

The Woman Worker

Official Organ of the National Federation of Women Workers.

Edited by MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Published at Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

VOL. I.—No. 3.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

EDITORIAL

The striking success which attended our first issue has been fully maintained. The *Woman Worker* has already made hosts of friends among those to whom we most desire to appeal, and we continue to receive many kindly and helpful letters from women wage-earners in factories, mills, and workshops.

* * *

We are hopeful in future issues of appealing to an even wider circle. Next month our contributors will include Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., and Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald; and in the following number we hope to publish articles by Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., and Mr. Robert Blachford. We are determined that each successive issue shall reach a higher level of merit and shall prove more interesting and useful than its predecessors.

* * *

We are more than ever convinced that the magazine can be made an effective force in stimulating the spirit of organised resistance to capitalist wrong, and in teaching the need for class loyalty and collective action. We look with confidence to the men Trade Unionists of the country for assistance and support in this work. They cannot fail to realise that the underpaid labour of women is frequently a menace to any high standard of happiness and comfort. Too often the women are the weak link in the Trade Union chain. Hence there is need for a joint effort to secure combination, to stamp out sweating in its worst aspects, and to secure for the toilers, whether men or women, a fuller share of the culture, refinement, and enjoyment of life.

* * *

It is essential that women Trade Unionists should fully understand the political side of the industrial movement, and we have, therefore, right gladly agreed to devote a portion of our space monthly to the work of the Women's Labour League. We direct the special attention of our readers to the opening article on the aims and objects of this organisation by Mrs. J. R. Macdonald:

* * *

We publish this month an interesting account of the International Federation meetings at Christiania from the



pen of Pete Curran, M.P. The popular member for Jarrow is a busy man, but, despite the many claims upon his time, his pen and voice are ever at the service of women workers. "Pete," as he is familiarly called in the Labour movement, is the fortunate husband of a most charming wife, who is as keen as he is on Trade Union work, and who has endeared herself to many members of the Federation. We hope to present her to our wider circle of readers in our Portrait Gallery series in the near future.

* * *

The Lancashire Textile Trade is justly proud of its young poetess, Miss Ethel Carnie, who, in the intervals of her somewhat monotonous daily toil has again found time to contribute to our "Poet's Corner." "The Rich and Poor," though perhaps far from flawless from the critics' standpoint, nevertheless reveals real talent and poetic feeling, and, above all, shows the writer's sympathy with the cause of her sisters and of all who are oppressed.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.

"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

, Leeds, Not- who conduct lines.

s busy time. wait in a row tents of their

se 'ere gowns stomers, Mrs. to one of king women.

Why, it ain't critic'er about ite."

I don't maik'e r for that lot, the woman

o with strite Perret with his time, Mrs. a penny-three are there?—a

oney dazedly. e had counted at the door. aps, of her "down with

unties her linen on the the garments

quilling. wns three and

a shilling." over. The nts as much,

lot—five and re payin' too res," he says. e at two an

es the girl rment in her astonishing three tucks Five tucks and eves. There's en tucks and with feather- underneath as feathering at

During October two Conferences, exceedingly important to women workers, have been held in Glasgow and London, and they receive notice elsewhere in this issue. At Glasgow Sweating was the subject, and it is gratifying to record that, though in the papers read to the Conference the case for Wages Boards was not satisfactorily represented, whilst the case against it was in able hands, a resolution demanding Wage Regulation was carried with practical unanimity.

The London Conference was concerned with the terribly involved problem of Women's Unemployment, in comparison to which the unemployment of men is a straight and simple matter. Industrially women are less adaptable than men; their labour is less "fluid." They are comparatively untrained and comparatively unorganised, and in their "market"—marriage—taking them from industry at the point of highest competence, and often returning them when their competence is least, is a constant disturbance.

For unemployment special legislation is, of course, imperatively necessary, but we are glad that Miss Clementina Black suggested to the Conference that in preparing this problem for legislative treatment a system of minimum wage would have valuable results. To have the most efficient workers regularly employed on such work as may be available, and the inefficient and incapable definitely set aside from competitive industry altogether, would appreciably lessen the confusion which makes unemployment so large and difficult a problem.

The delegates to the second Annual Conference of the National Federation of Women Workers on November 23rd will be able to congratulate themselves upon a most successful and eventful year's work. The Report and Balance Sheet is, we understand, of a most satisfactory character. The agenda contains several proposals which would be far-reaching in their effects if carried. The speedy appointment of an organiser is an absolute necessity, and we therefore hope that the members will agree to the proposal to increase the contributions of all members earning more than an average of seven shillings and sixpence weekly by one halfpenny per week.

Last month witnessed several notable triumphs for the Federation. As a result of negotiations between the officials and the employers, an increase in prices has been conceded in one case, and, in another, amounts unfairly deducted from wages have been refunded. Since our last issue four different firms have agreed to recognise the Federation.

We are glad that the dispute in the felt hat trade at Stockport has been settled as we go to press. We yield to none in our desire that the women in this industry should become Trade Unionists, but we suggest that in future a more thorough attempt be made to explain the principles of Unionism to the non-Unionists before striking against their employment. Compulsory Trade Unionism is a poor thing at best, but when, as actually happened, a girl pays her weekly subscription to a Union under the impression that she is paying it to the workhouse; when she imagines that the Board of Trade intervening in a dispute is the Board of Guardians, and the arbitrator the relieving officer, it becomes a mere farce. It is absurd to imagine that such a girl can possibly be a Trade Unionist. The mere paying of so many pence weekly when compelled to do so is as like Trade Unionism as the moon is like green cheese. By all means agitate, by all means organise, but above all educate.

Clarion Handicraft Exhibition.

INDUSTRY in our time is firstly a method of profit-making, and only in the second place of satisfying the real needs of consumers. Everything is, therefore, "standardised," that it may be made cheaply by the thousand, hundred thousand, or million. In due course both producer and consumer are "standardised" too. The worker shapes himself so as to be the fit associate of the machine that controls his energies, and the consumer puts out the eyes of his taste and fancy and mortifies himself into conformity with "latest patterns" and "leading lines."

But the number of people is growing who are dissatisfied with this state of affairs, and who, though they cannot always afford things just exactly as they want them, desire to have ample choice of well-made and pleasant-looking things with which to make their homes to their liking. There are also others who, dissatisfied with their mechanical and thoughtless toil in factory and workshop, would like to try their hands in hours of leisure at making things for the joy of making them, and to give play to their own taste and originality. Of such men and women the Clarion Handicraft Guild was formed some seven years ago, at the instance of Julia Dawson, of the *Clarion*, who still guides and inspires it. Whenever possible its members have learnt principles of craftsmanship in common workshops, and though they may indulge their talents for original design and execution, their work, if not always in technical agreement, has an obvious spiritual relation.

To the woman of slender means who can never see in the shops just the thing she wants, a collection like that at Bishopsgate must have been a great delight. A bedroom suite as we saw it there, not flimsy in make nor vulgarly ornamented, but strong, simple, easy to clean, graceful, and without *cheap*—what housewife would not wish to possess it? Or instead of the showy jewellery brought home from a holiday at Blackpool or Margate, what sensible working girl would not prefer some genuine ornament of silver and enamel, made by the designer's own hand, and decorative by its very simplicity, if such is to be had at a price within the reach of her purse?

Of dress and dress material, future exhibitions might contain more; there seems to be no reason why our working-class craftsmen should spend so much of their energy on the production of dainty boxes for bridge cards and expensive embroideries, while the women of their own class need help in improving the ornamentations of their homes and persons. But apart from this small criticism, we have the greatest admiration for the work of the Clarion Guilds.

The jewellery exhibited, for instance, is wonderfully effective in spite of the absence of costly material; and the genuine pleasure of the craftsman finds expression in much of the wood-carving and leather work.

In strong contrast with this delightful exhibition, a small side-show, arranged by the Central London Branch of the Women's Labour League, illustrated the misery of sweated home labour. The poor women who showed their various methods of earning a shilling a day by twelve hours' hard work, may well have looked with admiration at the result of labour under healthy and inspiring conditions. Perhaps it is too much to assume that the hopefulness of the Clarion Handicraft movement will suggest to women workers that the miserable conditions of labour to which they have submitted so long are by no means necessary, and that by organisation they can obtain to a measure of joy in their work, and an adequate share of what it produces.

Federationists at Christiania.

By PETE CURRAN, M.P.

I HAVE just found time to fulfil my obligation—that is, to write a brief article for the *Woman Worker* on my trip to the International Conference of Trades Federations, recently held at Christiania. Let me commence by stating that Norway is one of the most beautiful countries that it has been my privilege to visit up to now.



MR. P. CURRAN

We then had a thirteen hours' railway journey through a large part of Sweden, then over the frontier through Norway right into Christiania. The weather was grand, and both countries looked at their best. It will be remembered that at one time Sweden and Norway were one kingdom; but they are now separate powers, and each country has a monarch all to itself.

The countries represented at the Conference were Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Denmark, Austria, Sweden, and Norway. The French Trade Unions sent a circular letter to all European Federations, stating that they would only consent to be represented at the Conference on condition that the question of a general strike would be considered. They also stipulated that political questions generally regarded as being outside the sphere of Trade Union Federations should be discussed.

The Conference decided against the French Trade Unions, and they were informed accordingly. We found during the Conference that the Continental Federations are rapidly growing strong. Sweden and Norway are both sound Trade Union countries. There is not by any means such a large number of girls and women employed in their industries in proportion to the population as we have in this country. Most of the women we saw at work were those engaged in harvesting, and their healthy appearance and simple dress contrasted them with the girls belonging to English factories and workshops.

There are a considerable number of young girls in the printing trade in Christiania. We found that their hours did not average more than forty-eight per week. The wages of stenographers and others engaged in clerical work were as good, if not better, than are paid in most of our large centres here. As to sanitation, Christiania labours under the disadvantage of being built upon solid rock, which makes drainage difficult. Nevertheless, workshops and places where women and girls are employed are, with rare exceptions, comfortable and sanitary.

We met with the usual delay in getting through our work owing to the time taken up in translation; but, apart from that difficulty, our Conference was a most harmonious gathering. One of the most humiliating points which we British delegates had to discuss was the shipping of British black-legs into continental ports. They call them strike-breakers on the continent—a most appropriate term. But notwithstanding this our reception when we took part in any discussion was of a most cordial character.

We discussed "International Regulation of the Hours of

Labour," "The Operation of the Factory Laws in Different Countries," "The Problem of Unemployment" (which everywhere seems to be the most serious problem of the moment), also the questions of "Emigration" and "International Solidarity."

Generally speaking, so far as the purely Trade Union aspect of the movement is concerned, no development has taken place in recent years of a more useful and instructive character than the formation of the International Trade Union Federations.

The Woman Worker

FOR DECEMBER

WILL CONTAIN, AMONGST MANY OTHER INTERESTING FEATURES,

Special Articles by Victor Grayson, M.P., and L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P.

New Short Poem (in facsimile, with autograph), by Walter Crane.

News of Women's Labour League, by Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald.

"The Parable of the Rich Uncle," (illustrated,) by Mary R. Macarthur.

"Partners," our new illustrated serial, by Constance Hinton Smith,

Special Report of Annual Conference National Federation of Women Workers.

ORDER EARLY. NO REPRINTS.

NO ROOM TO LIVE.

When are the workers going to have bright and happy homes in which to live? This is a woman's question even more than a man's. In London 300,000 people live in houses of one apartment. In Manchester and Salford, according to Councillor Marr's report, 60,000 people are living in overcrowded homes. In the Scottish towns over 1,000,000 of the inhabitants are to be found in overcrowded dwellings of one and two rooms. A similarly tragic condition of affairs exists in towns like Birmingham, Nottingham, and Leeds. The Labour Party, to which large numbers of women Trade Unionists are affiliated, must lose no opportunity of pressing on Parliament and the public conscience the demoralising circumstances under which some millions of the people are housed, and the urgent need for more drastic legislation. Philanthropic employers, such as Mr. Cadbury, at Bournville, have shown what can be done towards providing comfortable, well-built cottages at fair rents for workpeople, and public authorities should be encouraged to grapple in earnest with the difficulties of solving the Housing problem. The Housing problem, with its far-reaching consequences on human health and happiness, might sometimes be discussed at Trade Union branch meetings, and resolutions embodying the wishes of the workers might be carried and forwarded as a reminder to leading statesmen and local M.P.'s.

- The Simple Life* - - - Walt Whitman.
- The True Atheism* - - - Russell Lowell.
- Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
- Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.
- Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.
- Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MACDONALD.
- Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor.

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours' ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for." There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind. "Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely. He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

n, Leeds, Not- who conduct r lines.

's busy time. a wait in a row contents of their

ese 'ere gowns customers, Mrs. y to one of oking women. Why, it ain't articler about rite."

I don't maik e ar for that lot, s the woman

do with strite Perret with this time, Mrs. a penny-three are there!—a

money dazedly. ne had counted y at the door. naps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the s the garments

shilling. owns three and s a shilling." m over. The rants as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too ures," he says. ore at two an

ries the girl arment in her h astonishing s three tucks Five tucks and eaves. There's en tucks and ll with feather- underneath as feathering at

Two Pictures of Living-in.

By MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

THE readers of the *Woman Worker* may be interested to learn something about the "Living-in System," which at the present time is claiming a fair share of public attention. The origin of the system dates back many generations, long before the days of the big shop. A vivid picture of the olden time assistant is depicted in Walter Scott's novel, "The Fortunes of Nigel," wherein is described the life of the 'prentice boy in David Ramsey's little shop in Fleet Street. The lad lived in his master's house, waited at table, and afterwards ate what was left of his master's dinner. He carried the lantern to light the footsteps of his master when the latter journeyed forth at night (there were no street lamps in those days), and according to tradition, he sometimes married his master's daughter! He was, at any rate, of the same social standing. The master had also obligations to fulfil. The apprentice must be taught his trade and trained to walk worthily in the sight of men. In fact, the master literally fulfilled the duties of a parent according to the standard of his day and generation.

The modern system of living-in differs in every essential. Picture to yourself the huge drapery establishment, as you know it, with the army of well-dressed "young ladies" and "gentlemen" in their stylish uniform of black, with white collars and cuffs. You may have admired their air of lofty superiority when they are called forward to serve a humble customer. Perhaps you have wished that you, too, could become a shop assistant, trailing long robes over soft carpets, and having nothing to do but handle dainty garments or pretty ribbons and laces. But wait! Let us follow a party of four girls as they leave one of the large shops in the West End of London. They have had to decide whether they will mount four flights of stone stairs, to a dreary room at the top of the business premises, to secure their portion of bread and cheese for supper, and they have chosen to go without, as they are too tired to climb for it! So they turn away from the main thoroughfare towards the back streets. On the way they make various small purchases—1d. worth of bread, 2d. worth of cheese, a packet of cocoa, a tin of condensed milk, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. They go into one of a row of gloomy houses. At the corner is a disreputable public-house. They enter a room on the ground floor, which contains four single beds close together, two very dilapidated single washstands, two naked gas jets, a chest of drawers, some large trunks (the property of the girls), and one broken chair. The room has two large windows covered with exceedingly dirty blinds, no curtains; the walls are covered with hideously-patterned paper which, here and there shows signs of damp. Tired and irritable, one girl throws herself on the bed, another makes a hurried toilette, the third spreads some calico upon her bed, and begins to cut out a garment; the fourth constitutes herself cook for the evening. In this establishment there is a "house rule" to the effect that no food is to be taken to the bedrooms—a rule which is only observed when the occupants of a room feel they cannot trust each other. Our cook proceeds to fix a small iron frame (called a "jigger") to the furthest gas jet; she then fills a small tin saucepan with water, and places an empty jam jar in the saucepan; she cuts up a

portion of the cheese, and places it in the jar, and then puts the saucepan on the top of the "jigger." She mixes some cocoa with condensed milk, and then sits down to wait till the water boils. During these simple preparations the girl on the bed indulges in a flow of small talk concerning the happenings of the day in the shop, while the Dorcas of the party makes good headway with her work. The fourth member of the quartette is now ready for the evening's amusement, and desperately hungry! She has to choose between waiting for that tedious jigger, or going without her supper. She finally takes a piece of bread and cheese and bolts with the laughing-remark that if lucky she will get a supper out! By this time the atmosphere of the room is similar to that of the shop the girls have left, and supper is eaten to an accompaniment of yawns; even Dorcas folds up her work and goes to bed.

The day has been hot and dusty, the girls' feet are sore with long standing; but they dare not indulge in the luxury of washing them. They have no hot water, and very little cold, and this must be saved for the morning ablutions. Owing to the crowded state of the bedroom, the girls have acquired the habit of washing only their face, hands, and neck. They are lucky if they get a bath once a week.

The bedroom just described is the only place these girls have to call their "home." Temperamentally they may be utterly unsuited to be room-mates, but they have no choice. It is a condition of employment that they sleep where and with whom they are told. One can imagine a look of wonder on the faces of, let us say, our Edmonton women, that workers should be so lacking in independence as to submit to such conditions. To understand the strange anomaly of this well-dressed class of workers enduring the lack of all that makes "home," one must remember that most of them enter the trade at an age when they are too young to understand anything about the value of their labour—too young to protest against the conditions of employment imposed. They grow up in the system, and become so used to it that many of them cannot imagine any other state: it is to them a part of the life in the shop. Recently, however, there has been a welcome change. The men employed in shops openly revolt against this system as a condition of employment, and they are rousing in the women a desire for better conditions. They are beginning to understand that the system is harmful to health, to character, and to the growth of individuality; that employers do not retain the system out of pure philanthropy, but simply because it is cheaper; and, lastly, they realise that they earn by their labour a great deal more than they get.

The Shop Assistants' Union has begun a campaign which promises to speedily deliver them from a tyrannical system which degrades and demoralises. The organised shop workers ask to be placed in the same position as that of other workers, i.e., that it shall be made illegal to pay them in "truck." They want to have their wages paid, not in board and lodging, but in cash, which they may spend where and how they like. They want to choose with whom they shall live, and what they shall eat, and how often they shall wash, and how wide their windows shall be opened. Above all, they want to develop self-reliance—the power to govern their own lives wisely and well.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

By MEREDITH ATKINSON, Keble College, Oxford.

You must not be alarmed at my title. I am merely going to tell you, under this heading, how the question of Women and Labour appeals to some of us who are still tied to the apron-strings of the University. To make my meaning clear, I shall take my illustrations from history.

Not much more than a hundred years ago the nations of Europe were seized with an unusually bad attack of the land-grabbing mania. The great god of war left scarce one country unvisited, and big countries began to swallow up little ones as quickly as possible, until at last there were few left except what we call the Great Powers. Some of them, indeed, swallowed so recklessly that they got indigestion; and we can see more than one country to-day with another smaller country lying heavy on its stomach. Now, the only thing that limited this scramble was the respect the Powers had for each other's armies. They agreed, therefore, that each thief was to keep what he had got, and, if one should make a move to steal more, the other five would be down on him. This is what is called the "balance of power" among the nations, and it is preserved by their jealousy of one another. You know that France and England undertook the Crimean War to prevent Russia destroying Turkish independence, for that would have disturbed the balance in Russia's favour.

But perhaps you wonder what this has got to do with women and their work. Well, this idea of a balance between forces affects far more matters than one might think. Whether you work in the laundry, the shop, or the factory, you have an agreement with your employer that you are to do so much work, and he is to pay you so much wages. Wherever two parties make an agreement there is always the possibility that one of them may have much the better of the bargain, unless there is some stronger force to keep the just balance between them. If

Tommy Jones wants jam and bread very badly, he will probably chop as many sticks as his mother wants. When he has eaten his fill, his mother will not find the balance quite so strongly in her favour, unless Tommy is an angel instead of a little boy. Similarly, if you are starving when you apply for work, and there are six more ready to take your place, the employer can dictate his own terms and play off one worker against another unless checked by law or public opinion, or his humanity.

It is like the children playing see-saw. On one end of the plank we have the employer, with his wealth and influence; on the other end the workers, busily engaged in pushing each other off, and never bringing their full weight to bear on it—as if poverty alone did not weigh light enough. Sometimes, as in a strike, they all jump off with a bang; but that comes to nothing if they have made no preparation for the worst. It is quite clear that every woman who then remains on the plank lightens the fall of the employer, and everyone who pushes another off makes it easier for the master to outweigh the rest. Room could be made for all if the workers with one voice declared they would not work for less than a just wage, and would work a shorter time in order to spread the work amongst them.

Another illustration from history. The country which came off worst in the scramble I have mentioned was unhappy Poland. Owing to a wretched system of government, existing for several centuries, nine-tenths of the people were slaves of the nobles, each of whom worked for his own hand. There was no such thing as patriotism or a national spirit. For a long time Russia and Prussia had fixed greedy eyes on Poland, and all that was necessary was an agreement between them as to the size of their bites. At last they agreed, and Poland was no longer a nation. There had been no bond between one noble and another, except in the work of grinding down the wretched people, amongst whom no spirit of union was possible. To-day we see the national spirit of the Poles rising against Russian oppression, and perhaps it is not too late. The case of Russia and Poland is exactly that of an employer and a set of workers amongst whom there is no spirit of combination or the feeling of a common cause. On the other hand, the case of one Power dealing with another is like that of employer and Trade Union.

England and Russia have just calmly divided Persia between them for commercial purposes. They can do so without troubling to ask Persia whether it has anything to say before it is executed, because each has enough power to give the other trouble. Similarly your Trade Union can give an employer great trouble; and, knowing that, he resists the temptation to cut your wages down to starvation point. Combination of workers used to be forbidden by law; plain proof that the employers who made the law feared such combinations.

If a woman worker were to ask me the chief ground for my advising her to join her Union, I should say at once because it is her common duty to her sister-workers to do so. In the game of ninepins it is easy to knock down one pin after another; and with a little skill you can make one ninepin knock against the others and bring them all down. If two or three pins are fastened together they do not so easily fall, and they are fairly safe if all fastened together. Don't you be one of the single ninepins!

"AN APPALLING INDICTMENT!"

(Manchester City News, in a leading article).

"THE MORAL SIDE OF LIVING-IN"

By T. SPENCER JONES

(Editor of "The Shop Assistant").

THIS "TELLING BOOK" is selling in thousands, 40 pp. Price ONE PENNY. Post Free 1½d.

MISS MARY R. MACARTHUR says:—

"All Social Reformers should make it their business to read this thoroughly workmanlike pamphlet. . . . Mr. Jones has much to say of dark and serious import."

All Orders to be addressed to

The SHOP ASSISTANT PUBLISHING CO. LTD.,
186, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The Simple Life - - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - - Russell Lowell.

Complaints and the Law.

PORTIA.

Talks with the Doctor

Dr. X.Y.Z.

Trade Union Notes

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Women's Labour League

Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.

Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.

"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

in Leeds, Nottingham, who conduct r lines.

's busy time. a wait in a row contents of their

ese 'ere gowns customers, Mrs. y to one of oking women.

Why, it ain't partic'lar about rite."

I don't make ar for that lot, the woman

do with strite Perret with this time, Mis. a penny-three are there?—a

money dazedly. he had counted y at the door. naps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the the garments

shilling. owns three and

s a shilling." n over. The rants as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too ired," he says. ore at two an

ries the girl arment in her r astonishing three tucks Five tucks and eeves. There's en tucks and ll with feather- underneath as feathering at

Our Portrait Gallery.

No. 3.—MRS. ADA NEILD CHEW.

(Organiser to the W.T.U.L.)

MRS. ADA NEILD CHEW comes from Staffordshire, a county which, more almost than any other, has had its glory dimmed by the sooty industrialism of our time. From the farm where her early years were spent Miss Neild looked out upon pottery fires creeping ever nearer and on smoke shapes waxing more and more gigantic. No country lover could watch so dire a change without emotion, and in Miss Neild the defilement of her native fields provoked a passionate resentment. A sense of the cruelty and evil of modern industrial forces awoke within her and touched her to rebel; and contact with her father, a typical Radical of the John Stuart Mill period, deepened her rebelliousness. These



MRS. A. N. CHEW.

Radicals had their limitations, but they were ever for human equality, and against the spoliation of the poor; and the subject of our sketch was not unfortunate in her political inheritance.

In early womanhood Miss Neild bid the fields adieu and settled in Nantwich, where she accepted employment as a tailoress in a large firm of Government contractors. Government contractors, though it be deemed irreverent to say so, even yet are not what they should be. At Nantwich Miss Neild found existing a state of things that aroused and disgusted her. Increasing indignities were piled upon her woman colleagues, whose entire helplessness left them only the alternative of starvation. At last her quiescence broke down, and in the *Crews Chronicle* the young tailoress published a stinging *exposé* of the conditions under which women were compelled to do the nation's work. Gifts of observation and realistic description are, however, external to the tailoring profession. Miss Neild's journalistic outburst was followed by the intimation that she had been engaged to make clothes, not comments, and, with a dozen comrades, she was dismissed. But she was not dismayed. She had learnt the lesson that for women, as for men, the remedy against tyranny is in unity and collective action. A branch of the Gasworkers and General Labourers Union was quickly created, and under its auspices the outlaws proceeded to make things warm for their late employer. Their spirit touched the public imagination. In a few days feeling had risen to an irresistible height. The firm was compelled to parley and finally to take back into employment all save the leader of the revolt.

This incident determined the course of Miss Neild's activity. Her thoughts were increasingly concerned with the reform of social and industrial conditions, particularly as far as they concerned women, and any movement that seemed to promise such reform could count upon her ardent advocacy. The appreciation which her work had won for

her was apparent when shortly after the factory episode, she was elected to the Nantwich Board of Guardians, on which for some time she rendered efficient service. Subsequently her marriage caused a removal to Lancashire. It did not abate, however, one jot of her eagerness to serve the interests of women workers—an eagerness, we may add, which her husband fully shares. It is shared, one may suppose, also by the charming little lady of whom Mrs. Chew has the happiness to be the mother—a pretty, clever child who will one day, doubtless, be a leader of women herself. In 1900 Mrs. Chew became an organiser of the Women's Trade Union League, and since then has rendered consistent and valuable service to the cause of women's organisation. She will so serve it, we hope, for many years to come, and see her reward in the growing freedom and power of industrial women.

PRIZE OFFERS.

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

Communications should be addressed "Prize Editor," *Woman Worker*, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C., and should be posted not later than November 20th. The Editor reserves the right to publish unsuccessful contributions.

SHORT STORY PRIZE = 10s.

We offer a prize of 10s. for the best short story of not more than 1,000 words.

"MY DAY'S WORK" PRIZE = 5s.

We offer a prize of 5s. for the best letter, not exceeding 300 words in length, describing a day's work and experiences in mill, factory, shop, office, workshop, etc. Open only to bona fide wage earners. Name and address will, if necessary, be withheld; nom de plume may be enclosed.

COOKING RECIPE PRIZE = 5s.

We offer a prize of 5s. for the best cooking recipe or home hint sent in.

PRIZE AWARDS.

SUBSCRIPTION AND DISTRIBUTION.

Prize winners will be announced next month. Claims for these prizes should be sent in not later than November 12th.

CONTRIBUTION PRIZE 5s.

is awarded to MISS MABEL HOPE, Central Telegraph Department, London, E.C. Miss Hope's contribution will be published in an early issue.

RECIPE PRIZE 5s.

has been won this month by MISS A. HEWARD, Pyne House, Clapham Common, S.W., whose recipe for Indian rice appears under Home Hints.

The WOMAN'S LABOUR LEAGUE:

WHAT IT STANDS FOR.

BY MRS. J. R. MACDONALD.

The Trade Unions of the country are taking up a great new work in helping forward the Labour Party in politics. They have found that they need better laws before they can really secure good wages and regular work for their members, and also that a healthy happy life for the worker depends very much upon the sympathies of the local Town and Borough Councillors. Trade Union agitation alone is not enough, so the workers are sending their own men to Parliament and local bodies to look after their interests. A great wave of hope and enthusiasm is swelling in the hearts of the workers as the good news spreads of Labour victories, and they awake to fight in the new movement for the sake of all. We women have our part to play in this work; the men cannot carry it through without our help and encouragement, and we have formed the Women's Labour League to teach ourselves what we can do, and to work to raise the position of Labour.

We want every woman and girl Trade Unionist to help in this work. Each member of a Trade Union knows already that she cannot stand alone; that if she accepts low wages it means that her fellow-workers will have to stay late, that the only way to raise the conditions of work is for all the workers in a factory or in a trade to stand together for what they want, and stand by each other. But the workers need to stand by each other in a bigger Union still—they want to ask for things that they can only get by joining together as citizens. Where there is a branch of the Women's Labour League, the women Trade Unionists can join that, and they will be given plenty of work to do. Where there is not yet a branch, they should write up to the National Secretary, Mrs. J. S. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, London, S.W., and ask her to help them to form one. Then the women will be able to work together as a part of the great Labour Party.

During the next Session in Parliament, the Labour members in the House and their supporters everywhere through the country are going to work for two special Bills, which would help both working women and working men. They are pushing forward a Bill to enable the whole community to take up the cause of the unemployed workers. Women Trade Unionists, do not you and your unorganised sisters suffer from being out of work? Your time and strength are wasted; you get ill and depressed because you cannot earn your bread. We want to organise work so that every able-bodied woman or man shall be set to work by the public authorities, if she or he cannot get it from private employers. The second thing we want to work for is Old Age Pensions, so that the men and women who have spent a life of hard, honest work should not have to choose between starvation and the workhouse, as so many have to do now. We cannot get these things except by joining together to ask for them in meetings and petitions, and in sending men to Parliament who will not only make fine promises to the workers, but will carry them out.

Then when there are Council elections, the Labour women work to send men—and women too if they can get candidates—who will improve the housing of the workers, and get baths and parks and libraries, and make other

improvements for the good of all which none of us can get for ourselves if we stand apart as single individuals.

The Women's Labour League is getting up petitions in favour of the Education Authority feeding all needing school children; and surely every woman can help to do something for the children by signing, and getting her fellow-workers to sign, this petition.

The Editor, who is herself a member of the Executive of the Women's Labour League, has kindly given the League a page in the *Woman Worker*, and we shall be able to tell you month by month some of the things we are doing; and we hope to get many of the women Trade Unionists to complete their Trade Union work by helping forward this political side.

Copies of the following petition can be obtained from Mrs. J. S. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, London, S.W. :-

NATIONAL WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

A PETITION REGARDING THE ACT FOR FEEDING NECESSITOUS SCHOOL CHILDREN.

We, the undersigned women of _____, petition our Local Authority to put into force the Act for the Provision of Meals for Necessitous School Children, and consider that the expense should be defrayed entirely out of public funds without any appeal to charity.

The newest branch of the League was started in Kirkdale, Liverpool, immediately after the recent by-election, when Mr. John Hill, Labour candidate, failed to capture the seat from the Conservatives. The women helped well during the election, and are now keeping in touch with each other and with the National Union by forming a branch of the Women's Labour League. Between thirty and forty members joined at the first meeting, and they are arranging a series of fortnightly discussions on Labour subjects.

NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
WILL CONTAIN

FACSIMILE ☞☞
REPRODUCTION
OF
POEM BY WALTER CRANE
WITH AUTOGRAPH ☞☞

SPECIALLY WRITTEN
FOR "WOMAN WORKER."

The Simple Life - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - Russell Lowell.

Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.
Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.
Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind. "Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

on, Leeds, Not-
who conduct
r lines.

's busy time.
a wait in a row
ntents of their

ese 'ere gowns
istomers, Mrs.
y to one of
oking women.

Why, it ain't
artic'ler about
rite."

I don't maike
ar for that lot,
s the woman

do with strite
Perret with
this time, Mrs.
a penny-three
are there?—a

money dazedly,
he had counted
y at the door.
raps, of her
"down with

w unties her
f linen on the
s the garments

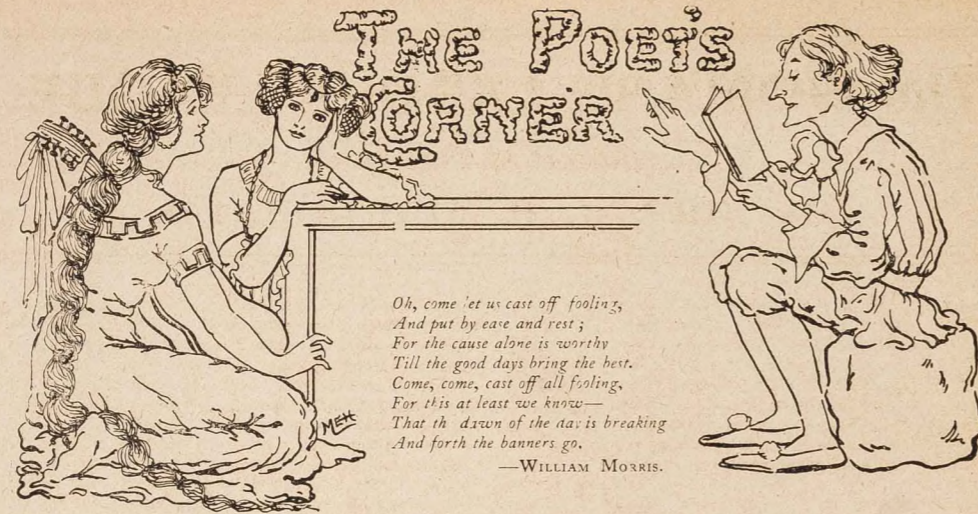
shilling.
owns three and

s a shilling."
m over. The
runts as much,

s lot—five and
are payin' too
ires," he says.
ore at two an

ries the girl
arment in her
r astonishing
s three tucks

Five tucks and
eeves. There's
ten tucks and
ll with feather-
underneath as
feathering at



Oh, come let us cast off fooling,
And put by ease and rest;
For the cause alone is worthy
Till the good days bring the best.
Come, come, cast off all fooling,
For this at least we know—
That th' dawn of the day is breaking
And forth the banners go.

—WILLIAM MORRIS.

The Rich and Poor.

By ETHEL CARNIE.

My heart is weary and my soul turns cold
With loathing. From all sides a cry for gold
Arises. Men with coffers flowing o'er
Still kneel at Mammon's shrine and pray for more.

More! though the people faint beneath a load
Of unrequited labour, sharper goad,
Drive us more quickly up Life's stormy hill:
Ye rich, that ye may reap more profit still.

Relentlessly, as vinters crush the grape,
Beneath their heel they press us out of shape—
Their brothers, children of one parent Vine,
And care not whilst they quaff Life's richest wine.

Old Mother Nature, she who clothes the plain
With herb, and fruit, and golden ripe-cared grain,
Provides enough for all earth's teeming throng;
Yet some are pale with want. O, monstrous wrong!

It needs no great philosopher to see
Our system's wrong; but what the cure should be
Men wrangle o'er; one fellow talks of love,
And golden streets to walk on up above.

Another cries, "Life's but a little span,
Don't bother, be as happy as you can;
Sing, rich or poor, for, when this life is past,
We all shall crumble into dust at last.

"Yon beggar-woman, in her tattered shawl,
O'er whose wan brow the matted tresses fall,
And you fair belle of fashion, courted, gay—
King Death will turn them into common clay.

"One lives in wealth, in opulence, in style,
In rounds of pleasure doth old Time beguile;
The other knows but sorrowing and shame.
What matters it? All sequels are the same.

"O'er one a marble monument may rise,
Telling her virtues to the stranger's eyes;
And over one the noxious weeds may wave,
What matters it? They know not in the grave.

"Hands that have swayed the sceptre, blazed with gems,
Brows coronalled by princely diadems,
Fall but to dust; the heart most high and proud
Decays beneath the worm-infested shroud.

"Enough! let such drab musing be forgot.
Waste not your time bemoaning your sad lot;
I say to rich and poor, to great and small,
Brethren, laugh now, lest ye ne'er laugh at all."

So speaketh one, another cries with fire,
With all the passion of his soul's desire:
"If Death be equal, why not also Life?
Why should the toil, the suffering, and the strife,

"Fall but to some? Each tender bud that opens
Its petals to the sun on grassy slopes
Drinks morn's bright dew, and dances to the wind—
Why not thus bloom the flowerets of mankind?"

"Our poor lives are not ours in this great mart,
Our richer brethren play the buyer's part;
Mere chattels are we, in their lightest mood
Tossed to one side as things devoid of good.

"Worn out by toil, through the beguiling gate
Of yonder almshouse pass with feeble gait;
Beneath a roof thy brother's bounty rears,
Drag out the remnant of nigh joyless years.

"But mankind, by the light of later day,
Is tearing into shreds these fabrics gray,
Is bound to weave them in a brighter web;
Take courage, let not Hope's bright waters ebb.

"From out your hearts—it is no idler's dream;
The little tinkling, lowly mountain stream
Is swelling to a river broad and free,
A river rushing on to meet the sea."

The Parable of the Boy and the Nuts.

By MARY R. MACARTHUR.

SOME time ago two small news-boys were conducting a heated argument late one evening in a crowded London street. A passer-by stopped to listen, and heard the following conversation:

First Small Boy: "Ere, Bill, I'm an a'penny short."

Second Small Boy (indignantly): "Well, I ain't got yer a'penny."

First Small Boy (politely): "I ain't a suspicionising of you, but I'm an a'penny short."

Second Small Boy (more indignantly still): "Well, I told you before I ain't got yer a'penny."

First Small Boy: "I ain't a suspicionising of yer, but I'm an a'penny short; and you're eating nuts."

(Collapse of Second Small Boy.)

The little street Arab's faculties of observation and deduction were well developed. He knew he was "an a'penny short"; he observed that his companion was eating nuts, and drew his own conclusion.

Working women are also "an a'penny short." They are shillings short every week. They are short of the good things of life, and someone is "eating nuts" at their expense.

Have you ever wondered, girls, why those who do the hardest work, whose labour is most mechanical, whose hours are longest, receive the least of the good things of life? Some girls do realise it vaguely.

I remember once addressing a meeting of workwomen in Leeds. I was telling them about the comparatively good wages which the Lancashire textile workers have secured through organisation; and in a semi-jocular manner I said: "In Blackburn a four-loom weaver can earn twenty-five shillings a week. How many of you girls are earning even one pound?" The women, whose weekly wages averaged less than ten shillings, laughed loudly at the very idea of such wealth. But one girl who was sitting in the front row did not laugh. She rose to her feet, and cried at the pitch of her voice, "Yes, we do earn it; but we don't get it!"

She was right. There isn't a workgirl who will read this parable who is not earning more than she gets.

Let us consider what happens under our present industrial system to-day.

An employer opens, let us say, a boot and shoe factory. He employs workers to make boots and shoes. Why does he do this? Is it because he wishes to supply people who need them with boots and shoes? Or is it because he wishes to give employment to workers? No. He opens his factory because he wishes to make money. He usually pays his workers as little as they will accept, and he sells his boots and shoes for as much as he can get.



"You are eating Nuts!"

The factory, however, with all its plant and machinery, is of no use to him without workers. Workers are necessary to their employers. Workers have only got their labour to sell, therefore they ought not to be fighting against each other, each offering to take less than the other in the hope of getting the work. Workers ought to stand together, to refuse to undersell each other, and to secure from their employer the highest wages and the best conditions possible under the present Industrial system.

They ought to stand together to secure for themselves a fairer share of the "nuts," or, in other words, the good things of life.

Many young girls manage to put up with the hardships of their daily life because they think that some day soon they will escape. They are always hoping that something—or, maybe, somebody—may turn up. But while they are waiting and working, they are giving, many of them, the roses out of their cheeks, the brightness out of their eyes. They are giving their health, their strength, their youth. They are gradually becoming old without ever having known the joy of being young.

What are they receiving in return? Many of them only enough to keep body and soul together. Many receive even less, and have to be helped by their relatives, if they are fortunate enough to have relatives able to help them. But what about the girl who has no one to help her? What about the girl who, at this moment, is packing tea in Whitechapel for a huge and wealthy company whose name is known all over the world—a company who pay her, when on full time, seven shillings and sixpence weekly? I know this girl. She is one of many. She manages somehow to drag along, but what happens when slack time comes?

Girls, when you join your Union you commence to think about these things. You commence to be educated in the truest and deepest sense. Like the small boy, you commence to look around you, and put two and two together. You wonder why the many are poor, while the few are rich; and, when you know and fully understand, then you feel that you must do your share in bringing about a better distribution of the nuts for all. Trade Unions help you to see how it is to be done. But Trade Unions alone are not going to do it. I will tell you later on how it is going to be done; in the meantime, your duty is to become a member of your Trade Union—a soldier in the regiment of the great army of organised labour. That army is an international one. It has battalions all over the civilised world. It stands always for the oppressed, for the starving child, and for the aged poor. Its watchword is "Justice and Truth." Will you serve under its flag?

[Next month, "The Parable of the Rich Uncle."]

ER

ENNY.

in, Leeds, Nottingham, who conduct r lines.

s busy time. a wait in a row tents of their

ese 'ere gowns astomers, Mrs. y to one of oking women.

Why, it ain't artic'ler about rite."

I don't maik e ar for that lot. the woman

do with strite Perret with this time, M's. a penny-three are there?—a

oney dazedly. ne had counted y at the door.

aps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the s the garments

shilling. owns three and

s a shilling." m over. The rants as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too aires," he says. ore at two an

ries the girl arment in her h astonishing s three tucks Five tucks and eaves. There's ten tucks and ll with feather- underneath as feathering at

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind. "Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

The Simple Life - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - Russell Lowell.
Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
Talks with the Doctor. Dr. X.Y.Z.
Trade Union Notes. MARY R. MACARTHUR.
Women's Labour League. Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the con-cocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

Strike in the Galeries Lafayette, Paris.

By ETHEL CARTWRIGHT.

FOR over a week now 500 employees of the Galeries Lafayette, one of the large drapery and general stores of Paris, have been on strike, and possibly a few particulars of the affair may be of interest to our readers, especially such as are themselves engaged in establishments of a similar kind in England. The various grievances are set forth on large bills issued by the Strike Committee and posted up all over the city. Many employees, married men with families, were in receipt of a salary averaging seventeen francs—less than fifteen shillings—a week, and that for working twelve or thirteen hours a day! The treatment of the "débitrices" is another cause, and a very just one, for discontent. These girls, who, as far as I can learn, are not represented by any corresponding class of employees in English shops, have charge of the parcels, and are responsible for seeing that these are duly packed up and handed over either to the customer or to the vanmen who will deliver them. Complaint is made that these débitrices are treated rather as "beasts of burden"—the expression used on the poster—than as human beings; and to us who live in France, and see the cruelty with which animals are habitually treated here, these words perhaps convey a more vivid picture of suffering than to the average English reader.

The finishing touch was put to the prevailing feeling of dissatisfaction by the discharge of an employee who was the father of a family, and whose wife was on the point of having another child (a fact known to the employers). The earlier posters stated that he had been dismissed without any reason being given, the last one that his work had been admitted by the principals to be "irreproachable," and that his only offence lay in his having been delegated by his comrades to appeal for a reduction of one quarter of an hour in the length of the working day.

The public are reminded that Messrs. Kahn and Bader, the principals in the firm—and both, by the way, decorated with the Legion of Honour—appealed, at the time of the Dreyfus affair, to the organised working class to support them in their efforts to see justice done to a man illegally and unjustly condemned—although, it is pointed out, his condemnation did not deprive his wife and children of their daily bread. The committee asks where is the sense of honour and justice that prompted them to interest themselves in this matter, that they have to-day no scruple in subjecting their own employees to gross injustice.

The committee concludes by assuring the employers and the public, in the name of the workers, that, though many of their number are in the direst distress, they will fight their case to the bitter end, and will never submit to go back on the old terms.

The conditions under which shop assistants work in France leave much to be desired; the very large and very high-class establishments are closed on Sundays, but there still remains a very large proportion of retail shops which are open all or part of the day. And in the large "galeries," like the Printemps and the Lafayette, a great window show is made on Sunday, and the passer-by may see, as late as 11 o'clock on Saturday night, many of the employees—both men and women—busily engaged in arranging the great windows for the morrow's show. A tremendous amount of work is involved, all of which has to be undone again before the shop opens on Monday morning.

Trade Unionists, I believe, are busy in France trying to improve the conditions of the workers; but the above observations, dealing merely with matters on the surface and coming under the notice of the ordinary passer-by, show how badly combination is needed, and how much yet remains to be done; and this would doubtless be more apparent to those who have opportunities of coming in direct contact with the so-called "working class," and who thus see much that is hidden from the casual observer.

Technical Education for Girls.

At the Paddington Technical Institute, the Shoreditch Technical Institute, and the Woolwich Polytechnics, the L.C.C. provides education for girls which is frequently useful to them afterwards as wage-earners and bread-winners. Among other things, they are taught millinery, the making of waistcoats and ready-made clothing, upholstery, dressmaking. With proper safeguard, similar instruction might be given to the older pupils in most of our schools. In many cases they would enter the industrial field better equipped than now; and, if organised, their training and efficiency would command a higher price than the miserable remuneration which so many thousands have now to accept.

Men and Women Workers.

Women began to enter industry as workers with the growth of the machine system. Their labouring conditions were at first very terrible. They received shamefully insufficient wages for working hours of labour which were cruel and excessive. At first men resented the influx of women into the various branches of industry, regarding them as cheap and dangerous competitors in the labour market. Looking at the matter from an industrial standpoint, they appeared to agree with the prophet Mohammed, who said, "I have not left any calamity more hurtful to man than woman." Years, however, have brought wisdom and experience. Organisation and legislation have done something to remedy conditions, though there is still much to be accomplished. To-day all male Trade Unionists help gladly in the work of organising the women workers. Women who are federated gain the respect and support of all sections of the Labour movement.

KNOWLEDGE IN A NUTSHELL. SCIENCE MADE EASY FOR ALL.

Look out for

OUR EDUCATIONAL PAGE, Specially written for us by UNIVERSITY MEMBERS.

First Article in
December "Woman Worker."

The Series will include:—

- "THE STARS."
- "THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS."
- "THE WONDERS OF HUMAN LIFE."

So simple and so interesting that all may learn and understand.

Our . . . New . . . Serial.

"PARTNERS"

By
CONSTANCE HINTON-SMITH.

Specially Illustrated by
M. E. HEPWORTH.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER I.

THEY sat round the important-looking business table in the assistant manager's office, which had been lent them for their committee meeting—seven healthy young men and women whose ages ranged, apparently, from twenty to thirty—with something like despair written on their faces. Four out of the five men present had thrown themselves back silently in their chairs, in attitudes expressive of a sullen acquiescence in the adverse decrees of fate; the two girls were casting glances, eloquent of profound consternation, at one another; the chairman, frowning heavily, drummed the table with a nervous hand, and stared at the sheet of paper open on his blotting pad. He had already recited its contents to the mournful company which had come together in the highest spirits less than a quarter of an hour earlier; nevertheless, he re-read them once more, mechanically, to himself. They were as follows:—

"13, ASHDOWN ROAD,
"ILCHESTER,
"Nov. 21, 19—

"DEAR MR. MAYDEW,—
"My brother Frank is laid up with a sharp attack of influenza, and it is quite impossible for him to take any part in the concert to-night. He asks me to express his regrets to the committee.

"Yours truly,
"MARY HOLLAND."

"P.S.—The doctor says Frank will not be able to go back to work for a week at least."

Mr. Maydew had just reached the postscript by which the defaulting performer's sister sought to guard him against all suspicion of malingering, when he was recalled to a sense of active duty by an inquiry from the girl seated on his right.

"What does the committee propose to do?" Hester Fay asked.

The question as she put it had not a merely tentative sound. It was informed with purpose. Charles Maydew looked at her with startled eyes. Everybody looked at her—she was very pleasant to look at—but nobody made any response, until Maydew himself said, unwillingly:—

"If any lady or gentleman has a suggestion to make, I'm sure we shall welcome it. But it's difficult, on the spur of the moment, to change all our arrangements. There's no disguising the truth; this influenza of Holland's is a big blow for us."

"He had no business to go to that football match on Saturday in the rain," Edith Solly remarked, wrathfully. Being Mr. Holland's cousin, she held herself at liberty to criticise his conduct. "He knew we were depending upon his recitations."

"We must think of filling his place," Miss Fay said. Her manner was not in the least aggressive; her voice was perfectly gentle. Nevertheless, Edith Solly felt rebuked, and flushed a little.

"How is that to be done, at the eleventh hour?" she inquired, with some sharpness. "Most people can't recite a bit; and those who can won't come to fill any other man's place just to oblige us."

Fred Meakin hazarded the observation that there were plenty of good-natured chaps about. He was the youngest and least weighty member of the committee, and his remark was received in discouraging silence.

"There is James," another man ventured—"James of the Carrick Road School. He organised Shakespeare readings last winter—you remember, Wilson?—and took



"Hillard's socks was ringing out the story of the entombed American miner."

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

at the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.

"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely. He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

n, Leeds, Not- who conduct r lines.

's busy time. a wait in a row atents of their

ese 'ere gowns customers, Mrs. y to one of oking women.

Why, it ain't artic'ler about rite."

I don't maike ar for that lot, s the woman

do with strite Perret with this time, Mrs. a penny-three are there?—a

oney dazedly. ne had counted y at the door. naps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the the garments

shilling. owns three and

s a shilling." m over. The rnts as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too ares," he says. ore at two an

ries the girl arment in her h astonishing s three tucks Five tucks and eeves. There's en tucks and ll with feather- underneath as feathering at

- The Simple Life - - Walt Whitman.
- The True Atheism - - Russell Lowell.
- Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
- Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.
- Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.
- Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
- Women's News of the Week.

principal parts in a lot of plays. I heard him in Hamlet and Henry the Fifth. First rate, both of them." "James won't help," said Wilson, decidedly; "he likes to run his own show."

"Well, what is to be done?" the chairman inquired after a moment, no alternative to Mr. James being put forward. "Something must be done." Clearly Hester Fay had no notion of allowing herself to be beaten by destiny. "The Morison Concert has never been a failure yet, and it mustn't be one this year."



"I rather think I will," Hester answered, slowly.

She looked round the table appealingly. There was a general murmur of acquiescence in her final remark. The "Morison Concert" was an annual institution of which its promoters were justly—jealous rivals said inordinately—proud. Given every winter in a fine hall lent by the directors of the great wholesale business known in Ilchester as "Morison's," and having its origin in the modest activities of a certain little musical and literary society set on foot by a few of Morison's employees, its managers and performers were no longer representative of these only, but of the skilled and half-skilled workers of the place as a body.

him to come to our assistance. After all, he's an Ilchester man." Meakin departed joyfully on his errand, and the committee fell to discussing the probability of Hillyard's consenting to act in the room of the incapacitated Holland. The majority were of opinion that he would refuse, though all expressed anxious hopes to the contrary—all save Hester Fay, who sat silent with an expression of unwonted gravity on her pretty face. Nor did her expression change when Meakin came hurrying back with the news that he had been successful: Hillyard would recite in Holland's place; and presently Maydew noticed her little air of reserve.

"I'm afraid you don't approve, Miss Fay," he said aside, under cover of the general babble of the rest. "Ought I to have put it to the vote before sending Meakin?"

Hester accepted the apology with dignity. She had no personal objection to Mr. Hillyard, whom she had never seen. She only doubted whether his career as a Trade Union secretary would have taught him much about literature; and she was anxious that the standard of the Morison Concert should be maintained.

"I expect he's all right. You heard what Barclay said," Maydew answered, reassuringly. To himself he added that, if Hester Fay had not been so pretty a girl, he should have been tempted to call her airified. No doubt she was very cultivated, and all that, but that she should think herself able to look down on Hillyard seemed funny.

Hester Fay was a very pretty girl. Her beauty delicate, refined, in which the only strong contrast was of the clear white skin with masses of red-brown hair and large, thoughtful hazel eyes—was not of the kind that strikes the casual passer-by with admiration; in a crowd, ten men would have turned to glance a second time at Edith Solly's pink cheeks and yellow locks for one who would have been attracted by Hester's face. But study that face for a few minutes and you would not easily forget it.

She looked her best as she stood upon the platform, about six hours after the committee meeting already recorded. Her simple white gown became her well, and so did the faint flush of excitement in her ordinarily pale cheeks. The flush was one of excitement; very little of nervousness mingled with it. Hester was an experienced reciter, and she knew that she had a friendly audience before her. She sat down amidst a storm of applause following upon her delivery of Tennyson's "May Queen," gently gratified but in no wise elated. From the first the general success of the Concert had never been in doubt, and this consideration filled her mind almost to the exclusion of any attaching to her own personal performance. Looking along the serried ranks of listeners, and hearing the spontaneous outbreak of pleasure that arose from the packed hall at the end of song or violin solo, she was conscious of a thrill of satisfaction. She had worked very hard for this thing, and it was going beautifully. Only one anxious moment remained to her: that when Mr.

Hillyard should rise for his recitation in the second part. She had seen him for an instant across the green-room, attended by the faithful and admiring Meakin: a big, broad-shouldered man of two-and-thirty, with a brown beard and straight-looking grey eyes, rather slow and deliberate in his movements; and she did not find him a promising candidate for the part he had to play that night. When he appeared and climbed somewhat heavily to his place beside the chairman, her sense of anxiety deepened. A moment later she had forgotten her fears, forgotten her responsibility as organiser, forgotten Morison's Hall and the people who filled it; for Hillyard's voice—the voice that had so often swayed audiences greater than this, and less easily moved, to helpless tears and laughter by turns—was ringing out the story of the entombed American miner:—

"There in the darkness,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall . . ."

and she was holding her breath for the next line. When he sat down she heard the roars in which his hearers vented their enthusiasm afar off; she herself sat motionless, her eyes full of tears. They had him back again and again; an encore was not

to be resisted. He came slowly to the chairman's right hand, seemed to reflect a moment, and broke into Clough's "Say that the battle nought availeth." Hackneyed lines? Perhaps; but not as Hillyard delivered them, with a fervour of belief that struck a responsive chord even in souls in which all sense of any care beyond the day's needs had long been dormant. And as the strong, plain face of the reciter grew alight with feeling, Hester Fay found herself fancying that it had caught a ray from the sun of the better day by which already, westward, the land was growing bright.

In the cloak-room, half an hour afterwards, as Hester was mechanically putting on her hat, she felt her sleeve pulled, and turned to see Rose, Meakin's seventeen year-old sister, behind her.

"Fred didn't say too much for Mr. Hillyard, did he?" the girl asked. "No, indeed." "He's going to take me to hear him to-morrow at the Town Hall. I know you don't care about his subjects—Trade Unionism, and so on—but I wish you'd come, Miss Fay. Would you? Could you?" "I rather think I will," Hester answered slowly. "Thank you, Rose."

(To be continued.)

MEN AND WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

By R. C. K. ENSOR, M.A.

THERE are still plenty of people in all classes who say that women ought not to be in industry at all. The simplest of them say that woman's place is the home; and that settles it. Others look a little further; they say that women are employed chiefly because they are cheap; that they beat down the standard of wages; that where the women as well as the men of the families work, family incomes as a whole are little raised, while the women's burden is much more severe. Others point to the physical injury which many women suffer from ill-regulated industry. Meantime, the employment of women increases; and even the workmen who resent women coming into their own trades usually send their daughters into other trades none the less.

What are thinking women to make of it all? Well, first they must assert, and stand up for, their right to go to work and enter trades. Those who wish women not to enter industry at all should provide some system of State maintenance for all women. Quite possibly in the future that may be done, but it will be a distant future; and how are women to live in the meantime? Only in one of two ways—either by earning their living themselves or by being dependent for it on male relatives, whether fathers, brothers, or husbands. And what freedom has the woman in the latter position—I do not mean after marriage, but before it? How many unmarried girls who live at home have any real freedom unless they earn their living? And how many can feel that they have a really free choice as to whom they will marry, or whether they will marry at all? Their only chance of freedom is to go to work and support themselves.

But, secondly, they must stand up for their rights, not merely to work, but to work under proper conditions for proper wages. Working women must realise—that working men are slowly realising—that for this they must act together. It is of no use for a girl to content herself with

hugging her own chance of individually "getting on," the chance is such a poor one; one girl in a hundred succeeds, but ninety-nine fail. And what of those ninety-nine? Well, to-day, largely because each is trying to be the one successful one instead of trying to make the whole hundred succeed, the majority of working women come off badly indeed. Often they are sweated and slave-driven; often their work is disgusting or physically hurtful, or both; nearly always their wages are miserable; many even of the most "respectably" employed, such as shop assistants, live a slave's life for less than a slave's pittance.

All these evils come from the want of combination among women, because they are blindly fighting each for her own hand, instead of battling "all for each and each for all." The men would be just as badly off—indeed, they once were—if they had not formed Unions to put pressure on the employers, both directly and through political action. Women workers cannot hope for good wages or happy conditions as a rule till they turn Trade Unionists and Labour politicians also. But in this struggle the men ought to help them. They must recognise that it is not fair to the women, nor possible either, to keep the women out of trades. They must realise, too, that for women to earn low or sweated wages in any trade, even though no men work in that trade, tends to lower the wages of men's labour. For it is not only one worker that can blackleg another; one trade can blackleg another. The big trades, in which men Trade Unionists find employment, are suffering to-day from the competition of trades which employ women at sweated or low wages.

The remedy is more Trade Unionism and Labour politics, the organised men and women to stand closer together, and the organised men—for their own sakes as well as the women's—to give the women a helping hand.

- The Simple Life - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - Russell Lowell.
Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.
Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.
Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the con- cocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed." Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor, * N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for." There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind. "Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely. He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

on, Leeds, Not- who conduct r lines.

's busy time. i wait in a row tents of their

ese 'ere gowns stomers, Mrs. y to one of oking women.

Why, it ain't artic'ler about rite."

I don't maik e ar for that lot, the woman

do with strite Perret with this time, Mis. a penny-three are there?—a

oney dazedly. e had counted y at the door. aps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the the garments

shilling. swns three and

s a shilling." n over. The nts as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too ives," he says. re at two an

ries the girl arment in her r astonishing three tucks Five tucks and eaves. There's en tucks and ll with feather- nderneath as feathering at



The Editor invites brief letters on subjects of general interest. Correspondents should write on one side of the paper only. Letters should be sent in not later than the 20th day of each month, and should be addressed:—Editor, *Woman Worker*, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

No time to think.

To the Editor, the "Woman Worker."
I want to write and tell you that I have much enjoyed reading the *Woman Worker*. I am a factory worker in a Midland town. I have been trying for two years to get the other girls to join the Union. A good many have joined, but there are still many others outside. Our weakness is taken advantage of by the employer. We have often to pay fines which are not fair, and sometimes we do not get the full wage we work for. But no good purpose is served if only one here and there complains. When a woman complains loud enough for our forewoman to hear, she is often stopped, and things go on just the same. We must all work together, and, if necessary, stop work together; then the employers might listen. I wish all the girls could do this, but some of them just grumble and grumble, and do nothing else. We have not much time to think. But I have got a number of girls to take the *Woman Worker*. They enjoyed it. We do so need a paper that will always speak up for us, and will help us to get better conditions. Again thanking you for your good work in the cause of working women.—Yours faithfully,
EDITH DAVIDSON.

Greeting from America.

DEAR EDITOR.—We are sending you under separate cover a few copies of our magazine, *The Socialist Woman*, and we shall very much like to have you put us on your exchange list, as we will do the same on ours. It is, indeed, interesting to see that the woman workers are getting awakened all over the world. We hope that your new enterprise will help them along the line to organisation.—Fraternally yours,
JOSEPHINE KANERO.
The Socialist Woman,
619, E. 55th Street, Chicago, U.S.A.

On the War Path.

DEAR EDITOR.—I have read your magazine of last month. It is just the book wanted amongst our women workers, it being very plain to understand. I have often wondered what could be done to rouse them from their apathy; but, not having much time upon my hands, I cannot help my co-workers as much as I would like. Nevertheless, being a woman, my tongue is never still, trying to make my fellow-workers become class conscious, and to understand that Unity means Strength. Women, I think, are worse than men to rouse from their slumbers, but your magazine will, I hope, rouse their reasoning

faculties. Wishing you every success.—Yours on the war path,
Great Harwood.
[More power to your elbow.—Ed.]
M. A. JACKSON.

Are All Companies Honest?

DEAR EDITOR.—I am very anxious to know of an honest firm to give me work to do at home. But I would like to know of a firm who would give materials to work with at home without sending any money. Must you send money to all firms or companies who give work at home? I know one firm, Messrs. —, but they want 5s. for materials to start with. What do you think of that company? Do you know anyone who works for them? Are they honest? Their work is light, and would suit me, as I am nine or ten miles away from a railway station. Their work is tracing show cards with bronzing fluid. Will you kindly tell me the names and addresses of the firms that give light material for work at home that would go by parcel post, as I am too far from a railway station for heavy material for work. Give me the names and addresses of those firms or companies who pay best, and who are honest. Are all companies honest?
If you tell me all about home employment, and give me addresses, you will bring a ray of comfort to me which I need.—Yours faithfully,
IRELAND.
JOHN R.

[We are writing to you privately. We are sorry to say that these firms who advertise home work, and who, when you reply, require you to send money for materials, are usually quite unscrupulous. All they wish is to sell you the materials. When you send them the work (having paid postage), they will probably tell you that it is not up to the standard—that in order to practise you must buy more materials. You must give up hope of earning money in this way. The attempt will only mean disappointment and expense.—Ed.]

Long Hours Prevent High Wages.

DEAR EDITOR.—In the first issue of the *Woman Worker* you asked to be notified of any industrial wrongs from which women may be suffering, and I presume that this includes any violation of the Factory Act, so I wish to draw your attention to what I consider a very flagrant case. Of course, the girls concerned are not organised at all, and probable consenting parties because of the little extra money it brings them in, not realising that it keeps their wages down.

The case is as follows: A firm of this town have worked their girls the full limit of overtime which the Factory Act allows, and now give them work to take home at night after they have worked the full 10½ hours, and I am told that the firm has even registered these girls with the Local Authorities as out-workers.

Now I think this is quite contrary to the Act of Parliament, and ought to be stopped. The firm pay very low

PURE MILK FOR BABIES.

In the feeding of children a supply of pure milk is of the utmost importance, for a young infant is quickly upset by partially souring milk. The "*Allenburys' Milk Foods*" are made from perfectly fresh milk, and contain both fat and proteids in the same proportion as in human milk, whilst the method of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A thoroughly efficient substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted. No diarrhoea or digestive troubles need be feared when the "*Allenburys' Milk Foods*" are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

The Allenburys' Foods.

Milk Food No. 1 From birth to 3 months
Milk Food No. 2 From 3 to 6 months.
Malted Food No. 3 From six months upwards.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., 37, Lombard St., LONDON.

Correspondence Circle and Postcard Exchange.

wages both to the men and the girls, and as they cannot get more workers without raising the price, they resort to this expedient of long hours to avoid paying higher wages.
I trust you will bring this matter to the notice of the Factory Inspectors, and urge them to take the matter up at once.—Yours respectfully,
FAIR PLAY.
[We have sent the information to the proper quarter. Thanks.—Ed.]

Go and do likewise.

DEAR EDITOR.—A few lines to acquaint you with the method we have adopted of making your magazine popular.

We have a neat board fixed to the wall outside the house; on this we placed the plate and the attractive cover which for the last few weeks has not failed to attract the notice of many passers-by, who give more than one glance at the above. We hope by this means to make many sympathisers for the cause. Wishing you every success with your magazine, Yours,
(Mrs.) E. FINCHER.
Birmingham.
[Heartly thanks.—Ed.]

TRADE UNION ADVERTISEMENT.

Notices of Trade Unions will be inserted in this column at the specially low charge of 1/6 per insertion, 12/- for twelve consecutive insertions.

National Union of Paper Mill Workers of Great Britain and Ireland. Entry fee for women, 6d. Contributions, 2d. per week. Out-of-work (£1 per year), Accident (10/-), Funeral (£8), Victimized, Strike or Lock-out Benefits, and Legal Assistance.—General Secretary, Mr. Wm. Ross, 84, Bristol Street, Manchester.

The Simple Life - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - Russell Lowell.

Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.
Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.
Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.
Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.
Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the concocter of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor.

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours' ard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for." There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.
"Well, three shillins," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

enny.
on, Leeds, Not
who conduct
lines.
s busy time.
wait in a row
patents of their
ese 'ere gowns
customers, Mrs.
y to one of
oking women.
Why, it ain't
articler about
rite."
I don't maike
ar for that lot,
the woman

do with strite
Perret with
this time, Mis.
a penny-three
are there?—a
money dazedly.
he had counted
y at the door.
raps, of her
"down with
w unities her
of linen on her
the garments

hilling.
owns three and
s a shilling."
n over. The
unts as much,

s lot—five and
re payin' too
ires," he says.
re at two an

ies the girl
arment in her
r astonishing
three tucks
Five tucks and
eeves. There's
en tucks and
l with feather-
underneath as

feathering at
the wrists, and there is feathering and
lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be
done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-
pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at
that. It takes me four hours' ard to do
one, and then there's thread to pay for."
There's a murmur of sympathy from
the waiting women behind.
"Well, three shillins," says Mr. Per-
ret, suavely.
He waits a moment, but the girl's
passion has already waned, and he
adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck
on the sleeves!"



Every Lady should know that Southalls' Sanitary Towels are a comfort, convenience, and saving of the cost of washing, and an absolute necessity to health—
SOUTHALLS' Towels

the greatest invention of the age for women's comfort, are sold in silver packets, each containing one dozen, by drapers, ladies' outfitters and chemists everywhere.

A trial will immediately convince that there is no real substitute for these goods. A Sample Packet containing six towels in the four standard sizes, post free for 6 stamps from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham. Southalls' Compressed Towels—tiny silver packets only 2 1/4 inches long. Size A, 1d. B, 1 1/2. C, 2d.

HOME HINTS.

I HAVE again received a large number of excellent cooking recipes and household hints. After much thought I have decided to award the prize to Miss A. HEWARD for the following recipe:—

Kheirs or "Indian Rice."

A very nourishing and easily-prepared dish for busy women is the way rice is prepared in some parts of India. Take half breakfast cup of rice, wash and soak it in cold water; then put it on to boil, adding by slow degrees 1/2 pint of milk while the rice is cooking. The milk will gradually be absorbed in each grain of rice until a creamy consistency is reached. It can be eaten, hot or cold, with jam. It must not boil fast, but simmer till quite done.

I give the following selection from the recipes received:—

Meal Cake.

This will prove of great benefit to mothers of families, as a good number of cakes can be made with the recipe given. 1 pint meal, 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful carbonate soda, 2 ozs. lard, 1 egg, and a little milk. Mix meal, flour, and bicarbonate of soda together, rub lard well in, add sugar, mix into a dough with the beaten egg and milk, roll out about half an inch thick, cut into round cakes, bake at the top of a moderate oven about ten minutes. This is a very light and economical cake.—Mrs. Shuttleworth, Accrington.

Current Cake.

2 lbs. flour, 1/2 oz carbonate of soda, 1/2 oz. cream of tartar, 1/2 lb. lard, 1 lb. sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 1/2 lbs. currants, 2 eggs, 1 pint milk, 6 ozs. candied peel; bake one hour.—Mrs. Barracough, Blackburn.

"Clarion" Pudding.

1 breakfast-cupful flour, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful baking soda, 1/2 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon, 2 tablespoonfuls jam, and a little milk. Mix dry ingredients, rubbing butter first into the flour. Stir in jam and milk. Mix well, put in a buttered dish, and steam two hours.—Margaret T. Ramsay, Dundee.

To Waterproof Boots.

Take 1/2 pint linseed oil and 1/2 pint neat's-foot oil, and boil them together. Bottle and keep ready for use. Apply when the boots are perfectly clean. Of course, only the soles of dress boots are to be so treated, and the oil must be allowed two or three days in which to dry in. Two successive applications are advised.—Miss G. H. Sharratt, Stoke-on-Trent.

Successful Ironing.

The success of ironing depends greatly upon the condition of the irons that are used. They should have a smooth, polished surface, which must be kept so by never putting them away with the least bit of starch adhering to them.

that Southalls' Sanitary Towels are a comfort, convenience, and saving of the cost of washing, and an absolute necessity to health—

SOUTHALLS' Towels

the greatest invention of the age for women's comfort, are sold in silver packets, each containing one dozen, by drapers, ladies' outfitters and chemists everywhere.

A trial will immediately convince that there is no real substitute for these goods. A Sample Packet containing six towels in the four standard sizes, post free for 6 stamps from the Lady Manager, 17, Bull Street, Birmingham. Southalls' Compressed Towels—tiny silver packets only 2 1/4 inches long. Size A, 1d. B, 1 1/2. C, 2d.

If they become at all rough and rusty, pour some paraffin oil into a tin pan, stand the irons in this all night; next day rub them with a paste of bathbrick and paraffin, then polish with dry bathbrick.—Mrs. T. Lamport, Reigate.

[Next month I will give some of my own special recipes.]
AUNT JEAN.

ART OF BEAUTY. THE FIGURE.

THE subject of corset-wearing seems, unfortunately, to be overlooked by the majority of writers of "Health Notes" or "Beauty Hints," yet it is one of the most important subjects to be considered by those who desire health and beauty.

The circulation of the blood, the movements and work of the internal organs, as well as the exercise of all the muscles of the body, are things so important that anything which hinders or retards them, such as the wearing of tight corsets—is injurious to the health. I may here point out that many girls and women whose natural waist-measurements are twenty-four inches, and whose corseted waists measure but twenty-one inches or twenty-two inches, seem to have no idea that they are wearing anything too tight; yet Dr. Jerome Walker says: "Corsets or waistbands, even if only moderately tight, are liable to have three bad effects: first, binding especially at waistband, and slowing the functions of stomach and liver; second, pressing downward the contents of abdomen upon the pelvic organs, inducing pelvic disorders; and third, restricting the motion of the chest and its contents, the lungs."

More than a few English women and girls do very well without corsets, in appearance, comfort, and health; though a stout woman may need something to support the bust, a well-fitting bodice or underbodice will do this in most cases.

Anyone who has an eye for beauty will see that the Venus de Milo and other fine Greek statues are more beautiful, graceful, and refined in form than the figures one sees sometimes walking—or, rather, shuffling—along in the street, with pinched waist, the owners apparently trying to imitate vases, instead of allowing their muscles to have full play, as do the corsetless girls, whose figures are proportionate, whose carriage is graceful and upright, and who see such beauty in God's handiwork that to alter it by the aid of man's devices is foolish and wrong.

Any girl who desires beauty of figure should cast away her corsets and remember to walk uprightly, with shoulders well back, taking care that the chest comes further forward than the abdomen. I would advise these girls to wear a warm vest or underbodice in place of the corsets they have discarded, so as to prevent catching cold. This last piece of advice is specially important during the present cold weather.
E. E. L.

The National Movement.

LETTER FROM MISS LOUISA HEDGES.

DEAR FRIENDS,

Before the issue of the next number of our magazine, the Second Annual Delegate Conference of the Federation will have taken place. We are hoping to have representatives from sixteen branches. Last year only five branches were represented. I think this will illustrate more than anything else the progress which has been made during the past year. I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so kindly helped us in the provinces, and feel sure that in the coming year their assistance will again be preferred. The letters received this month from the different branches are all very bright and interesting. I am quite at one with our Halstead correspondent, who wishes that all the members of the Federation could meet one another at the various social gatherings. This, however, is impossible; but, through the medium of our magazine, we can talk to one another, and be kept well in touch with the work of the branches. It is very helpful to us to hear the secretary of our youngest branch saying that the work just commenced at Norwich has given them all "something to live for." This is the spirit which we want infused into all our members, and which, I am sure, they will do their best to cultivate.

With cordial greeting to all,

Yours fraternally,

LOUISA HEDGES (General Secretary).

BATH.—Mr. W. J. March, the secretary of the local branch of the Shop Assistants' Union, is kindly helping the committee at Bath. He writes: "Our branch, jointly with my daughter and Miss Clark, held at our headquarters a most cheering social evening on our lines—combining business with pleasure. We had our excellent friends Swain, of the Bath Trades Council, and comrades Burford, Taylor, and Woodhurst to help with the talking. I acted as chairman. After refreshments four joined, and two names were also given in. I think it quite likely that another social will soon be arranged on the same lines. Messrs. Burford and Mander are acting as sub-committee to look after the branch on our behalf."

COVENTRY.—Being very young, we are a very small branch, and we very much want to grow; but the working girls here are most of them content with low wages for long hours. They prefer having that to nothing, and so we want to show them the advantages of unity. We are having social evenings, to which we invite all who care to come; and then, if they agree with our principles, we hope they will join us. Our next meeting will be on November 6th, at 8 p.m.—music and refreshments; so this time we are charging the small sum of threepence for admission. We think that if all the men Trade Unionists knew about the movement, they might help us a great deal, and we should like to send delegates to their meetings. Through our vice-president, Mrs. Griffiths, we had an invitation from the Amalgamated Society of Toolmakers No. 2 Branch, and our representatives, Mrs. Williams (president) and the secretary, had a most encouraging reception.

CLERKENWELL.—The Organising Committee are arranging a good programme for the winter months, and meetings and socials will take place frequently. All who are interested in the movement, and who wish to hear more about it, are cordially invited to a meeting to be held at

Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road (W.T.U.L. Office), on November 6th, at 8 p.m.

EDMONTON.—We have very little to report this month, except that great preparations are being made for our Anniversary Social, and all the members are looking forward to this with a great deal of pleasure. We hope to send in a good report for next month's magazine. The Federation Badge is being eagerly looked for by our members.

HALSTEAD.—We have a strong branch of the National Federation of Women Workers. We number nearly 700. I do trust that the girls will be loyal to each other, not only in keeping to their Union, but also in trying to get non-Unionists to join. The members are very pleased with the magazine, and I hope all the readers of this paper will talk about it amongst their friends, and do their utmost to get the paper known. I am sure if the girls would only read about our movement, they would be sure to get interested, and then we should move along more quickly. We are having our first dance this season on October 26th. I wish we were nearer to the other branches, so that we could invite them to join with us.

NORWICH.—We are very grateful to Mrs. Curran and Miss Hedges for starting our branch. It seems to have given us something to live and work for, and I am sure it will not be for the want of trying among the members who have joined if it does not grow. We organised a very successful social evening last month, at which the General Secretary was the speaker. Mr. Smith, of the Boot and Shoe Operatives Union, occupied the chair. We intend having some more of these socials, as we think they do a lot of good.

OXFORD.—My report this month will, I am afraid, be rather a short one. However, we are pleased to say that we have made some more new members, and we are going on well. Our social gathering was quite a success, and we are hoping to have another soon. Several of our members sang, and a number of the Ruskin Hall students helped to entertain us, and, on the whole, it was a very pleasant evening. We like the *Woman Worker* very much, and wish it every success. We hope to see Miss Macarthur next month, and are looking forward to seeing Miss Hedges in the near future. We have not yet decided as to what our motto shall be, but hope to do so at our next meeting.

SILVERTOWN.—The Silvertown Branch has just finished its six months' probation. These months have meant hard work for the committee, who have done all in their power to keep up the enthusiasm of the members. Many thanks are due to Miss Macarthur and Miss Hedges for their intercession on our behalf, which met with the desired effect. Last May we held our first social evening at the Co-operative Institute, Woolwich, which was a great success. A large number of the employees joined when the branch was formed, and we are adding others by degrees. We do not doubt that the few who are at present outside the Union will be only too eager to join.

TAUNTON.—It is with great pleasure that I report a very successful social dance, which we held in the Parade Assembly Rooms on October 7th. We were delighted to have Miss Macarthur with us, who chatted freely and individually with the girls about the work of the Federation and its objects. She also gave a short address during an interval in the programme. Everything passed off splendidly, and the dance was prolonged an hour and a half than originally intended. The numbers present far exceeded our highest hopes, partly owing to the efforts of the gentlemen, members of Trade Unions themselves. We are very

ER

ENNY.

n, Leeds, Not-
who conduct
r lines.

's busy time.
I wait in a row
patents of their

ese 'ere gowns
customers, Mrs.
ly to one of
oking women.
Why, it ain't
articler about
rite."

I don't make
ar for that lot,
s the woman

do with strite
Perret with
this time, Mis-
a penny-three
are there!—a

money dazedly.
e had counted
y at the door.
taps, of her
"down with

v unties her
lien on the
the garments

hilling.
owns three and
a shilling."
over. The
unts as much,

lot—five and
re payin' too
res," he says.
re at two an

ies the girl
rment in her
astounding
three tucks
five tucks and
eves. There's
en tucks and
with feather-
underneath as

feathering at
the wrists, and there is feathering and
lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be
done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-
pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at
that. It takes me four hours 'ard to do
one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from
the waiting women behind.
"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Per-
ret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's
passion has already waned, and he
adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck
on the sleeves!"

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the con-
cocter of the specious advertisement and
—I discovered—the tenant of a small
house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X"
resides, in case any wary person should
pay a personal visit to inspect the
"54 articles elaborately tucked and
trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of
this brilliant scheme; that honour be-
longs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article
are vouched for. Names are, of course,
fictitious.—Ed.

The Simple Life - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - Russell Lowell.

Complaints and the Law.

PORTIA.

Talks with the Doctor

Dr. X.Y.Z.

Trade Union Notes

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Women's Labour League

Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.

Women's News of the Week.

grateful to them for their earnest endeavour on our behalf to strengthen and increase our membership. We hope those who promised to join us at the dance will come boldly forward and do so.

WHITECHAPEL.—A social has been arranged jointly by this branch, the Silvertown Branch, and the Amalgamated Union of Co-operative Employees, to be held early in the New Year. We like the magazine very much, and are looking forward to the dressmaking hints.

EDINBURGH.—This branch is mostly composed of paper bag makers, with a few case makers and rubber workers. The rubber workers being poorly paid, and having enormous fines inflicted upon them, we expect to capture a good number of recruits at our coming social. Our picnic to Roslyn was very enjoyable, although we had some very heavy showers of rain. We had a visit from Miss Macarthur on October 15th, but, owing to wet weather, only a few turned out. She has promised to come again in December, and her visit will be looked forward to with great interest.

Scottish National Conference on Sweated Industries.

EXACTLY twelve months after the holding of the historic Conference on Minimum Wage at the Guildhall, the Scottish Council for Women's Trades has held a somewhat similar Conference designed to give expression to the feeling of Scotland. But whereas the Guildhall gathering was entirely Labour in character, invitations to the Northern Conference were addressed to organisations of many kinds, and Trade Unions, charitable and religious agencies, University Settlements, and other more or less well qualified bodies sent representatives.

The work of the Conference was taken under three heads: Miss Irwin and Mr. Fyfe described the problem as it exists in the town (Glasgow), with which they are both connected; Miss Clementina Black, Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Edward Carpenter, and Mr. G. R. Askwith dealt with the matter of remedial legislation; and Mrs. Bramwell Booth and the Rev. Russell Wakefield brought up the rear with an exposition of the moral implications of sweating in relation to worker and to consumer.

Of the papers read by these distinguished authorities, three were especially notable. In one, Mr. G. R. Askwith crossed the "t's" and dotted the "i's" of his impressive address at the Guildhall, definitely affirming as the result of further experience as an arbitrator of the Board of Trade his belief in Wages Boards as practicable and desirable industrial machinery. In another, Mr. Fyfe gave a most striking diagrammatic statement of sweating in Glasgow, defining the evil as under-payment in relation to bodily efficiency, fixing the minimum food quantities, etc., on which efficiency depends, and showing how inadequate present wages were in many women's trades to procure for the worker even that meagre minimum. To this quite unusually valuable paper I hope to return in a future issue, when a printed copy of it is in my possession.

The third of the especially notable addresses was that in which, under the title of "The Licensing of Home Workers," Mr. Ramsay Macdonald gave an interesting dissertation on Wages Boards. In so doing he had the excuse that, under the definition of Mr. Fyfe, who had preceded him, licensing proposals in regard to sweating had lost their relevancy. Mr. Macdonald objected to Wages Boards on grounds with which those who have followed the agitation against sweating will be acquainted. He doubts their efficiency in Victoria, and he is sure they will not be efficacious at all in this older and more complex country.

As speakers other than readers of papers were allowed only six minutes each, no adequate discussion was possible; but Miss Macarthur, Miss Black, and others, were able to quote against Mr. Macdonald, who thinks that the Boards have not been effective in Victoria, the Chief Inspector of Factories there, who is under the impression that they have. And in regard to England, Mr. Macdonald's forebodings were put aside by those who, through their Trade Union administration, have practical knowledge of wage questions. They failed, it may be added, to disturb even Mr. Askwith's calm, and the discussion ended with the pleasing spectacle of that distinguished official addressing tranquilising words to the disturbed economic conscience of the chairman of the I.L.P.

In the end a resolution asking His Majesty's Government to legislate with a view to "Inspection and Legal Regulation" was altered so as definitely to ask for regulation of wages, and in its amended form passed with only four dissentients. Thus the demand for Wages Boards may be deemed to have become still more insistent as the result of this very interesting Conference, not convened with any such end in view.

Wincella
REGD. 227,566.

An improved Scotch Wincey, will not shrink or fade, from 1/- per yard upwards. Ideal material for Babies' Dresses, Underclothing, Blouses or Costumes, Men's Shirts, etc. Hard wearing, yet soft and pretty.

Made in white, all colours and fancy patterns. Single or double widths. Light, medium or heavy weights.

Patterns and Price List free. State purpose required, and mention "Woman Worker."

MACARTHUR
(Dept. X.),
AYR, N.B.

"I'm getting 'Wincella'."

THE . . .
SOCIALIST WOMAN

The only publication in America devoted to the interests of women from the Socialist standpoint. It points out that no woman can be free until she is economically independent. It is a magazine that all thinking people should have in their homes. Without "The Socialist Woman" your Socialist reading is not complete.

Yearly, 50 Cents.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN,
619, EAST 55TH STREET, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The Allinson Wholemeal

Is a pure meal, made from carefully-selected and finely-ground wheat. A grain of wheat is a perfect food IN ITSELF. It contains everything the body requires, and in nearly the proportion needed; therefore, those who eat Allinson Wholemeal Bread have the full benefit of the wheat,

NATURE'S BEST FOOD.

The Allinson Wholemeal

Should be used by all who would be well; it is a NECESSITY, not a luxury. Those who use it regularly do not suffer from constipation and its attendant evils.

The Allinson Wholemeal

Makes delicious bread, cakes, scones, pies, etc., and can be obtained in 3½ lb. and 7 lb. bags, from all the leading Vegetarian Food Stores. Full list of agents on receipt of post card to

The Natural Food Company, Ltd.
(Room 210) 305, Cambridge Road, Bethnal Green.

THE SAFEST MEDICINE

For Biliary and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Wind, Nervous Depression, Loss of Appetite, Irritability, Lassitude, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Lowness of Spirits, Giddiness, &c.

AS A GENERAL FAMILY APERIENT MEDICINE

Dr. SCOTT'S PILLS

ARE UNEQUALLED.

Composed of the Finest Drugs. Gentle and Tonic in their action. Certain in their Curative effects. They can be taken at any time, without inconvenience.

They cleanse the Stomach from all impurities. They Stimulate the Liver to healthy action.

They Strengthen the Nervous System, restore and preserve

HEALTH, STRENGTH, AND VITALITY.

Sold by all Chemists in Boxes, 1/1½; and three times the quantity, 2/9.

A FREE SAMPLE BOX

Will be sent to all who write, enclosing a penny stamp to cover postage (mentioning this paper), to
W. LAMBERT, 47, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.

The Simple Life - - - Walt Whitman.
The True Atheism - - - Russell Lowell.

Complaints and the Law. PORTIA.

Talks with the Doctor Dr. X.Y.Z.

Trade Union Notes MARY R. MACARTHUR.

Women's Labour League Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.

Women's News of the Week.

girls as Mr. Perret. He is the conductor of the specious advertisement and—I discovered—the tenant of a small house at Maida Vale where "Nurse X" resides, in case any wary person should pay a personal visit to inspect the "54 articles elaborately tucked and trimmed."

Mr. Perret is not the originator of this brilliant scheme; that honour belongs to a more prosperous competitor,

* N.B.—The facts contained in this article are vouched for. Names are, of course, fictitious.—Ed.

the wrists, and there is feathering and lace at the neck. I tell you it can't be done, Mr. Perret, for less than three-pence halfpenny. It's dirt cheap at that. It takes me four hours' hard to do one, and then there's thread to pay for."

There's a murmur of sympathy from the waiting women behind.

"Well, three shillin's," says Mr. Perret, suavely.

He waits a moment, but the girl's passion has already waned, and he adds, "You'd better put an extra tuck on the sleeves!"

ER

ENNY.

on, Leeds, Not- who conduct lines.

's busy time. wait in a row contents of their

ese 'ere gowns customers, Mrs. y to one of oking women.

Why, it ain't partic'lar about rite."

I don't maike ar for that lot, s the woman

do with strife Perret with this time, Mis. a penny-three are there?—a

oney dazedly. he had counted y at the door. naps, of her "down with

w unties her f linen on the s the garments

shilling. owns three and

s a shilling." m over. The rants as much,

s lot—five and are payin' too fires," he says. ore at two an

ries the girl arment in her b' astonishing s three tucks Five tucks and eaves. There's ten tucks and ll with feather- underneath as feathering at



OVERHEARD
BY
THE LITTLE BIRD

Edinburgh.

"That we welcomed Miss Macarthur with a deluge of rain. Quite a number of plucky members turned out, however, and the meeting was quite wonderful."

At the same Place.

We are proud of some of our members.
That our victory has not turned our heads.
That we'll work harder than ever for the Union.

Oxford.

An anxious time is over. Our prices have been increased, and so has our membership.
Isn't it simply wonderful in three months?
If only we had joined years ago!

Edmonton.

We are a year old this month. Well, we wouldn't be without our Union.

We want a Badge, though. Our Anniversary Social on the 17th is going to be a startler. Quite a number of celebrated people will be present.

At Eley Bros.

Isn't our President a trump, and such a worker! Good old Esther! The world will hear of her some day.

Bath.

Our Social was a great success. We mean to have another. Are not the Shop Assistants bricks?
They have helped us.

Norwich.

Fruit banquets are delightful. But nut-shells are not Brussels carpet.
We are going ahead. Miss Hedges is a glutton for work.

Taunton.

Our social was a great affair. So glad Miss Mac. came. We want a Postcard Exchange.

Coventry.

Why isn't the *Woman Worker* a weekly?

At the Glasgow Conference on Sweating.

Things are coming to a bonny "cripus" (as the old wife said) "when a Board of Trade official can reprove the chairman of the I.L.P. for moderation."

At the same Place.

Where is the wild and reckless Highlander whom we knew once?

Clerkenwell.

Where, oh! where were our members at the last General Meeting? Don't forget November 6th.

At Paisley.

That many of our members received lock-out pay as a result of the recent dispute.

At Stockport.

It isn't the weekly sub. that makes the Trade Unionist. It's a new spirit we want.

Oh, 'tis most excellent to have a giant's strength, but most tyrannous to use it like a giant.

AMALGAMATED ENGINEERS' Monthly Journal

Stands admittedly in the forefront of Trade Union Journalism, has shown itself to be new in every way in each succeeding issue. There are so many things of interest—to every member of a Trade Union—you must READ IT.

Edited by **GEO. N. BARNES, M.P.**

Price One Penny. Order it through your Newsagent, or can be sent post paid. 2s. per year.

Published by the
Amalgamated Society of Engineers,
110, PECKHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

Wholesale Agents:
Co-operative Printing Society Ltd., Tudor Street, London, and at Corporation Street, and New Mount Street, Manchester, and Rutherford Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Published on the 1st of each month.

'The Commonwealth,'

Is a Christian Social Magazine, edited by

CANON HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND,

And Published by Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. Limited.

Price, Threepence net, Monthly.

It may be ordered through any Bookseller or Newsagent.

THE SUBSCRIPTION IS 4/- A YEAR, POST FREE; OR FIVE YEARS FOR 19/- BOUND VOLUMES, 5/- EACH; OR FIVE FOR 20/- BINDING CASES, 1/6.

Subscriptions (either by Cheque or Postal Order) should be made payable to G. W. WARDMAN (Sub-Editor and Manager), and addressed to him at the Editorial Office of "The Commonwealth," 19, Stroud Green Road, London, N. (uncrossed Money Orders should be made payable at Finsbury Park Post Office).

A specimen copy of the current number will be posted to any address on receipt of **4d. in stamps.**

Twenty-four copies of the current number will be sent, carriage paid, to any address on receipt of 5/-