

Jane Addams:

I think in whatever I write about J A I have got to be self-explanatory about why I <sup>or</sup> avoided her, /at least did not seek her, in all these latter years. I think I felt in her perhaps <sup>an</sup> unspoken pressure on her part, to agree with her, to feel as she did about certain methods, the importance of them, and a certain inability on my part to argue for my side. I have been weak on the controversial side always unless I had a perfectly definite case I could prove by document. I had fought hard - nobody knows how hard - to get a case for woman suffrage and I had not done it. That is, I did not mind /particularly but I could not be actively for it. And there is where the pinch comes, if you are not actively for the thing then you are against it and there must be some selfish reason, some limitation. I think with Jane Addams felt a limitation of my mind. I think she said as much to a friend of mine and it was repeated to me.

That is all true, but I did not like to have it said. There is where my vanity came in, that is I felt with her that she was conscious of my limitations and it was true in the pacifist attitude. My attitude was fatalistic about the war. Unless you could get at the cause and stop them, recognize them and stop them and sacrifice in order to stop them you weren't going to do much. Miss Addams I think felt this ~~kind~~ passiveness in me; I couldn't get out and cry, "Peace, Peace," on the street corner and she could and must. She suffered too deeply over it; she was too unwilling to consent that it could not

*you had to  
do things like  
this*

be done by *men* by the immense mass of women. I tried hard to make myself believe that. I had moments when I did. I felt something very strongly at the Conference for Disarmament. There were some great moments for me out of that Conference. One at the first - Woodrow Wilson - the way he came up the Avenue from far away, a mingled cry of emotion, pity, when he who had led through all the terrible struggle trailed in at the end and forgotten by the grandees. A woman at my side wondering what this could mean and seeing that it was for Wilson exclaimed in rage, "What business has he here?" He was a man that <sup>very</sup> could not take that. *just*

And later in that Conference I had a dim ~~inside~~ ~~inside~~ feeling that there was an impact from abroad striking things, that it was the cry of women. And I wrote (Quote)

But it was not the busy women who were doing things at the Conference; they admitted women to that Conference.

And I had the discouraging feeling that they were doing just what the men were doing, what I was doing in my effort to be practical, to see things as they were.

(Quote California woman.