

# The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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## THE ANGEL WAS THERE!

By Margaret G. Bondfield.

WHEN Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were plunged into the fiery furnace—lo! an angel was there, and instead of being shrivelled up by the flames, they came forth from the ordeal with a great strength and exaltation of spirit.

Until yesterday I had not taken that story seriously; now I realise its tremendous allegorical force.

It happened in this way. Passing through Albert Square I met Mrs. Aldridge, who gripped my arm, compellingly, and said "Come." I protested, but immediately found myself gently floating up in a lift still in custody, while the tense look in the little woman's face gradually relaxed. Safely imprisoned in her office she announced that I was an angel sent straight from heaven, and that I was going direct to Ancoats Settlement to "inspire" 150 locked-out work girls. I made one more feeble protest—I was billed to speak some miles down the line—I wanted a wash, I wanted to get my letters answered. In reply she told me that a baby's shoe lay in her path that morning—which was proof positive that I had to go to Ancoats. I went!

The trouble affected a room of corset stitchers employed by J. Blair and Co. Some new work had been given out, and the girls first fixed 7½d. per dozen for stripping, but they came down to 7d., at which price the work was given out and booked to them on Saturday. On Monday morning they were told the price would be 6d. The 12 girls directly concerned refused to go on with the work at that price. They were then told that if they did not give in the whole room would be locked out. The girls stood out for 7d., all honour be to them, and on Wednesday last the firm turned off the steam, and about 150 workers were "without the gates." They sent a deputation to the firm on Thursday morning, but with no success. A second deputation, headed by Mrs. Aldridge, failed to secure a hearing.

About half of those locked out are members of the Corset Makers' Union—and this week they will receive payments from the funds of the Union.

It was after hearing the facts that the scorching of the fiery furnace was beginning to be unbearable.

That a firm of the standing of J. Blair and Co. should make war upon women in this way is incredibly stupid. They must be aware that among these women they have some of the best workers in the trade. They have been served faithfully by their workers. "I liked to go to my work," said one girl, "before they began this miserable business of cutting prices."

Only last week an attempt was made to reduce prices in a new class of work known as "More than ever." It was first offered at 1s. 6d., and the girls agreed to that. It was then offered at 1s., the girls refused to touch it; after losing two days' work the firm came back to the 1s. 6d. The avowed object of the reduction, I am told, was to make a cheaper line to undersell a trade rival!

The Corset Makers' Union is not twelve months old; their accumulated funds are small, so that if the lock-out continues over this week the financial strain will be terrible.

Yet the leading members of the Committee at once discussed what steps could be taken to help the non-union girls who are locked-out! Not a word about their past neglect, not a suggestion of "serve you right."

Just keen realisation that the non-union girls are in need, that they will be hungry—that they have lodgings to pay for!

O! they were fine—those working girls. About the reduction, their stand is for the principle of collective bargaining and the right of combination.

On that ground they claim the backing of every trade unionist in Manchester.

About the funds—their impulse—thwarted only by the rules governing union funds—is not the merit of the claimant, but her need; the spirit of the fellowship, which ought to enlist the practical sympathy of every Manchester Socialist.

Truly, the angel *was* there.

I ask the comrades not to let these brave girls be defeated. Nor the union smashed. There are over 50 girls to be supported from a voluntary fund, and the trade union members can only get a few shillings each from their union. Send your contributions to Mrs. Aldridge, Women's Trade Union Council, 9, Albert Square, Manchester—and send them quickly.

## THOUGHT WITHOUT ACTION.

THERE'S too much abstract willing, purposing,  
In this poor world. We talk by aggregates,  
And think by systems, and, being used to face  
Our evils in statistics, are inclined  
To cap them with unreal remedies,  
Drawn out in haste on the other side the slate.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Vulgarity is setting store by the things that are seen.—LADY MORGAN.

That's what a man wants in a wife, mostly; he wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise.—GEORGE ELIOT.



## PROCEEDINGS OF THE Promised Land Society.

### Special "Woman Worker" Report.

THE third meeting of the Promised Land Society was held on Sunday last in the Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane.

As Mr. Blatchford was presiding at the opening of the Stockport, King's Lynn, and Ecclefechan branches, his attendance was considered unlikely, and Lady Frances Balfour was elected to the chair.

#### Lady Frances on the Way.

In opening the proceedings Lady Frances, in a few happy remarks, said she was not completely with the Society as yet, but she thought it would seem to them a good sign that she had lately bought two photos of Mr. Victor Grayson, and had several times called her butler "comrade." She regretted to say that on the whole the butler did not seem to like it.

Fraternal greetings were then exchanged with the Guild of the Spirit, the Seekers for the Fourth Dimension, and the Sky Rocket Brotherhood.

An application from the Guiltless Feast Association for a grant in aid of experiments with haricot beans was opposed by Sir Thomas Lipton on the ground that such a grant would imply condemnation of members like himself who were interested in the continued consumption of meat stuffs. On the chairwoman pointing out the frequent association of beans and bacon, Sir Thomas withdrew his objection.

#### A Word From Wells.

The secretary (Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.) read a letter from Mr. H. G. Wells, reminding the Society that life was a tissue of births, and intimating that as it had made no pronouncement on the endowment of motherhood it could only be regarded as a violently Anti-Baby Association. Under these circumstances Mr. Wells, who stood, he said, for the inalienable right of the human race to have babies, was compelled regretfully to tender his resignation.

As Mr. Wells was understood to be in the vicinity of the hall, it was resolved to immediately approach him by deputation, and Mrs. Bruce Glasier, the Countess of Warwick, and Mr. Dan Irving were chosen for that purpose.

#### How Does He Do It?

Replying to questions about organising arrangements, the secretary said that he was now fully booked up to mid-summer, 1921, and could only take additional meetings on the understanding that they began after midnight. Smaller demonstrations might, of course, be held in his various sleeping cars.

In answer to a delegate who suggested that the capitalist system of days and nights made their propaganda work extremely difficult, Mr. MacDonald said that was so, but wages boards would only intensify the evil, which could not be remedied, except by steady plodding work. As he had been granted a day off Mr. MacDonald then withdrew amid almost general cheers, the S.D.P. protesting.

#### Stead Explains.

The chairwoman thereupon called Mr. W. T. Stead to read his paper on "The Whereabouts of the Promised Land." Rejecting the suggestion of "Women's Franchise" that it lay about Parliament Square, and of the "Morning Post," that it was not far from Highbury, Mr. Stead, basing himself upon scriptural and scientific authority, concluded that the Promised Land was Russia.

Answering indignant questions, the speaker said that the figures of Russians boiled alive were greatly exaggerated, and that the three Nihilists whose hair had lately been pulled out were so treated because of their expressed desire to go for revolution baldheaded. Interrupted by cries of "What about Tolstoy?" Mr. Stead said Tolstoy had been in the pay of the "Daily Mail" for years. His further remarks were cut short by a heavy missile, thrown, it is believed, by the President of the Non-Resistance League. After his removal,

Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., said the importance of the question raised by Mr. Stead could not be overlooked. Speaking with a profound knowledge of the London Docks, he assured the meeting that the Promised Land was not in that quarter, and in his view the Society ought immediately to begin to look for it. That would entail a Continental tour, and from what he knew of his colleagues on the Parliamentary Committee he was sure they would take it on to a man. At any rate, said Mr. Steadman, the Society could at least count on him.

#### Attack on the W.E.A.

Mrs. Bridges Adams said that for her the Promised Land was bound up with the secular solution. The present school system was the greatest grievance of the poor, and she denounced the Workers' Educational Association for endeavouring to rob them of it. Mrs. Adams told an affecting story of an aged man convicted 200 times for drunkenness whom she had discovered weeping at an Oxford Street bookseller's window.

Who could doubt, she said, that under a secular system that old man's wild and passionate love of books might have made him Prime Minister?

At the end of Mrs. Adams' burning peroration, which excited great enthusiasm, a man, who said he was one of the unemployed, informed the meeting that the old person in question was named Nudger, and that he wept outside shops to pretend that he had dropped some money down the grid. After Mrs. Bridges Adams had denounced the man as a slanderer and a hireling of the employing classes, he was expelled.

#### A National Policy.

Mr. Stewart Gray, who was attired in a costume of oak leaves, said he was against the proposed Continental tour. In his opinion the only way to the Promised Land was to stay where they were. The Promised Land was all about them, and if they were wise they would immediately

secure it by lying down upon it. "At this moment of National crisis," said Mr. Stewart Gray, amid great cheering, "the place for every patriotic Englishman is on his back." There was no other simple method of acquiring land; they must literally "take it lying down."

Amid wild applause Mr. Gray then proceeded to encamp on the floor.

Mr. Keighley Snowden, rising amid the excitement caused by this sensational incident, said in his view Mr. Gray had spoken the last word in contemporary politics. In this land scheme was something to which, so to speak, they could all put their backs. "Backs to the Land," said the speaker, is the cry that must reverberate through the country.

Mr. Snowden added that the speech to which they had listened was the greatest utterance since the time of the Apostles. It had taken the doctrine of human brotherhood away from mysticism and had placed it on a solid, enduring basis. It was democratic, satisfying, sublime.

The speaker, excited by the intensity of his feelings, had been gradually mounting higher, and by this time was in mid-air. The remainder of his oration will be given in our next issue.

## ENGLAND SLEEPS ON.

England sleeps on, night still usurps her valleys:

Her hungering children still cry out for bread,

Age lifts her palsied hands to catch a pittance:

England sleeps fettered on her murky bed.

No sweet pipe of bird  
Hailing light is heard:

England yet slumbers, night is with us still.

Down her worn cheeks the mournful tears  
are coursing,

Dreams of her children dimly stir her rest;

Pale ghostly visions of their sorrowing faces

Faint stir the mother-anguish in her breast.

'Ere she start from sleep,  
Wild her she must weep:

Weep, Mother England, night is with us still.

Labour toils on with grand, unceasing vigour,

Idleness takes the fruit his sweat hath won;

Still she suspends in dainty, jewelled fingers

Hunger's dread dagger o'er thy cowering son.

Still he moans "Relent,  
'Ere my life be spent!"

England yet sleeps, and night is with us still.

Till he rise upright—conscious, strong,  
and noble—

Till from his mind the fennish mists have rolled

And she who threatens is hurled to kneel  
before him,

Morn will not tinge the sombre hills with gold.

Till his joyful cries  
Thrill the sable skies,

England sleeps fettered: night is with us still.

ETHEL CARNIE.

## A CAUSERIE.

By Julia Dawson.

"Be Just in Time, and Fear Not."—E. F. Fay.

We are very well, thank you. Readers of this paper have responded to our invitation as naturally as a child laughs at being tickled.

This Causerie Page (or Pages—one never knows!) idea is going to be taken hold of. Women who think are going to

#### Wage Their Wars Here.

You may expect lively times—and you will not be disappointed. In fact, when you see that our very first shot is at the

#### Domestic Servant Problem

you will acknowledge we have courage. For, bear this in mind: readers of THE WOMAN WORKER do not look upon this or, indeed, upon any other problem in the way that other readers of other papers do. If they did, there would be no need for THE WOMAN WORKER. The very reason why Mary Macarthur conceived the idea of this paper is, if I mistake not, because she knows there is not a journal, magazine, or newspaper in the kingdom whose conventionality will give way so far as to allow women to use its columns for treating subjects in other than conventional ways.

We are not conventional. We do not like the old order of things. And we are going to change it. Every woman who thinks original thoughts is going in the near future to use this Causerie Page as a channel for them to flow into, crystal clear. And we are going to have a glorious time!

Endorse your envelopes "CAUSERIE," please. "Be just in time, and fear not."

Bessie Smallman may walk on her heels and wear her skirts and hat-brims wide. She has courage! She has actually started a controversy on domestic servants in a paper which is read by intellectual women of all classes—women who work.

Here permit me to say that no intelligent woman can live without work. If you know a woman in any class of life who does not work at something or other, her intellect is either asleep or non est; and she is an object for pity rather than praise or blame.

Idleness is an incipient form of idiocy. Work develops intellect in a way that nothing else can. If there is a woman reading these lines who does not work, let her begin at once and so avoid danger.

We are going to say what we think in this Causerie Page, and not, perhaps, what we ought to think. Without fear or trembling, therefore, and as one who claims to know what work is and to sympathise with the over-worked as warmly as any other woman living, I would like to say that I smiled when I read Bessie Smallman on the servant problem, and—up my sleeve—said she did not know.

Perhaps I do not know. Of course, one never knows who knows. But THE WOMAN WORKER is going to find out.

I know some maids and mistresses—am a bit of a mistress myself (how unwillingly the gods only know!)—and I have never heard of such a case as the reward of all a woman's thoughts, all her health, all her strength, being a month's notice,

unwomanly neglect, brutal indifference, and heart-breaking ingratitude from her mistress.

All—or nearly all—the months' notices I have ever heard of have been given by the maids. A mistress never has the courage—or hardly ever. This is where

#### Servant Girls Score.

They have shown their sense above all the men workers that ever were. They have risen to that god-like altitude of service when they can look after their own interests as well as others. They know, what working men have never found out, that the world's comfort depends on its workers. And they act on that knowledge every time. They know that but for them their mistresses could not have any comforts or luxuries. When the working men are as wise, they also will look after themselves. They will not clamour round their masters' doors for work then, but will, like domestic servants, let the masters clamour round their doors.

No domestic servant, even in these days of distress, need be without a good home, good food, and good wages. No working man need be without these things, either, and will not be when he has taken a leaf or two out of the book of the domestic servant. Not all the leaves—some have very foolish reading on their pages—but some.

I must not take up any more space, however. The rest is for YOU, now and always. Take it while you can; and, with all due deference to the Editor and her Staff, you can take it from me that if you use this page as you ought, it will be the most interesting of all.

#### THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

As Epictetus has said, "There are two handles to everything," but the writer on "The Servant Problem" in THE WOMAN WORKER of October 28 has evidently only taken hold of one; consequently giving an unfair because partial view of the subject.

That there are many employers, domestic and other, who are tyrants, no one questions. Such people, mistresses of households, manufacturers, givers-out of sweated work, cannot be too vigorously boycotted, or girls too earnestly warned against working for them.

To abuse a position of power over others (bodies or souls) is an almost universal human failing, especially to be noted in the case of those recently raised to that position, forewomen, housekeepers, etc., etc.

But what has that to do with the many happy, comfortable homes where girls are safeguarded from danger, where kindness and thoughtfulness are the rule, where care in sickness or trouble is heartily given, amusements arranged for, and facilities for visiting and receiving visitors freely afforded?

If in these situations girls learn to practise forbearance and self-control, is that an evil? All family life demands this of its members; give and take is an essential of civilised human life, and is the discipline wise parents desire for their children; no one, unless living alone, can follow their own wishes always, and mistress and maid must expect to exercise mutual forbearance.

Discrimination is always necessary, but it seems a pity, by such statements as the writer referred to adduces (some of which seem rather wide of the mark), to drive girls away from domestic service, when a great many are happy in their work, and find it no more

servile to take care of little children, cook, and keep a house clean, than to feed a machine amid the din of whirring wheels, or spend their days folding paper, or in any other monotonous factory occupation.

Domestic service very much oftener ends in marriage than in a realisation of the dismal picture "Bessie Smallwood" draws; and out of it good wives and mothers come to the fore, skilled in the practical art of making a home refined and comfortable, prepared to start a happy family life.

For the little children who are to be born, one wishes that many more of the future mothers had imbibed hints of domesticity and of all that constitutes the real charm of "home."

One wonders where the writer of "A Servant Problem" has found the women who are not allowed to think, or speak, or read what they like; who are, in fact, deprived of all individuality!

No, let us give praise or blame where each is due, not lose balance by generalising where it behoves one to distinguish—taking care not "to be all false by being half true."

The other handle *does* exist, the mistress who has natural instincts! Some even with motherly feelings towards the girls under her roof, having their real interests at heart. It is the kind of work in which a friendly relationship is more possible and probable than between other employers and employees. M. L. T.

Now, who else has things to say?

Robert Blatchford's appeal, "The Harlot or the Lady?" is Deep calling to Deep. He has made everybody restive. Some have sent moneys, including one woman who is going to do without fires for a month and encloses 10s. She has translated Hebrew into English with the thermometer at freezing-point in the room, so is not tender in the externals of the body, she says.

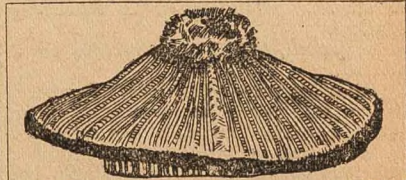
That is the spirit, of course. But personally I think to do without a fire is just as wrong as to do without bread, and am not going to counsel doing without anything that is good. The Churches have preached self-sacrifice to no purpose. Why should we follow suit? We have got to do what nobody has ever done before,

#### Abolish Poverty.

We cannot do this by following in the footsteps of those who have tried and failed. Let us DO, therefore—not do without.

[Answers to Julia Dawson's Correspondents will be found on page 631.]

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.



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## WHEN PUNISHMENT FAILED.

By Ray Strathmore.

It was late on Friday afternoon.

To Mildred Austin, the day had been one of continued effort, followed by little, if any, result. Like her life in that, she told herself sadly.

Sitting in the close schoolroom, her shoulders drooped and her eyes bent upon the book they were too tired to read, she passed in review the many failures of the last few years. Successes also there had been; but hers had ever been a life of strenuous effort, in which the failures far outnumbered the achievements.

The clock struck five. The sound of a heavy desk pushed violently backward was followed by a rush of feet over the boarded floor.

With an effort Mildred looked up from her book. "Wait a moment, Elizabeth," she said, "I want to talk to you."

The girl hesitated, her hand on the half-opened door. Outside, a couple of school-fellows, crouching on the ground, awaited her coming. Then, with a hasty nod in their direction, she closed the door and walked defiantly up to the teacher's desk.

Looking down on the mutinous, heavy-browed face, Mildred, with a great effort, concentrated her attention.

"Do you know, Elizabeth, this is the fifth night I have had to keep you in?"

The girl's hard bright eyes gazed pitilessly upwards. She was not lacking in beauty, this girl: her figure was short and compact, her head well balanced, while her eyes, brow, and chin showed resolution and intelligence of no mean order.

Mildred recalled an interview she had had the previous evening about this same girl. She saw once more the stern, grave face of the headmistress, and instinctively she used the words which, heard then, had caused her such unutterable shame.

"You never prepare a lesson. Though you are gifted above the average, you are always at the bottom of your class. You are disobedient and insolent. To teachers and school-fellows alike, you are a nuisance. You tease the little girls and bully the good ones. You rifle your companions' boxes, and then lay the blame on others. Your word is absolutely valueless."

She paused, but Elizabeth's eyes never faltered.

"Something must be done, Elizabeth. Do you not see? Things cannot go on in this way any longer." She stretched out an impulsive hand, and there was a suspicious quaver in her voice. To her it was a dreadful thing that this child should be so indifferent to good. "The other teachers have all done their best for you, and they have failed. I also have done what I could, but I have not helped you at all. We do not want to send you away, but unless—"

At last the girl found her voice. Stepping back out of reach of the eager little hand, she asked, suddenly, "Well, what if you do? Who cares?"

"I do," came Mildred's swift reply. And the colour mounted to her pale cheeks. "Do you think it nothing to me that one of my girls should be expelled? That a life under my care should

be accounted hopeless and a failure? Child, if you have no pity on yourself, have pity on those who love you. There is much real good in you, Elizabeth. I know it, yet I cannot reach it. And I feel that somehow it is my fault. Yet I have tried—ah, yes! I have tried."

There fell a long silence. The teacher sat with thin hands clasped before her, and out of her tired young eyes looked forth a great anguish. Elizabeth's face worked strangely.

"What must be done, child? We have talked, we have reasoned, we have punished. We can do nothing more. And we must think of the others. Your example is bad for the little ones."

"Why don't you beat me? Muvver does."

"And what better are you for it?" asked Mildred, sorrowfully. She bent forward. "Does your mother often beat you?" she asked, almost nervously.

"Most days. Always when you keep me in. She goes on the loose while I look after the young 'uns. See?"

"You poor little thing! Will she beat you to-night?"

The girl nodded. "Sure to. Said she'd 'alf kill me if I was late again. And she keeps her promises, does Muvver—leastways, them kind."

Mildred rose suddenly to her feet. "She shall not touch you to-night. I will come home with you."

"Better not. She don't like hinterference. Jem's boss came down our way once, but 'e got a black eye, and 'is nice clothes was spoilt." She looked thoughtfully at Mildred's neat serge dress. "Don't you come, miss: rotten eggs makes a 'orrid mess. Besides, you wouldn't do no good. She'd only lick me worse for tellin' you."

Mildred looked steadily into her eyes. "It that true, Elizabeth?"

"'Onest Injun," said the girl, earnestly. "Then I will not come. But you must go, and at once. And—Elizabeth, I am very sorry about this. I wish you had told me before. I will not keep you in again."

The dark blood rose to the girl's face. "Then you are goin' to let them send me away?"

"No, you shall not be expelled."

"D'yer mean it?"

"Yes."

The girl looked incredulously into Mildred's earnest face. "I don't understand," she said. "You won't beat me, you won't keep me in, and you won't send me away. Then what'll you do?"

"My dear, I shall do nothing. I can do nothing. It is you who will do something. Listen." She had risen to her feet, and now stood with her hands on Elizabeth's shoulders. "You are going to be good. You are going to help yourself, and me, too. You are going to be my friend. It will be hard, very hard, but you will do it because I love you. I shall watch and I shall know every little effort you make. Every time you succeed I shall be glad. And every time you fail I shall be sorry—so very sorry—but never angry. For I shall know that you have tried."

The brave young voice was silent, but

Elizabeth never moved. Her eyes, alight and eager, were fixed on that face, so like to her own in its keen strength, and so unlike in its passionate idealism. And suddenly a sob broke from her lips.

"Oh, miss! I reckon I'm a bad-un. Let me go. Let me go. I tell you it's no use—no use."

A tender laugh broke from Mildred's lips, and, bending, she kissed the girl on the mouth.

"Dear child," she said, "I trust you. Let that be enough for the present. You must go now."

She watched her walk slowly toward the door, then, with the tender smile still on her face, she turned to her desk.

A moment later the door was thrown open, and Elizabeth stood before her again. But a transformed Elizabeth. Elizabeth with glittering angry eyes and scarlet cheeks. An instant she stood; then, flinging an insulting word at her teacher, she rushed from the room.

Half an hour later, Mildred Austin left the school house. She walked along slowly with lagging feet. Her shoulders were bent, and under her heavy veil her face showed signs of recent tears. From the shadow stepped forth a miserable little figure.

"Elizabeth," said Mildred, sorrowfully. "Then the child broke down utterly."

"Oh, miss! I'm that sorry. You don't know. I didn't mean it. It was Sal and Sue. They was listenin' at the key-hole, and I wanted to show 'em that I didn't care. But I do—I do. I've licked 'em both, and they know now. Oh, miss, will you forgive me? I will be good now."

Mildred's eyes were full of tears. "Little girl," she said, "listen: You and I will always have failures to face. We are made that way, we two. But you have faced your first failure more bravely than I have ever faced mine. Well done, little girl. You have taught me a lesson. Good night."

And she passed on her way with a freer step, and in her heart a deeper faith in her kind than had been hers before that night.

## VOICES OF THE WIND.

Not all the whispers that the soft winds utter

Speak earthly things. There mingleth there, sometimes, a gentle flutter

Of angels' wings.

AMY LOTHROP.

Any mind that is capable of a real sorrow is capable of good.—Mrs. Stowe.

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## THE CURSE OF THE COTTON.

By Charles Henry.

"Oh dear, Jane! I'm sure you've no call to make such a noise with those pedals," querulously said the elderly woman sewing at the window to the girl furiously pedalling the sewing machine in the centre of the room.

"Are yer? I'm not. Come an' try an operation on the machine: don't let out at me," snarled the girl in reply.

"Besides," the girl went on after a sulky stoking of the kindled fire of resentment, "don't forget it's your forl I've to work the blessed thing at all. I don't see where your grumble comes in."

"W'y forl?" snapped the woman. "Could I work 'arder or longer than I do? Would yer 'ave me slive an' you order me abah?"

She shifted the length of stuff across her knee with a sour grimace and thrust her needle in and out with the energetic dexterity of the poverty-driven seamstress. Her words sounded harshly through the din of the machine and lashed the ears of the girl as they were meant to do.

"O, come, now: if you'd 'ad sense ter marry any other fellow instead of that fool, that beast, my father, I reckon I'd 'ave 'ad none of this ter do at all."

The girl flew directly to the original grievance. To-day she was bent on keeping up the furious bickering they often carried on. It was the only possible outlet for the wild emotion engendered by the eternal toil at the sewing machine. But her mother was less eager or less fit.

Through the dusty window was a restricted prospect of drab brick houses and smoky sky, a typical vignette from London's broad canvas. Mounting from the street below came mingled noises from the gamins at play, the coal and cats'-meat men, a typical bar from London's oratorio.

The woman glanced out at times as mechanically as her fingers flew to and fro. She occupied her chair as a bulgy rag-bag might, only her head having human semblance. Her face was wan and seamed, flecked with the red of erysipelas and surmounted by a wispy mop of tow-coloured hair.

The girl, though unmistakably her daughter, was still straight-backed and round of limb and figure. She possessed a rough beauty of feature spoiled somewhat by the settled down-droop of her lips. She made some pretence to smartness of dress.

"It mikes me ripe fer Colney ter think 'ow I'm cooped up 'ere moiling like a mouse on a silly-go-round in a cage," burst out the girl again. "D'y an' night, d'y an' night, an' never a 'orf-day orf. An' wot's more, me twenty-two an' orl mi charnces goin'." Mi 'air 'll be as grey as yours soon, an' I can't give even a fool a chance to take notice of it while it is decent. There's other girls 'as more charnces than they know wot ter do with. But their mothers 'ad more gumption."

"An', I should 'ope, get more kind feelin' an' less temper," sniffled her mother.

But the girl's sore needed no salt. At all times every activity of her mind led

eventually to the rousing of its sensitive nerves.

"I remember when I was a gel at school the big lads would chivy me for a kiss; an' some used to get one, an' others a smack. Thanks to you, nawa-d'ys, other gels as worn't looked at then are kessin' an' weddin', while I, as I s'y, I'm a mouse doing everlasting treadmill in a cage, mi youth an' mi looks rottin' to serve a dam sweater. It's enough to mike one go on the streets—that it is."

Her mother broke into sobs at the vehemence of the crescendo finish to the recital.

"Oh, stow it, mother. There's ter many leaks in your waterworks."

Then both were silent. The fountain of bitter feeling always ran strongly in the cramped souls of both, but its present bubbling ceased. This troubling of the waters was now a daily habit in accordance with the iron laws of humanity's inner life.

The dull noon grew to dusky evening and evening to dark night. It was but one in a chain of similar days.

They were hard at work by a single jumpy gaslight until eleven o'clock. The "dam sweater" had insisted—his habit, this—on the delivery of this dozen of shirts and that dozen of fancy waistcoats to-morrow morning. So the jerky pedals groaned at the slow, maddening passage of prison hours until the girl felt that the iron had more sensitiveness than the muscles of her legs. The latter were the most mechanical instruments moved by the will of the sweater.

Her mother crouched still lower on the chair, her bodice became a little more balloony. Her cough was bad to-night, heightened and irregular. At half-past eleven, after a suffocating fit, she dropped needle and waistcoat and put both hands to her sides.

"Oh, I can't go on!" she wailed. Her daughter stopped and looked at her, accentuating the down-droop of her lips.

"Don't begin that kiddies' gime agine," she growled. "Yer've got ter go on, else yer know wot ter expect."

But she got up and came closer and looked into her mother's blotchy face and listened to her breathing. She stood and looked with darkening face.

"By the living Gawd!" she exclaimed with slow emphasis, looking the picture of baffled, stolid fury and unquenchable resentment. "Yer've got pleurisy agine. Come on, let's get yer inter bed."

But the woman was helpless. So the girl bent and lifted her and dropped her—savagely, it seemed—upon the bed. Then she turned to the fire, stoked it up, put on the kettle, ran out for linseed, and began her fight.

"Ow the Lord expects me ter mike poultices, satisfy the sweater, and keep my soul out of the devil's hands 'E knows—I don't," she muttered over her preparations.

But next morning the sweater—who, naturally, comes first—got his due. Jane carried to him a big parcel and brought back another. The sewing machine, silent only for the hour of her absence, groaned

again. Maybe the groaning was not so loud because of the uneasy occupant of the bed; but the girl's looks did not suggest tender consideration. Her scowl dragged deep lines across her face: she would have out-countenanced the Gorgon's head.

She often paused to administer a poultice or mix a simple herbal cordial. And the day passed on and the second night came, and the sweater's clothing passed gradually from one heap to another. So again the sweater got his due.

On the third day the pleurisy gathered its forces and wrestled for victory. In truth, it looked an easy thing—a cheap victory. The girl thought so as she squandered poultices and drinks and made the pedals put out a vicious energy. The waters of bitterness, confined in narrowest circle, swirled till they tore a deep vortex in her soul's substance. Round from sweater to mother and to self they swirled.

If the pleurisy gained much more, the sweater must lose. If the pleurisy lost ground, the sweater gained; she did not. Only if the pleurisy won finally and took her mother away did she herself gain. If her mother and the sweater won, then Christ bring her His mercy—she lost. The thought of release and the thought of a closer shutting of the cage door were two thoughts that swung dizzily round in her imagination like a coffin with a ring round it and a sealed cage swinging round in the maelstrom.

Still, hour after hour, she poulticed and made drinks and worked the machine more deftly and silently. Still the whirlpool intensified towards the change from flow to ebb of the tide—the tide of the pleurisy.

The third night closed on her, pall-like over the whirlpool. The cries from the street were like mocking cries from safe-riding mariners. The singing kettle was like the sibilant sucking of the bottom of the vortex. The waters grew blacker, the ringed coffin and the sealed cage slid lower down the racing sides. All things drew closer; life was drawn in to the boundaries of a deepening inverted cone of waters.

The pedals ceased to groan. The girl had fallen, sideways, to the floor, her lips licking its dust.

"W'y will yer mike 'such a noise, Jane?" complained the woman, stitching feebly by the window.

"Garn. I corn't help it. Somebody's got ter earn something ter keep us alive."

## INFLUENCE OF MOUNTAINS.

Hills draw like heaven,  
 And stronger sometimes, holding out their hands

To pull you from the vile flats up to them.  
 ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## PAST AND PRESENT.

It is necessary to look forward as well as backward, as some think it always necessary to regulate their conduct by things that have been done of old times; but that past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.—MADAME DE STAEL.



## WOMEN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT CHILDREN.

### CARE OF CHILDREN.

WOMEN know  
The way to rear up children (to be just);  
They know a simple, merry, tender knack  
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,  
And stringing pretty words that make no  
sense,  
And kissing full sense into empty words;  
Which things are corals to cut life upon,  
Although such trifles; children learn by  
such  
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,  
And get not over-early solemnised;  
But seeing as in a rosebush Love's design,  
Which burns and hurts not—not a single  
bloom,  
Become aware and unafraid of love.  
Such good do mothers.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

### SYMPATHY OF A CHILD.

A CHILD'S EYES! those clear wells of un-  
defiled thought; what on earth can be  
more beautiful! Full of hope, love, and  
curiosity, they meet your own. In  
prayer, how earnest; in joy, how spark-  
ling; in sympathy, how tender. The man  
who never tried the companionship of a  
little child has carelessly passed by one of  
the great pleasures of life, as one passes  
a rare flower, without plucking it or  
knowing its value. A child cannot under-  
stand you, you think; speak to it of the  
holy things of your religion, of your  
grief for the loss of a friend, of your love  
for some one you fear will not love in  
return; it will take, it is true, no

measure or soundings of your thought;  
it will not judge how much you should  
believe; whether your grief is rational in  
proportion to your loss; whether you are  
worthy or fit to attract the love which  
you seek; but its whole soul will incline  
to yours, and ingraft itself, as it were, on  
the feeling which is your feeling for the  
hour.—HON. MRS. NORRON.

### CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

If a question is asked on a subject  
beyond their comprehension, say at once,  
"You could not understand that, my  
dear, until you are older." If it is  
wrong, say that it is not a proper ques-  
tion. If your treatment of your children  
is reasonable, they will be perfectly satis-  
fied with your word; and you must not  
allow them to tease you with more ques-  
tions. If, on the other hand, you do not  
know the proper answer—for children's  
questions sometimes embrace a wide  
space—say so at once, though it may be  
painful to do so. Better anything than  
tell your child a falsehood. On the other  
hand, let your replies rather lead your  
child to further inquiry than make them  
satisfy it entirely. Your province is to  
elicit thought, gently, almost imper-  
ceptibly, yet surely. Nothing can be  
more foolish of a parent than to say,  
"Children should not ask questions."—  
MRS. PULLEN.

### COMPREHENSIONS OF CHILDREN.

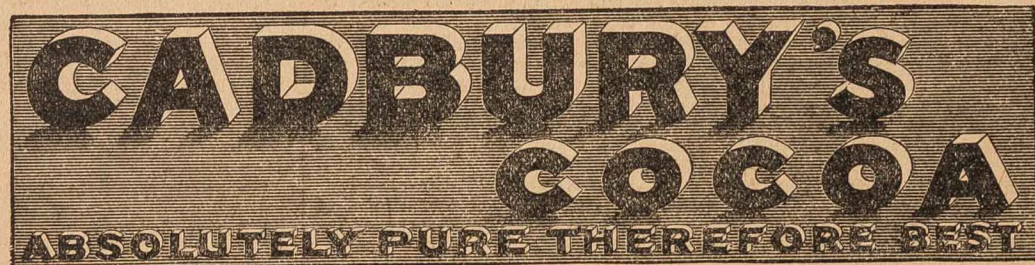
GROWN PERSONS are apt to put a lower  
estimate than is just on the understand-  
ings of children. They rate them by what  
they know, and children know very little;  
but their capacity of comprehension is

great. Hence the continual wonder of  
those who are unaccustomed to them, at  
the "old-fashioned ways" of some lone  
little one, who has no playfellows, and at  
the odd mixture of folly and wisdom in  
its sayings. A continual battle goes on  
in a child's mind between what it knows  
and what it comprehends. Its answers  
are foolish from partial ignorance, and  
wise from extreme quickness of apprehen-  
sion. The great art of education is so to  
train this last faculty, as neither to de-  
press nor over exert it. The matured  
mediocrity of many an infant prodigy  
proves both the degree of expansion to  
which it is possible to force a child's in-  
tellect, and the boundary which nature  
has set to the success of such false cul-  
ture.—HON. MRS. NORRON.

### LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

TELL me not of the trim, precisely-  
arranged homes where there are no chil-  
dren; "where," as the good Germans  
have it, "the fly-traps always hang  
straight on the wall;" tell me not of the  
never-disturbed nights and days, of the  
tranquil, unanxious hearts where children  
are not! I care not for these things.  
God sends children for another purpose  
than merely to keep up the race—to en-  
large our hearts, to make us unselfish,  
and full of kindly sympathies and affec-  
tions; to give our souls higher aims, and  
to call out all our faculties to extended  
enterprise and exertion; to bring round  
our fireside bright faces and happy smiles,  
and loving, tender hearts.—MARY  
HOWITT.

Your little child is your only true  
democrat.—MRS. STOWE.



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## THE DEATH SENTENCE.

By Hilda Thompson.

THE laws of England are as slippery and  
elusive and absurd as those laws of the  
German grammar of which Mark Twain  
said that "one is washed about in them,  
hither and thither in the most helpless  
way; and when at last he thinks he has  
captured a rule which offers firm ground  
to rest on amid the general rage and  
turmoil, he turns over the page and finds  
there are more exceptions to the rule  
than examples of it."

Were the consequences of their incon-  
sistencies less terrible, one might easily  
laugh at the laws of England.

As it is, one pauses, astounded that  
this maze of contradictions is tolerated,  
when life or death is to be the outcome.

Take this paragraph for example:

Ethel Harding, 21, was indicted for the wil-  
ful murder of her newly-born female child.  
The jury retired. On their return into  
court, they gave a verdict of "Guilty," but  
strongly recommended prisoner to mercy,  
believing she was in a frenzied condition, at  
the time she committed the crime.

The judge passed formal sentence of death,  
but stated that the jury's recommendation to  
mercy would be strongly endorsed by himself.

If the girl was of unsound mind at the  
moment of her "crime," then it shall not  
be said she is guilty. If she be not  
guilty of murder, then she should be  
liberated; or, while of unsound mind,  
detained in the asylum.

But the sentence was one of death, a  
sentence which can always be upset if  
sufficient pressure be brought to bear.

Such pressure was actually applied,  
and Ethel Harding, though not respon-  
sible for her crime at the moment of its  
committal, now lies under sentence of  
penal servitude for life!

Then comes another contradiction.  
Even this second sentence is not carried  
out; for it is decreed by those in power  
that under such circumstances a life  
sentence shall never "mean more than  
three years."

Therefore Ethel Harding, as also Daisy  
Lord, was first proven guilty of murder,  
and as a murderer sentenced to death.  
Secondly, being proven to be of unsound  
mind at the moment of crime, and conse-  
quently not responsible for her actions,  
she is relieved, and the death sentence  
commuted to penal servitude for life.  
And thirdly—but why, is not clear—she  
will be freed after three years' imprison-  
ment! This is the law!

But greater wonders are yet to come.

It is the opinion of the Lord Chan-  
cellor—and of how large a section of the  
British public was shown by the Daisy  
Lord petition—that "To sentence a  
woman to death in these circumstances is  
repellent and almost revolting." There-  
fore, the Lord Chancellor inserted his  
plea for mercy in the clause of the Chil-  
dren's Bill dealing with infanticide.

The House of Lords, with the help of  
a Bishop, has rejected that plea, because  
they fear there would be "an increase of  
those cases in which children were done  
to death by mere neglect. It would be  
better to leave it to the prerogative of  
mercy."

But what a farce has that prerogative  
of mercy become! For it is openly stated  
in extenuation of its existence that

though the death sentence be passed it  
will never be carried out in cases of in-  
fanticide. Indeed, it has not been carried  
out for more than fifty years!

Thus is a mock made of what should  
be most solemn.

\* \* \* \* \*

The whole discussion was mean and  
paltry. The why and the wherefore of a  
child's murder by its mother goes far  
deeper than any fear of punishment is  
even likely to reach.

It is the entire system from beginning  
to end which is wrong, and no death sen-  
tence and no penal servitude will ever  
clear away the stain of our complicity.

Lord Ashbourne, ex-Lord Chancellor of  
Ireland, was against the change, because  
he feared "the clause might have the  
effect of weakening the respect felt for  
the lives of very young children. The  
solemnity and sanctity of young life  
would be taken away."

What solemnity or sanctity has the life  
of a young child born as those of Daisy  
Lord and Ethel Harding? Such children  
are branded for life with the mark of a  
shame not their own. In all probability  
they will never know a mother's love, for  
their lives must be lived apart—nay,  
their very existence denied perhaps by  
the mother. Such is the "solemnity and  
sanctity of young life" as by law and  
rule established. Such is "the respect  
for young children" which must at all  
cost be maintained.

As a matter of fact, Society blames the  
mother not so much for taking the life  
of her child as for giving it life. That  
is the fact which is responsible for the  
prevalence of child murder. The mother  
is more afraid to show the child than to  
kill it. Her crime is the outcome of  
social convention—the convention which  
decrees that an unmarried woman shall  
bear her child in fear and trembling,  
knowing that if it have the ill-luck to  
live it will be for ever the butt of all  
"good" Pharisees' contemptuous pity.  
Social convention brands the child with  
shame and Society degrades it by its  
treatment until it becomes degraded in  
fact. The remedy is not to hang the  
mother, but to alter the convention.

But the Lords have refused to pass  
even the Lord Chancellor's clause. The  
death sentence will still be pronounced,  
will still be commuted to penal servitude,  
will still mean only three years' imprison-  
ment.

Only three years' imprisonment! In  
addition to the torture and shame  
already passed through. Agony, shame,  
and then again shame, shame and im-  
prisonment.

And after? I wonder!

### DISINTERESTEDNESS.

THE slightest emotion of disinterested  
kindness that passes through the mind  
improves and refreshes that mind, pro-  
ducing generous thought and noble feel-  
ing. We should cherish kind wishes, for  
a time may come when we may be enabled  
to put them in practice.—MISS MITFORD.

## CINDERELLA.

"THESE poor, underfed little town-dwellers  
have such stunted imagination and power of  
observation that they need to be taught to  
enjoy the country. They herd together near  
the house instead of seeking adventures over  
fields and hedges." (Extract from Miss  
Forrester's report of the work of the Dundee  
Clarion Cinderella Home.)

"Go out, children, from the mine and from  
the city.  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do."

—E. B. Browning.

"The child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
Than the strong man in his wrath."

—E. B. Browning.

Blesséd Babe of Bethlehem's manger,  
Deify we, and enshrine;  
To our eyes and hearts a stranger  
Is the babe no less divine.

Christ—child votaries we—unwitting  
How the slum child fares the while;  
Cinderella, gnome-like flitting  
Through her courts and alleys vile.

What for her of Love's constringing?  
Outcast she of gods and men;  
Callous greed her shrine ordaining,  
Loathsome, fetid fever-den.

Go we, swayed by surging pity,  
Clasp her fragile, fluttering hand,  
Pass beyond the stifling city  
To the fragrant meadow-land.

We shall see a picture eerie,  
Vainly Nature's charms entice;  
Stands the child a shrinking Peri,  
Scared at sight of Paradise.

After sunless court and alley,  
Grimy close-encircling walls,  
Gazing far o'er hill and valley,  
Sense of endless space appals.

Less of ecstasy than sadness  
Unattuned, her soul perceives,  
In the lark's harmonious madness  
And the song of windswept leaves.

Sights and sounds uncustomed thronging  
On her soul, distraught and dumb;  
Turns she backward, lonely longing  
For the shelter of the slum.

Knowing but of summer's story,  
Blade of grass or crannied weed,  
Whelmed is she by sudden glory  
Of the blossom-broidered mead.

Snatched awhile from confines narrow,  
Quivering 'neath the boundless blue,  
How may smoke-dazed city sparrow  
Sing out as the thrushes do?

Hapless babe! Above all other  
Shame and menace to thy race,  
Offspring of the fair earth-mother,  
Knowing not that mother's face.

Poet-seeress, strong and tender,  
Voiced once the children's cry;  
Homage to her song we render,  
But its warning still defy.

Still do we, a cruel nation,  
Heap up riches, blood-defiled,  
Still in profit's computation  
Sullied gold outweighs the child.

Yea! But Nemesis amerceos,  
And while she assays, debates;  
'Tis the child's sob deepest curses,  
And our doom predestinates.

Pec.



## IMPRESSIONS OF OFFICE LIFE.

By Frediwen.

WHEN I first entered office life I was exceedingly ignorant. Not as regards capabilities, for I had a complete knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, and soon found that I knew more of orthography and syntax than anyone in the establishment. But as regards general office routine and the ways and methods and peculiarities of men in this workaday world I knew absolutely nothing.

We were educated at home by governesses, and had no commercial training, so when circumstances obliged us to turn to and earn a livelihood, we felt rather like fish out of water.

It was not until I had been in an office for several months that I quite settled down. I discovered gradually that any newcomer took, on an average, a few weeks and precocious office boys a few days to feel perfectly at home and talk glibly of "our show." So I set myself to find the reason of my feeling so out of place.

And this is where a High School training is doubtless of great value to girls in commercial life. The general feeling of *esprit-de-corps*, which is only acquired at school or perhaps by very large families, is precisely similar to the feeling regarding office life. At school, girls and boys constantly grumble at the work and teachers, but I have never once heard any boy or girl allow an outsider to speak scathingly of their school. I found this was the case in our office. However much the clerks, younger ones especially, complained and bickered, "our place" was stoutly defended to all outsiders.

Familiar remarks from juniors and seniors alike, which at first I strongly resented, I soon learned to take for what they were worth. I shall not forget the surprised roar which greeted my first retort to an impudent boy. It happened to be a half holiday, and I was going straight from the office to an excursion. I could not possibly change my attire, so was obliged to go to work in a summer frock of pink gingham, a contrast to my usual dark shirt and linen collar.

"By gum! and what will yer do for Sunday?" queried the facetious youth.

"I shall follow your example and borrow," I replied; "what exquisite taste your sister has in ties!" He blushed scarlet, for he wore a most repulsive concoction of various colours, heavily worked on canvas, evidently by some admirer.

The next thing which helped me onward in my endeavours to thaw was the cricket season. I was as keen as any of the men, and hot discussions, aided by several lucky guesses on my part regarding the County Championship, soon placed me on a cordial footing. Later on I was requested to play against a rival team from another office, but their typist refused to handle a bat, so I was obliged to refuse too. I offered to score instead, which was accepted.

Another event which increased my *esprit-de-corps* occurred about this time. One of the seniors brought an air-gun to exhibit to the rest, and, being Saturday, a few stayed after the office was closed to have a few shots. I was half shy and yet longing to handle a gun

again, for I have a perfect passion for shooting. A competition was proposed and sides taken, but the number was odd and one was left over.

"May I join?" I asked. "I can shoot a bit."

A man I particularly disliked made a stupid remark about shooting people, but I replied that I had never shot anyone and did not intend to. I asked to shoot last, and we watched the scoring with intense excitement. We were four a side, and allowed three shots each, a bull's-eye counting three, a centre two, and a hit one. Our opponents scored 9, 5, 7, and 6 respectively, making a total of 27 out of the possible 36, and then we commenced. A diminutive youth shot first and scored 6, the second scored the same, then the owner of the gun made 8, and I was left with the total at 20. The opposing team were loudly exulting, claiming the victory as almost sure, till I scored a bull's-eye first shot. I took careful aim and got another 3, and my final was a *chef d'œuvre*, and greeted with loud acclamations from all. Afterwards I shot with the only man who had made an equal score and won gloriously.

After this they began to grasp the fact that although we were different there was no reason why we should not be friends, and it was rarely I had to snub my companions for undue familiarity. For happy life in an office there must be a certain amount of comradeship, and when this is acquired the work is smoother and certainly more agreeable.

One attitude of the clerks towards my Governor puzzled me for a long time. No matter how slack the office might be, as soon as he set foot within its walls the whole place buzzed like a hive of bees. It is what I call stupid dishonesty to pretend in that useless way, and I could not understand it. I had many arguments concerning this with the clerks, and found their code of honour so complicated that I did not attempt to conform to it, but eventually I came off victorious and could not resist laughing at their discomfiture. It happened thus: We were exceedingly slack, and one glorious morning I and a few juniors had absolutely nothing to do. So we enlivened the time with a political discussion. I was a Tory at that time, the rest of the staff Radicals, and the argument was somewhat heated. In the midst, the Governor raced in, my opponents hastily grabbed pens and account books which they had placed "handy," and I—sat with folded arms.

"And what are you busy with?" inquired our head, smiling kindly.

"Nothing," I replied. "I have nothing to do."

He pulled out his watch. "Well, it's a nice morning, you can put on your things and go for a walk before dinner."

I heard an audible gasp from the rest and I saw a twinkle in the Governor's eyes. From that moment I was convinced that he knew more than he pretended, and I respected him accordingly.

Sports and pastimes in an office are most interesting to one who imagines—as I did—that to be in an office meant work and nothing else. Fox and goose and

the Nine O's are suitable enough when a senior is present and one must necessarily be quiet, but Ping-Pong, played with books and a small soft ball, football, if the room is large enough, and fencing with long rulers or T squares, wrestling, tugs-of-war—these are all most exciting, and played, of course, when the place is occupied by juniors alone.

One afternoon before my advent, a strenuous game of football had heated the office boy to such an extent that on the Governor's sudden arrival he was puffing like a traction engine and was unable to speak when summoned to the Holy of Holies—as they had irreverently designated the head's sanctum. "Joe, I want you to go—why, what's the matter with you, boy?" "Noth-ing," gasped the panting Joseph. "Have they been bullying you?" inquired the Governor. Joseph grew purple in his endeavours to explain that he had been running, but only a confused sound of grunts and puffs could be heard. "Go and get some water, and next time you go to post the letters in such a hurry—" he paused and glared sternly at the boy, "don't run so hard, or you'll have a fit!"

Where girls work in an office, questionable stories and jokes are barred, and bad language is undoubtedly dispensed with, except in cases of extreme anger; but the small swears of the juniors which seemed to be prevalent when I first commenced disappeared almost entirely after the first few days.

One word of advice I must give girls who intend taking up this profession. Don't expect the same consideration in an office as in private life. In business a girl is merely a machine, a clerk, and must not expect small attentions from men. I learned that the very first week of my commercial life. A senior clerk was explaining a ledger to me and happened to drop his pencil. It rolled in my direction, and I picked it up and handed it to him, expecting at least an apology and a word of thanks; instead of which he grabbed it from me and continued his explanations. I was too astounded to listen, and dropped my own pencil to see what he would do. It rolled towards him and stopped. He took no notice and made no attempt to restore it to me. This was a lesson I never forgot, and it is one that must be learnt by all lady clerks and typewriters.

I would never recommend anyone to take up office work. It leads to nothing for the future.

It is a horribly narrow existence, too, and to any girl who has ambition, a very hard one. To be literally tied to grey-ness is to be almost bereft of hope. People think we will marry because we are young, and pretty—I speak for my sisters, of course. I know we shall not, for the very simple reason that we never associate with anyone.

I was amused by a letter one day in the "Daily Mail," from an irate manager, who declared that girls merely entered offices to get husbands! And I would like to point out that I have never heard of a case of a master or employee marrying the typist—outside a novel.

And so I presume we are doomed to office life until we get too old for it, and then—?

Chill penury weighs down the heart itself; and though it sometimes be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.—MRS. JAMESON.

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

### Schumann's Love Story.\*

To all who know how beautiful "the marriage of true minds" may be, the story of the love of Clara Wieck and Robert Schumann is a pathetic instance of impediments.

They were overcome, these impediments, but only by great constancy and courage, and at a special cost of distress—a cost that probably hastened the development of Schumann's tragic insanity. And they were put in the way of an ideal union by an ambitious and philistine father. There should have been nothing of the kind.

The story may best be read in a collection of the musician's letters lately condensed and done into English very well by Hannah Bryant.

It is even better worth reading than the story of Browning's love, which was equally crowned by a perfect union. There have been other celebrated marriages of musicians—Bach's with the singer Anna Magdalena, and Wagner's with Liszt's brilliant daughter occur at once to the mind. But there has been none that illustrated in the same way the folly and cruelty of so-called parental wisdom—the sort of worldly prudence that attempts to regulate the course of true love in blind disregard of its excellence and fortunate beauty.

Friedrich Wieck was a pianoforte teacher, a really great one; and to him Schumann went when still a law student, at eighteen years of age.

Clara, his daughter, was then nine. When she was sixteen Schumann fell in love with her and she with him. But she presently began to make a name as a "prodigy," and before long she was playing to great applause in London and Paris, and then before crowned heads. Her father would not listen to the proposal of a young genius who was still poor, and whose music, too simple and romantic for a virtuoso to care for, seemed to him puerile and formless. Besides, this young musician had broken away from his tuition, and so offended him.

Friedrich Wieck not only opposed the love-match, but resisted Schumann's persuasions with a strange malignity, putting upon the sensitive artist all sorts of indignities and injuries.

But Clara was faithful to her first love.

I think you will like to read some of his letters and hers, written during the five years before this wise and charming girl became of age and married him, and while she was astonishing Europe by her wonderful playing.

She seems to me more wonderful than her playing can have been.

Hers was certainly a masculine mind. Delicate and consummate artist though she was, and winning praises which might have turned her head, she not only withstood a father for whom she had immense respect as well as affection, but recog-

\* "The Letters of Robert Schumann," selected and edited by Dr. Karl Storck; translated by Hannah Bryant. 9s. net. London: John Murray.

nised her lover's genius as her father never did. Think of a passage like this in the letter of a girl to a lover whom the world had not as yet begun to measure:

I am astonished at your mind, at all the new treasures it contains. Do you know, I am sometimes afraid of you, and wonder if it is really true that such a genius is to be my husband? I am at times overtaken by the idea that I can never prove sufficient for you, though it is possible you may love me none the less for that.

Think, I mean, how slow the world is, by comparison, to estimate the worth of genius which has never been acclaimed—how it happens often that a musician, or a writer, or a painter, or a thinker of any sort must live his life out before "his height be taken."

Unspoiled by her success, and not to be intimidated, Clara Wieck had taken Schumann's height when she was quite young. Her homage does not read like the expression of a merely partial judgment: it discerns what was marvellous in an aspirant of the art she understood.

How charmingly she could write, too—soberly but lightly. Even in a translation, this is a very graceful letter:

So one little "yes" is all you want? What an important little word it is! Surely a heart so full of inexpressible love as mine can utter it freely. I can indeed say it. My inmost soul whispers it unceasingly to you.

Could I put into words my heart's anguish, my many tears! No; it is beyond my power. But the fates may permit us to meet before long, and then—!

Your proposal seems daring to me (that she should submit his letter to her father), but love takes small heed of danger, and again I say "Yes." Surely God will not turn my eighteenth birthday into a day of trouble. He could not be so cruel. For a long time I have shared your conviction: "It must come to pass." Nothing shall make me waver. I will prove to my father that a youthful heart can be firm.—Your Clara.

Schumann needed such letters. He was the prey of moods; and Wieck first said that he was "not to be shaken," and afterwards threatened to marry Clara to a richer suitor.

Worse. Wieck was brutal.

The young musician put constraint upon himself, resented nothing openly, and seems to have hoped against hope that, if he pleaded reasonably, and humbled himself to make reasonable offers of delay and service, he would be reasonably treated. But Clara's father took advantage of this attitude to trample upon his pride, like a man without feeling.

Here are some passages of Schumann's letters from which you may judge of the effect he produced:

You must be prepared for anything, for if he cannot succeed by force he will employ cunning. Be prepared for anything. . . . I feel so lifeless, so humiliated, that I am incapable of a single fine thought. Silence seems to be my only refuge. I could laugh for very anguish.

Your father has written to me to this effect: "You are an excellent person, but not so excellent as some. I don't quite know what I mean to do with Clara, but—heart's! What do I care about hearts? If I have to marry my daughter without delay to some one else,

you will only have yourself to thank." What can I answer? What have I to do with a man like that? Can you really hold out? Shall you ever have a return of last Tuesday's mood? . . .

Oh, Clara, how sad it is that we are doomed to spend our best years apart. Wherever I go I hear nothing but praises of your beautiful self. I alone am debarred from talking to you, listening to you; while you have to exist on a few precious memories and little besides but trouble!

So the Kaiser has talked to you. Do not play quite so well, do you hear? Their enthusiasm must be kept within bounds, for with every storm of applause your father pushes me a little further from you. But indeed I am the last to grudge you your laurel wreaths! . . .

I will not cringe or give way to him one inch. A certain letter of his to me contains expressions which I should hesitate about forgiving should the Almighty Himself ask it of me. I assure you my disposition is towards gentleness and goodness, and my heart is still pure as it left the Creator's hands; but there is a limit to my patience. Forgive me. . . .

Come and sit beside me, my dear, sweet girl. Hold your head a little to the right, in the charming way you have, and let me talk to you. I am going to lay bare my inmost soul to you, as I never did to living beings. . . . Is it possible he may forget all he said? Next time the subject comes up, fall on his neck and say, "Dear father, be kind, and bring him with you sometimes, for he really cannot live without me."

It is still a dream to me, all that I listened to yesterday, all that went on around me. I was divided between rage and delight. I had chosen a nice dark corner, to avoid meeting anyone's eyes. You probably could not see me either, much as I should have wished it. I saw you the whole time, and the ring gleaming on the second finger of your left hand. Come and let me kiss you, again and again, for the way you played to me yesterday—you, my own Clara, with your beautiful soul and your wonderful talent! You played magnificently. . . .

My strength always fails me when I am left long without a sign from you. I feel as if I were being swathed in endless black fabrics and garments, and stowed away—an indescribable sensation.

It is the story of a sincere and passionate soul stretched out upon the rack.

Why have I sketched it? For a good reason.

There is a prosaic and false wisdom that presumes upon the effect of such martyrdoms, and because they enlarge the range and deepen the force of young emotion, or because they are supposed to develop a kind of moral strength, calls them good and prescribes them.

Schumann's brief happiness and early death are Nature's commentary. His was one of the fine-strung natures that are nourished best in sunshine.

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## BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)  
Argumentum ad Misericordiam.

BARBARA strove with a queer sense of mournfulness. Giving way to his friendly proffer, she was deeply aware of the gulf between them. Love, not friendship now, her misery thirsted for; and love was forfeit. She plucked up courage to resume the pleasant manner.

"New tell me how you are getting on," she commanded. "Working hard?"

He made an effort to answer gaily, telling her what reading he had done. And he was aware, while he talked, of a certain prettiness and lustre in the clear-cut face, pillowed above her frilled bed-gown.

"Good boy," she said. "If I could work, too, I shouldn't mind being ill so much. Still I have some pupils left. You see, I can teach lying down."

His look of wonder at this fortitude sobered to compassion under the explanation she met it with:

"There's nothing but the weakness. When I am out of bed I get nasty fainting-fits, and of course that may frighten people. . . . You think a doctor may do me good?"

"I'm certain he will!"  
"I do hope so, it is so wearying. I lie awake at nights.— You don't mind the window being open? I like it open when nobody is here; that keeps me from being quite dull. The people round about are funny; and there is a cat that comes to keep me company. . . . But oh! the nights." She fought against a tremulous wish to appeal to his pity; adding, "I waken suddenly," and then exclaiming at the fineness of the day.

Somehow she struck a note of superstition. He fancied strange meaning in the hinted dread of sleep, and repeated, "You waken?"—with a dry throat.

"Oh, falling; a kind of start, you know." Purposing to make light of it, she found herself saying: "Sometimes I think the heart is a little affected." Then she glanced, to see how he took it—and her reward was in the flush of alarm he could not hide.

"Dear, you should have had a doctor long ago! To lie imagining— It must have been miserable!—to lie and fancy things like that. I shall go and get a doctor to come at once."

"Oh, not yet, please! . . . You see, it is so long since I'd anybody to talk to."

In a pause, while each drew quieter breath, she felt the balm miraculously invade her wound. For he saw her as she was, and he could still be kind. The thought that she had almost denied him sight of her, withheld herself in fear of him from this content, shook her with a sigh of great relief.

She lay back upon the pillow, closing her eyes. Enoch saw the lids tremble, felt a little twitch of her fingers once or twice upon his hand, and beheld her forgiveness with a heaving breast; for so he read these signs. It was as if she said, no words being needed, that she did not blame him for the loneliness; and

her love was electric in those light pressures. Contrition stupefied him with a shuddering quick sorrow sharply known.

She loved him; she was, perhaps, dying. And it was long since anyone talked with her!

"Oh, Barbara!"

She heard the words like a groan, and saw that he had covered his face, leaning an elbow on the bedside.

"Dear Con!"

He was sobbing!

"Don't, Con, please," she begged. "It hurts me. You will make me think I ought not to have sent for you."

Thereupon he confused her for a moment by fiercely accusing himself. "Ah," he said, showing his face, "there should have been no need for it. Yes, you forgive me, I know; but I don't myself. I left you. All this time you— I ought to have known; I ought to have been by to see that you were cared for, to prevent this."

The strange voice he forced grew louder, and he said things perfectly wild, that she could not stop.

"I am the cause! You might have been well and happy. Not send for me! If I thought—if there were no hope, and you fancied—I believe I should feel like Cain. Do you know, that piteous letter— It's a wonder I came to you at all! Ah, I'm exciting you, dear girl."

He trembled to embrace her. Barbara was not conscious of being excited; his distress, being irrational, rather induced in her a compassionate calm, so sure she was now of making her own fault plain if he would cease, and cheerful in the thought of doing so. She said:

"No, dear, but listen. You mustn't talk like that, because you don't know. Of course all that is past, and we are good friends again. But I was the one to blame, Con—yes! I've had time to think about it—for I wouldn't do as you advised; I know that I drove you away. You were right in what you said then; that's why I don't forgive you, silly boy, because there's nothing to forgive! . . . But, Con, I don't expect to get well again. So we ought not to wish for it, should we? I'm dreadful sorry, but you mustn't let it trouble you. You must just think it is past, Con; I mean our love, and that; indeed I am quite happy if you are friends with me; quite."

The bitter-sweet submission, so prettily like her in being tactful, so unlike in its sadness, searched his heart for all the old worshipping thoughts of her. They sprang to life, imperishable, un-sullied, with a passionate grief for her uncomplaining martyrdom.

"Ah, don't say past," he said. "How can I let you go, now that I have you? Oh, you shall be yourself again! My dear, I never so loved you as I do now. You are mine, Barbara; ah, dear heart, now you don't deny it!"

"No, no!" she gasped; and he saw her eyes distend with alarm.

She said quickly, almost voicelessly, "Con, you don't know;" and then her face grew dull, with the look of physi-

cal distress. "Wait, please," she murmured.

A returning pain of the heart dragged at her breathing. But another pain more vital was dragging at what had been a full breast of happiness.

He thought she had meant "You don't know how ill I am," and saw confirmation of that meaning in the struggle she made to take breath upon pain, concealing it. For his frightened eyes, this had the look of possible death coming.

So he stood helpless, asking, "What is it? Shall I call Mrs. Shuttlewell?" A bottle of smelling-salts on a little table caught his eye, and he fearfully lived in hope again when she took it from his hand. Presently she laid it aside and put a handkerchief to her eyes.

Fear of exciting her afresh prevented speech; and he longed to take the wasted little figure in his arms, telling her that what she feared could not divide them, that it plighted them.

Barbara could have told him, if words had offered. The harsh fact refused to be spoken. She gave him her hand again—both hands—and the sisterly look out of humble tears. What she said, however, conveyed to him nothing but the humbleness; which after such a paroxysm pierced him profoundly, seeming almost like a piteous loss of reason, sweet bells jangled.

"Dear old Con! Oo mustn't make me sad. Barb'a West wasn't at all a good girl, not a bit worth her big brother crying for. That's why she doesn't want to get well, you know. That's why she didn't send."

He bent over her with a great effort of self-control, releasing his hands to lay one of them upon her hair, while he kissed the shining forehead. And for a moment the tenderness of this deceived her; she thought he understood. Alas! It was not so easy. As he spoke again, the immense unlikelihood of what she had to say appeared in his unshaken trust; and courage failed her.

"Oh, Barbara, don't!" he besought. "To blame yourself, for cruel jealousy in me! And not get well? Of course you must get well. How should you hope to mend without a doctor? Do you know what it is, Barbara? You have got very low, and so you see things in a queer light. Why," he laughed, "you said you were a scarecrow."

"I've seen myself."

She replied to the proffer of idle comfort though an inner voice was crying, "Why does he talk? Why doesn't he see?"

"But you're not a scarecrow! You are beautiful. People can never judge of their own looks. Your face is different, of course"—he tried for honest speaking, perhaps to convince himself as well as her—"because you've been indoors so long, and given way to thoughts; but it is purer, somehow brighter. Ah, lying here, no wonder. . . . You must have thought I had forgotten. I had, I believe."

Dared she tell him? But what to say! A dreadful hurry of the spirit had come upon her with the doubt; his caressing her still forced the question, made her see that unless she told him now, at once, very nakedly, to speak of it after would be a distress impossible, a horror. Quick reason showed her this, while his touch, and the tone of a voice dear to her, offering hope and comfort, pleaded like wine with the senses. Ah,

why had she to tell him at all? If she was to die, why need he know?

She sank into a half trance, her mind reeling; and why would Con go on talking to her pleasantly, when she had explained that she was ready to die? The effort to resent it fixed her attention again on what he was saying—intimately to her ear, as he used to talk when they were so happy; smoothing her hair, too. Pitiful!

" . . . I can tell you now," he murmured. "I tried to forget. I thought you loved somebody else. Ah, forgive me! You do, I know; but I"—his voice caught on a startling sob—"I was like Edward Gray!"

She felt him grip and hold his breath; and in the pause, while breath forsook her too—though Barbara did not know the poem—a hot tear of his plashed upon her cheek. He began to speak the lines in a queer whisper.

"Filled I was with folly and spite,  
While Ellen Adair . . ."

She had never heard such a deep cry as he gave, or such weeping; a boy, and so dreadfully shaken with it!

The excessive grief had no other effect at first than to bewilder and frighten her. There were sounds as if his heart must be torn; and she stirred from his embrace before the impulse to assuage his grief moved her to speak comfortable "Don'ts" and "Dear old Cons," begging him to control himself and then beginning with a little regular movement softly to pat him, like a mother with a child.

But Barbara's heart was lead. If he wept so ungovernably for little, for mistaking her it seemed, what would he do when he got to know the truth?

This revelation of him—she thought it almost fortunate, seeing how the truth had trembled on her tongue—not only sealed Barbara's lips but killed the joy she had in his restoration to her. A great pity for him took its place, pity she might not show.

The movement of her hand stopped. She lay back again without power even to think, a weight upon her like the cold sea, glazing her eyes.

"Ah," he said, rousing, "but you shall not be Ellen Adair, my dear. I'm tragical."

Drying his face and half averting it, he did not mark her ashen look. "I never did forget, in reality, but thought of other things. . . . I never can forget—the happiness you gave me! I am sure there was never a girl so kind. It was wonderful; we were dear friends at once almost; as if we had always known of each other." His voice at her ear grew musical again. "Do you know how I account for it? Because you kept nothing hidden; your way of thinking aloud. So I could see your heart, the kindness in it. Every little impulse and thought might have come into my own head as well as yours, before you spoke; and you were so confidently mistrustful, so prettily wise about things. But oh, the delight—to be with you. . . . You did learn to trust me, didn't you? Except," he laughed low, "that you would never let me kiss you. Ah, but you knew—I think—you knew that I really loved you. . . . Tell me!"

She had to question her ears for what he was asking.

"Oh, yes, I knew," she murmured, and wearily began to listen again; he seemed

so happy. To have made him so, even in a time beyond recall, gave her heavy bosom ease. Ah, let him talk of it! Vile she might be, and only God forgave her; she had done a little good, and was glad of it.

He drew closer, enfolding her; and she had a very secret thrill of reviving pride in herself, that his physical liking had not been extinguished.

"Do you remember the very first of it? When I did not dare, you were so beautiful! The night we overtook you going home, Jack Darbyshire and I, and you showed him the new frock; I scarcely looked at you. It was like a dream; I tried afterwards to see you in my mind, but no! you were something—not real; I never could bring it back; only the feeling, a great thrill. . . . trembling. Still, you spoke to me, didn't you? That was my joy; I mean, you seemed to say we might be friends; and yet, that day you found me at the foot of the Art Gallery staircase, I believe I hadn't the courage to have gone up alone."

He laughed again.

"It is funny; but I thought I should seem bold; I had only seen you that once, you know. And afterwards, when I found my nose put out of joint—you remember?—how miserable I was, and what you said to make up for the disappointment, to console me. . . . It was just like you always. I believe you made me happier that day than I have been in my life, just by understanding what I felt, and the kindness. What did you think when I couldn't keep the appointment? That I wasn't caring?"

He was content to be answered with an inarticulate sound.

"And then at Kingley—oh, Kingley! That taught me, Barbara."

He paused, and saw her as she was now, wasted, lying on his arm very lightly, quite passive; saw how tears were streaming from under the blue closed eyelids; and her simple fear of marriage, so long inexplicable to him, looked like a shadow of this contracted fate cast before.

"Oh, my dear," he said, giving to the winds his former thoughts of it, "I am afraid I tried you a great deal, begging for more than you could give me. But believe me, I am very grateful. Even if I had not found you again, I was grateful, dear. Do you know what my thought of you was when it seemed all over between us?"

She knew too well. Hastily she said, "Ah, no, Con; pray don't tell me that. Let us forget that. Talk about the old times; I like to hear you."

"It is about the old times," he reassured her. "I thought—this is what I thought: that it is a great thing, a wonderful and holy thing, for a man to have once known the pure heart of a woman. It is like religion. A man must believe in God ever after. For I knew you were tempted as well as me: that was why you would not let me kiss you, wasn't it? And one day," he whispered, "I peeped, Barbara, and saw you with your Bible. Dear girl!—Yet it can't be wrong to feel like that; God made us so!"

On a sudden in her turn she began to weep passionately.

Refusing solace, she put up the slender hands to her face, and turned her head away. She even shrank under his touch, laid upon her arm to restrain the grief. The movement seemed to accuse him.

"Surely, surely, Barbara," he said, "you need not take it so to heart. Don't! It is terrible to hear you sob like that. . . . Oh, but this is from a foolish notion. If we had given way. . . ."

"Oh, pray leave me!" she cried out. "Leave me, I beg you, Con."

He stood in great astonishment. What should he say? How tranquillise such cruel causeless grief?

"I cannot let you blame yourself," he said. "Listen! . . . If all that was wrong—ah, listen to me, Barbara!—if it seems wrong, the blame was never yours, but mine. You, why you were always sensible, too full of your music, and of planning; I was desperate many a time because you were. I thought of nothing but my love day and night; I would have died for your love. . . . Think how I tempted you, how mad with jealousy I was—because you did not love as I did."

Then he stood up from caressing her in vain, and, at his wit's end, spoke almost impatiently.

"Ah, you say it is past! Why think of it? If you can't forgive yourself, what hope is there for me? You should hate me: I shall hate myself bitterly! . . . But see how bitter it is, dear; I never, never meant to bring such misery on you! I longed instead—I longed—"

What more he would have said was hindered by emotion. He did not see poor Barbara, whose sobs had tragically ceased, uncover staring eyes upon him.

"Con," she said, "you will drive me mad."

Then he did see. She had raised herself, and her cheeks were hot with strong excitement.

"You don't know what you are saying," she told him quickly. "It is quite a wrong idea of me; I'm not good like that, and you have nothing to do with my trouble. Please go; please!"

She fell back, under the reproach of his eyes, just adding: "You make me excited, dear, and I don't think it is good for me. Go now. . . . Ah!" she pleaded feebly, in another spasm of pain, "to please me, Con! You always did as I wished before. Oh, I'm ashamed!"

Dismayed, confused, and by a pitiful gesture at the last abashed profoundly, he had to obey.

Barbara lay without thought enduring mere physical suffering, sharp and long continued; until her heart beat casefully again, and the flush at length abated in her cheeks.

The spasm had been so severe that it was then as if the scene just enacted were remote; and aware of a brightness in the room, her eyes came open. She found herself alone, and gratefully drew breath in summer air—conscious of the scent of mignonette wafted in from a window-box.

Moreover, some time afterwards, when she had recalled everything, her face preserved its sad serenity.

(To be continued.)

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20,000 YARDS NOTTINGHAM LACE Given Away Free; 5 yards with each assorted 1s. parcel.—TAYLOR, Lace Merchant, Ilkeston.

## The Labour-saving Washboard.

Mrs. Simple—"There was a man here a few minutes ago with a patent labour-saving washboard. I don't believe in these new-fangled things—but he was such a nice talker, I let him leave one."

Anty Drudge—"Fudge! That's just like some foolish women. Change one form of labour for another—and call it labour-saving. Labour-saving washboard! Nonsense! Get a bar of Fels-Naptha soap!"

What's the difference between Fels-Naptha and other laundry soaps? Other soaps work only when you do. Fels-Naptha soap works while you rest, but without harm to the most delicate fabric.

The Fels-Naptha way of washing is as simple as it is easy. You wet the pieces to be washed, and call it labour-saving. During this half-hour Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt and dissolves the grease. Saves you all the hard rubbing on the washboard. The dirt comes out by light rubbing and rinsings. No scalding nor boiling and no swollen knuckles or aching back from laborious washboard work.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

## Fels = Naptha

will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

### THE WOMAN WORKER.

NOVEMBER 18, 1908.

## The Last Word.

It is wintry weather. The air is chill and cold. Biting winds strip the sere and yellow leaves from the branches of the trees. The fields are bare and waste—ready for the plough.

In the town, those of us who can afford it are donning winter garments—thick overcoats, or warm, fur-lined wraps.

Winter is welcomed by thousands of children, well-fed and warmly clad, who rejoice in the thought of frost, and hail, and snow. The season speaks to them of ruddy fires and red-cheeked apples of a Christmas coming with gifts and festivities.

But, alas! there are others. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, who regard the approach of the bitter winter with fear and dread. Winter speaks to them of a bread-winner without work or wages, of a cheerless hearth, and an empty cupboard.

There was a woful gathering on Glasgow Green last Sunday of workless men and women.

Their faces have haunted me ever since. I spoke to a young fireman who had been out of work for 15 weeks. His clothes were thin and thread-bare. His

lips blue with cold. His broken words telling of the long fruitless search for work, of a starving wife and child at home, would have moved a heart of stone. Time and again, he said, they had gone to bed hungry, having hardly tasted food all day.

Yet theirs is but one case among thousands.

What is to be done? A sense of helplessness in the face of this great human tragedy takes possession of me.

The problem is so vast, the personal means of grappling with it so inadequate and small.

Probably not less than five million people, men, women, and children, are now plunged into poverty directly as a result of unemployment. The whole question is hedged about with difficulties. Of all problems it is the most profound, since it goes to the heart and root of our economic system.

But if the task is not light or easy the line of advance seems plain enough.

Work and wages must be found for all willing workers.

The nation must accept a full responsibility toward unemployed men and women. Parliament must be forced to remedy a grave wrong. I see no other possible solution.

Sweating must be rigorously stamped out by the enforcement of a legal minimum wage. As the purchasing power of the worst paid workers is increased, so will the demand for commodities be stimulated. Hours of labour must be legally regulated so as to prevent long hours of overtime being undertaken by some, whilst others stand idle in the market place.

Child labour should be abolished and the school age raised to, at least, 16.

Provision should be made for the young mother so that she may not be dragged into the factory, to the injury of her child, and the detriment of other workers.

Municipal workshops should be opened in which women's work can be done under healthy conditions.

Then, are there not trees to be planted, foreshores to be reclaimed, land to be cultivated, roads to be made, food-stuffs to be grown?

A tremendous task; yes, but the other paths lead nowhere, or away from our goal.

No work for unemployed bootmakers? Not while so many children trudge the streets in these bitter days without shoes or stockings?

No work for unemployed tailors? Not whilst so large a proportion of the population are ill-clad.

What is needed is the awakening of the nation to its peril, so that Parliament may be galvanised into action.

We want a concentration of forces on this pressing and urgent problem. I am glad that the use of the Guildhall, despite bitter opposition, has been conceded to the Right to Work

Council for a National Conference early next month.

I trust that the Conference will evolve a constructive policy which will weld together on this question the movements that oppose unjust privilege, that are determined to secure for all the right to live.

Mrs. Annot Robinson, Mrs. Webb, and others have done excellent work in calling public attention to

the plight of the workless women in Manchester. They are to be especially congratulated upon the success of the meeting held in the Memorial Hall last week, at which certain definite proposals were formulated.

A representative committee was appointed to take charge of the agitation and to urge the Distress Committee to appeal to the Local Government Board for a special grant to provide relief work for women.

The immediate establishment of a "mendery" was also assured.

This last achievement was mainly due to the moving utterance of an elderly woman, who told, with the

restraint and dignity typical of her frugal industrious class, the pathetic story of her attempt to keep her home from disruption.

It could not have been done, she said, shaking her brave old head, but that a good gentleman had helped her. The good gentleman was, it appeared, the local baker—doubtless a poor man himself—who would not let an old customer perish in adversity.

In a few minutes after the conclusion of the old woman's tale nearly £30 had been promised towards the purchase of a horse and van for the "mendery," and the suggestion of one of the unemployed men that the old woman's husband should be given the post of driver excited general enthusiasm.

The feeling provoked by the death sentence recently passed on Daisy Lord was as deep, as spontaneous,

and as widespread as any public evocation of recent times. It has not served, however, to give liberty to Daisy Lord, and now the same purposeless exquisite torture that she underwent is being inflicted on another girl not less unhappy and alone.

Ethel Harding, a parlour-maid, is the new condemned. A week ago she was sentenced to death for infanticide by Mr. Justice

Bigham, acting on the verdict of an Old Bailey jury.

### TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING THE CIRCULATION.

Every week articles appear in "The Woman Worker" which have a peculiar interest for particular districts and towns. Will readers in those districts see to it that specially marked copies are sent to local newspapers? As a result of the article being quoted, new acquaintances will be made.

Neither Judge nor jury are, I think, to be blamed. What they considered to be their duty sat heavily on both. The jury caught

eagerly at the suggestion of counsel that the wretched mother acted in a moment of insanity, and but for the intervention of the Judge would certainly have returned a verdict to that effect. The Judge, for his part, said that he would add his own recommendation of mercy to that of the jury, and he was sure that it would have effect. He told the trembling prisoner "not to be too anxious."

Both Judge and jury are "Methods of Barbarism." form which we inherit from an age blinder and crueller than our own. I do not think

there can be a thousand persons in the country who would not modify it if they could; who would not gladly relieve decent men from the compulsion of torturing such a figure of dolour as Ethel Harding with meaningless shows and threatenings of death.

Unfortunately, of this excepted thousand many are among those who make laws for the rest of us.

They are Peers.

The House of Lords lives up to its ancient tradition. Of old time it sought for the infliction of the death

penalty for theft and for many a trivial crime.

To-day, when democratic instincts of mercy have made it impossible to inflict death on a much-wronged and suffering woman such as Ethel Harding, the House of Lords will still do battle for the ghoulish ritual. She must still be affrighted by the black cap; still shudder and sicken at the dreadful words of the death sentence.

And so a new clause which the Lord Chancellor proposed to add to the Children's Bill, making it optional for a judge to dis-

pense with the death sentence in cases of infanticide and inflict such penalty as he thought was adequate, was rejected by 42 votes to 36.

As the clause was moved in the Lords after the Bill had left the House of Commons, it cannot now be inserted. The Peers urged the impropriety of including it in the Children Bill. It is to be hoped that the Government will quickly pass a new one-clause measure through all its stages in the Commons and send it to the so-called noble House. The Peers will not dare repeat their action of Thursday last.

At the recent shareholders' meeting of the Aerated Bread Company, Limited, the waitresses came in for a good deal of criticism.

General complaints were made about the dowdiness of their attire and their inattention to customers. One lady complained that she "was served with a cup of coffee with a look of contempt."

It would be interesting to know in what manner she asked for it.

It is true that the dividend declared at the meeting was only a beggarly 27½

per cent., and this doubtless may have accounted for the irritation of the suffering shareholders.

A writer in the "Daily News" points to the other side of the shield.

The waitresses, it appears, work ten hours a day for a wage of 10s. per week, from which 1s. 6d. is compulsorily deducted for their mid-day meal. No tips are allowed, but a gratuity box exists; the contents of which are divided once a month, and generally provide another 1s. 6d. all round, or 4½d. a week.

No meal is found, except tea. The waitresses themselves have to provide respectable black dresses, but the company generously supplies them with the necessary aprons.

The majority of the girls are bread-winners, and many of them have relatives dependent upon them. However, after long and continued service there is prospect of improvement, as wages are supposed to be raised at the rate of 6d. each year. This, however, is not recorded automatically, but only after one or more reminders from the waitress.

It is indeed surprising that under such conditions the girls are not invariably fresh, smart, alert, and obliging. Were the shareholders in their places—ah! then!

Many readers have drawn my attention to an article I am supposed to have written in the "Manchester Dispatch," in the course of which it

is stated that Mr. Sidney Webb is quite wrong in saying that instances of direct competition between men and women in industry are comparatively rare, and that this is obvious to anyone who studies the subject in a most cursory way.

Needless to say, I did not make so disrespectful a reference to so distinguished an economist. In an interview with a "Dispatch" reporter I quoted Mr. Webb's statement and said that instances of direct competition had considerably increased since the publication of "Industrial Democracy."

A number of inquiries make it necessary for me to say that the note which appeared in these columns

in a recent issue commenting upon Mr. Blatchford's "Appeal to England" were not written by me, but by the acting editor in an emergency during my absence in the provinces.

My own personal view is, alas! more pessimistic.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

### DAY OF PUBLICATION.

Every week "THE WOMAN WORKER" is now published so as to reach all newsagents on

### WEDNESDAY.

Readers who find that they have to wait until later in the week for it should show this notice.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The publication of letters in this column is not to be understood as implying that the Editor is in sympathy with what may be said by the writers.

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

\* \* Personal and sharply controversial letters can rarely be inserted. They lead to long replies and rejoinders, for which we cannot spare the space.

MISS MAUD HAYLES AND MISS A. PRESSDER.—I am asking the Secretary of the Adult Suffrage Society to send you the pamphlets you require.

N. LEVY (Edinburgh).—Such notices can only be inserted as advertisements.

(Mrs.) EMILY B.—Glad to receive your very interesting letter, which I have sent on to the Secretary of the Pioneers. It was their first attempt. Why do you not write and tell all your difficulties to Julia Dawson? I am sure she would be able to help you.

ANNIE (Manchester).—The Editor will gladly sign your autograph book if you bring it to the meeting you mention.

CLARION 195.—Thanks very much. I have sent Master Leonard's interpretation to Nunquam, who will doubtless enjoy it.

A SUFFRAGIST.—Thanks for your very interesting sketch, but space forbids.

## "A Bard at the Braes."

Dear Madam.—In justice to the memory of one of the finest and truest men who ever walked this earth, I would like to correct a couple of errors in Margaret McMillan's article under the above heading. John Murdoch never edited the "Highland News." He started and edited the "Highlander" in, I think, 1873, and he was known and loved as the "Highlander" throughout the Highlands and islands of Scotland. The "Highland News" was a more modern production, and not to be compared with John Murdoch's paper. Murdoch sowed the seed, and others reaped the profit. Then Miss McMillan confounds John McDonald, a grocer, now living in Castle Street, Inverness, with Alexander McKenzie. McKenzie was known as the "Clach," not McDonald. The "Clach" is now dead, and it is not good to speak ill of the dead, but he was never a friend of John Murdoch's. I could a tale unfold, but it would do no good now; but it is hurtful to anyone who knew John Murdoch to read or even to think of the "Clach" spending a friendly evening with him. John McDonald was a true friend of Murdoch's, and so was that grand old man, Colin Chisholm, and there were hundreds of others who simply worshipped him. He was a truly great man, who gave the whole of his life to uplift others. I feel thankful to Miss McMillan for keeping his memory sweet, and I am sure she will be glad to have these two errors corrected.—Yours faithfully, IRO.

Workington, November 8, 1908.

## Diet and Good Looks.

Dear Madam.—In reply to "A Clerk," if she will write fully to me of her habits, I shall be only too pleased to reply in the same way about mine.

I can recommend my diet, but do not see that three days' statement of it is going to benefit anyone.

Giving happiness to others is a wonderful tonic and beautifier. Every selfish thought brings a line of care in the face, and every self-denying one gives light to the eyes.

I cannot have space to say more, but I would gladly write to any fellow-worker who would like further details.—I am, yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) R. R. LEWIS  
(The Unknown Heroine.)  
Crasswall Council School, Hereford.

## Mr. Blatchford's Appeal.

Madam.—Some years ago, when we had just such a black winter as the one apparently before us, I knew several families in dire distress because the bread-winner could not win bread

and had to march with the Army. Sometimes the Army was in South Africa, sometimes it was in the London streets.

"But I can do nothing to help," I thought, and said, "How can a woman who has so much to do and so little to do it on, do anything to help?" Then a woman who came in "to oblige" whenever I could afford to let her, came and told me "how good Jim was." Jim was her husband and a "navvy." It seemed his thoughts of six children and another whose face he was yet to see drove him to march farther and longer than did any of his mates. He sucked his empty pipe, and tightened his belt, and could keep a piece of bread in his pocket for hours—aye, and watch the youngsters eat it when he took it home, with never a blink of his hungry, wistful eyes. "Oh!" I said, "cannot I do anything?"

The charity I could offer conscientiously—a woman holds housekeeping money as a trust—was despicable. I felt ashamed of offering it. Besides, what is such a mite in such an empty space as this poverty made about me? And yet I did the seeming marvellous, and am tempted to write of it as a suggestion to lots of other women who are as cramped as to their movements and opportunities as I was. I established a soup-kitchen and distributed six quarts of soup twice a week. That, out of nothing!

First, I asked myself what I had worth having and which I could give? Alas! nothing but sympathy.

But my sympathy loosened my tongue, and I spoke to neighbours and tradespeople with a definite result, for the butcher gave me "pieces" of cheap meat, the poulterer gave me giblets, the baker (I dealt with the Co-operative Stores) brought me stale, burnt, and damaged loaves, the greengrocer gave me stale vegetables which were not so very stale after all, and with this nucleus I made some soup. Nobody would give me peas, but a grocer sold them me at wholesale price.

Jim's wife, of course, came in for a good portion of that soup, and—she offered, I did not ask—she came late at night and cleaned all the vegetables. Even the firing cost me nothing, for a builder gave us a lot of rough wood and a schoolboy chopped it up. The kitchen range had to be lit in any case, and two big fish-kettles stood there half the week while the stock simmered. Nobody complained about the soup or criticised the elastic recipe I used, but there was much praise and joy when our standing dish was nice and lumpy. You should have seen the glee when one of the school children who were my guests on Tuesdays and Fridays came across a solid piece of meat! Sometimes a chicken-bone, or a "trotter," or a neck of a fowl came out of the lucky-dip soup, and when there were no carrots there was cabbage or turnip-tops; when there were no peas there were barley and onions. You never could tell!

Sometimes, when I wanted to worry, I would start imagining the disappointment on a day when everybody forgot to send me a dole for the soup, but such a thing never happened, for without a single exception I found people who could give me the remnants of food were only too glad to see such a big return for their little expenditure. Of course, if you want to raise difficulties, you can do so very easily, but do not put the idea aside with the plea that it lends itself well to imposture. If anybody imposes on you in order to get a basin of soup, then he is in a way earning the soup, and must need it. You never hear of "kleptomaniacs" in this class of life!

But from experience I say that, granted you do not give poor folks the excuse which they can and do work up into a right to cheat you by being suspicious, you will find none of the soup going in the wrong direction. Poor folk are at least clever in one way: they can meet you in the spirit you show them.

One day a workman came in at my back gate. A girl was at the kitchen door waiting till I filled her jug with soup. The man was quite a stranger to me.

"Missus," he said, "I hear'n you're givin' away soup—can't spare a drop?"

I pointed to the girl.

"There's eight of them at home," I said, "and I have not much soup."

He stood a minute.

"Well, I'll tell ye," he said, "I've tramped here from Liverpool, and so's the missus, and I can't get work at no rate. Happen you've a drop for her."

"Course!" said I, and out he marched with his tea-can full of soup. He came two or three times after that, and then stopped away, and it crossed my mind that as I knew nothing whatever of the man he had, perhaps, imposed on me. And then one day I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, for my man turned up again.

"Missus," he said, "I haven't come for your soup; there's them as wants it worse. The old woman's got a job at washing once a week, and I'm makin' a bit out of sellin' these oranges. Not so much, maybe. I've brought you three oranges for the little 'uns—here you are—catch!" Three little voices chirruped, and I said, "Thank you! They like oranges!" ROSE NOBLE.

"Glenahery," Lansdowne Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea.

## Bread Committees.

Dear Miss Macarthur.—In no part of the country can the need be keener than here in Stockton, where it is hardly exaggerating to say the town has been without work since last December. The miserable halfpenny rate, which is all that the Education Committee is allowed to raise to feed the children, is almost exhausted, although it is being doled out as sparsely as possible in tea and bread and butter breakfasts to children whose parents are entirely destitute. But though I am sure the suggested Bread Committees will be useful in parts of the country, I am by no means sure that they are just what is required here, and there may be other places similarly situated.

The "stone-yard" is now open, where men can earn just about enough to supply bread for their families (though it is true that many who have been nearly starving for months faint at the unaccustomed toil). The payment being chiefly made "in kind," it is just bread that is so far ensured. But the monotony is terrible, particularly for children.

For months I have tried to give at least bread to everyone who asks for help, and our door-bell seems to ring all day long. Where possible, I try to find out something of my visitors, not in an inquisitorial spirit, but so as to show more sympathy, and I find other needs are as imperative as that of bread. Milk for nursing mothers, babies, and tinics, seems to me as important; coal for fireless grates hardly comes second; and what is one to do for the beds when all the blankets have been pawned!

I think perhaps if all who would be willing to serve on a committee would give personal help to everyone whom they can reach, it would be more sisterly than just giving orders on a bread-shop; it would be less tainted with the odium of so-called "charity," less official, more friendly and chummy.

One thing I know the bairns would appreciate more than the everlasting bread would not be a heavy expense. Whenever I make a pudding nowadays, I put about twice as much flour as I used to do, and of course a little more of other ingredients, though I find it unnecessary to double eggs and such things. Our pudding may not be quite as good as it used to be, but it is much more satisfactory to know that Tommy or Annie has a pancake, a dumpling, or some currant pudding, instead of a piece of dry bread. It is no more trouble, and one does not notice the cost. Similarly, it is easy to make a little more soup than is needed in the house, and by adding more vegetables a stew goes a great deal farther than it used to do, without costing much more.

If only one can get hold of some blankets—thin and worn ones will do—to quilt together with some paper between, they would be a great comfort. Of course they will hardly wash well in this form, but they would be warm and would last some time: the paper could be renewed.

There is so much needed: there are so many needing: the whole state of things is so terrible that I think we are paralysed, and do not know where to begin. If that is so, I hope I am not discouraging anyone from beginning with Nunquam's bread committees. At any rate, the right principle is there—help for those who need help, and chance what their past has been. All of us of the Woman Worker Fellowship will agree on that.—I am, yours gratefully,

H. JENNIE BAKER.

24, Victoria Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees.

## The Employment Bureau.

Conducted by Pandora.

## DRESS FOR THE WOMAN WORKER.

In my journeyings through London and the suburbs I am constantly struck by the unsuitability of the dress worn by women workers. With the exception of the nurses, who have so admirably solved the dress problem, there is no class of women workers whose dress is adapted to their occupations.

## Utility is of Primary Importance.

Yesterday, as I travelled up to town by an early train from my southern suburb, I studied the dress of my fellow-travellers—all, obviously, workers—and only one satisfied the canon of utility. She was attired in a neat brown serge coat and skirt, a plain dark blouse, with a light ribbon at her neck, a small, prettily-trimmed brown hat, and good strong brown boots. Her companions showed a marked contrast to this mode of dressing. I noticed long, trailing, thin skirts, cut-away coats open right down the front and showing flimsy blouses, most of them originally white, perhaps, but now (Friday) scarcely recognisable as such; chains and bangles, immense hats with immense wings. The *tout ensemble* was unsuitable in every way. One thought of those long skirts absorbing the dirt of the London streets and the office floors; the hats which necessitated undue attention to the hair in the direction of curling and pinning, etc., the openwork blouses which meant colds and chills. Had the result been beautiful, there might possibly have been something to say for the costume. But this was certainly not the case.

## The Worker Need Not Be Dowdy.

I do not in the least believe that a woman should cease to take an interest in her dress because she is a worker. Indeed, it is surely a great reflection on our capacity and our womanliness if we workers cannot manage to make ourselves look nice and attractive. But we cannot possibly look like non-workers; we must not ape the fashions of the rich women of leisure. *Suitability* is the first law of dress, and what may be suitable for the lady who spends her moneys shopping in the West End is not suitable for the woman who goes out at eight or nine o'clock to spend her day in the office or the schoolroom. But that does not mean that the worker is not to wear pretty clothes: she may and she should. To-day things are very cheap, and she can buy pretty, artistic colours as cheaply as ugly ones. She must not attempt to wear light blouses unless she is prepared to wash them constantly, nor flimsy ones—a mixture of silk and lace—unless she can afford to keep a supply. Thin, high-heeled shoes look ridiculous at this time of the year when muddy roads have to be crossed, and white (!) petticoats should be eschewed above all else.

## Avoid Dame Fashion's Dictates.

We women workers must not expect to dress in the "height of fashion": it cannot be done honestly. Either we spend too much of our earnings on our back, and so neglect other important things,

or we buy "cheap and nasty" clothes, and so help to perpetuate the evils of sweating. We must have a few good dresses, prettily made, properly sewn, at a decent price—if we cannot make our own clothes. The nurse's costume might well be our model, and it suits almost everybody. A young friend of mine has lately brought out a "worker's dress" which is both cheap and artistic. It is made in two or three different styles of plain, good material (of the home-spun type), in various colours; she put a little embroidery on to the bodice, and the result is delightful. Such a dress would last a couple of years, and would outlive half a dozen dresses of the ordinary flimsy variety. I feel sure the status of the woman worker would be greatly raised if she would adopt my suggestions, and at the same time she would save money on her dress account. Next week I am going to publish a woman worker's dress budget, and I shall be happy to hear from my readers on this interesting subject of their dress.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIDWIFERY (Mrs. D.).—I think you are likely to get work as a midwife at your age, especially if you go to a good training hospital. In London the best places would probably be the Queen Charlotte Hospital, Marylebone, Royal Lying-in Hospital, York Street, Lambeth, or the Lying-in Hospital, Endell Street, W.C. The ordinary course is three months: fees vary from about £15 to £50. For further advice write to the Midwives' Institute, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, or the Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives, Dacre House, New Tothill Street, London, S.W.

## A CHEERFUL WIFE.

A CHEERFUL TEMPER—not occasionally, but habitually cheerful—is a quality which no wise man would be willing to dispense with in choosing a wife. It is like a good fire in winter, diffusive and genial in its influence, and always approached with a confidence that it will comfort and do good. Attention to health is one great means of maintaining this excellence unimpaired, and attention to household affairs is another. The state of body which women call bilious is most inimical to habitual cheerfulness; and that which girls call having nothing to do, but which I should call idleness, is equally so. I have always strongly recommended exercise as the first rule for preserving health; but there is an exercise in domestic usefulness which, without superseding that in the open air, is highly beneficial to the health of both mind and body, inasmuch as it adds to other benefits the happiest of all sensations, that of having rendered some assistance or done some good. Let me entreat my young readers, if they feel a tendency to causeless melancholy, if they are afflicted with cold feet and headache, but above all, with impatience and irritability, so that they can scarcely make a pleasant reply when spoken to—let me entreat them to make a trial of the system I am recommending—not simply to run into the kitchen and trifle with the servants, but to set about doing something that will add to the general comfort of the family, and that will, at the same time, relieve some member of the family of a portion of daily toil. I fear it is a very unromantic conclusion to come to, but my firm conviction is that half the miseries of young women, and half their ill-temper, might be avoided by habits of domestic activity.—Mrs. ELLIS.

## TOASTS.

We give all the laurels to Wisdom—  
Off offspring of Pale Melancholy;  
Come, lift up your glasses for once,  
friends,  
In a deep draught to sweet maiden  
Folly.  
The petals of passion-red roses  
Soft rest on her bright-scented tresses:  
What churl would deny her one toast,  
then,  
From the wine of last century's presses?

Let him who refuses to pledge her  
Be manly and tell us his reason;  
Unless she has never beguiled him  
We hold the denial a treason.  
But if he can prove in clear accents  
His heart unto her ne'er was given,  
We absolve him from joining our  
banquet—  
For he is not of earth, but of heaven.

We shout loud the name of the hero  
Who comes home with brave banners  
flying:

To-night let us sign o'er the goblet  
The name of the conquered one dying:  
Whose standard, downfallen and tattered,  
Is drenched with the blood of un-  
numbered;

For them not the wreath, but the failure,  
And the sense of despair ere they  
slumbered.

We sing of the beauty of maidens  
Who lived in the days of romances,  
Who flaunted brocades, purest pearl-ropes,  
And rose-odours in stately dances:  
But the maid who goes by in grey morning  
For the flowers she must sell in the  
street-ways

Were as fair as the dames we have  
chanted  
Had she walked but along all the sweet-  
ways.

And the woman who sings in the parlour,  
With the glow of the fire on her  
features,  
As she rocks to its rest her dear infant,  
Is worth more than a hundred dead  
creatures:

For the gleam lingers yet of her love-  
light,  
But the dust long has lain on their  
brightness,

And the knight that on bent knee aspired  
To each fair hand is blind to its white-  
ness.  
ETHEL CARNIE.

## PIOUS COMPLACENCY.

RELIGION she looked upon in the light of a ticket, which, being more purchased and snugly laid away in a pocket-book, is to be produced at the celestial gate, and thus secure admission to heaven. . . .

Like many other apparently negative characters, she had a pertinacious intensity of an extremely narrow and aimless self-will. Her plans of life, small as they were, had a thousand crimps and plaits, to every one of which she adhered with invincible pertinacity. The poor lady little imagined, when she sat with such punctilious satisfaction, while her pastor demonstrated that selfishness is the essence of all moral evil, that the sentiment had the slightest application to her, nor dreamed that the little quiet muddery current of self-will, which ran without noise or inconceivable under the whole structure of her being, might be found, in a future day, to have undermined all her hopes of heaven.—Mrs. STOWE.



## OUR PRIZE PAGE.

## Ideal Schools For Children.

MANY of us do not believe in schools of any kind. Perhaps because the perfect school is difficult or impossible to find. But some of us think improvements might be made and our ideal (or something like it) realised. Taking the attitude, then, that schools are necessary for the children, it surely is our duty to find the perfect one. What is your idea of an ideal school life? How would you, if you were a free agent, educate your boys and girls, and at what age would you send them to their studies? We pray for no dry-as-dust academy, but for a happy, healthy, natural school life or education scheme that will appeal to the youngsters almost as strongly as lollipop sucking and mud pie making.

Exercise your brains, you parents, and tell us your views on the subject. Send those views by Tuesday morning to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C. The prize will be as usual—one guinea.

## THE RHYMING ALPHABET.

This competition, we frankly admit, has not at all come up to our expectations. We expected better things of you. What has happened, if you please? You can write, both verse and prose—that we know. Then why not a clever rhyming alphabet? Go to! you disappointing comrades.

## THE PRIZE ALPHABET.

A stands for Arguments, sound as a bell;  
B stands for Blatchford, who yields them so well.  
C for the Cause that we all try to gain,  
D for our Dorothy's dainty domain.  
E is for Editor, brave and sincere;  
F for the Friendless whose cause she holds dear.  
G for the Girls who are trying to rise,  
H for Home Notes with the five shilling prize.  
I stands for Interest—the paper's replete—  
J is for Julia—'isn't she sweet?  
K is for Keighley—his writings are strong.  
L for the Leagues that help Labour along.  
M stands for Margaret—both we revere;  
N for Neil Lyons: he has no compeer.  
O the Oppression we all try to fight!  
P our dear Peg, in whom children delight;  
Q is the Quality, highly maintained—  
R is the Reader, so well entertained.  
S stands for Sympathy, ready for all;  
T for the Terrible Truths that appal.  
U the Utopian projects we scheme,  
V for the Verses that help us to dream.  
W for Worker, with Woman as head:  
This leaves the Doctor, our good X. Y. Z.  
Tom.

A is for Aim, high, noble, and true;  
B for the Beauty it brings to our view.  
C is for Critics, who all must give praise,  
D for "Delightful," the cry which they raise,  
E Ethel Carnie, whose poems we love,  
F for the Founders, true patriots they'll prove.  
G is for Girlhood it seeks to enlighten;  
H is for homes it is helping to brighten.  
I Inspiration pervading the whole,  
J is for Justice, the name of its goal.  
K for the Knights on the Staff (you approve?)  
L for the Ladies, and also for Love.  
M the "Magician," the chief of them all;  
(with him to a leader none need fear a fall).  
N for New Readers we all can secure,

O for Oppression we need not endure.  
P for the Paper, the light of our eyes;  
Q for Queen Mary, its Edithress wise;  
R for Resolves to each help with our might;  
S for Success which must crown the right;  
T for the Thanks which are due from mankind,  
U for the Union of true heart and mind.  
V is for Vision of bright days to come, our paper is bringing to every home;  
W WOMAN WORKER, the theme of our song;  
X for its (E)Xcellence, no taint of wrong;  
Y Yellow Guinea! (I hope you will send it!)  
Z for the Zeal with which I will spend it!  
ETHEL RICHARDSON.

A is the Angel that dwells in the skies,  
B is the Babies that sickens and dies.  
C is the Cross that poverty bears,  
D is the Doles that philanthropy spares.  
E is the Enemy, powerful and strong;  
F is the Fight we must wage against wrong.  
G is the Good we are able to do,  
H is the Heart that is tender and true.  
I is the Incomes that Labour provides;  
J is the Justice we get on all sides.  
K is the Kingdom; alas! 'tis not ours;  
L is the Landlord its produce devours  
M is the Monopoly; ours is the dole,  
N is the Need for public control.  
O is the Orphans, the aged, and the frail;  
P is the Parish, the poorhouse or gaol.  
Q is the Query, What can we all do?  
R is the Reply, Organise, me and you!  
S is the Season: the time is to-day,  
T is the Task that brooks no delay.  
U is the Unit, we must all unite.  
V is the Vantage of right against might.  
W is the Workers, the women and men;  
X is the 'Extras, the paper and pen.  
Y is the Young: 'tis for them we aspire;  
Z is the Zenith, still higher and higher.  
And now I am done, 'tis a pleasant task over,  
And sign myself yours, ever yours,  
ATLAS ROVER.  
Springburn.

A for Appeals for the prison'd and poor;  
B for the Book of the Hour, to be sure.  
C for the Children, whose page is all gold;  
D for the Doctor, who's clever and bold.  
E for Employment! (An excellent column!)  
F for the Franchise! You needn't look solemn.  
G for the Guinea that's given for wit;  
H for the Home Notes, the best ever writ.  
I for the Interest shown in the readers.  
J for the Joy that we have in the leaders.  
K is for Keighley, and Snowden's his name;  
L is for Lyons, of "coffee-stall" fame.  
M is for Mary Macarthur! You've guessed;  
N for the Novel: (poor Barbara West!)  
O is for Organise. Quickly, we beg;  
P is for Portia, Pandora, and Peg.  
Q for a Question: Can you help the sales?  
R for the Readings from essays and tales.  
S for the Size, which we can't help acclaiming;  
T for the Title, a triumph of "naming."  
U for the Union of sweetness and light;  
V for the Verse, which is always just right.  
W means the last Word—WOMAN WORKER;  
X, Y, and Z are the Doctor's "You shirk!"  
(Mrs.) J. E. SLATER.  
Liverpool.

A "Gentlewoman," and the "Queen,"  
Besides "The Lady," we have seen.  
Crusades of fashion they have led,  
Debates on hats were chiefly read.  
Expanding minds were cramped with this,  
For hats are not the heights of bliss.  
Glad rose from many lips the shout,  
"Hurrah! THE WOMAN WORKER'S out!"  
Inspired books are thrown away:  
Just after she has come to stay.  
Kind aid she gives the sweated one,  
Leaves none to fight her fight alone.  
Misgoverned trades are here exposed,  
Now unjust treatment is disclosed.  
Oh, news from everywhere we find;

Prize essays, too, for those inclined.  
Quick! join together, and unite,  
Right in the end will win the fight!  
So spread THE WOMAN WORKER wide,  
'Till all the women are allied.  
Until they stand all hand in hand,  
Voiced, represented, in the land,  
Wake, women, wake, and join us ere  
Xmas-tide is in the air.  
Yield youth and strength to help the cause,  
Zeal, zest, and work will mend our laws.  
Liverpool. M. A. H.

## THE QUAKERESS.

HERS was one of those faces that time seems to touch only to brighten and adorn. The snowy crape cap, made after the strait Quaker pattern; the plain white muslin handkerchief, lying in placid folds across her bosom; the drab shawl and dress, showed at once the community to which she belonged. Her face was round and rosy, with a healthful downy softness, suggestive of a ripe peach. Her hair, partially silvered by age, was parted smoothly back from a high placid forehead, on which time had written no inscription except "Peace on earth, good-will to men;" and beneath shone a large pair of clear, honest, loving, brown eyes; you only needed to look straight into them to feel that you saw to the bottom of a heart as good and true as ever throbbled in woman's bosom. Hers was just the face and form that made "mother" seem the most natural word in the world;—for why? For twenty years or more, by nothing but loving words, and gentle moralities, and motherly loving-kindness, head-aches and heart-aches innumerable has been cured, difficulties, spiritual and temporal, solved, all by one good loving woman—God bless her!—Mrs. Stowe.

## BEAUTY.

BEAUTY depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

## POWER OF SMILES.

WHAT smiles! They were the effluence of fine intellect, of true courage; they lit up her marked lineaments, her thin face, her sunken grey eye, like reflections from the aspect of an angel.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's  
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**COUGHS, COLDS,**  
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Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE.  
Of all Chemists, 1/1, 2/9, 4/6.

## HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

I AM writing this at the roots of the Welsh mountains. It is autumn, and the Fiery Finger has been at work painting the country red. The colour in the trees is wonderful, from tawny copper to brilliant flame. Viewing them from the farm window is like watching a gorgeous transformation scene at the pantomime, only better.

But this morning we had a glorious walk. Every few yards the colour of our carpet changed. Now speckled gold, now ruddy copper. And when we had left the sycamores for the hawthorn, and the pattern got smaller and quieter, mother said we had come to the bedrooms.

And all the while the whispering of the falling leaves.

## A Lovely Leaf-Storm.

They seemed to sigh on leaving their summer homes, as though they did not like to leave the branches bare. But still, I do not think leaves can have much sense of responsibility. They look too gay and frivolous.

On we walked, the leaves rustling under-foot, better than the finest silk dress, till we reached the bracken moor. Every now and then the yawning mouth of a disused mine-shaft tempted us to throw stones down to test the depth. You should have heard the rumble and roar as they touched bottom. Sixteen hundred feet was our deepest.

Then came the wild descent through the wood. How we clutched and clung to the poor old trees. And the good old friend

## Two-Meal-a-Day

life with bread-and-butter as its principal feature amazed us with his agility. I suppose he is old enough to be my grandfather. But the cliffs and crags were no more to him than to Shelley's skylark. He bounded from point to point as though his feet were winged, whilst we young ones cautiously followed with fear in our hearts and lead in our boot-heels. He talked all the time, but we gasped for breath.

We all saw the funny side—afterwards. As we passed one

## Fine Old Homestead

covered with growing creeper, and quaintly latticed and gabled, I longed to live there. It looked so snug and comfortable. All the houses here seem to have settled down, not to have sprung up as their town brethren do.

But though they looked so cosy, these old-fashioned homes, they have many disadvantages, such as stone floors, ugh! and dark passages that would scare modern housewives.

They reminded me of a letter I have just had on

## Ideal-House Building.

We all dream of beautiful homes where the work is reduced to a minimum; where the dishes wash themselves up, and the beds keep clean and ready. And, seriously, I think we women should do something more than dream. We should begin to do. There are, I believe, one or two women architects. But what are they among so many?

A right down sensible woman-architect would open her eyes first on the kitchen, and give it plenty of cupboards. Nor would she place this most important room in the house right at the back to look at the gloom and glum of a backyard and miles away from the door-bell. No, she would have more sense, and save every unnecessary step. There are plenty of improvements that we women could make if we only put our heads together.

So write and tell me your ideas on home building, then we will go more fully into the subject next week.

## Hints and Recipes.

I hope that you will all vote for the recipe which you consider the best. You will find it rather puzzling for all the recipes are so good, but be fair and be courageous.

OMELETTE.—Break 3 eggs, putting the yolks in one basin, and the whites in another. To the beaten yolks add a tablespoonful of milk. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add the yolks, stirring once or twice. Have ready a well-buttered hot frying-pan. Pour in the eggs, which should be in a light froth. Cook over a moderate fire for about 4 minutes. Do not turn the omelette. Take out with a fish slice. If a savoury omelette is wanted, add to the yolks parsley, herbs, grated cheese or chopped meat. If sweet, put some jam on top of the omelette when nearly done, and fold over like a patty.—DOROTHY.

The 5s. prize goes to Mrs. E. Harrop, 21, Brideoak Street, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, for her tomato sauce recipe.

TOMATO SAUCE (HOT).—Chop some onions finely, boil in sufficient water to cover them until tender. Add the same quantity of sliced tomatoes, and boil with the onions for about 5 minutes. Mix a little flour and milk, stir in to thicken, add a lump of butter, pepper and salt, and serve. This is a nice addition to cold meat, or can be put on slices of bread and butter.

Now for the recipes to be voted for.

TO TEST EGGS FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Put 2oz of salt in a pint of water. Drop in egg. If it sinks to bottom, it is good; if it stops midway, shaky; if it floats on top, bad. Hold eggs to light. If clear, they are fresh; cloudy, stale; if spot seen, bad. Or put broad end of egg on tongue: if it feels warm, it is fresh. If eggs unbroke, grocer will take them back.—No. 7.

VEGETABLE PIE.—Ingredients: Cut into thin slices two carrots, two turnips, one large or two small onions, two sticks of celery, and three potatoes, arranging them in layers until dish is full, leaving a layer of potatoes at the top. Pepper and salt to taste, and pour some thin stock over the vegetables. Put into a moderate oven, and bake for 2½ hours. This makes a delicious and tasty dish for vegetarians and others.—No. 8.

AUSTRALIAN PUDDING.—4 tablespoonfuls self-raising flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of suet, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 tablespoonful treacle, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoonful carbonate soda, ½ teaspoonful ground ginger, ¼ pint milk. Mix the treacle with dry ingredients; add milk last. Put in a well greased basin or mould, and boil or steam for 2 hours. This, in my opinion, is best steamed without a cloth, but care must be taken not to lift the lid until ready to dish up. These are nice served with custard or jam.—No. 9.

A PERFECT DRAUGHT PREVENTER.—Many doors, through shrinkage of the wood, are quite two inches from the floor, causing much dust and draught to enter. Fold about three thicknesses of paper just the width of the door, and about two inches deep. Cover with plushette, baize, or serge, as near as possible

to the door in colour. Sew on three small rings, one about ¼ in. from each end and one in the middle. Fasten into door three small screw-hooks with well turned-up ends. Hang on by the rings, and you have a perfect draught preventer, which moves with the door, keeps in its place, yet is easily removed and brushed.—No. 10.

SUPPER DISH.—Take ½ lb of Quaker Oats, one pennyworth of mutton suet. Grate or chop suet very fine. Put into boiling water with the oats, and let simmer gently for 2 hours, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Sugar and salt to taste, and serve with warm milk. If this is made at night, it is very little trouble next morning. I also find it makes a very dainty dish for supper, and is known to be quite as nourishing as cod liver oil. Another Useful Hint on Suet.—If a small piece, about the size of a walnut, is grated on the top of a milk pudding, it improves the flavour wonderfully.—No. 11.

POTTED BEEF.—1 lb lean beef, 3oz butter, little salt and pepper, 1 clove, half blade mace, 10 peppercorns. Method.—Into a pan half full of boiling water put a jar with the meat in. Cut the meat into very small pieces, add the seasoning, cover closely. Let boil for three hours. Take the meat out of the jar, and pound well, then add 1oz of butter, salt, and pepper, and the gravy from the meat. Mix until quite smooth. Fill some small jars with the mixture. Warm 2oz of butter, and spread a jortion over each jar.—No. 12.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. WINTER.—Thanks for letter and suggestion.

ROSE CAREY.—Thank you for your most interesting letter. Why do you not talk to his Lordship?

EDITH CLARE.—Well done! I hope your convert has found work by this time.

Mrs. J. PRICE.—The cake was very light and good. Do you warm the milk and melt the soda in it? And how long does the cake take to bake?

Mrs. SEALY.—Will try the baking powder and let you know the result.

A 5s. prize is given every week to the sender of the recipe which obtains the most votes. Recipes and votes should be addressed to DOROTHY WORRALL, Office of THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, and should reach the office not later than Monday morning.

## UNMARRIED WOMEN.

I SPECULATE much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women nowadays; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

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## THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## All About the Fairies.

I HAVE been glancing over your letters, dears, on "How to fill the 'Children's Page.'" "Stories of ancient Gods and Goddesses which hold children entranced," of "the wonderful creatures who dwell in Neptune's realm," of birds and animals, nature study, flower legends you asked for, and nearly all voted for fairies with which little Doris Clapperton wishes me to "fill the whole page."

**Fairy Whisperings.**

To-day, then, I will obey Doris's command and let the fairies fill the whole page with the last message they gave me. The Fays who lurked 'neath the Fern Fronds through the summer and autumn days are now busy with their winter work underground, and for those of us who believe in them their places are taken by the Chimney Corner Elves and the Flame-Fays. But a few weeks ago, under an oak still wearing its summer vesture, I listened to bird, and tree, and streamlet, and was sad because the story they told was not bright and gay as I had wished it to be for you. And as sorrowing I lay back on the green hillside and closed my eyes, I felt on cheek and eyelids soft caresses as of the wings of butterflies. And I heard a rustling and a fluttering—sounds as of baby whisperings and tender croonings, and sweet little tinkles of laughter. The Fairies in the Bracken, of course!

**The Fairies in the Bracken.**

In the woodland, on the moorland, through the golden summer day,  
Couch the fairies in the bracken while the  
blithesome bairnies play.  
But in grove and glade enchanted wild  
revelry we keep,  
When Luna's lamp is lighted and the weary  
earth-babes sleep.

Ah! joyous are the children when the flower-  
crowned Summer smiles,  
And they at will may wander through her  
green-arched forest aisles.  
With a gorgeous roof above them, rose,  
emerald, gold, and blue—  
The radiant sky and vernal boughs with  
sunlight streaming through.  
Then, oh! the games and rambles and the  
gladsome rests between!  
The girlies decked with jewels from the  
treasury of a queen—  
And oh! the ceaseless chattering, oft-times of  
fays and elves!  
Despite their size the bairnies are but tricky  
sprites themselves—  
And we, beneath our bracken-tents, lose not a  
single word,  
And the fern-fronds softly flutter as by baby  
breezes stirred.  
Ah! little rock the prattlers on their questions  
deep intent,  
Of the couching fairies quivering in voiceless  
merriment.

"I've a picture in a book at home, 'The  
Fairy-Haunted Glade.'  
And this place is just like it," murmured once  
a musing maid.  
"If there are such things as fairies, don't you  
think it's rather queer  
That though we come so often we have never  
seen them here?"  
Then—"Oh, dear! how stupid girls are!"—  
'Twas a scornful brother spoke.  
"Why! even if the tales were true one hears  
of fairy-folk,  
And if this wood were full of them, do you  
think they would be found  
At their frolics in the daylight, and when we  
are all around!

If you'll come here quite alone, Miss, on a  
moonlit summer night,  
You might see the fairies dancing—mind—I  
only say you might.  
Of course I know it's nonsense!—Oh, disdain-  
ful was his brow!  
"Why! It is but girls and babies who  
believe in fairies now!"  
Here a bonny blue-eyed toddler, quite the  
prettiest of dears,  
Whose quivering voice attested the proximity  
of tears,  
Said—"Ev'ly-body's telling me that fairy-tales  
aren't true,  
So I fink I don't believe in them—and yet—I  
know I do!"

"Ah! 'Neath the bowing bracken the  
fairies fold their wings,  
While sunlight floods the forest and sweet  
childhood's laughter rings,  
But through the sable branches the night-  
stars peer and peep,  
As we play our pranks fantastic when the  
bairnies are asleep."

"Oh, we wish we might believe them, our  
fairy-tales so dear!  
And we must believe in what we see, if not in  
all we hear!  
What use to us are fairies," say the children,  
fain to weep,  
"If they only hold their revelry when we are  
chained in sleep?"

What use to you are fairies, dears! On many  
a rainy day  
Have they not brought the sunshine that  
drove darksome clouds away,  
As mother, while you clustered round, in coey  
ingle nook,  
Told stories more entrancing than are found  
in any book.

And when on bed of pain you lay and the  
days seemed long and drear,  
Think how it whiled the weary hours the oft-  
told tales to hear,  
From a tender nurse whose memory holds the  
spell to soothe your woe,  
Because she loved the fays so much in child-  
hood long ago,  
And you, dear girl, remembering—Oh, yes!  
we know you do,  
The long-planned picnic in the wood when all  
seemed gay but you,  
When you "didn't care for picnics," and you  
"didn't want to play,"  
And you thought your schoolmates "silly  
things," and wished them far away,  
And the glade with azure bells bestrewn was  
"a stupid sort of place,"

What was it cheered your heart at last and  
lighted up your face,  
When the first had been so heavy, and the  
second, dear, so sad?  
'Twas the Fairies in the bracken who had  
whispered, "Child, be glad!  
Lo! golden floods of gladness the radiant sun  
outpours,  
A fount of joy out-fingeth the lark that  
heavenward soars,  
In flower-decked festal garb arrayed are mead  
and glade aglow,  
With gurglings as of laughter sweet the  
shimmering streamlets flow,  
While Nature's glorious pageantry all sadness  
would beguile,

Surely you, her favoured children, dears,  
should greet her with a smile!"  
And when you quarrelled freely with the  
friend you'd loved so long,  
And you felt you never could forgive and that  
she was in the wrong;

What was it midst your anger turned to  
gentler thoughts your mind?  
The Fairies in the bracken crooning softly,  
"Dear, be kind!  
A smile, a sweet, forgiving word may  
happiness restore,  
'Tis when people are the naughtiest they need  
loving all the more."  
And you, dear boy, whose unbelief to scornful  
words gave birth,

We would tell you girls and babies are the  
sweetest things on earth,  
Ah! ne'er a laughter-loving fay who filmy  
wings unfurls  
Would lack the artless loyalty of the babies  
and the girls.  
Yet—if clipped your fancy's pinions, dears, we  
know not yours the blame,  
Through doubting and deriding we will love  
you all the same.  
But—like the tearful toddlekins with eyes of  
speedwell blue,  
You may "fink" you don't believe in us, but  
you really know you do.

While the feathered minstrels' carolling sweet  
childhood's gladness swells,  
'Neath the bracken couch we silently, a-  
weaving mystic spells.  
But from their sheltering covert the timorous  
wild things creep,  
To shyly share our revels when the bairnies  
are asleep.

And now the spectacled little girl with  
the improbably clean pinafore who is  
suffering from an overdose of "instruc-  
tion" says: "Of course it isn't really  
the fairies who make us feel happier when  
everything has been going wrong, and  
who tells us to forgive people who have  
vexed us." Ah, now! How do you know  
that, dear? *Something* tells us—does it  
not?—very often, when we have been un-  
kind and selfish. *Something* makes us  
feel sorry and wishful to atone. Angel  
voices! Fairy whisperings! Conscience!  
What?

**Fairy Messengers.**

Does not the lark's "crystal stream" of  
song shame you, dears, when you are  
sulking with your playmates because you  
may not have just your own way in the  
game? The lulling murmur of the wind  
in the trees, the placid purling of the  
brooklet, the soft touch of swaying bough  
or fluttering fern-frond, do they not ten-  
derly rebuke the fit of passion so out of  
harmony with the tranquil scenes and  
sounds around you? And even in the  
grimy town—why, my dears, the perky  
little sparrows whose home is in the dingy  
ivy around my bedroom window twitter  
me a message of comfort and joy every  
morning! The fairies are ever with us,  
and gladsome should we be who have eyes  
that see and ears that hear!

**"The Sweetest Thing on Earth."**

And now a bright-eyed boy with—er—  
radiant hair, and freckles—the one, I  
think, who jested at his sister's belief in  
fairies, asks, "Are girls and babies the  
sweetest things on earth?" Well—the  
fairies said so. And I know quite a num-  
ber of people who agree with them. Ask  
your mothers about the babies, my dears,  
and your big brothers about the girls.  
If you inquired the other day, the big  
brothers would say, "Babies! H'm!  
Funny little beggars, but I don't know  
much about them!" And mother would  
say of girls, "Oh, yes, they're sweet  
enough—when they're good! But, bless  
you, I don't love my girls one bit more  
than my boys!" But every big brother  
thinks of one girl, at least, as "the  
sweetest thing on earth." And every  
mether knows her baby is the sweetest  
thing in the universe.

And the fairies and those who believe  
in them love you all, my dears. And if  
you are sometimes naughty, and unfor-  
giving, and passionate, 'tis when people  
are the naughtiest they need loving all  
the more." And grown-up mortals  
should know that even better than the  
fays!

Prg.

## THE SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

As one reads the newspapers day by day, one is struck with growing wonder at the growth of the woman movement in England. Lady barristers, lady doctors, and especially lady writers, are ceaselessly asserting the intellectual activity of women. Ladies are daily demonstrating their civic earnestness in the streets, and ladies are eloquently pleading their claim to the franchise even within the hallowed precincts of the House of Lords. Yet it is only a few years since woman in this country was regarded merely as a household drudge. She was considered unwomanly if she showed any interest in the affairs of the State. The "new woman" was the butt of ridicule and the object of censure. Her name was spoken with bated breath and horror-stricken looks by every "true woman." The newspapers were fond of portraying at that time a dreadful creature in knickerbockers and eyeglasses, who might have passed as the horrid nightmare of an undigested supper.

That type of woman was undoubtedly indigestible, and it is no marvel that the "true woman" was indignant and horrified.

In spite of changed opinions, however, many people still seem to believe that women reformers are of necessity sexless frumps. Mrs. Runciman, wife of the President of the Education Board, referred to this superstition last week in the course of a little speech to the girls of the Notting Hill High School. She said that many of the present-day critics of education thought that a mastery of mathematics or proficiency in Greek would unfit a woman for holding a baby or putting on its clothes; but she sensibly declared that, in whatever direction a girl's life might lie, knowledge would help and never hinder her.

Another favourite superstition of the fossilised thinkers is to the effect that if women were given that vote to which they are in justice entitled, they would become demoralised and unwomanly. Above all, that the country would "go to the dogs." On this point the evidence of a writer in the "Westminster Gazette" on the effect of the female franchise in New Zealand may come to these nervous critics as a welcome surprise.

New Zealanders are advanced enough to have established Adult Suffrage, and for fifteen years past women have been entitled to vote. Their vote has become an accepted fact, exciting little comment. The possession of a vote has not in any way broken up family life. The women have no political leagues of their own, but "join the ranks of the ordinary political armies, and fight under the same banners as their brothers."

The one great subject upon which the women stand firmly together is that of temperance reform. The prohibition policy is due almost entirely to their influence, and their votes have closed the public-houses in districts where the requisite majority has been obtained.

It is often said in England that the women would not bother to vote even were they free to do so. But the New Zealand women have shown this taunt to be untrue. Last year the percentage of women voters was 82 as against 84 of the men.

One would imagine that census to be

satisfactory proof, but if further evidence is required it can be supplied from the nearer example of the Isle of Man, which, in the matter of the franchise, is also an Isle of Woman. The elections there were held last week, and not only did women poll in numbers proportionately larger than men, but their zest in working outrivalled the other sex.

As to the effect of votes on character, Mr. Percy Harris, the writer of the article, declares he found no neglected homes in New Zealand. "The traveller can see nothing in either the streets or the homes of the people to remind him of women's suffrage; the girls are pretty, well dressed, and as womanly as English girls, caring for the same things, showing the same sympathy." That the New Zealand women are more independent and self-reliant is a well-known fact, but that is chiefly due to the greater freedom of life in the Colonies.

It is interesting to recall that the franchise was granted to New Zealand without any great struggle. It was never a Party question, one great champion, Sir John Hall, being a Conservative; while the Minister actually responsible for the Act was a Liberal.

Mr. Harris closes his article by saying that though women's votes have achieved some things, notably temperance reforms, yet they have worked no social upheaval, neither destroyed chivalry, nor settled the sex question. Also that women have shown little desire to enter Parliament. But the granting of the vote has made them politically less irresponsible, given them a greater sense of citizenship, and put them socially on a more even plane with men.

That does not sound so very terrifying, does it?—H. T.

**TOO MANY TEACHERS.**

ACCORDING to statistics, there appear to be far more teachers than can possibly find work. There are at present 2,907 teachers in training for the general certificate, and of these only 1,650 will be available for active service next year, and there will again be a surplus of about 600 teachers. "Where will they find work?" is the cry.

Some have found situations in drapers' shops, while others are trying to secure positions as clerks or at office work of any description. One girl suggests that room might be found for some of them in the London schools if the size of the classes were reduced. Teachers have to take as many as sixty or seventy children, whereas forty-five is quite enough for one girl to handle.

Meantime, the Minister of Education announces that an increase of the number of women inspectors is contemplated. There are now 21 women inspectorships on the staff of the Board, and of these all but three are on the permanent staff.

**WOMAN'S SUCCESS.**

MISS MONA WILSON'S appointment as a member of the Home Office Committee to inquire into factory accidents is regarded as another success for the women's movement.

Miss Wilson, a daughter of Archdeacon Wilson, was in the movement with the late Lady Dilke for the organisation of women workers, and acted as secretary of the Women's Trades Union League for many years.

**A.B.C. WAITRESSES.**

SPAKING recently at a shareholders' meeting of the Aerated Bread Company, Mr. George Edwards said they were living in an age of depression which he attributed to the rapid advance of Socialism. Workers and capitalists alike were called upon to pay more and more in the way of taxes to provide for "the idle and thriftless," but there were far too many cases of enforced idleness.

After some heated discussion regarding the alleged dilatoriness and shabbiness of the waitresses, and whether they should not wear white caps, it was suggested that there existed an undercurrent of disaffection amongst the attendants. It was therefore proposed that a small commission should be given to the attendants on their takings.

It seems impossible to make people understand some things. When a waitress is accused of inattention and incivility, the possibility is that she is dead tired and hardly able to stand. Yet she must still bustle about, still be smiling and polite, and, in face, often, of low wages, still be smartly and cleanly dressed. One need only look at the faces of our waiters and waitresses to read there the story of ill-health and hard struggle.

And Socialism is to blame!

**DUPED WIVES.**

A SELECT COMMITTEE of the House of Commons is inquiring into the subject of imprisonment for debt.

A mechanic who gave evidence said that it was customary for touts to call upon women during their husbands' absence to persuade them to buy goods on the instalment system. Quite unknown to him his wife had run up large accounts with men describing themselves as credit drapers. Being unable to meet the second instalment due upon some sheets, she bought a pair of boots from another dealer trading under a similar system. These she pawned, and with the money so obtained paid off the amount due upon the sheets. When the second instalment on the boots was demanded she purchased from yet a third man some tablecloths, which she pawned the same day. This was continued for two and a-half years without the knowledge of the husband—in fact, he only learned what had been going on when he was served with a summons, and he then discovered that his wife had forged his name. The man who sued him had at least 110 such cases on his list.

**A FRENCH SUFFRAGETTE.**

At last the French Parliament has had its Suffragist, though a very mild and timid one. During a staid and unexciting debate on the Estimates, a small shower of many-coloured papers floated from one of the public galleries on to the heads of sweetly-slumbering Deputies. One or two woke up and examined the leaflets, on which was printed a French version of "Votes for Women," which ran: "Les femmes doivent voter," which reads far less forcibly than the English women's cry. The lady who had showered the papers neither chained herself to the gallery, waved a flag, nor even uttered a shout, but suffered herself immediately to be led out by two ushers.



## WOMEN AND EDUCATION.

They were speaking of the average young men and young women of to-day. That is to say, of the business girl and boy whom one meets in trains and buses as they go to and from the city. And, sad to say, they were none of them too complimentary regarding the young man.

"He looks so inane, so weak-minded," said the energetic young woman who previously that afternoon had expressed a desire to exterminate the race of men from off the earth. "Now, the girls are quite different. One sees so many bright, intelligent faces among them. Why is it? It seems to be an age for the women and not for the men."

"Educational system is to blame," said the philosopher from the corner. "We are much too soft nowadays. There's nothing like the old caning system, when knowledge was beaten into their heads by brute force."

This seemed not to be agreed with. There were four women against the philosopher and his dog, but he stuck bravely to his point. And none disagreed when he remarked that the average young man possessed a great depth of shallowness.

He had been listening, he said, to the comments made by both sexes on the recent Lord Mayor's procession. There had been a historical pageant, in which appeared famous men of past generations connected chiefly with London City, and the usual comment, as some specially-distinguished "dead" personage swept by, was: "Oh! I say, what a funny-looking old bloke! Who's he when he's alive? Golly! Look at 'is whiskers!"

He was deeply struck by the fact that so very few of these lads and lasses knew anything of the history of their town. Nothing of the great men and women who have made English history famous. And he firmly believed that had they been well caned at school they would have been gifted with more intelligence.

The conversation brought to mind an article which recently appeared in the "Literary Digest." Mr. Thomas L. Masson therein suggested a career for women, not as Suffragettes, but as conservators of education. He strongly believes that women could do much for the better education of their children if they would devote their spare time to a study of the question. He argues that if women's clubs would arrange discussions on the subject, women would necessarily acquire knowledge of the progress of the fresh-air movement in this country; of the present chaos that reigns in regard to the physical training of the child; of the commercial methods of preparing text-books; of the disputed points in regard to languages; of the relation of psychology to physiology; of the waning influence of kindergarten methods—in short, of the many questions in dispute among those who are endeavouring to throw some light on the subject.

The writer further expressed the opinion that the fundamental defect in the system of education is that it teaches too much. He would have no child under fourteen taught anything "but the everlasting principles of number and the structure of language." Everything else is a menace to the child.

What says the philosopher to that? Is it owing to the prominence of women that this generation's young men are full of

shallowness? In opposing the candidature of Mis Dove for the Mayorship of High Wycombe, one enterprising Councillor remarked that the Greeks and Romans knew the place for women, and they kept them there. It would almost seem now as though the tables had been turned. The race of woman is rising, and that of man is setting. Shall they be exterminated, oh energetic one?—H. T.

## THE NEW WOMAN IN PERSIA.

In the present movement among the women of Persian Islam, education has but a small part. Though intelligent, Persian women are with few exceptions ignorant. Reading, writing, with little arithmetic, and the recitation of the prayers—these constitute the basis of her instruction. From the moment that the young Persian woman is old enough to join the ranks of the "cachees," she usually finds no other employment than that of assisting her mother in the care of the younger children. Considered as a merely frivolous being, the Persian woman, even when married, was, for a long time, kept aloof from affairs of the day. How is it, then, that she is suddenly found capable of understanding a liberal movement and applauding and seconding it? It is because the desire to mingle in the national life has for several years past taken possession of her. More frequent contact with the West, the return of young men from European Universities, more numerous and better organised schools—all these things have excited her interest and aroused her curiosity. Feeling their own ignorance, many women have asked for their daughters the right to attend the course of the American school, or of that founded by Richard Khan and known as the French school. The majority of the Persian men have acceded to the request of their wives provided their daughters consent to retain the veil.

## OVERTIME PROSECUTIONS.

JACOB FRANKS, of Bridge Road, Southampton, was summoned for employing girls in his workshop contrary to the Acts.

Defendant said, "We had to keep them a little bit extra, working on an order for mourning." The "mourning" order was uniforms for the Southampton Corporation Tramway officials.

It was stated that in 1894 defendant was fined for an offence under the Factory Act, and in 1898 a case under the Employers' and Workmen's Act was withdrawn.

The magistrates imposed a fine of 5s. and costs, or seven days in each case.

## ANTI-SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

Miss W. M. BENTLEY, secretary of the London branch of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, says it is quite clear from their experience that while doubtless thousands of women want a vote, there are also thousands who are quite as strongly opposed. The policy of the League is twofold. They admit readily that women should take a share in municipal work of all kinds, but they intend to oppose, by public meetings, literature, etc., every claim to Parliamentary franchise.

## WOMEN WORKERS DON'T WASTE

food. It is too hardy come by and there are too many to feed. But they do waste money on white bread and white flour that hasn't enough nutriment in it to keep a dog alive. Wheat is a perfect food if we eat the whole of it, but when the germ and the bran have been removed by the modern miller, and the starchy substance left has been perhaps bleached by chemicals or electricity, the life-sustaining character of the food is gone. White flour is not only an ill-balanced, starchy food, but it is the undoubted cause of that modern pest, constipation, which, in its turn, is the cause of the most dreadful diseases that afflict us to-day.

Thousands are finding health and strength in

## "ARTOX"

## PURE WHOLEMEAL

which is made from the finest whole wheat, and is so finely ground by old-fashioned stone mills that it can be digested by the most delicate. It makes the most delicious Bread, Cakes, Biscuits, and Pastry. It is strongly recommended by the "Lancet," and by Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace ("Herald of Health").

## A "CLARION" reader writes:

"We tried it first of all on a bit o' 't'owd sort—a YORKSHIRE PUDDING, you know—and it was SIMPLY SCUMPTIOUS. All are agreed as to the really fine quality of the bread, in fact, barely after a fortnight's trial we have about LOST THE TASTE FOR WHITE BREAD."

And there is nothing like it for keeping the system in order. Constipation is unknown where Artox is in regular use. What this means need not be said. Cures that sound almost miraculous are reported by those who have had the courage to live exclusively upon wholemeal food and fruit. And they do not regard it as starvation diet, but generous and delicious.

## SEND TO-DAY

for our handsome booklet, "Grains of Common Sense,"

post free if you mention WOMAN WORKER. It contains a host of delightful recipes that will make your table a board of health and delight.

INSIST upon having "ARTOX." Eat only "ARTOX" Bread, and have all your puddings, pies, cakes, &c., made of "ARTOX" Wholemeal. You may safely banish white flour, for all you make with it can be made better with "ARTOX."

Sold in 3lb. 7lb. and 14lb. sealed linen bags; or 28lb. will be sent direct, carriage paid, for 4s. 6d.

IMPORTANT.—"ARTOX" is only retailed in our sealed bags, and is not sold loose.

APPLEYARDS, Ltd. (Dep. N),  
Millers ..... ROTHERHAM.



## IN THE POLICE COURTS.

## An Amusing Case.

THE British reporter and the British magistrate, although by no means rich in humour, have a keen appreciation of humour in other people. As a rule, the stipendiary's jokes are somewhat vulgar, and those of the reporter somewhat flat. But let a really comic incident occur in a police-court, and the magistrate is the first to relish it and turn it to account, while the liner never fails to secure it for the sake of his readers, serving it up with all the embellishments and graces of the trade in the shape of "laughters" and "sensations" and "great amusement in courts." And, indeed, the police-court is a continual seed field and harvest ground of humour, where the Justice mows with the dull sickle of his wit, and the reporter gleams with his nimble fingers and garners up in his precious book much toothsome fodder for the asses who can munch such fare—and to whose coarse palate the herb has no bitterness nor the nettle any sting.

Never a week goes by but the pages of the newspapers are illuminated by some of these amusing cases. We may, in these dull times, find a gleam or two of merriment in one of them.

There was an inquest held last week at Shoreditch on a poor deaf mute which seems to have greatly exercised the risible faculties of the intelligent and humane persons who usually frequent such places. It appeared in evidence that the poor deaf woman's husband was also deaf and dumb, and thereupon the Coroner facetiously remarked that:

There was a public-house in Kent called "The Perfect Woman," the signboard consisting of a painting of a woman's head minus the mouth; but if a man was deaf and dumb himself, it would not matter much whether his wife was so or not.

Now, was not that a comical remark? Yes, it was funny, very funny, but some jokes, like some wines, leave an unpleasant taste in the mouth—and this is one of those jokes.

The humours of such a scene as we have just described depend in a great measure on the position from which that scene is viewed. To a careless and uninterested stranger the death of a deaf and dumb man's deaf and dumb wife may look comic. But is there not to the average reader a smack of sadness in the spectacle of a Coroner chaffing a bereaved man—chaffing him with all the vulgarity and none of the wit of an East End "hooligan"?

## "An Ungentlemanly Judge."

MR. SNOWDEN's article under this head has provoked a retort from a lady—Miss Rose Noble—who for a month sat in Judge Bacon's court every day as a reporter, and she declares that though the judge may have deserved rebuke in this particular case, he certainly did not within her experience deal out justice in a heavy-handed way.

Miss Noble says: "I believe I would know his shrewd eyes, good-humoured smile, and the face expressive of a broad, tolerant mind if I were to meet it under a hat instead of that queer wig. For many a poor woman's sake I felt grateful to this particular judge, and if he was 'ungentlemanly' to one woman, she will forgive him. If Mr. Snowden quarrels with the law, or quarrels with the

management of law courts, I could dare an opinion that he would have Judge Bacon himself with his critic on many points. Judge Bacon, in my view, manages difficult material with a cumbersome and unsuitable machine admirably—probably because he is well aware of the machine's deficiencies.

"In all the time I sat there, day in and day out, I found Judge Bacon taking the part of the weaker against the stronger. What is more, women of the class which constantly comes before Judge Bacon do not 'know how to behave in public.' They are indignant, refuse to see that law and right are not synonyms as they ought to be. If the law is not made so as to protect the just from the unjust, then it ought to be altered pretty quick, say the women.

"If I'm right—and I am right—why can't I have my money?" she cries.

"The man is taking advantage of the law, my good woman," says the lawyer, equably.

"Oh, he is, is he?" she'll say; 'wait till I get in the witness-box, and I'll tell you all a thing or two.' She does, too, and when it is a bad case you will see Judge Bacon allowing her as much freedom as he dare, because some Shylock cannot be punished any other way. And then, with a word or two, the judge gets his court into order. He does it to admiration, and one thinks of an expert rider with a horse of uncertain temper.

"A stuffy closeness, mean men arguing mean matters all day long, Yiddish and bad English mixed hopelessly, oppression looking out of heavy, keen eyes for the least flaw in the law—that is the horrible atmosphere of this Whitechapel Court."

## 1,300 per cent. Interest.

At Wolverhampton Eliza Babb, a married woman, was fined 40s. and costs for acting as an unregistered money-lender. It was shown that for some years the defendant had carried on the practice of lending other married women sums of money from 1s. upwards, charging interest at the rate of 3d. to the shilling per week, or 1,300 per cent. per annum. She had quite an extensive circle of clients.

For pluckily holding on to a prisoner who had attacked a constable and was likely to escape, a young woman named Sarah Middleditch was highly commended by the West Ham magistrate.

Mrs. DRUMMOND, relating her recent prison experiences, says that solitary confinement is enough to drive a person mad, and that the stuffiness of her cell caused her to faint.

## PROBLEMS OF POVERTY.

MR. C. T. HAMILTON, tutor of the London School of Sociology, lectured at Oxford last week on the subject of the employment of women and its relation to child-birth. He said the only attempt at a solution of this problem was the clause in the Factory Act which prohibits an employer from knowingly taking on a married woman within four weeks of child-birth. In Switzerland the limit is eight weeks, but he did not believe any good would come of extending the period unless it covered the period during which the child should be naturally fed.

No solution of this problem could be reached unless one had analysed the causes of poverty.

He referred also to the question of the feeding of school children, and spoke of recent investigations by the London County Council. The first point of interest was that of the children selected by the teachers: 7888 were classified as being really necessitous. In the final classification of these children with respect to the nature of the causes which lay at the root of his or her necessity, it was found that in 57 per cent. of the cases the cause was the temporary depression of the father in respect of work. In respect to 19 per cent. of the cases the parent was a casual labourer. The percentage where parental neglect or drink was at the bottom was 44.7. It was also found that 5 per cent. were the children of widows and deserted wives. Of parents in regular work, but earning such low wages as to be inadequate, the percentage was 16.9. The report ended with the conclusion that the school was not the place in which to feed children, nor the teacher the proper person to supervise.

## "And That is What Girls are Made of."

News comes from St. Petersburg that Florence Ebury, head of the Technical Department of the Northern Terrorist Organisation, a beautiful girl of about nineteen, has been sentenced to exile in Siberia. She claimed to be a British subject, and it was a pathetic feature of the trial that she imagined that fact would save her.

It is understood that when she applied to the British authorities for a passport a year and a-half ago, they refused, she being unable to prove her nationality. She does not speak English.

A slowness to applaud betokens a cold temper or an envious spirit.—HANNAH MORE.

## THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN (1909 Model).

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## WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

## RESOLUTIONS FOR LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.

THE League, being now affiliated to the Labour Party, will be able to send a delegate to the Portsmouth Conference. This carries with it the right to have resolutions on the agenda for discussion, and our Executive has drawn up three resolutions on subjects of special importance to women, and upon which we have been working during the year. These have been sent round to the branches, and to our affiliated society, the Railway Women's Guild, for their sanction, and many of them have written saying that they have been considered and approved, whilst no one has expressed any dissent. They therefore appear on the Labour Party agenda, which has just been published. Our National Executive will discuss the other resolutions on this agenda at its next meeting on December 11, and will then have the opportunity of sending in amendments if it thinks fit.

## Unemployment.

The first of our resolutions is on the question of unemployment. There are many others on this subject on the agenda, but ours naturally emphasises the women's side of the problem, as follows:

"This Conference protests against the persistent refusal of the Local Government Board to allow the development of the Women's Unemployed Workrooms, or to give scope for being of real service to unemployed women, and asks that Farm Colonies for women should be established, and also calls upon the Local Government Board to co-operate more heartily with local committees and to facilitate the provision of work for unemployed women which will be not merely a temporary aid, but a beginning to permanent employment of an independent character."

Constant urging of this question will bear fruit at last, but we would urge our branches not to fail in keeping it to the front.

## Medical Inspection of School Children.

Our next resolution comes under the heading of Education, and follows one put forward by the Independent Labour Party, with regard to the Feeding of School Children. Our proposition runs thus:

"This Conference urges that the experience already gained as the result of the Medical Inspecting of School Children emphasises the need for the provision of treatment in order to make the inspection effective, and that for this further funds will be required, to which the Treasury should contribute. It urges that the Medical Inspection reports should be used both in connection with the administration of the Feeding of School Children Act, and for the information of the certifying surgeon under the Factory and Workshop Act."

## Nationalisation of Hospitals.

Finally, we have taken up the question of the general facilities for treating illness, into which our branches have been asked by the Executive to make inquiries, and upon which a most interesting paper was read before the Central London branch by the late Mrs. Eder last summer. Here we are alone in dealing with the subject, though no doubt many of the other societies and unions will agree with us that it is of importance. We word our resolution as follows:

"That this Conference declares in favour of the Nationalisation of our Hospitals and Dispensaries, and asks for the provision in all congested areas of maternity wards, in order that the best medical aid may be at the service of all classes of the community without the delays, uncertainty, and disorganisation inseparable from the present charitable system."

## The Belfast Branch.

At last our existence in the city has been recognised. Two delegates have attended their first conference in connection with

"Labour representation," and the Trades Council have invited us to co-operate with them in a scheme for dealing with distress.

On Monday, October 25, our Secretary was asked to write to the four Belfast M.P.'s, asking what they could do to help in forcing the Government to extend the Act for the Feeding of School Children to Ireland. One could not promise to do anything, another would consider the question (some day), no answer from the third, and the only sympathy that was expressed came from Mr. T. Sloan, who would do all he could without pledging himself definitely.

## The Newcastle Branch.

Mrs. Fimm writes that all women interested in labour conditions will be welcomed at a meeting of the Women's Labour League in the Socialist Institute, Darn Crook, Newcastle, on Thursday, November 26, at 7.30 p.m.

## A DISTINGUISHED RECRUIT.

THE Woman Suffrage movement has gained a new and notable adherent in Madam Melba, the famous singer. Madam Melba says:

"It is a question of humanity. On my present tour I have visited Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bolton, Belfast, and other great industrial centres, where the extreme poverty of the women workers has touched me to the heart. I am forced to believe that their condition would be bettered if the influence of women could be used in the selection of our Parliamentary representatives. I might also urge the political justice of the demand, my strong faith in the wisdom of the law-makers in my native Australia, where the Parliamentary vote has been given to women, and the familiar claim that a woman like myself should not be denied a power which is given to our butlers and grooms."

## Talks with the Doctor.

## DIET ONCE MORE.

So many people have written asking my advice on diet, and so many people seem to think that some special diet will cure all their ailments, that I feel compelled to unburden my soul.

My first statement must be the truism that no one diet will suit all people. There are excellent reasons for some people being vegetarians, and there are excellent reasons for others being meat eaters. There are no dietetic reasons which will make all persons meat eaters or all persons vegetarians.

If you have humane prejudices against the destruction of animals, then do not eat animals; this is the only sound basis for vegetarianism. A properly selected vegetarian diet will nourish you, a properly selected meat diet will nourish you. But diet is only one factor affecting the general health, it is only one factor affecting nutrition, or the state of good or bad "conditions" of the body.

The number of hours of sleep, the amount of fresh air, the cleanliness or dirt of the skin, the amount of exercise for the body and mind, the amount of leisure, the amount of pleasure in life—all these things are hugely important. The breathing of enough air and the eating of enough food, and drinking of enough water, are the foundation-stones of a healthy life. But given an active life which keeps body and mind fully employed, most of the laws of hygiene and dietetics can be broken with impunity. Not all. And not at all the time.

Given cleanliness, fresh air, and plenty of exercise, the only thing that matters about diet is its quantity. And while not going so far as to say that all the analyses of foods into carbohydrates, proteids, fats, and salts are pure bunkum, it is at any rate certain that the whole tendency of modern research into foods and nutrition goes to show that our knowledge on this subject needs a drastic overhauling.

This is not to say that all special diets are useless. Indeed, under the unhealthy airless conditions of life in towns, where the only exercise droves of citizens get is walking to and from business along a street, dieting is a necessity. But these diets are symptoms of the disease of bad conditions of life. It is not the diets that want making more elaborate, it is the conditions that want making healthy. Dieting is also necessary in certain cases of hopelessly wrong digestion. But do not fiddle about with diet until you are sure that your indigestion, headache, back-ache, and the rest is not due to lack of exercise, fresh air, or some other remediable thing. And do not forget that a healthy action of the skin, which means a daily bath, is at least as necessary as the correct number of grains of proteid per pound body weight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
COAL DUST.—Your occupation is bound to cause skin irritation and help to keep it up when started. Your only remedy beyond what you are doing now is to keep the inflamed parts covered as much as possible when at work, and miraculous cleanliness. For the eczema use zinc ointment. Glad you have been helped.  
MATER.—Vaseline will do quite well.  
INDIA STREET.—I had mislaid your address. The recipe sent.  
FELLOWSHIP.—Why worry? Read my article and inwardly digest. It is equal to 1.752lb of beefsteak. X. Y. Z.

## Julia Dawson's Answers.

T. E. HUMPHREY.—We have sent in the complaint re charge for gas, insanitary conditions, and foul language. Let us hear what happens.

REV. C. E. REED.—If the man has already sent in a claim, there is no need to make fresh application after six months. Even if he did not send in a claim in the first place, it would be better not to do anything now, as the employers are paying regularly. Will you give us the address of the other factory to which you refer, so that we can report it to the inspectors?

ONLY A WORKER.—Pine-kernels can be bought, I believe, from Mrs. Leigh Hunt Wallace's and other vegetarian stores. They should be advertised in our columns.

A. F. B. (Liverpool).—Your appreciation of the real friend of humanity is grateful and comforting. Are you a member of the Liverpool Clarion Club, 30, Lord Street? If not, why not? There is plenty of scope there for just such a woman as I imagine you to be.

E. P.—Your kindness in offering the loan of a sovereign to our unemployed friend much appreciated. He tried to find you in Chester to give thanks, but failed. Window-cleaning, like all other industries, is over-stocked. Some Socialists in Liverpool, who spent £5 on an outfit, and paid a premium of £1 to guard against accidents (otherwise people would not employ them), lost all. A man in the same town got the loan of shears and other tools for gardening, and in four days earned 6d. So things are not hopeful in those directions. Any other suggestions?

A. J. TABB.—In your poem, "A Call for Help," there is the right feeling. But the call could have been sounded even louder in two dozen words of prose. There is the difficulty. A poem, to be worth printing, must punnel some place hard, as well as be written with some regard to rules of rhyme and metre.  
N. W. (A DOMESTIC).—Your poems, "Judging the Judges" and "A Plea for Daisy Lord" received and read, but the reply to A. J. Tabb fits you as well! It is hard lines. If I had written poems of even such merit as yours, I would be proud. But nobody would print them, all the same.

AGNES CLAYTON.—Now are you flattering us, or do you really think THE WOMAN WORKER really does relieve the woman in her home from worrying seven days in the week "What shall I prepare for dinner"? Send along your ideas anyhow. We hunger and thirst for ideas desperately.

C. F. E. (Liverpool).—You are so taken up with Nunquam's "The Harlot or the Lady?" that you want to see it published in pamphlet form, and will buy 1,000 for distribution. How many others will go and do likewise? We should like to carry out the idea.

GERTRUDE DEXTER.—It is a real grief that there is no space for your poem, which is very good indeed. You say:

I know God cares: I know His heart is tender,  
As when on earth He trod,  
And I have seen, in all its wondrous splendour,  
The unveiled Soul of God.

With all reverence, I would like to ask you what it was like? Some have looked and not seen; and when the ways of earth are dark, and there is no lamp to our feet or light to our path, we want just such help as you should be able to give. Thank you also for your warm appreciation of the heroism of the Suffragettes. I am with you, every word. But I wish their courage could be won for a better cause!

DOUGLAS HURN.—As you say, it does require genius to illuminate such a drab subject.

MARYOBY.—Frankly I do not think your father ought to stand in the way of your betterment. Even the fondest parents when they get old are apt to be a little selfish, and forget they were ever young. Let me know your final decision.

W. I. (Liverpool).—I passed your complaint on to Mr. Sexton.

A. W.—64 hours would not be illegal if meal-times were included. Do the girls work 64 hours without counting in breaks for meals? If that is the case, I will of course report to the inspectors.

EYNSFORD, AND SMALLWOOD (Cheshire).—My loving thanks for those beautiful flowers. PORTIA.

JEAN BEADLE.—Welcome the co-operation of the Eastern Goldfields Women's Labour League in trying to secure the release of Daisy Lord! Will you not report me occasionally some of your doings in Western Australia?

M. MURBY.—The Petition being late did not matter at all. If the Home Secretary will not be touched by 800,000 signatures, another hundred or two will make no difference. We must put our wits together and see what to do next.

T. BUNTING.—Thanks for everything. If you so warmly approve the Exchange and Mart idea in THE WOMAN WORKER, I hope you will use the page. If you think of emigrating, doubtless you will have heaps of treasures to dispose of.

## Complaints and the Law.

A good instance of the value of organisation may be found in our Factory and Workshop Act. On turning to Part II. of the Act, we find the hours of work of women and young persons in textile factories may not exceed 10 a day (12 hours with 2 hours for meals), whereas the hours fixed in a later section for "non-textile factories and workshops" are 10½ a day (12 hours with 1½ hours for meals). Again, on examining the amount of the fines imposed for breaches of the law, we note that on the whole these are ridiculously low, and in the few cases where a minimum penalty is prescribed, this applies only to repeated offences, and the minimum fixed is usually only £1. But there is one notable exception. In Section 95 we find that breaches of certain regulations relating to cotton mills are punishable by a minimum fine of £5 for a first offence, and by a minimum of £10 for a second offence. One is, at first, tempted to jump to the conclusion that there must be some special reason for this, such as the injurious nature of the industry. There is, indeed, a special reason, but as there are many trades equally or more injurious to health, we must look elsewhere for this reason. It is not far to seek. The men and women in the cotton trade were strongly organised at the time when the law was made, and, consequently, their wishes were heard and attended to in Parliament. May women workers take note of this!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THOMAS.—I am reporting your complaint. I only hope the foreman may get out of it in time! Please write again in a few months' time if there is no improvement, or not sufficient improvement. In any case, I shall be interested to hear what happens. For the answer to the latter part of your letter, see above.

S. A. J. (Birmingham).—I am reporting your complaint. Please let me know what happens. Shopkeepers have a habit of producing the prescribed number of chairs when the inspector calls, particularly in a restaurant, and it is consequently difficult to get such complaints upheld. The law needs strengthening.

TWEED.—As the Workmen's Compensation Act never gives more than the full wages as compensation, and in most cases not more than half wages, it makes no difference whether the employer calls payments "wages" or "compensation." But the Act requires notice of the accident to be given as soon as practicable after the accident, and a claim to be made within six months, so that if these formalities are not complied with, the workman is liable to find himself in difficulties later on. Consequently, if the injury is a serious one, it is usually wise to hand a written notice and claim to the employer, even when, as in your case, the wages are being paid in full. If the notice and claim are sent by post, the letter should be registered. If you want advice as to the form of the claim, let me know. PORTIA.

## ATTRACTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

IN order to meet a want long felt by readers of THE WOMAN WORKER, this page in future will be devoted to attractive advertisements. That is to say, we shall insert in it such advertisements as will attract readers by their

The charges for these advertisements are: 20 words for 9d., or three insertions 2s. All such advertisements must be purely personal, and not of a business nature. That is to say, that whilst we shall gladly accept advertisements from men and women wanting to buy, sell, or exchange articles, business firms so advertising can have space on the ordinary advertisement pages, or else pay 5d. per line on this.

Though we cannot accept responsibility for any transaction through this page, or guarantee the good faith of every advertiser, we shall take every care that none but advertisements of a reliable nature are inserted.

May I appeal very specially to women to help to make this page useful by using it? Whether you want to buy or sell, or hire, or make inquiries of any sort, use this page.

Cross your postal orders "WOMAN WORKER," and endorse your envelope "A. A." (Attractive Advertisement), WOMAN WORKER Office, Worship Street, London, E.C. Friday in each week is the latest day for receiving advertisements for the following issue.

JULIA DAWSON.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

BLACKSMITH, with 10 years' good references, wants work. Liverpool. 2.

## SITUATIONS VACANT.

MOTHER'S HELP.—Must be capable of taking entire charge of children, and thorough understanding of all domestic duties; servant kept; wages, £18.—Letters to "D," Somerset House, Seltsdon Road, Wanstead, Essex.

HOUSEKEEPER Wanted for Man whose wife is in asylum; one who is physically, mentally, and morally fitted to take charge of four children, youngest 4½. Cardiff. 12.

GIRL Wanted, respectable and refined, to help with housework and take the twin babies out. London. 4.

WANTED, Refined Companionable MOTHER'S HELP, to share in housework and care of two children, vegetarian family of four.—Apply Mrs. CONSTABLE, 1, Ivy Place, Berwick-on-Tweed.

WANTED for the COUNTRY, near Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire, good, strong, homely GIRL, from 18 to 24; able to wash and bake for small family of three; references required.—Derby. 15

WANTED.—In London, by a Young Woman, a SITUATION in a Bookseller's or Newsagent's Shop; no experience, but would be willing to give a little time.—London. 14.

## APARTMENTS TO LET.

BED-SITTING-ROOM to Let, Furnished, comfortable home.—27, Hawthorne Road, Willesden, N.W.

LONDON, N.—Comfortable APARTMENTS for Visitors.—Mrs. EUERBY, 80, Downham Road, Kingsland Road. Bed and Breakfast, 2s. 6d. each person. Recommended.

LONDON (CENTRAL).—Bedrooms to Let. Use Sitting-room. Bath.—LOVELL, 6, Creecent Place, Burton Crescent, Easton Road, W.C.

## CLOTHING.

OLD CLOTHES, boots especially, for a poor girl of 14 trying to earn a living. London. 6.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR HAND-MADE WOOLLEN GOODS of all descriptions, including Coats, Jerseys, Shawls etc., at Democratic Prices, call or write Miss E. SELF Church Road, Sutton-Coldfield, Birmingham.

FRENCH LADY, experienced, gives FRENCH LESSONS; reading and conversation a speciality. Pupils visited and received.—Miss AVTRA, 39, Ronola Road, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

HOUSE Wanted in London where there is likelihood of obtaining boarders; state rent, rates, accommodation, etc. 8.

UNITARIANISM AN AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, "The Unitarian Argument" (Biss), "Eternal Punishment" (Stopford Brooke), "Atonement" (Page Hoppes), given post free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

## FOR SALE.

FRAGRANT WHITE PINKS.—Plant now for June blooming. 100 strong slips, 2/6; 50, 1/6, carriage paid.—SPRAGUE, Kington, Herefordshire.

RIPPINGILE OIL COOKING STOVE, with Oven, two 4-inch burners; almost new; price, 16s. 6d.—Miss ROBERTSON, 85, Harvard Court, West Hampstead.

Replies to above must be addressed according to number indicated, c/o WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and accompanied by extra stamp for forwarding.

Those who have cast-off or misfit clothing to sell should use this page well. It should be also an Exchange and Mart for furniture, books, china, etc., etc.





FASHIONS COME AND FASHIONS GO  
BUT **BEECHAM'S PILLS** GO ON FOR EVER.