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WOMEN AS "FLAPPERS."
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"Fifty-five per cent of the women of the United States are 'flappers,' " says Mrs. Raymond Robins of the woman's committee of the National Council of Defense.

And she says "flappers" are women of all kinds who live at home and are supported by their relatives.

There is an element of harshness in this characterization of women that is anything but just, although the condition of which Mrs. Robins speaks does exist in a degree that requires far-reaching treatment.

Fifty-five per cent of the women of this country are not flappers—Mrs. Robins' figures are inaccurate.

The farm women of the United States are not flappers. All over this country they are working hard—anywhere from ten to sixteen hours a day. In the South they are working in the fields, many of them, and are performing with untiring industry the necessary work of the farm and home.

The millions of mothers in the United States—in country and city—are not flappers. They toil from the dawn until far into the night discharging the highest duties that are given humanity to perform.

In the crowded cities, the vast army of women who labor at heartbreaking tasks in the shops, in the offices, in the factories, in the sweatshops—surely these are not flappers.

And in the process of elimination, we can probably mention thousands of young women who render conscientious service in the upkeep and management of their homes.

The women who are engaged in the highly necessary task of managing their homes are or ought to be the busiest women of the country. The real nation—that part of it that is immortal—is made up of the homes of America.

The making of home and the mothering of children is woman's highest office, and no woman engaged in that sacred duty can fairly be designated an idler. She toils for God and native land as surely as any woman in the world.

And God knows that the vast army of women—many homeless and others working to help keep the home going—are entitled to the tenderest consideration both on earth and in heaven, for most of them have their

frail shoulders loaded with burdens which it was never intended for them to bear. —

There are idlers—or flappers, as Mrs. Robins calls them, but even these are not deserving of scorn. If the truth were known many of them are willing to help anywhere if they only knew how. They are not responsible for the circumstance that they are unable to perform much real service in the world.

The best of it is these women have been rallying nobly to the country's call ever since the declaration of war was made, and they are striving to do the very work that only they could do without drawing from the productive occupations of the nation.

And they are asking no reward whatever for their services, and many are spending their own money in order to make their service effective.

It is one of the misfortunes that the vast mass of women are so generally misunderstood by those of their sex who become active in a more prominent way, by women who can not see what women are doing in the homes, on the farms, in the school rooms, in the hospitals, in the factories, in the offices, in personal service, in the sweatshops.

The few who are idlers, because fortune has afflicted them with too great an abundance or because of training which they could not control, form but a small proportion of the great mass.

It is safe to say that the women of America—even those designated as "flappers"—will do their full part in this war, as they have always done since the beginning of the government.