

Women as Columnists

ANY REMAINING DOUBT about the ability of women to handle most newspaper jobs disappeared during World War II. Because of the manpower shortage, they were called in from the fringes of journalism to work as reporters, political writers, copyreaders, wire editors, photographers, advertising saleswomen and copy writers, and columnists. Many moved up, in their opinions, from the society desks to general assignments. After the war some of these never returned to their former jobs.

In the small-town field, many wives kept newspaper plants running while their husbands were in military service. The man-wife partnership has long been common in small towns and cities, but women's emergence as columnists has been and is rather slow. Perhaps one reason for this has been an inclination of women to leave expressing of opinions to men; to gravitate to counter sales, bookkeeping, society news writing, and even to mechanical work.

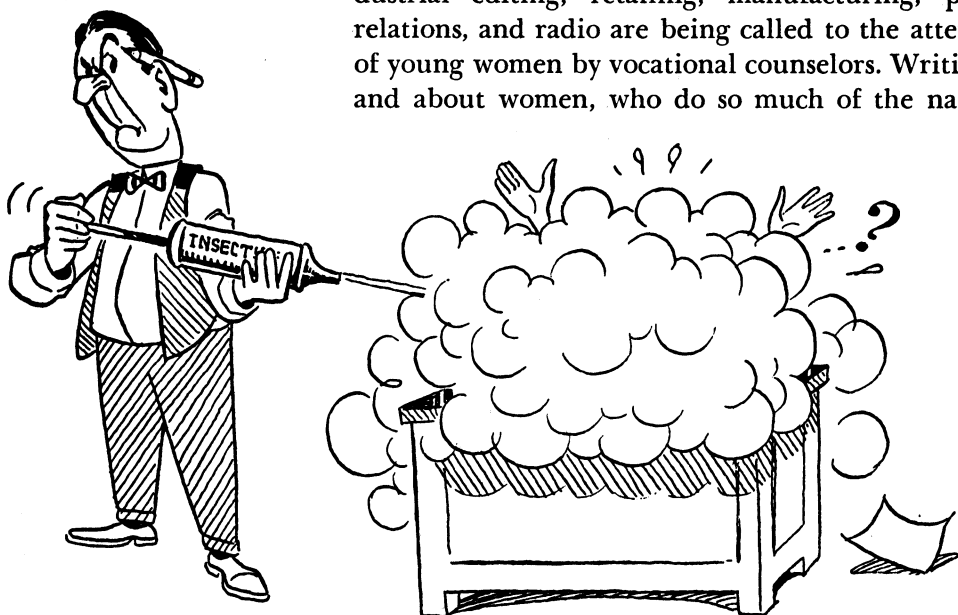
Yet women have qualities well adapted to columning. Among these are enthusiasm, fluency of expression, keen observation, a ready sympathy and

REFERENCE

For many practical suggestions on writing directed to women, consult *How To Write for Homemakers*, by Lou Richardson and Genevieve Callahan. (The Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa. Copyright, 1949.)

appreciation of emotional values, convictions on moral issues, ability to describe things vividly, acute human insight, interest in problems of child rearing, and knowledge of household management and the women's world. Not all these qualities are found in all women, of course, but they are associated in general with the sex.

As women's educational training has become similar to men's, the "new woman" has come to insist on an equal footing in business, politics, and in the professions. Less is heard of women's intuition. The women's angle exists, but of far more importance is the range of female interests. In fact, college counselors have even come to deplore the tendency of co-eds to ignore courses—home economics, art, music, etc.—which would make them more proficient in the women's world and in writing about homes, gardens, fashions, children, health, and welfare. Fortunately, this trend appears to be weakening somewhat as journalism sequences are combined with sequences leading to careers in fields which stress women's interests. Opportunities in advertising, industrial editing, retailing, manufacturing, public relations, and radio are being called to the attention of young women by vocational counselors. Writing to and about women, who do so much of the nation's



... lovelorn columns did not raise women in the eyes of newspaper men.

buying, is a field which can support considerable expansion.

The term "sob-sister," originally given in recognition of women's quick sympathy and keen human-interest sense, was for years one carrying a taint of opprobrium. Writing advice to the love-lorn did not raise women in the eyes of newspaper men. Working at the society desk with the monotony of births, engagements, marriages, and parties was not attractive to young women of ambition and imagination. Nevertheless, increasing numbers of college-trained women journalists are excelling in feature writing courses and going on to earn their way on newspapers. Some of them are writing columns of various types. Even now, however, many of them are not well trained or informed on matters of primary interest to women.

What are women's interests? Far from complete, here is a list of some of the most important, which can be treated in a newspaper column:

1. Engagements and marriages.
2. Household management.
3. Beauty care.
4. Fashions.
5. Rearing of children.
6. Health and safety.
7. Clean government and good moral conditions.
8. Women's clubs and organizations.
9. Entertainment and recreation.
10. Public welfare.
11. Religion.
12. Education.

Today's woman says she wishes to be a whole personality. She talks of equality and opportunity and fair remuneration. She points to a new leisure given her by inventions which save her time. Her new

There's one place where inflation has not set in. A good mother still is worth a dozen youth reform groups. — Pineville (W. Va.) *Independent-Journal*.

WRITE TO PERSONS

Many years ago a well-known newspaper woman in San Francisco wrote a human-interest column under the name of Annie Laurie. . . . She worked hard to make her copy really good, but for some reason the feature fell flat. . . . Her editor studied her pages for a few minutes, then made this suggestion: "Tonight when you go home, pick out some woman on the street car. Watch her face, try to feel what she is thinking about. Then, tomorrow, when you write your column, think about that woman. Write your copy directly to her. Get a mental picture of her reading what you have written. Next day, pick out another woman, or a man." . . . From then on the young newspaper woman wrote to **persons** rather than **about things**. From then on, she could write. — Lou Richardson and Genevieve Callahan in *How To Write for Homemakers*.

interests include hobbies, crafts, adult education, politics, and foreign affairs.

The personal column has a strong appeal to women who have discovered that its flexibility covers the breadth of these new interests. But appeal is not enough. Columning demands a certain maturity, a basic philosophy, a style, and an ability to analyze life situations. It is not surprising, therefore, that among the women columnists of the smaller cities and towns are not only girl reporters and editors' wives, but also school teachers, farm wives, and professional women.

Their columns do not follow definite patterns, but these are among the types which may be recognized:

1. Society editor's comments and news roundups.
2. Household hints.
3. Beauty hints.
4. Fashion notes and advice.
5. Feature columns.
6. Farm household hints.
7. A women's day.
8. Women's club activities.
9. Semi-editorial columns, sometimes by society editors who discuss community problems.
10. General columns, both of one-subject and variety types.
11. About-town columns of news and short features.
12. Amusements.
13. Specialized columns, such as those of the home demonstration agents.
14. Shopping-around columns, which combine advertising and news items, fashion hints, and household guidance.

On the average small paper, society editors are kept busy writing up engagements, weddings, club news,

personal mentions, and church activities. As space permits, and to provide copy beside the ads, they may also print recipes, fashion hints, information on gardening, and other syndicate or locally written material. Examination of weeklies shows that there is not much localization of this material, although it is about the subjects of women's conversation. One does not find, in news items, the animated spirit and enthusiasm common in female conversation. The personal column seems, therefore, well suited to women's abilities, manner of expression, and variety of interests.

"People like to read about things within their own realm of experience, so keep it human and folksy," said Madeline A. Chaffee, editor of the Cranston (R. I.) *Herald*, as quoted by *Publishers' Auxiliary*. "I try to keep each column light and readable, but with a point. There is in general no continuity from column to column — except that an imaginary character called Aunt Kate, along with her favorite niece, Marta, and her big tiger cat Timmy, proved so popular that she appears now and then."

Mrs. Wilma M. Collins of Grimes, Iowa, winner of state and national prizes with her column, "It's Your Town, Too!" got her opportunity in a typical way — by asking for it. She complained to a circulation manager that the paper did not have enough news of returning war veterans. As a result she was invited to gather and write this news. Having reared a family old enough to give her some leisure, she went to work for the *Grimes News*. In that first year she entered her column in the Iowa Press Women's annual contest — and won third place. In the next three years she won nothing but first places, then took the weekly newspaper column division award of the National Federation of Press Women.

"Yes, I love writing my column," said Mrs. Collins.

Nothing prompts the payment of an old dentist bill like a new toothache. — Vivian Shankland, *Eureka (S. D.) Blade*.



AIR FARE

by Peg White



OVER *the* BACK FENCE



Yes, BUT

By Vera C. White

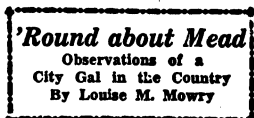


NAN About Town



For Women Only

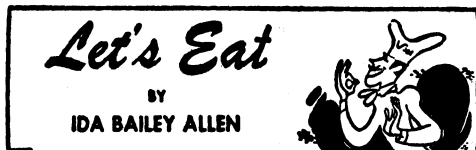
by Mrs. W. E. Barnes



'Round about Mead Observations of a City Gal in the Country By Louise M. Mowry



ERMA... the Girl of the Gumbo



Let's Eat

BY
IDA BAILEY ALLEN



HILL SNAPS

by
Eleanor Sette



-- annegrams --

— by ann england —



GIRL SCOUT CHRONICLE

Mrs. Jake Trice, Editor



THE CLOTHESLINE

Unusual Sources Provide Interesting
Gifts for Last Flurry of Xmas Shopping

• By MURIEL W. SHONNARD

Typical headings of women's columns.

"It has grown to be so much a part of me that I would be lost not to be able to write it. Even during vacations I send back a column to the paper. I have missed writing only one column in the four years since it started. I have added to my work of raising a family, but when they are away at college and on to lives of their own I will still have a full life."

Mrs. Collins has many other activities, including offices in the Red Cross, Sunday School, Parent-Teacher Association, Press Columnists of Iowa and Iowa Press Women. These give her many subjects for columns. She writes on such a variety of things that readers never know what to expect. For example, she writes about her children, her sick dog, a day in a hospital, trips to press meetings, interviews with celebrities (Harry Truman, Tom Dewey, Gloria Swanson, etc.), spring, juvenile delinquency, band concerts, and men's ties. A column on ties won her the national prize.

Another national prize winner is Mrs. Gene V. Davis, feature editor of the Boonville (Mo.) *Daily News*, whose "Topics in Type" column also won her first place honors at a University of Missouri Journalism Week contest. She is a member of many women's press groups, has sold articles to *Good Housekeeping*, and has won other top awards in feature writing. She began her column in 1944.

"I have no particular pattern or formula," Mrs. Davis wrote these authors, "I just depict home life, joys, sorrows, and perplexities in a small mid-western town as seen by one who has lived in such a place 53 years and finds the life full and inspiring.

"I have had no formal training in journalism. My appearance in print began about seven years ago. I am a housewife, mother, and am handicapped by deafness. I write because I love to, because I see drama, pathos, and romance all about me, and be-

A survey shows that there are 595,179 movie seats in the theaters in the Chicago area. That's a lot of gum.—Hazel Keith, Windom (Minn.) Citizen.

cause when I picture these things my readers seem to feel that I have expressed their own thoughts. If something that I write may give importance to routine work or add charm to drab days that is my reward."

Here are excerpts from a column titled "The Friendly Hour:"

It is entertaining to look down from an upstairs window upon the main street pattern of the town in mid-afternoon. The people move to and fro like uncertain ants. They meet and pass, or stop to put out hands—antenna like—in greeting. They bunch up in groups and then thin out. The flow is continual, pleasantly indolent, and aimless. For this is the let-down hour. It is the pause before the evening rush, it is the sauntering, friendly, visiting hour.

The judge comes down his office steps, stands with one hand thrust in his trousers pocket, and leisurely surveys the street. An acquaintance strolls by and stops for a chat. The two fall into comradely step, headed for the coffee shop.

A young man and his sweetheart swing along, halt at a corner for prolonged goodbyes. He lifts his hands to draw her coat collar tight, pulls her to him slightly, pushes her away with a little shake.

A widower idles at the curb. Well-dressed and suave, he looks out at the crowd from under a snappy hat brim, yet there is a touch of pathos beneath the suavity, a searching, lonely look. . . .

Here comes Grandfather and Grandson. A very little son, clumsy in his warm snowsuit, whose hand can scarcely reach Granddad's hand, whose little white-shod feet stumble now and then. How carefully and proudly Grandfather slows his step! . . .

An elderly married man leans upon a parking meter in front of the soda fountain-drugstore, and sends a guarded look up the street, then down the street. Rendezvous?

Children race through the crowd, bumping into adults, careening around groups of men that have gathered to talk about the weather, the price of crops, the outlook on the farms. . . .

Salesmen in shining new automobiles pace their cars like gaited show horses. A huge trailer truck grinds by with its uneasy load of stock. . . .

The doors of the refreshment shops swing open, shut,

Join the navy, son, and see
what's left of the world.—
Bertha Shore, Augusta (Kan.)
Gazette.

open, shut. It is the let-down hour, the friendly, visiting hour in Small Town.

Columning seems to have an especial appeal for women whose children have grown up. Mrs. C. E. Greef of Eldora, Iowa, started her column, "Over the Back Fence," fifteen years ago after her four boys left home. Like most other columnists in her state, she is an enthusiastic member of the Press Columnists of Iowa.

"I have never done what I thought ought to be done in the column, but have just gone along and commented on what was uppermost in my mind at the time, "Mrs. Greef told these authors. "I do make notations from time to time, and, if I were a more systematic person, I would keep files of suggestive topics and material for same. I do keep a copy of all my columns and hope some day to make up a thin book out of the best, particularly those that have the flavor of old days in rural Iowa.

"I have had no writing courses, but I do like people best of anything in the world. I have few reticenses in revealing my innermost thoughts and, having lived in this town for nearly fifty years, I know most everybody and try to avoid items which have a sting in them. I crusade sometimes for local projects — with more or less success."

Mrs. Greef wrote for the *Herald-Ledger* under the by-line of Cynthia Gray for years and now is with the *H. L.*'s sister paper, *The Index*. In a single column she may tell of a visit of an old friend, acknowledge postcards from vacationing friends, thank readers for gifts of fruit, record the success of a former resident, report the bright sayings of a friend's child, extend good wishes to a new Kiwanis club, and reveal the remarkable story of a young couple at college who eat on one meal ticket — each eating every other day.

"The Woman in the Shoe" is an appropriate title

No one can convince me that there are the same number of minutes in an hour spent playing bridge and waiting for a youngster to come home from a date. — Laura M. Klinefelter, Adams (Wis.) Times.

for Mrs. Gracye Dodge White, wife of the publisher of the Lancaster (N. H.) *Coos County Democrat*. She is the mother of seven children, all of whom get frequent mention in her column under special names she has given them.

Mrs. White, a columnist for five years, told Publishers' Auxiliary that fan mail gives her the greatest satisfaction. Readers' responses show that they like simplicity and humor. They like to identify themselves in what she writes. She received letters expressing delight that she, too, likes to go barefoot. She gets much advice about how to raise her family. When she reported a mouse in her kitchen, readers hastened to tell her ways to catch it.

Mrs. White has won honors both in column writing and for her juvenile stories. Much of her writing has a touch of humor. Here are some excerpts:

I know a woman who, each spring, sets her mind in order. She says she doesn't do so much housecleaning as some folks, but she does spring clean her soul. She throws out what malice she has been hoarding. She sweeps out any gossip she may have been thinking about. She mops up envy. And she shines her soul with a special cleaner called kind thoughts. Then her outlook is just fine and she can be tolerant of everything and everybody. . . .

At last I had Joy's hair grown out to a pretty length. I had it trimmed at the barber's and I do say so, she was one cunning little girl when she stepped out of the chair. I was proud of her. But pride goeth before a fall. I wasn't so proud next day when we discovered her under the dining table right after she had given herself a special Joy haircut. We have gone into seclusion for a few weeks, Joy and I.

If you want to be absolutely certain that that path will be beaten, start a little scandal about your better mouse trap.
—Hardwick (Vt.) Gazette.

"Farmer Peck's Wife" is the earthy title of a column in the Lapeer (Mich.) *Lapeer County Press*. The author, Mrs. Ray W. Peck, is pictured with wide grin and twinkling eyes in the column heading. Her column is as sprightly as her picture as she tells about joys and tribulations of life on the farm. She

talks of children's pets, farm hands, home extension club work, visiting neighbors, canning fruit, haying time, raising turkeys, setting out plants, and thinning zinnias. Mostly her column is light and personal, but she warns against accidents, such as having paraffin burst into flames during canning. Few things are hotter than boiling paraffin.

A long-standing urge to write caused Mrs. C. A. Wimberly to take an idea to the editor of the *Amarillo (Tex.) News*. She proposed to write homely anecdotes from the viewpoint of a farm wife. She had lived on a farm and felt she knew the language. The editor challenged her to submit about fifty columns, probably thinking this request would end the negotiations. But when she delivered more than the quota set, the editor agreed to give the column, titled "Mrs. Poke Bonnett," a trial run. Now, several years later, it is still running. Mrs. Wimberly writes of her husband, Poke, the children, and farm life in general. Often there is a short-short twist in a column. Example:

When we have callers, Poke usually stations himself in front of his purple chair to guard against someone else's sitting in it. Though I can't see why anybody would be foolish enough to trust themselves in that maze of bumps, pushed-out springs, baggy skirt, and whooshing excelsior.

Tonight the Vanters dropped by and Poke got maneuvered half-way across the room. Mr. Vanters sat down in the purple chair while Poke perched in anguish at his desk.

"Are you comfortable?" he asked anxiously.

"Fine, fine," said Mr. Vanters heartily, and the chair scooted him down into a semi-reclining position in which we gradually lost him to a drowsy spell.

Finally, Poke said in a loud voice, "Well our boy is getting along in a nice way with the mumps."

"What? Mumps?" Mr. Vanters popped upright and rushed Mrs. Vanters to the door.

Poke scurried over to home base in front of his purple chair and said kindly, "Now don't worry. Sit down and stay a while longer."

It is true, the astronomer who knows exactly where any given star will be at 11:30 tonight, cannot be certain about his teen-age daughter. And he can do about as much about one as the other. — Wickenburg (Ariz.) Sun.

What this country needs is a machine that does the work of one man and takes 15 men to operate it. — DePere (Wis.) *Journal-Democrat*.

Smooth prose, sometimes beautifully descriptive and occasionally acid with scorn (against landlords who ban children, for instance), fills "The Park Bench" column written by Irene M. Gogerty in the Des Moines *Highland Park News*. She writes of "autumn days marked for loveliness," of people distressed by small fears and frustrations, of wild roses on a roadside, and "the gentle goodness of winter rain pattering its eternal song." But mostly she writes of people. Example:

He sat across from me on the bus, an aged little Chinese man. His face was covered with a network of fine lines. He wore old but neat clothing and carried a small parcel. I wondered what those Oriental eyes had seen, besides the view from the windows of the bus. . . . Not far away sat another "study," an ancient colored lady, tiny and wrinkled and sad, holding an immense cluster of luscious red roses. . . . Two small boys, their faces contorted by two huge masses of dirty pink bubble gum. . . . A seedy, pale-eyed, dusty drunk, shuffling along in a rusty coat and a shapeless, battered hat, unmindful of the summer sun. . . . A noisy girl, too much peroxide, too much make-up, too little soap and too little work. . . . A thin girl with a pinched, old look, carrying a fat, laughing baby. . . . Three little Negro girls in immaculate starched pinafores, their tiny braids tied with brightly checked ribbons. . . . A heavy-set, middle-aged matron, looking complacently well fed, popping soft chocolates into her round, painted mouth. . . . A business girl in a chic green suit, her left arm encircled with twelve small bracelets. . . . The rude giggles of two 'teen agers, both of them looking like something out of a side show with their artless application of lip stick. . . . A beautiful Chinese girl, her dark loveliness accented by a white suit and a large hat. . . . A small boy polishing windows with an air that easily suggests he'd rather be fishing. . . . There are some of the people I see, and I am sure that in the group you will recognize some of them, too.

Mildred P. Keeshan of Manhattan, Kan. classifies as a free-lance columnist. She writes a "This 'n That" column for several weeklies and it is used over a radio station also. Hers is a variety column, with

paragraphs on the beauties of Kansas, the taste of berry pie and whipped cream, preparations for welcoming a visiting teacher, children's pert remarks, adult education, innerspring mattresses made too soft, black walnuts on the ground, walnut divinity on a plate, legends of Christmas, keeping up with the Joneses, beating a rug to release an anger, and that milestone reached when children start helping women across a street. *Cosmopolitan* printed this paragraph from her column: "Funny how a family can bear up under a tragedy and go to pieces when the water has to be turned off a few hours."

"Girl of the Gumbo" is the title of a column by Erma Freesman in the Manhattan (Kan.) *Republic*, *Daily Mercury*, and several other papers. It is a down-on-the-farm recital of pigs and ducks and never-ending routine; of visiting relatives and neighbors and their effect on work schedules, of little excitements on Gumbo Hill. Brief biographies of interesting neighbors are carried frequently. Like most columnists, she seldom reports outstanding success in anything of her own. Her neighbors always have better gardens, lovelier flowers. Here are some of her remarks on gardening:

My neighbor, Mrs. Oscar Fritz, dons a large hat and her dress is spotless as she wends her way up and down the rows of that lovely garden of hers, with that ever-busy hoe. Her garden is so pretty some folks could write a song about it. All I can do is write things in my column about the beauty of her garden. What does she do? Ah, she gives me garden sass — so you see it pays off.

How do I look when I go to our garden for a good hoeing spree? I don my oldest overalls, or slacks, put on a shirt that matches the age and appearance of the slacks, and as for a hat, the hatless vogue is definitely my style. But I do wear sun glasses so that my face, or I should say the skin on my face, resembles a piece of brown shoe leather or else a broiled lobster, if it is my first time out, and my arms have mountains of muscles and look like shoe leather. My hands, they never were very pretty — even in the winter when I take good care

I saw again the other day a great and beloved editor whom I have known through the years. He carried sadness in his face, old from remembering a son killed in the war. But he said to me, "I have a new grandbaby." — Bernice McCullar, Lumpkin (Ga.) *Journal*.

You can't hurry in an attic.
Too many years of living are
stored there and once you've
entered its dusty domain time
seems unimportant. — Mildred
Keeshan, Manhattan (Kan.)
Tribune-News.

of them — become rough as sandpaper, with fingernails broken and jagged and all crevasses decorated with Mother Earth. On my feet I wear any shoes I can get on; every pair will be stiff as a board from too frequent watering, and they are usually flecked with white paint, double-soled with gumbo and down at the heels, Time marches on and if you want to get all the garden clean at one whack, like I do, forget the time, dump your clocks and watches in the rubbish heap, and let your hubby wield a can opener. Still, after all that, my garden isn't pretty. The rows are crooked and half the beans never came up and the moles upset my cabbage plants. But I keep trying to raise a little garden sass. I do enjoy digging in the gumbo.

Women columnists, in whom the desire to point out moral and emotional values is strong, like to sum up a situation in terms of values before telling the story. The following incident was reported by Mrs. Alma Turnbull, "About Folks," in the Cedar Falls (Iowa) *Record*:

The true Christmas spirit is often lost in an orgy of gift buying and gift exchanges, so when one of the really heart-warming episodes comes, it makes for happiness all over. Everyone knows how impossible it was to buy tree lights before Christmas and many trees were unlighted as a result. Such was the condition of Mrs. Shepard Philpot's tree at 1321 Washington, where she lives with her daughter. Mrs. Philpot is 99 years old and the neighbors knew how much she would like to have tree lights for her ninety-ninth Christmas celebration. Last Saturday one of these neighbors brought her own tree lights and said, "I have enjoyed these lights all this week. Now I want you to put them on Mother Philpot's tree so that she may enjoy them over this Christmas period."

The lights went on, not only on the tree but also in the hearts of all who heard the story.

Unusual typography is used in the "Pencil Patter" column of the La Jolla (Calif.) *Light*. Dannette Evens, the writer, emphasizes many words, and names, by putting them in light caps. She flits gaily from descriptions of "buff colored hills shadowed by violet ravines" to light gossip, and from national politics

to once-popular croquet. It has a ring of gayety and youth.

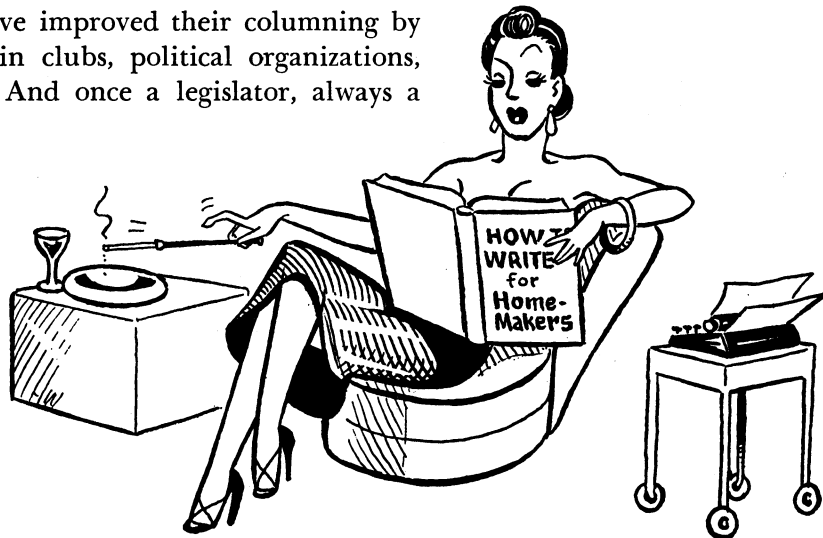
We have been writing of the more quotable columns and have mentioned a few taken at random. There are scores of others, some quotable and some highly localized. Some are given to summaries of social events, problems of the home, activities of farm women, or about-town personalities. Women write as they are and where they are: society editors, housewives, hobbyists, book lovers, gardeners. Their ideals are stressed.

"My purpose is to entertain, and to instruct in the simple things of the home," said Mrs. J. J. Spikes ("As a Farm Woman Thinks" in Floydada, (Tex.) *Hesperian*) in a letter to these authors. "I believe in Christmas, Santa Claus, God, friends, redemption, and the good earth."

In general, it may be said that women are increasing their stature as columnists. Their comments are sharper and their scope wider. They travel more and report what they see. Margaret Turner, women's editor of the Lubbock (Tex.) *Journal* went to Europe for her paper. Now her "Woman's Angle" column has an international ring which it probably will never lose. She has had dozens of invitations to speak before women's clubs.

Other women have improved their columning by serving as officers in clubs, political organizations, and sports groups. And once a legislator, always a commentator.

The effectiveness of women's columns is, of course, directly proportional to their cleverness, their understand-



ing of people, their aptitude for making phrases, and their use of techniques and devices. Some seem instinctively to do the right thing; others show less imagination and resourcefulness. They seem to excel in lively one-subject columns.

In writing about the home, columnists would do well to consult a good book on the subject. Such a book is *How To Write for Homemakers*, by Lou Richardson and Genevieve Callahan (Iowa State College Press, Ames, Iowa). Their formula for writing good copy about the home can be adapted to the column:

1. Visualize your audience.
2. Analyze your problem.
3. Organize your thinking and your material.
4. Dramatize your presentation.

By visualizing an audience they mean that a columnist should think of *people* primarily, rather than *things*, when writing. It is helpful to imagine a certain reader and her reaction to your words. The columnist's problem is simpler than that of a person writing a booklet or some other printed matter. But there are problems of choosing the best literary form and of amusing the reader, or instructing her, or goading her to action. Column material may be endless chatter unless thinking and material are organized. Once taken, a point of view should not be changed without notification to the reader. A first-person narrative should not be indiscriminately allowed to change to second-person writing. Of course, a personal reaction to facts may be given in the first person, then the writer may change to second person or third person. But the reader should see the change clearly and it should seem a natural transition from "I" to "you" or "he."

A person never really knows how many friends he has until they come to his funeral.—
Pauline Wagner, Walnut (Iowa)
Bureau.

Dramatization in a column sense means breathing life into copy by use of lively verbs, interesting nouns, colorful adjectives, and novel points of view. Quotations suggest life. Short sentences, mixed with longer ones, suggest movement. Illustrations give reality. Mild exaggeration may be needed to produce a certain effect in the reader.

Women readers are said instinctively to look for clues to the personality of writers. Creators of life, they look for evidences of its myriad moods and facets. Too much "I" may seem affected, but women's magazines are filled with "you's." Friendliness and helpfulness are expected.

But some women think with more impersonal insight and prefer not to write as women, but as thinkers and commentators. Some of these turn out quotable paragraphs and other material quite as adeptly as male contemporaries.

Many newspaper publishers, especially of the smaller papers, have not fully sensed the importance and value of women readers. Magazines make strong appeals to women, but many small papers are weak in reader interest for them. Some have very good sports pages, farm pages, etc., but little appeal outside the social news for women, who spend 85 per cent of the family income.

Probably there is a potential women's columnist in every publisher's territory. Why shouldn't a newspaper which needs a women's column call for volunteer would-be columnists, run a series by different writers, and let readers elect one to write regularly? If this plan is too bold, there are others. And there undoubtedly are many fine, undiscovered women columnists.

There's little that will spoil a child like living next door.—
Elizabeth Ann, Lakeville (Conn.)
Journal.