mother's vote which has been invoked or feared. Young women may vote carelessly; business women may vote as business men; but mothers will always vote with their little children's welfare in mind. They will think always of those children who must so soon go out into the world, subject to the false and the true that people long

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dead have planned and made into life and law.

On this subject a woman writes to me: "At a luncheon recently one of the fourteen young married women present commented on the fact that none of them had a child. All agreed that they did not intend to have any. They were determined to get the most pleasure out of life for themselves, and they agreed, frankly, that they cared nothing for the next generation." Of course these women care nothing for the next generation, but the mother by her very experience of motherhood will inherit the earth—and also its responsibilities. Her child is the pledge of her devotion to the next generation, and her vote, her interest, and her influence are already secured for its welfare and betterment.

The kitchen statesmen now have the vote. In twenty years, about the time my friend Portia emerges into politics, they may hold the balance of voting power. We are told that six million women of the better class are already organized in this country for different kinds of social, religious, artistic, and economic betterment. In some localities in recent elections three women voted to one man.

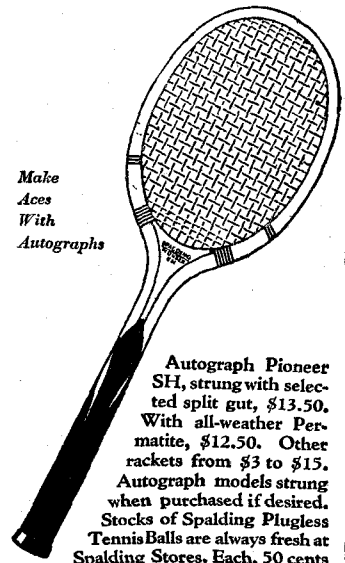
The pretty, accomplished, care-free girl does often become the household drudge. She must often suffer long months of discomfort, distress, and even pain, and all the while, putting aside her own feelings, labor and serve in the humblest fashion. People look on and say her life is wasted. The fingers that skipped the piano keys become stiff. The figure that was so slim and stylish becomes robust and hearty. Beauty goes, but character comes. Idealism comes. Vision comes. Conservation, world peace, international charity, law enforcement, national ambitions, a host of political problems that she neither knew anything about nor cared anything about before, or ever would have cared about, now become interesting, challenging, momentous. Her whole point of view is changed. Her whole attitude is changed. She hungers and thirsts for righteousness in the world, longing for a safe, a sane, a happy life, not any longer for herself, but for the babe that suckles at her breast and the toddler at her knees. The strongest instinct of woman's life, maternity, is at last aroused; and there is no length to which a strong mother will not go, and no impossible heights she will not scale, and no incredible future she will not claim for her children. Her very soul is changed. "The true politics," said Socrates, "is first of all a politics of the soul." Here the mother begins—with her soul!



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Who in any community feels deepest that the Eighteenth Amendment should be enforced? It is the mother who wants the liquor kept away from her boys. Who feels deepest that a living wage should be paid to every workingwoman? It is the mother who fears for her young and inexperienced girls. Who is most concerned with the need of child-labor legislation? It is the mother—they might be her own children.

WELL for the progress of the world that mothers have this devotion to posterity! Wise is the nation that follows them, kitchen statesmen, our true political leaders. The political rulers of the nations have now to face indignant motherhood. Here, in the defense of posterity by her vote, is woman's unique place in politics that rulers and politicians have stolen from her. Oh, the mountains of dead that might now be living had the mothers of the nations been consulted before the World War was precipitated upon them! Oh, the horrors of sin, suffering, and death that might now be avoided had the mothers of the nations one-tenth the power of the politicians! Now hers the labor, the pain, the sacrifices, the tears, the weariness, the night vigils, the lack of leisure, of pretty things, of travel and vacations, social delights, prestige, national honor, public position, political authority, even power over the life of the sons she has borne; while he, the smug politician, breaks down law, frees criminals and murderers, steals the people's money, gives away the nation's resources, condemns with his courts children and women to economic slavery, and last, worst crime against motherhood, drives her boys off to war to commit wholesale murder, and leaves not even the poor, pitiful flesh for her to weep over and bury!

The most needed political reforms of to-day are in the realm of the home. They have to do with the protection of women and children and the preservation of the next generation. These reforms will never be secured until we have more Portias, those women who marry not only for love, but with an ideal family in their hearts. Every influence that we as a people can exert in the direction of this kind of a marriage is a patriotic duty, and every detrimental influence is treasonous! One of the few true things that the politicians have ever said—as politicians—is that woman's place is in the home. It is—in the home with the vote, and that vote sacredly used to protect that home; this is the unique place of the American woman in our politics, her greatest act of service to the state.

*With a little mirror, look behind and between your teeth, in the places seldom reached with a brush. That's where decay and tartar work destruction.*



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NEARLY forty years ago, Dr. W. D. Miller, an American dentist practicing in Germany, demonstrated that colonies of acid forming germs attach themselves to the enamel by means of the sticky mucin film. If allowed to remain in one spot for any length of time, these germ colonies secrete sufficient acid to eat through the enamel.

After Miller's discovery of the cause of tooth decay, it was thought that decay could be prevented simply by killing the germs. Thus antiseptic dentrifices were introduced. Needless, to say, they proved unsuccessful, for the germs were apparently snugly protected in, or under, the heavy accumulation of mucin (mucin plaques).

By and by, scientists agreed that it was necessary to find a mucin solvent, so that the germ laden mucin film could be thoroughly removed, especially from the **in-accessible spaces between teeth, where a brush cannot be effectively applied.** It is in these places that your dentist looks first for trouble—and invariably finds it.

After nearly 30 years of fruitless search for such a solvent, the problem was laid before the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, an endowed scientific institution, operated with-

out profit. Here a formula was gradually perfected for a harmless, yet exceedingly effective mucin solvent. It was called Mu-Sol-Dent.

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# The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

## Fiction

**CLOUD CUCKOO LAND.** By Naomi Mitchison. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. \$2.50.

When the power of Athens was failing and Sparta was still fresh, austere, and valiant and when Cyrus the Persian was planning his famous march to the sea, men and women loved and suffered and children played and were charming even as to-day. "An historical novel about Greece and the islands of the seas, about 600 B.C."—that sounds scholarly and serious. Mrs. Mitchison has made her characters glow with life and move naturally in the places and time in which they are put. The personal, in short, holds its own well as compared with the historical and classical. There is fighting on land and sea, political revolution, the drinking of hemlock by fallen rulers, and a vivid picture of the strife between democracy and oligarchy and the shifting leagues and counter-plots between the great and little Greek states. But this book is not Greek history nor Greek literature; it is the life of certain Greeks as it went on in war time and in peace. It does not require scholarship to enjoy this book, only a sense of the drama of human aspiration, sorrow and despair, or triumph.

**UP HILL, DOWN DALE.** By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

As full of rich country flavor as the clotted cream of his own beloved Devonshire, where the scene of all of them is laid, these sixteen short stories by Mr. Eden Phillpotts are inferior to his novels in length but not in quality. They are widely various in subject, ranging from the tragic, the thrilling, and the gruesome to broad rustic comedy. Every one of them is good, but our personal preference is for a delicious tale of a lone old "widow-man" and his brindled cat. Good cat stories are as rare as good dog stories are many, which is fair neither to the excellent literary possibilities of puss nor the natural cravings of cat lovers. This story of Peter Blount, Sunny Jim, his pet, and the vet., who is the comic villain of the piece, is a gem.

**JERICHO SANDS.** By Mary Borden. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.50.

"Jericho Sands" is the story of a romantic love that moves relentlessly to a bitter end. The lovely young Priscilla Brampton marries Simon Birch, rector of Crech St. Michaels and Lord of the Manor, "because he was good, and she was fond of him." As might be expected, she later meets and falls in love with

Crab Willing, only son and heir of Tupper, fifteenth Marquis of Moone. These two fly straight in the face of convention, and because of their love "succeed in doing themselves and every one concerned an immense amount of harm." Simon is "a clergyman of the intenser mold." Madly in love with his wife and unable to reconcile this passion with his mystic love for his God, he suffers from repressed desires and an insane jealousy, which makes his subsequent actions more explicable in the name of Freud than in the name of religion. Not a pleasant book, but one with a deep and passionate sincerity. Miss Borden has analyzed her characters so minutely as sometimes to be painful, and bared their emotions beyond a point which we have been taught to believe British.

**FERNANDE.** By W. B. Maxwell. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$2.

It is fairly certain that "Fernande" will stand second in the list of Mr. Maxwell's novels only to his "Spinster of this Parish," and there are very, very few recent novels of English life that compare with it in the art of developing the characters and making them work out their ruin or their social solidity as their natures impel them. The old truth that few men and women are all bad or all good is thoroughly illustrated. Fernande has been pushed by an abominable mother, a drunken husband, and an irresponsible nominal husband into desperate straits; her career is deplorable; yet the reader sees plainly that there is something true-hearted about her and pities rather than despises her. There are several carefully drawn fiction portraits in the novel and its interest is continually sustained by incident and dialogue. Some readers will find things to cavil at as too frank, but the intention is certainly not injurious or vulgar.

## Essays and Criticism

**PETER PANTHEISM.** By Robert Haven Schauflier. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

Mr. Schauflier is not old, nor stodgy, nor mincingly literary, but he is refreshingly free from the smart-Aleck commonness of the familiar prose of to-day. Now and then in his latest volume, "Peter Pantheism," he seems to be trying to write down to his audience a bit. Here and there, especially in two papers of juvenile reminiscence, "Cupid in Kilts," and "Cupid in Knickerbockers," he totters on the dreadful verge of sprightliness. At his best, he has the

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