

than this) could keep it up. Paragraph 166 reads: for the success of the system the number of men employed on the same class of work should be large enough for the workmen quite often to the object lesson of seeing men laid off for failing to earn high wages and others substituted in their places.

I have in the above enumerated a few of the Paragraphs of Mr Taylor's Book and in summing it all up ~~it stands~~ we find that all the Taylor systems stands for ~~it~~ is for bigger dividends which paragraph 312 states plainly as follows: All employees should bear in mind that each shop exists, first, last, and all the time for the purpose of paying dividends to its owner.

Now Miss Tarbell I am a firm believer in the Golden Rule: LIVE AND LET LIVE, and I know of shops today where the wages for machinists are from \$ 4.50 to 5.00 dollars for 8 hours work and every Xmas they receive 7% of their entire earnings for the year as a Xmas present yet with all of this ~~liberality~~ liberality on the part of that Co it pays their stockholders as large a dividend and perhaps larger than any of their competitors, and if Mr Taylor was living today he would be given very little consideration if he would try to install his system in that shop.

In conclusion what a grand work you could do if you ~~instead~~ would devote your time and intelligence to the solving of the ~~unemployed~~ unemployed question instead of champion a cause that will still put more workers out of work.

Trusting that this will not be offensive I beg to remain

Yours truly.

Felix Wheeler

P.S. Congressman Clyde Tavenner states a case where a sailmaker working at the Mare Island Navy Yard California and who worked there for 20 ~~7~~ Years without losing a day from illness. the time card system was introduced this man had to work under that system for some time until he collapsed and he then asked for relief under the compensation act, because of the strain from ~~rust~~ work under the Malsey system.

Mr Manning pleading before the Commission stated that under the time card system you have to give account of every minute you were on the job, and they were given to understand that the men that did the most work would hold the job the longest, Later the Malsey System was introduced twinbrother to the Taylor system. Under that plan, a time man equipped with tablet, lead pencil, stop watch, sat in front of the worker to find out how long it takes to do a ~~quart~~ certain piece of work. the report to the headquarters was the future standard for that class of work.

The Malsey system is designed to get out of the man employed under it the greatest possible amount of work he can do in a given time, with the fear ever hanging over his head that a failure to keep up to the standard will cause him to lose his job.

Manning was engaged in making coaling bags which are 42 inches long and 8 feet in circumference. It is the hardest work in sailmaking. Between the physical strength necessary and the mental strain caused by every move being tabbed, Manning collapsed.

The attending Doctor reported that Manning was an unusually vigorous man, as well as an energetic worker. In endorsing the statement of the claimant that he was entitled to compensation the solicitor of the Department of Labor ~~declared~~ declared that treatment accorded Manning was enough to produce insanity. The Officials said: "here was a strong hearty ~~man~~ hard working employee who, for about twenty years had been regularly employed by the government and whose rating was first class. After putting in all ~~those~~ those years of ~~and~~ retaining his health, strength and vigor, a new system was introduced at the Navy Yard by which the employee was kept under the highest

by reason of the fact that a man sat watching his every movement during every minute of an 8 hour day. In addition ~~xxx~~ to this it will be observed from claimants letter, that the work he was performing was one of the heaviest and hardest kind to be performed in his occupation. Under such circumstances it is not a matter of surprise that his health should be injured and shattered, for it certainly seems that such treatment of a man engaged in heavy manual labor, necessitating also the use of intellect would be sufficient to upset the mind of an ordinary ~~individual~~ individual and produce insanity."

This is one case of what will happen to men working under these so-called efficiency system or highspeed systems.

THE DESIGNER and The Woman's Magazine, November 1925

THANKSGIVING ~ THEN and NOW

By Ida Tarbell

THANKSGIVING DAY is one of America's four favorite holidays. It shares honors with Christmas New Year and the Fourth of July, and like them is so rooted in our affections that it seems always to have been, and yet, only sixty-two years ago it was nationalized.

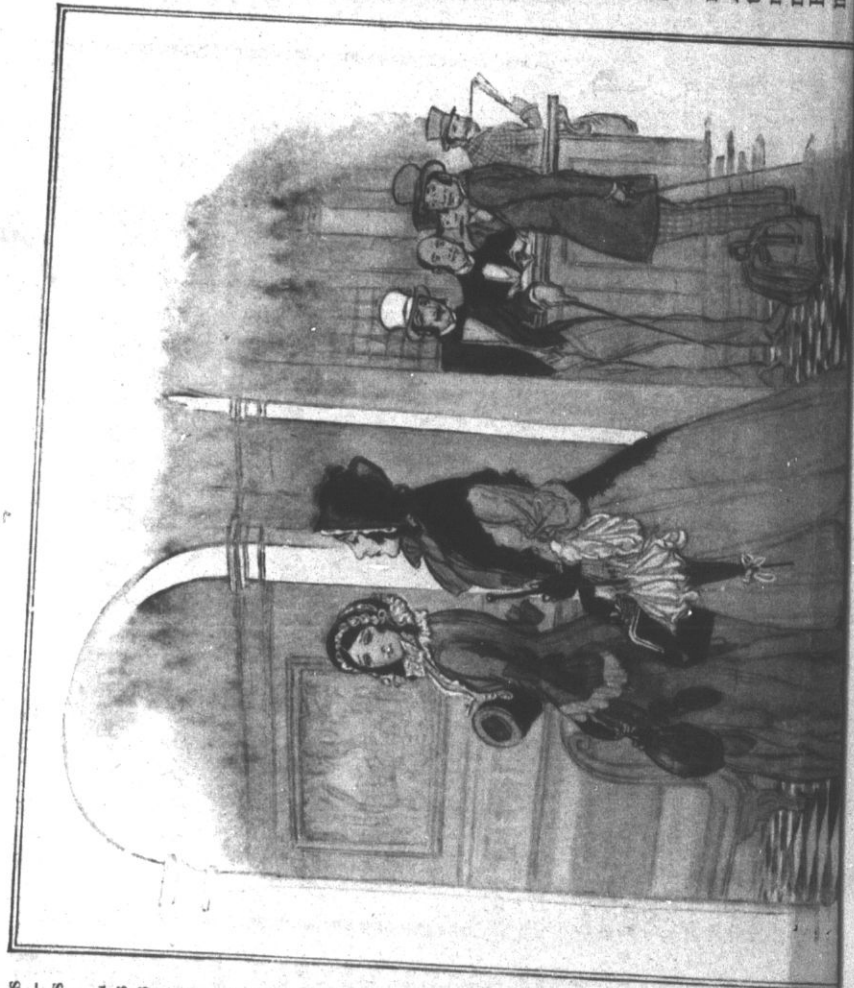
To be sure, in 1621 the Pilgrims set aside a day for Thanksgiving. They felt as Amundsen says he felt when his plane finally rose in the air after he and his men had spent days and nights fighting a frozen death—"God seemed very good."

From 1621 on, sections of the country observed more or less regularly a day of Thanksgiving, but it was two hundred and forty-two years before it was established as a regular holiday for us all. This was done in 1863 by Lincoln, who, like the Pilgrims of long ago and the explorer of to-day, was filled with gratitude, not because his troubles were at an end, but because they were not as threatening as they had been.

"To be sure, there is civil war," was the substance of his Thanksgiving proclamation, "but so far, Europe has not forced a foreign war."

"To be sure, we are slaughtering men on the battle-field, yet by the mercy of God the population grows."

"To be sure we are destroying wealth, yet never have we so rapidly increased in wealth. Strange anomalies, but true."



to these matters, with a far healthier state of mind than the angry and hysterical one which prevailed in 1863.

If the mental attitude of the public is improved, so is that of man. The one is freed of hysterics, the other of self-consciousness. Woman is no longer a martyr, a target or a spectacle when she goes about doing what she wants to do. People no longer write articles to the paper, as they once did, calling attention to the fact that "a young woman of this community is bringing disgrace upon her family and her sex by insisting on speaking in public or studying law or writing books." No doubt, there is now and then a girl who would like it better if she had a little of this publicity, but the great mass of women nowadays take college and professional training and economic independence as naturally as women once took their a, b, c's, the sewing-machine and father's allowance.

Gone is Tittering Self-Consciousness

THEY take many other things more naturally, than they once did—most important of all, the male. Among the young women of to-day there is far less tittering self-consciousness in the presence of boys, less mock modesty, less sentimental dreaming. Recall the old-fashioned female seminary, which rigidly excluded all boys



these "Ten Greatest" of 1863 did her work in the face of a skeptical, disapproving and frequently hostile public, a public that on occasions was known to hoot and even to stone her for daring to poach on the sacred preserves of the male.

The public has grown away from that particular phobia, it has even approved the means by which women can prepare themselves to do the very things which sixty-two years ago it held unsuitable for her as beyond her natural endowment and dangerous to the public good. The public now not only furnishes generous opportunity to those whose ambition is to try for the ranks of the "Ten Greatest," but it applauds the winners.

A gain of real value in all this is that the ambitious woman is taken for granted. Nobody any longer writes about her as a public menace. It may be often, of course, that a family wants her at home or perhaps doubts her talent, that a lover or husband resents a divided interest; but the world at large no longer is seriously disturbed by her adventures or experiments. Restoring peace of mind to an apprehensive world is one of the most valuable boons of a woman's progress.

I would not be taken as saying that the public is entirely satisfied with the results of its consent to woman's ambition and of its generosity in providing her with the tools to prepare herself to gratify them. There are by-products of her emancipation which seem shockingly inconsistent with her first reasons for seeking that emancipation; but they are, after all, taken philosophically by the majority. Change brings its own particular problems, we admit, and time will cure or modify the particular results which we do not like. That is where the public stands to-day in regard



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REQUITAL

Concluded from page 84

grew bright and beautiful, and he began to love her. And she took him. I was left—outside.

"When I saw Nina down, I thought I was sorry for her—but I wasn't. I was glad. I said to myself: Now she will know how the hills look when she can't get to them. Now she will know how it feels to lie and dream only of being stronger than the wind. Now she will know what it is like to have the one she loves bring flowers in his hand and turn away from her into the sunshine! And I would look at her and wonder if she ever thought that it was so with me."

"But, you see, I believed that it would be over soon—that life for her would begin again—that it might make her a little sorry for me—make her willing to let Forbes love me, too—or I *couldn't* have been glad."

"But Persia, Persia, if she is never going to walk again—if I have been glad of that—"

"This afternoon, when I saw Forbes knew—when I saw that Forbes knew and was going away, as he went away from me, the time—the time—"

"Don't, Cicely—don't tell me any more!" cried Persia with strangled voice; and Cicely was silent.

The lights of the hotel were shining out upon their pathway when she spoke again. It was with a fierce intensity.

"I was remembering—there by the water—how I longed to have her—how not even Forbes could make up to me—when my very breasts ached. They ache again—they ache again. It is not dead. I have been wicked, but not so wicked that I have killed it—my love, my dear love for my child!"

Up, up, up—through pain and effort and recoil, miseries of the flesh, discouragements of the soul through long days and longer nights, with one faithful heart ministering to the flesh and the other, more humbly, to the spirit—so Nina climbed.

"Don't be a little goose, Nina!" Persia heartily enjoined.

But although Nina smiled—she loved Pert dearly—she still said, steadily: "Not yet."

The gray rains of another season were veiling the sea and beating against the windows when one day, quite unannounced, Forbes made his appearance. It was a happy group he saw from the open doorway: Persia with a huge work on Anatomy in her lap, busy in the pursuit of knowledge, Nina leaning over her mother and coaxing her to her feet. He came in so quietly that he caught her very words. "Pert says we may—two rounds on the long veranda. Come, dearest!"

Forbes uttered a gasp. Nina heard, and turning swiftly, saw her father. A bright flag of color flew to her cheeks; head lifted, she stood for his inspection.

JOVE! To have nerved himself to a disagreeable duty, to come with roses and a sick-bed manner, and find this! The roses dropped. Pure fatherly love gushed in his breast. He strode across the room. "You—you darling!" Nina felt hot tears on the cheek he pressed to hers.

A wonderful hour: he knew he should carry its sweet memory through life. He couldn't keep his hands away from her; he stroked the rose-tinged cheek, the straight, strong back; he kissed her rounded wrist.

"It's been a beastly summer—not having you, darling, and worrying every minute," he averred huskily.

"You look well—and brown, father," she answered gently.

"Oh—looks!" He dismissed them with a shrug. "But we'll make up for it, young lady! Why—why—" he fairly stammered. "Do you realize what it means? It's *life* again, Nina!"

Realize! Nina's steady, appraising glance fell away from him. She turned to her mother, drawing her hands—

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THANKSGIVING—Then and Now

Continued from page 2

There has been a startling change in this particular since 1863. Women now go everywhere "on their own," look out for themselves with entire success, and choose their own amusements and occupations. This is a complete outward revolution and a satisfaction which cannot be overestimated.

Can any woman who has ever traveled refuse to be thankful over the downfall of the *Ladies' Entrance* of the old hotel? Emancipation is summed up for me in the freedom I feel when I enter directly into a hotel by the front door, cross the lobby to the desk, and without causing any stir write my name, take my key and quietly go about my business, unabashed by any insinuating looks and whispers.

There was a time, and not so long ago either, when if you had enough strength of mind and enough indifference to the suggestive glances of lobby loungers and bell boys to try the front door, you were nevertheless forced to seek out the *Ladies' Entrance*, where there was no boy, no desk, no newspaper stand. You were expected to wait until the result of what looked like a surreptitious transaction was brought back to you and you were shunted quietly to a room. The whole performance was made to seem positively illicit; but it was better than the stares and the insolence which you encountered if you passed through what was considered a particular domain—the lobby.

I never did my part in breaking down the humiliating *Ladies' Entrance*. I used it for years until finally I became bold enough to sink in by a side door and up to the desk. Now, however, I can enter like any other free human being and nobody

minds me. This is something to be devoutly thankful for.

So is increased liberty in dress. Women think as much as ever about their clothes—more, perhaps. Their very nature will have to be radically changed before their instinctive concentration on adornment is overcome; and there is no sign of that worth mentioning. But the woman of to-day has gained the freedom to choose what she shall wear and when. She has freed her common sense from the shackles which bound it in 1863 and applied it, along with her sense of fitness, and her power of selection, to her clothes. Short skirts, stout shoes, rough and ready coats have replaced the voluminous trains, thin slippers and mantillas of an earlier day.

But we are apt to forget that it cost a pretty fight for women to win the right to wear, uncriticized, the kind of clothes which now are a part of the wardrobe of every well-dressed woman.

Now a Girl Can Be a Tomboy

AND is it not a blessed improvement for a woman to be free to enjoy the great out-of-doors and to be a Tomboy, if she is so created? What, really, are these hundreds of young women, who go from tournament to tournament, excelling in every known sport—even polo—but emancipated Tomboys?

In 1863 they were lectured, punished and shamed for their longing to stretch their legs across a saddle, to pitch balls, and to swim. To-day they are trained for these activities, urged into public contests, and given medals and cups for their prowess. Their records and their pic-

Turn to page 88

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