

THE VOTE

(THE ORGAN OF THE WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE).

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ONE PENNY.

NOTICE.

Letters relating to editorial and business matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR and SECRETARY respectively. Applications for advertising spaces to be made to the ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER.

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EDITORIAL.

The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only. Articles, paragraphs, or cuttings dealing with matters of interest to women generally will be welcomed. Every effort will be made to return unsuitable MSS. if a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed, but the Editor cannot be responsible in case of loss.

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OUR POINT OF VIEW.

A Generous Gift.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the excellent little play, *The Stuff that 'Eroes Are Made Of*, published this week, is a free and unfettered gift to the Editor of THE VOTE by a faithful friend and supporter of the struggle for women's enfranchisement. Mrs. Tippett, well known to members of the Women's Freedom League, has done admirable propaganda work in her dramatic, yet touching, presentation of the sacrifice for the Cause which an eager Suffragist was courageous enough to make. Mrs. Tippett has done more. She has put it into the power of the Editor to give permission for the reproduction of the play anywhere without restriction for the benefit of the Women's Freedom League. We beg her to accept our sincerest thanks, knowing how valuable her work will prove to all who are arranging entertainments in our autumn campaign—and after.

The Significance of Strikes.

There seems to be a strike wave corresponding to the heat wave, and records in high temperatures are reported from many industrial centres. The newspapers are full of the subject, and in the heated atmosphere—added to personal discomfort to the onlookers and dire suffering to those in or near the struggle—it is not always possible to see things in their true proportion. To disclaim against mob rule is easy enough, but strikes hit strikers hard enough to be regarded as desperate weapons. The immediate need appears to be a controlling machinery of arbitration, an industrial Hague Tribunal—or something better—in which both employers and employed have confidence. Looking beneath the disconcerting outward manifestations, however, we cannot fail to observe a definite movement towards an awakening to human value; there is the breaking of cramping shackles, a recognition of workers as something more than mere machines. Such a movement is part of the great movement going on all over the world, which includes what we are pleased to call the awakening of the East, and also the awakening of women to their political and industrial slavery, as well as their determination to break their fetters. The situation needs patience and courtesy; if these

prevail between employers and strikers, then the country may hope that recent outbreaks will lead to better understanding and true progress for the benefit of all.

Starvation Wages.

When the Federation of Women Workers puts forward a demand for a minimum wage of 13s. per week, and evidence is forthcoming that women receive as little as 6s. or 7s. a week for arduous work, we may well believe that something is radically wrong. Small wonder, then, that the women workers, whose reward for a week's toil is this miserable pittance, should desire to share in the general improvement of industrial conditions slowly taking place. Concessions to the women's demands may be taken, we hope, as evidence of qualms of conscience on the part of employers; it is significant that one of them voluntarily subscribed a guinea to the strike fund. We welcome the spirit in which many employers have received the demands of the women, but conditions in the homes of the workers show that even the advances made will hardly keep hunger at bay, for in Bermondsey it is the women who are now the principal bread-winners. The march of 10,000 women strikers to Southwark Park was one of the impressive incidents in the struggle. When we reflect that men are agitating for a minimum wage of 30s. a week, the women's 13s. seems pitiful indeed. These facts only prove how important it is for women to have in their hands the powerful lever of the vote.

A Friend Indeed.

We, in common with all workers for women's enfranchisement, tender our heartiest thanks to Mr. Walter McLaren for bringing forward the woman's point of view during the debate on the payment of Members in the House of Commons, and for his practical action in promising the women's contribution to his salary for the benefit of their movement. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer could give him no information as to the proportion paid by women in taxes, Mr. McLaren intends to work it out for himself. It remains to be seen whether the four hundred friends of Woman's Suffrage in the House follow his fine example, and make a combined contribution of £20,000 a year to the Woman's Cause. We hope they will, but we also hope the need for such valuable help will be short-lived.

The Need for Vigilance.

There are indications that a careful watch must be kept on proceedings in Parliament. Not long ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at a meeting of Liberal Members favourable to women's enfranchisement, put forward the suggestion that a truly democratic Bill should be introduced when the promised "facilities" for a woman's Bill came before the House. This week Mr. Leif Jones had a question on the Order Paper—not answered before we go to press—asking for a definite statement from the Prime Minister whether the promised facilities will be granted equally to any Women's Suffrage Bill. Now it must not be forgotten that, in a letter to Lord Lytton, Mr. Asquith made the promise for facilities for a Bill introduced by the Conciliation Committee, provided it was framed to permit of amendments. The Conciliation Bill has passed its second reading with a large majority, and to begin over again on a new "democratic" Bill would be intolerable.

WOMEN'S FREEDOM LEAGUE.

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OUR DEMONSTRATION AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House of Commons was not allowed to vote its members a salary of £400 per annum without a reminder from the Women's Freedom League that votes for women should have been settled first. On the afternoon of Wednesday last, members of the League were posted at the gates of St. Stephen's, and each Member of Parliament was offered a leaflet headed, "Who Will Pay Members of Parliament?" All the passers-by received another setting out in terse sentences the fact that while Members of Parliament would vote themselves salaries for their services in representing men, a large portion of the money would come from unrepresented women. It was noticeable that many of the honourable Members refused the leaflet with more or less irritation. Probably they felt it unpleasant to be so aptly reminded of their neglected duty to women.

The next day, Thursday, the resolution was introduced by Mr. Lloyd George; the League members turned out well and marched slowly up and down outside the House, each with an umbrella bearing a large poster with the words, "Voteless Women ought not to be Taxed to Help Pay Salaries to Members of Parliament. VOTES FOR WOMEN FIRST." The demonstration attracted great interest of a friendly nature, the leaflets were eagerly taken, and many inquiries made by holiday visitors to London.

The thanks of the League, and indeed of all Suffragists are due to Mr. Walter McLaren, M.P., who had put down an amendment to the effect that it was unjust to pay salaries to Members of Parliament out of women's money until women had votes. It is a significant fact that Mr. McLaren was unable to find even a seconder in the Liberal ranks. He ultimately withdrew the amendment, but made his protest in the House, stating that he would find out what proportion of his salary would come from women and give it to the Suffrage movement. This course might be adopted by all Suffragist members with excellent results to the funds of our Conciliation Bill campaign.

The thanks of the League are also warmly given to those members who demonstrated so effectively on two of the hottest days known for more than fifty years.

THE DAISY TURNER CASE.

In consequence of the action taken by the local Branch of the League at Cheltenham in connection with Daisy Turner's case, of which details were given in No. 92 of THE VOTE, several fresh members have joined because it has made them realise the need there is for women to be able to affect legislation dealing with this and similar cases.

Mr. Agg-Gardner, Member of Parliament for Cheltenham, promised to see Mr. Churchill to endeavour to get her removed to a home instead of leaving her in prison until the middle of October when the trial takes place.

As no satisfactory answer had been received the Hon. Secretary of our Branch sent Mr. Churchill the following letter:—

Sir,—I enclose herewith a copy of THE VOTE, and beg to draw your special attention to "The Case of Daisy Turner," on page 171. You will see that the case has aroused a great

* Copies of these leaflets can be had on application to the Political and Militant Department at the Office, 1, Robert-street, Adelphi.

deal of public interest and sympathy, and I am desired by my League to request you to give the case your consideration and to urge upon you the pressing necessity of having Daisy Turner removed from Worcester Gaol to a suitable home.

The confinement and general atmosphere and surroundings of prison, which many members of the League know from personal experience, are not conducive to the recovery of even her normal mental and physical condition, and we feel very strongly that, unless the course which we urge upon you is adopted Daisy Turner will not be in a fit condition to stand her trial on the serious charge brought against her.—Yours faithfully,
FLORENCE HOW EARENGEY.

The following is Mr. Churchill's reply to Mrs. Earengy:
Home Office, Whitehall, Aug. 11, 1911.

Madam,—In reply to your letter of the 9th inst. in the case of Daisy Turner, I am directed by the Secretary of State to inform you that the only mode of effecting the prisoner's transfer from prison to other custody would be by an application to a judge of the High Court for bail. The Secretary of State has no power in the matter, and could not intervene either to support or to oppose such an application. He recognises that the time the girl is awaiting trial must necessarily be a period of great nerve strain and anxiety. If she remains in prison careful attention will be given to the case by the medical staff, and it is by no means clear that in respect of mental and bodily health she would be in better circumstances if released from prison. The Secretary of State is informed that her health has much improved since her reception in prison.—I am, Madam, your obedient servant,
E. BLACKWELL.

Before making an application to the High Court the advice of her solicitor and if possible the opinion of the girl herself will be taken.

Many people are convinced of the innocence of the girl, but whether innocent or guilty the treatment of unmarried mothers and their helpless children is a scandal and a disgrace to our civilisation, and no efforts ought to be spared, while public interest is aroused over an individual case, to push home this truth.

An appeal was made for money to provide Daisy Turner with proper food while in prison and to pay the legal expenses in connection with her defence; sympathisers wishing to help in this way should send their donations to Miss Kelley, Ireton House, Cheltenham.

A few weeks before the trial a series of special meetings will be held in the district at some of which it is hoped Mrs. Despard will speak, and donations for this campaign should be sent to our hon. treasurer, Miss Tite.

OTHER SAD CASES.

The case of Mabel Blackmore, who was condemned to death for the murder of her child, has aroused much sympathy in South Wales, and in a very short time a petition for her reprieve was signed by tens of thousands of people. We are glad that the reprieve usual in such cases has been granted. *The South Wales Daily News* has done us good service by opening its columns to letters in reference to the case and prints one from Mrs. How Martyn, referring to her as "the well-known advocate of improved social and economic conditions for women." The correspondence has disclosed that the girl is herself a so-called illegitimate child and has never had the proper up-bringing to which every child is entitled. She was penniless and friendless, and which of us can picture the misery and anguish which drove her to drown the child, whose existence not only made it almost impossible for her to get work, but would be regarded by the world as a badge of her shame and disgrace.

The correspondence has also shown that public opinion is ripe for a change in the law, but without the power of the woman's vote year after year will pass and still legislation will lag behind public opinion.

At Chesterfield, in Derbyshire, two women, mother and daughter, are in prison awaiting trial at the Assizes, charged with concealing the birth of the illegitimate child of the daughter. The Press report adds: "Neither of the prisoners said anything." This was probably wise from a legal point of view, but from a national point of view it is quite time that women should say a very great deal. Nothing but persistent writing and speaking will enable voteless women to make their point of view known.

"THE STUFF THAT 'EROES ARE MADE OF."

BY ISABEL TIPPETT.

[Editorial Note.—This play may be acted anywhere, for the benefit of the Women's Freedom League, without payment of Royalty Fee.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE MOTHER (Sweated worker).
THE FATHER (Drunken brute).
TILDA (Daughter).
LIZ (Daughter).
ALF (Liz's sweetheart).

SCENE.—Bare attic room. Back of stage the mother seated sewing and machining at great pace, hardly ever looking up. She is weary, white, and dispirited; half-fed, half-clothed, taking the misery as a matter of course. On left and right are battered beds. Right-hand one a man is sleeping noisily, in drunken stupor. Centre of stage Tilda is trying steps of a dance. She shows a ragged petticoat, boots much the worse for wear. As the curtain goes up, Tilda finishes the dance, not without a certain grace and natural art. She turns and glances at the mother at the table.

TILDA: There! If that don't fetch 'em, my nime ain't Tilda! It's a sight better than that there fat woman what always gets all the clappin'. Can't see what the fellers see in 'er, I can't. Coarse, she is, I says, all figure and no form.

THE MOTHER: 'Ave yer got took on, then, at the 'All, 'Tilda?
TILDA: That's me. The manager, 'e says I ain't a blooming Maud Hallen yet, but 'e didn't give me that turn for nothin'. I'll knock aht that there fat woman yet. I feels 'urtful to 'er I do, when she gets hencored and I don't.

THE MOTHER: You always was a spiteful one, you was, 'Tilda.
TILDA: I reckon that's what gets me on. When I wants a thing, I 'as it, same as father (points to the bed). 'Ow did 'e come by the dibs as made 'im drunk again?

THE MOTHER: I was pide yesterday, and 'e found aht.
TILDA: Why don't yer 'ide it?
THE MOTHER: If I do, 'e —

TILDA (laughing): 'Ides yer. 'E don't see none o' my money though.

THE MOTHER (anxiously): 'Ow much is they going to give yer, 'Tilda?

TILDA: Fifteen bob a week, and 'ire me own costoom. That's a bit of allright, that is, and 'ire me own costoom."

THE MOTHER: But you'll spare me a bit, 'Tilda?
TILDA (tossing her head): That's likely, ain't it? There's others as can work as well as me I suppose? Look at 'im! I'm to spare yer a bit to keep 'im in drink, eh? 'Tain't likely.

THE MOTHER: I ain't 'ad much to-day. Only a crust of bread and a drink of tap water.

TILDA: Well, ain't there Liz. She's such a lidy, she is. You makes enough of 'er. Let 'er spare yer a bit.

THE MOTHER: She always 'as, 'Tilda, and you knows it. Didn't she 'ave yer taught them steps? Wasn't yer mad ter go on the stige, and didn't she say as yer 'ad a right ter choose yer own life, and 'ave yer chance with the rest? You wouldn't tike ter service same as 'er, and didn't she 'elp yer ter get what you wanted?

TILDA: Liz is soft, that's what she is. She's too full of 'igh sounding talk, and see what it's brought 'er to? No good.

THE MOTHER: It wasn't no fault of 'ers, poor girl, as 'ow she lost 'er plice.

TILDA: Yus, it was 'er fault. What did she want to tike up with that there Suffragetting business for? Stuff and nonsense, I calls it. My, ain't she 'ad all the luck that might 'ave come to them as deserves it better? What call 'ad Alf to promise 'er? She ain't nuffink to look at.

THE MOTHER: What's come to ye, 'Tilda? Ever since Liz took up with Alf, you ain't been the same gal, you ain't.

TILDA: Yes, I 'ave, but it's Alf as —
THE MOTHER: What's the matter with Alf? Ain't 'e been steady enough since Liz promised 'im? She'll mike a man of Alf, Liz will.

TILDA: She'll mike a blooming preaching parson of 'im, not 'arf. 'E was the right sort afore, 'e was; ready for a bit of fun any day along o' me. 'E was my pal fust, I tell yer.

THE MOTHER: What d'yer mean, 'Tilda? 'E didn't ask you, did 'e?

TILDA: No, but 'e would 'ave, sure as I stand 'ere. Then 'e saw Liz with 'er fine wids of talking about living up to the best in yer, and all the rest of 'er jaw. 'E was just caught by 'er flash talk, 'e was.

THE MOTHER: 'Tilda, you're jealous, that's what you are.
TILDA: Garn! If I likes, I could soon 'ave Alf. And I will, too, if I wants 'im. I tikes what I wants, same as father, see? I could have 'im, I says, if I likes. I ain't so particular as Liz, I ain't, and 'e's only a man, just like the rest.

THE MOTHER: 'Tilda, don't yer go for ter do it. You leave Alf alone.

TILDA: And don't yer interfere with me! If yer do, not an 'a-penny shall ye 'ave o' mine. D'yer 'ear that now? And I mean it. Ain't yer 'ungry, mother? Yer looks it.

THE MOTHER: 'Ungr'y! 'Ave yer got anythink, 'Tilda?
TILDA: I may 'ave. But I won't 'ave, if yer tries ter interfere with me and Alf.

THE MOTHER: You and Alf! But it's Liz and Alf.
TILDA: It may be now. Maybe it won't be always.

THE MOTHER: What yer gettin' at, 'Tilda? Why, Liz, she loves Alf, and she's promised 'im, and 'e's promised 'er.

TILDA: There yer go agine. It's Liz, Liz, Liz. I'm sick of Liz, I am. I tell yer, yer just drives me to do it, yer do. (Steps coming upstairs.) 'Ullo, there's Alf. (Enter Alf.) 'Ullo, what cheer, Alf!

ALF: 'Ullo, what cheer, 'Tilda. Where's Liz?
THE MOTHER: Liz 'as gone to see after another plice.
ALF: Ain't she got one yet?

TILDA: No, and 'tain't likely she will either. D'yer think folks is going ter put up with a blooming Suffragette? Didn't that get 'er the chuck from 'er last? (Laughing at him.) My, Alf, won't yer 'ave the time of yer life when yer married ter yer tea. And folks won't laugh, no, not 'arf, when yer gets a Suffragette missis telling yer what yer ought ter do, and what yer oughtn't ter. Oh, yer won't be Alf, yer won't, yer'll be Mrs. Liz! (Laughs at him.)

THE MOTHER: 'Tilda, what are yer saying?
TILDA: 'Ungr'y, mother? (Impressively.) Then I advises yer ter go on with that there work, or—(to Alf)—'Ullo, Mrs. Liz.

ALF (uncomfortably): Stow it, 'Tilda. Liz ain't that sort.
TILDA: Ain't she! What sort d'yer reckon she is, then?
ALF: She's the sort as 'll make one a good wife.

TILDA: You should 'ear 'er talk! Good wife, indeed! Look at mother, there! When father's on the drink she works, she do, day and night; ain't that a good wife?

ALF: Yes, so it be.
TILDA: There yer are, then! Now, Liz, she's always saying, "Now, mother, yer'e working for a sweated wage, yer are, and don't yer do it. It ain't right," she says. "They ought ter pay yer a living wage."

ALF: So they ought.
TILDA (mockingly): So they ought. An' when you're out of a job, Liz'll get on a chair in 'Ide Park and say: "Yer ought ter pay me a living wage, yer ought, and I won't work for nothink else." That'll fill the pot with pork and greens, not 'arf. That's what them Suffragettes does. They talks.

ALF: Liz 'ud do more than talk! She's my gal, she is, and she'll stick by me, come bad, come good.

TILDA: Would she just! You try 'er, I says. You see if she'd give up 'er Suffragetting for yer. Now, if I was gone on a bloke, I'd never want no blooming vote, to show I was as good as 'e. I'd let 'im be a man, I would, not get 'im laughed at by all the folk down our street.

THE MOTHER: 'Tilda, what 're yer after with Alf?
TILDA: I thought I 'ad 'arf-a-crown, but I must 'ave lost it. D'yer understand, mother?

ALF: So folks laugh, do they?
TILDA: Not 'arf. Wants ter know if you're a Suffragette, too!
ALF: Well, I ain't, so there you are, and you can tell 'em so next time you 'ear them laughing.

TILDA: Liz 'll soon make yer one. She'll soon larn yer, she will. Liz is one o' them New Women, and says a petticoat's as good as trousers any day. Wouldn't wonder but what she'll dress you in petticoats, too. My, wouldn't yer look a pretty sight! (Laughs.)

ALF (sulkily): Stow yer gab, will yer? (Threatens her with his fist.)
TILDA (laughing): Don't yer try that on with Suffragetting Liz! She'll soon show yer who's the master, you or 'er.

ALF: Will she! Blarney if I 'ave a woman as a master o' me!
TILDA (admiringly): Now yer talks like a man, and I likes yer the better for it, I do. But Liz, she won't put up with that.

ALF (sulkily): She'll 'ave ter, then.
TILDA: You try it on. Siy, if you marries 'er, she'll 'ave ter give up that there Suffragetting. But there, you daren't do it. You're frightened of 'er, that's what yer are!

ALF: I ain't, I tell yer.
TILDA: Do it, then, like a man.

THE MOTHER: 'Tilda, ain't yer going to the 'All? The clock outside's struck nine. I 'eard it distinct, I did.
TILDA: Krikee, 'tis time I was hoff. Come and see me dance my turn, Alf?

ALF: I'll wait 'ere for Liz.
TILDA (laughing): What, ain't yer allowed ter a music-'all along o' me? Alright, Mrs. Liz.

ALF: Stow that, I say.
TILDA: Come along o' me, then, and show yer a man.

ALF: I'll show yer fast enough. I'll walk with yer to the theatre, and when you comes back you shall 'ear Liz give up being a Suffragette fast enough when I wants 'er to.

TILDA: Now I admires yer. It makes me mad, some'ow, to see yer under a woman's thumb. Guess I wouldn't want ter 'ave yer under mine. No, I likes a man, I do, what knows 'is proper plice, and that's the master of the woman, that is. It's all very well to 'ear Liz talk about being in subjection to a man, but I say a woman ought ter obey 'er 'usband. Why, d'yer think father, in drink or out of drink, ever allowed 'er— (pointing to the hurriedly-working woman)—to forget 'erself? Where would we all be now if 'e ad? In the work-'ouse long afore this. 'E always seed to it 'e was master. A woman's plice is ter keep the 'ome agoing, I says.

[Exit both. The mother looks round, and, snatching up a garment, goes to the bed and looks at the sleeping

man. Suddenly she drops her work, and quickly begins to search his pockets. He wakes, and catches her hands.]

THE FATHER (in hoarse, thick voice): Yer would, would yer? Thought I was asleep, did yer? And yer'd set on me and rob me, would yer? (Takes both hands in one and threatens her with the other.)

THE MOTHER (cowed): Let me go, Bill. I didn't mean nothink.

THE FATHER: Didn't yer? What d'yer come puttin' yer 'ands in my pockets for, then?

THE MOTHER: I—I ain't 'ad much all day, Bill. I feels a bit faint-like. I thought if yer 'ad a copper or two for a bit o' bread—

THE FATHER: You blarnd fool, yer! D'yer think if I 'ad a copper I'd be lying 'ere. (Flings her away. She takes her work, and quickly goes back to her table. Father gets up and lounges unsteadily towards her.) Ain't yer finished yet, yer good-fer-nothink fool, yer!

THE MOTHER: I've been at it all the time, Bill: I 'ave, really.

THE FATHER: Let me catch yer if yer 'aven't. What's for supper, eh?

THE MOTHER: There ain't nothink.

THE FATHER: D'yer 'appen ter remember what I promised yer if yer 'ad nothink for supper when I was 'ungry?

THE MOTHER: I'll get a bob, Bill, when I've afinished these.

THE FATHER: I promised yer I'd wring yer blooming neck, and I'm a man what keeps my word, I am.

THE MOTHER: I ain't got it now. You ain't sober yet, Bill. Don't yer touch me, Bill. I'll get it as soon as I can. (Bill seizes her by the arms.) Oh, Gawd! don't yer go for ter 'urt me, Bill.

THE FATHER: Where's the blarnd bob? You're 'iding it, that's what you're doing. Not the fust time, neither.

THE MOTHER: No, so help me Gawd, I ain't. Ow, don't yer, don't! (He gets his hand round her neck and forces her back. She screams. Enter Liz. She comes behind the father, and knocks his arm up. He lets the mother go, and she snatches up her work and begins again.)

Liz: Now then, what 're yer trying ter do ter mother? You let 'er alone, will yer? (He lifts his fist to her. Liz runs to a corner of the room and brings out a stick.) No, yer don't. It's no good yer trying yer bullying ways with me when yer half drunk. (He covers abjectly from her.) Now then, you shift a bit for yerself. You've been lying here all day, I bet. Out yer go for a bit. (Points to the door.) You ain't got no money on yer, so it's safe ter let yer go. Out with yer. (Threatens him with the stick. He sinks out of the door. Liz goes to the table and begins to sew.)

THE MOTHER: What d'yer let 'im get the better of yer, mother, for? Don't yer know that's the only way ter treat 'im when 'e's in drink?

THE MOTHER: Yes, I knows. But there, I don't seem as if I can lift my 'and against 'im. 'E's my 'usband, drink or no drink, and some'ow I can't never forget that. Why, when we was fust married— There, there—I tries ter remember 'im as 'e was then. We was that fond of one another, same as you and Alf. Now, I can't never forget as 'ow 'e is my 'usband.

Liz: 'E forgets it often enough.

THE MOTHER: Only when 'e's drunk, Liz. And it do seem as if 'e can't 'elp 'imself now. 'E's used to my seeing after 'im and the 'ome.

Liz: That's it, mother. Yer started wrong. You let 'im think as 'ow yer was ready ter be 'is slave, ready ter do 'is work and yer own, too. And yer didn't make 'im see as 'ow yer 'ad a dooty ter yerself. A woman's self-respect is a thing she didn't ought ter let any man take from 'er. That's what bein' a Suffragette 'as taught me, and that's why Alf and me, come rough, come smooth, is always going ter be 'appy together.

THE MOTHER: I do 'ope as 'ow yer is, Liz.

Liz: We'll be 'appy, don't yer fear, mother. 'E'll see as I'm 'is equal and 'e's mine. A man and a gal as each respects the other. Why, 'e would treat me as father treats you, if 'e thought I was ready ter be 'is slave. To 'ave slaves isn't good for no one, not for the slave, nor for 'is master. And as for Alf, why, I'm that proud of 'im as 'ow 'e's a man as can 'old 'is own. 'E shall 'ave his liberty, 'e shall, same as me, and there won't be no nagging.

THE MOTHER: No, don't yer ever nag 'im, Liz. Don't yer ever nag a man.

Liz: 'Tain't likely. I've 'ad enough of that in service, I 'ave, to see it don't do no good. It's a bit of cheerfulness we wants, and to see 'ow everyone 'as a right to 'old 'is own opinion. Why, Alf, 'e don't see as a woman wants a vote, just the same as I didn't, till I went to the meeting of them Suffragettes and 'eard what it did really mean. Well, like enough it'll come to 'im one day, and if it don't I ain't going ter quarrel with 'im about it. 'E lets me 'ave my opinion, I must let 'im 'ave 'is. We ain't all made alike, and we ain't all eddicated alike, and if a woman, because she is a woman, knows just what is best for 'er, ain't that enough good sense for a man to let 'er do what she knows is right. 'Ullo, that's Alf's step on the stairs. Lor, I'd know it out of a thousand, I would. (Runs to the door and opens it.) Come along in, dearie, come in.

ALF: What cheer, Liz! Give us a kiss, gal. (She laughs happily and gives it him.)

Liz: Sit yer right down, Alf. I've got ter 'elp mother a bit.

ALF: Bring it over 'ere, Liz. I want to talk to yer. (She brings the sewing by him. He points to her badge of Votes for Women.) What d'yer 'ave that there thing for, Liz?

Liz: That's my badge, Alf, as shows I belong to the Suffragettes.

ALF: Tike it off, Liz.

Liz: What?

ALF: I says, take it off.

Liz (laughing): Not I! Why, we is all asked to wear 'em. It's a sort of badge of sister'ood, it is.

ALF: Then I don't 'old with it. What d'yer want sister'ood for when yer're going ter marry me?

Liz: Do yer think marrying you, then, won't let me 'ave no more call ter know other women is my sisters? Why, that would be a fine thing, after all they 'ave done for me.

ALF: An' what 'ave they done for yer?

Liz: They 'ave eddicated me.

ALF: Eddicated yer!

Liz: Yus, they 'ave eddicated me so as now I sees what my womanhood is. It's summat to be proud of, that is. Why, don't you see, Alf? It ain't me I thinks of so much, it's—it's the kids as 'll be the better for it. If they 'ave a mother as knows 'ow to be brave, and to fight for justice, 'ow ter bring 'em up so as to be free citizens, to make 'em know and think to do their summat to stop the sweating in trades, ain't that summat to be proud of? Look at mother there! Ain't she enough to make yer 'eart ache? Look at the dull misery 'er slavery 'as brought 'er to. And look what it's brought father to? Do yer think, Alf, if she 'ad thought like me, been eddicated, I say, like me, as 'ow father would 'ave dropped 'er to a level which no self-respecting women should fall to? Would yer like to do that ter me, Alf? To see me with no more self-respect than ter let yer knock me about? Would yer like to see me working day and night ter keep yer in drink?

ALF (obstinately): It ain't the same thing. I ain't always in drink like yer father. But I tells yer, I don't want a Suffragette. I wants a wife, I do.

Liz (laughing tenderly): And ain't yer going ter 'ave one, Alf, boy! All I can say is, yer going ter 'ave a better one because she is a Suffragette.

ALF: No I ain't. I ain't going to 'ave no Suffragette.

Liz: What d'yer mean?

ALF: Look 'ere, I 'ears 'ow folks is laughin' at me, all along o' yer Suffragetin' ways.

Liz: And ain't yer man enough ter stand the laughs of them fools?

ALF: Yus, and that's what it is. I am a man. I ain't going to 'ave no woman put 'erself over me.

Liz: I wouldn't think much of yer if yer did. All I say is as 'ow we're equals, man and woman together. We're partners, that's what we is. I ain't over you, you ain't over me.

ALF: Yus, I am. I'll be a 'usband, I tells yer, what a woman is subjected under.

Liz: Alf, what's come to yer so sudden?

ALF: My senses 'as come to me. I won't stand folks laughing at me and calling me Mrs. Liz, not 'arf! Look 'ere, gal, you give it up. Let the ladies who can afford it play at hagitation, as they calls it. You be content to be my gal—see?

Liz: Why, Alf, it ain't ladies is making a hagitation; it's just women, and I'm a woman, too.

ALF: No, yer ain't, you're my gal, and I won't 'ave it.

Liz (proudly): I'm the woman as loves yer, what will work with yer, what's going ter 'elp yer, just as yer going ter 'elp me, and what's going to be yer pal all through, and to stand by yer true, come what may.

ALF: Then do it now, my gal. Show me yer think more of Alf than of being a Suffragette. And if yer do, strike me, I'll stick by yer just the same.

Liz: 'Ow d'yer mean? 'Ow does my being a Suffragette make any difference? I can't love yer more, Alf boy, if I am or if I ain't. And don't yer see, it ain't for yer ter say, "give up this or give up that," if I knows it's right fer me ter do it.

ALF: Yus, it is. You've got to obey me.

Liz: No, I ain't, if what yer tell me is wrong against myself.

ALF: That ain't nothing to do with it. A wife's got to obey 'er 'usband. Look 'ere. Will yer give up that Suffragetting or will yer give me up?

Liz: What 're yer sying? Oh, Alf, what 're yer sying? Alf, yer don't never mean it? Look at me, look me strite in the face! You don't never mean as 'ow I'm to give you up?

[Enter Tilda.]

ALF: There! I knew you wouldn't never give me up. 'Ear that, Tilda. Didn't I tell yer Liz wouldn't never give me up. Not much!

TILDA (scornfully to Liz): Ain't yer a Suffragette any more, then?

ALF: No, she ain't.

Liz: Yus, I am. What 're yer talking abart? 'Ow can I give up being what I was mide? I tell yer I was born a free woman, only I didn't know what it meant till I 'eard it at them meetings.

TILDA: I don't think! And now yer a Suffragette, too, Mrs. Liz. Oh, my! (Laughs at Alf.)

ALF (roughly): Stow yer gab, yer fool! Liz, it's me or the Suffragettes: which is it to be?

Liz: Alf, boy, what're yer trying ter do? Break me 'eart?

ALF: Yer 'eart be blowed! I don't want a wife as 'ud be boss of me, I tell yer.

TILDA: I wouldn't never go against yer so, Alf. I'd be a wife to yer, I would, not a blooming Suffragette; a wife as 'ud obey 'er 'usband.

ALF: D'yer 'ear that, Liz? 'Tilda wouldn't be a blooming

make it go in the right directions. You think you have evidences of great luxury before you here in London, but I assure you that New York is far ahead of you; the palatial restaurants that spring up one after the other, each outvying its predecessor in overwhelming luxury, are almost beyond belief. Any amount of money seems to be available for use in this way. If the renunciation of appalling luxury could be voluntary, it would get rid of the cry against the Socialist that he wants to take something away from one man—or woman—to give it to another.

"These are ideals, Doctor, which we should be very glad to see put into practice, and every effort we make for fair treatment and justice should bring the ideals nearer the realm of the real."

Not only is one deeply impressed by the ideals of this gifted and able scientist, thinker, and leader of the American negroes, but by his absolute fairness in his difficult and uphill struggle for the advancement of his people. He speaks and acts as a scientist with a tender heart. Knowing the many disabilities under which his people live—they are enumerated in his paper on the subject in "Inter-Racial Problems"—he has not allowed his judgment to be warped by continual hugging of grievances. He has given up his position as Professor of History and Political Economy at Atlanta University, United States, and now devotes himself to working for the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, which has its local habitation at 20, Vesey-street, New York. Concluding his revealing address at the Lyceum Club, Dr. du Bois made a pathetic appeal on behalf of his little girl, an appeal which though individual was also racial: "I do not ask you to give one of your sons in marriage to her, but I do ask you to see that she has fair opportunities in her life." A. A. S.

OUR OPEN COLUMN.

* * * Letters intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper only, and authenticated by the name and address of the writer. It must be clearly understood that we do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed.

WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE IN COLORADO.

To the Editor of THE VOTE.

MADAM,—Opponents of women's franchise in England are said to be making great use of articles lately published in *The Ladies' Home Journal* by Mr. Richard Barry and some other American anti-suffragists. These articles are now entirely discredited in America among all well-informed persons.

Mr. Barry contributed to *Pearson's Magazine* an article purporting to give facts that he had gathered about the suffragists of New York. His article was marked by reckless inaccuracy. He described Mrs. Matilda Josslyn Gage as a "determined spinster." He said that Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch "put both her two daughters through Cornell University. One took a course in civil engineering, the other a course in blacksmithing." Mrs. Blatch has only one daughter. He said that the National Suffrage Association had moved its headquarters to New York City eighteen months before—he should have said five months—and had made Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont its honorary president. Mrs. Belmont at that time held no office in the Association whatever. She has since been made a member of its advisory board. The tone of Mr. Barry's article throughout was not only hostile to women's suffrage, but venomous and abusive.

After Mr. Barry had thus proved himself to be both an inaccurate writer and a strong opponent of equal rights for women, he was engaged by the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, another strong anti-suffragist,

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to go out to the enfranchised States and write an article describing the results of women's franchise. Mr. Barry did so, and presented a picture of unrelieved blackness. Since he undoubtedly wished to make out as strong a case against women's suffrage as he could, it is significant that Mr. Barry did not try to point out any definite harm which it had done, but declared in the outset that his article would be entirely devoted to showing the good that it had not done. His article has been denounced as a gross misrepresentation by almost every well-known man and woman, and almost every newspaper of standing in Colorado. Ex-Governor Adams, of Colorado, declares that Barry's statements are "as untrustworthy as the scales of the sugar trust." Of some of his assertions *The Ladies' Home Journal* has had to publish a retraction.

For more than a year the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* has been trying to gather evidence against women's suffrage in Colorado. He has offered a large price for an article in opposition; he has sent out to Colorado reporters, both male and female, to try to secure testimony against it, and in a recent issue he has published short statements from nineteen Colorado women who do not favour the franchise. Only two of the nineteen say that it has done any harm; ten say that they think it has not done any good; one that it has not done "any great good"; one that it has not "accomplished anything more than acting as a balance-weight against erratic and radical (injurious) legislation"; and one says: "It might be more beneficial in more densely-populated States where child-labour and equally harmful things are prevalent. But in Colorado we are not troubled that way." Several say that they have always been opposed to suffrage, and are of the same opinion still. One merely says: "In this country, where woman is man's equal, I cannot see the need of the woman's vote. In England, where the law is for man alone, one cannot blame the English woman for endeavouring to obtain equal rights."

After months of effort to find the blackest accusation against women's suffrage, for which any Colorado people will make themselves responsible over their own names, this is all that the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* has been able to unearth in a State covering 103,925 square miles! Is not this pretty clear proof that the disasters and cataclysms which were prophesied have not followed?

The Denver Post interviewed a number of prominent Colorado women as to their opinion of the worth of these nineteen utterances in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. From Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker down, their answers were in substance, that the nineteen women in question, with two exceptions, had never done any public work or shown any interest in public questions, and devoted their lives mainly to card-playing and similar amusements. The only exceptions are Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Hunter. Each of them has been displeased by the way in which the majority of the women have used their votes. Mrs. Goddard was strongly opposed to the re-election of Ben. B. Lindsey, the famous judge of the Denver Juvenile Court, whom the women saved from defeat, after both of the great political parties under the influence of the corrupt corporations had marked him for political slaughter. A year ago Mrs. Goddard visited friends at Providence, Rhode Island, and gave an interview to *The Providence Journal*, in which she denounced Judge Lindsey in the strongest terms, declaring that he had broken every law on the statute book. She naturally does not approve the results of women's franchise.

Mrs. Hunter likewise has suffered a political disappointment through the women's vote. Last year each of the great parties in Colorado nominated a woman for State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Most of the women thought that the Republican nominee was the better qualified for the position. Although the Democrats swept the State, the Republican woman was elected by a strong non-partisan movement of women,



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in which many of the leading Democratic women took part. Mrs. Hunter managed the campaign for the candidate who was defeated. It is natural that she also should not take a rose-coloured view of women's suffrage. Judge Lindsey has said: "If you want a true account of the results of women's suffrage, do not go to a disappointed politician."

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a short time before her death, sent a circular letter to all the editors, all the episcopal clergymen, and all the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational and Presbyterian ministers in our enfranchised States, asking whether the results of women's suffrage were good or bad. She received 624 answers. Of these, 62 were unfavourable, 46 in doubt, and 516 favourable. This would seem to be conclusive as to the general sentiment in those States.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL,
Editor of *The Woman's Journal*.

585, Boylston-street, Boston, Mass.

HOLIDAY CAMPAIGNS. THE CARAVAN.

Miss Sidley and I started on our Caravan Tour on Friday, August 4; we arrived at Ilford by train and expected the van to meet us at the Post-office later in the day. But the luck was against us, for, after searching the town, the only pitch we could discover was a brickfield, a most desolate spot right out of reach of everywhere and everything. To add to our misfortune the van did not arrive until nearly 10 p.m. Next morning we went on to Romford, hoping for better success, and we were not disappointed. We had to wait until Tuesday to commence active Suffrage propaganda, but after our recent strenuous campaign at Bethnal Green we were not sorry to have the Bank Holiday. On Tuesday morning Miss Sidley chalked the town very effectively, and at night we held our first meeting in a square just beyond the market-place. It went off well in spite of the usual singing and shouting of small boys. The next night our troubles began in earnest. No sooner had we arrived on the scene than a messenger from the Urban District Council informed us that the square was the Council's property, and we were not allowed to hold meetings there. This was a staggering announcement to receive at the last moment when there was absolutely nowhere else for us to take stand. So we decided to defy the Council and take the consequences. While I was making the opening remarks Miss Sidley was told by the U.D.C. messenger that he would order the police to remove our cart! Miss Sidley discovered, however, that by moving on a few yards to a roadway beside the Green, we should be out of the jurisdiction of the Council, which course we promptly took. The crowd followed us and listened attentively to Miss Sidley's speech, asking several pertinent questions at the close. We found it a rather barren place for collections and literature selling. Our last meeting at Romford was even more exciting. Our cart informed us that the police threatened to summons him if he brought up his cart again for us. We had interviewed the superintendent and told him we should certainly hold our meeting, so we did not let this difficulty stand in our way. We procured a chair and commenced, much to the amusement of the two policemen on duty, also of the expectant crowd who probably thought to see us marched off to the police-station at once! However, nothing worse happened than the arrival of the same trembling and agitated U.D.C. messenger to order us finally off the place, which order we ignored. Miss Sidley gave the large crowd a few words of comfort re their local U.D.C. and the proper management thereof. Now we are placidly awaiting further developments!

We shook the dust of Romford off our feet on Friday morning, and arrived at Brentwood, a very pretty and withal friendly town. It was not long before we secured a charming pitch for our van in a large meadow overlooking a lovely stretch of country and where we are perfectly secluded. In spite of the heat we chalked the town very effectively and held our first meeting the same night at the "Monument," where the largest roads cross, the usual place for open-air meetings. We had a large and interested audience, although they had no questions ready. But at our meeting on Saturday night, after Miss Sidley had spoken for more than an hour to an absolutely peaceful audience, they kept up a constant fire of questions for a long time. It was delightful also to find a ready response to our appeal for a collection. A vote of thanks to Miss Sidley for her fine speech was carried with great enthusiasm. Our literature sold so well that our stock of postcards and *THE VOTE* was exhausted all too soon. We are promising ourselves another good meeting here to-morrow.

Miss Sidley's appeal for assistance with regard to the outfit for our tour resulted in welcome monetary gifts from Mrs. Thomas and Miss Elderton, also in a splendid box of provisions from an anonymous friend, all of which helped to send us on our way rejoicing.

MARGUERITE J. HENDERSON.
CHELTENHAM.

Advantage was taken of Mrs. How Martyn's visit to organise open-air meetings which, in spite of the holiday season,

and consequently the absence of many of our usual supporters, were well attended. Thanks are due to Mrs. Swiney, Mrs. Earengy, Miss Eamsonson and Mr. H. How, who helped by speaking or taking the chair, to Mrs. Powell for a donation of a guinea, and to Miss How, who was in constant attendance selling *THE VOTE* and literature. The final meeting on Wednesday was devoted entirely to dealing with the National Insurance Bill from the woman's point of view. It was evident from the close attention with which Mrs. How Martyn and Mrs. Swiney were listened to, that the details of the Bill are not at all understood by the ordinary person. It is most fortunate that the further consideration of the Bill in Parliament is postponed till the autumn, as it gives our speakers nearly three months in which to rouse public opinion on the many injustices it inflicts on women. The new penny pamphlet issued by the Fabian Women's Group sold well, also *THE VOTE*, and Mr. Snowden's pamphlet on the Conciliation Bill.

ON THE CLYDE.

It was with great regret that we parted at the end of July from holiday-makers who had become our friends and sympathisers through the month. A considerable number have joined the League, while many inquiries have been received as to meetings in their home towns and where *THE VOTE* could be obtained. As a result of the interest aroused one gentleman has started a correspondence in Glasgow newspapers, while another sent a generous donation to the funds in addition to becoming an associate. Our August audiences are increasing nightly at Rothesay. As in July, the visitors come from all parts of the world, including New Zealand, Australia, and India; they corroborate our statements regarding conditions in the various countries and states.

Miss Lauder, of Edinburgh, who is staying at Largs, has helped us on our visits there; Miss Clark, who joined us at Rothesay, is a most valuable assistant with literature sales. Miss Eunice Murray addressed one meeting in Rothesay, and aroused great interest. At our regular meetings we are much indebted to Miss Rullason, of Glasgow, also to Mrs. Crabbe, of Edinburgh, who usually takes the chair, sells literature, and answers the hundred and one personal questions of the audience. We still require more speakers and workers, as the coast resorts are very busy, until the end of this month. Later we expect to have Miss Guttridge, of London, and Miss McIntyre, secretary of Kirkintilloch Branch, who is developing into a very good speaker.

ANNA MUNRO.

BRANCH NOTES.

NATIONAL OFFICES, LONDON.—1, Robert-street, Adelphi, W.C.

Mid-London.—Hon. Secretary: Mrs. TRITTON, 1, Northcote-avenue, Ealing, W.

On Sunday morning Miss Nina Boyle held a most successful meeting in Hyde Park, Mrs. Clarendon Hyde in the chair. We always listen with great pleasure to Miss Boyle, as, owing to her colonial experience, she is able to treat the subject on a somewhat wider basis than we whose vision may be obscured by our own pressing needs. She spoke with great earnestness of the payment made by women for men's vices, instancing the black peril in South Africa, the outcome of wrongs committed by white men on native women. Last Sunday Miss Norris, who was kind enough at very short notice to speak in place of Miss Turner, riveted the attention of her audience by telling them she had been working in the strike area. She spoke most earnestly of the courage and sacrifice displayed by the women in supporting the men in their bitter struggle, and of the terrible sufferings the children were undergoing. Miss Weir, as chairman, mentioned the injustices inflicted on women by male legislation, instancing the Insurance Bill. Question time was animated, one gentleman declaring he should go home at once to write to his member; another, of apparently Eastern origin, was anxious to know if child marriage would not solve the difficulty of "white slave traffic."

M. C. H.

Anerley and Crystal Palace.—Hon. Sec.: Miss J. FENNINGS, 149, Croydon-road, Anerley.

On Wednesday, at the Triangle, Penze, Miss Norris gave a comprehensive address, which was much appreciated. Copies of *THE VOTE* were sold, a collection taken, and names of sympathisers were also added to our book. Preparations are in full swing for our Garden Medley on Tuesday, September 5, and contributions of home-made cakes and sweets and small fancy articles will be very welcome. An attractive programme of concerts and competitions, with illuminations at dusk, has been arranged. Tickets, 6d. each.

Herne Hill and Norwood.—Hon. Secretary: Miss B. SPENCER, 32, Geneva-road, Brixton, S.W.

On Friday, August 4, a very successful meeting was held near the Fountain in Norwood-road. The chair was taken by Mrs. Bertram-Hobson, and Miss Weir gave a very clear and interesting account of the Insurance Bill as it will affect women's interests. A large crowd listened attentively, and the resolution calling upon the local Member to support the Conciliation Bill was passed with only one dissident. We hope all members will endeavour to attend the garden meeting—if wet, it will be held indoors—by kind invitation of Mrs. Wright, at 90, Croyted-road, Dulwich, on Thursday, August 17,

at 3 p.m., when Mrs. How-Martyn will speak. Meetings will be held near the Fountain every Friday evening during August.

Portsmouth and Gosport.—Hon. Secretary: Mrs. CRAWLEY, 4, St. Paul's-road, Southsea.

Visitors to Southsea, especially those from the country, have been rather surprised to see a little band of Suffragettes on the front each evening selling *THE VOTE*. Miss Hoad has paid her promised visit, and we have succeeded in bringing *THE VOTE* before the notice of hundreds of people who had never seen it before. Special thanks are due to Mrs. Hodder, who has helped splendidly each evening, also to Miss Hatrill and Mrs. Dixon.

Swansea.—Hon. Corr. Sec.: Miss PHIPPS, B.A., 5, Grosvenor-road, Sketty, Swansea.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to three members of our Branch who have just passed the Intermediate Examination in Arts (first B.A.) of London University—the Misses R. Terrill, Greta Ollsen, and Constance Jelley. The two latter are only seventeen years of age, and during our entire existence as a Branch have been constant in attendance at our meetings. We also congratulate Miss Lily Shepherd, a member of our Branch, and Mr. Tobias, an associate, on their marriage. They have our best wishes for their future happiness.

Cheltenham.—Hon. Secretary: Mrs. EARENCEY, Ashley Rise, Cheltenham.

On July 31 a well-attended open-air meeting, at which Miss Eamonson took the chair, was addressed by Mrs. How Martyn at the Clarence-street Lamp. The speech was listened to with attention and interest; a collection was taken and a good sale of copies of *THE VOTE* effected.

Miss Eunice T. Murray, of Cardross, writes:—"I have spoken at two drawing-room meetings lately. The large audiences were most sympathetic and declared themselves in favour of Votes for Women. A resolution to that effect was sent from each meeting to the Government. Good collections were taken and new adherents made."

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Editor, MR. ALBERT DAWSON. Every Wednesday, 1d.
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FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

LONDON.



DARE TO BE FREE.

Tues., Aug. 22.—West Hampstead, 8.30 p.m. Miss Lucas, Miss Woolf.

Hampstead Heath Flagstaff, 8 p.m.

Wed., Aug. 23.—The Triangle, Penge, 7.30 p.m.

Thurs., Aug. 24.—Highbury Corner, 7.30 p.m.

Tottenham, Gas Offices, High-street, 8 p.m.

Fri., Aug. 25.—West Norwood Fountain, 8 p.m.

Sun., Aug. 27.—Hyde Park, 12 noon. Mrs. Cobden

Sanderson, J. Y. Kennedy, Esq. Chair: Mr. Hyde.

Brockwell Park, 3 p.m.

Thurs., Aug. 31.—161, Croxted-road, Dulwich, 3 p.m.

Mrs. Despard.

Fri., Sept. 1.—1, Robert-street, 2.30 p.m., National Executive Committee.

West Norwood Fountain, 8 p.m. Mrs. Sproson.

Sat., Sept. 2.—1, Robert-street, 10.30 a.m., National Executive Committee.

Sun., Sept. 3.—Hyde Park, noon. Miss Anna Munro.

Tues., Sept. 5.—Garden Medley, 149, Croydon-road,

Anerley, 3 to 10 p.m.

Sun., Sept. 24.—Mid-London Branch, "At Home," Caxton

Hall, 4 p.m. Miss Cicely Hamilton.

Thurs., Sept. 28.—Hackney Branch, "At Home," 7 p.m.

Mrs. Despard.

Wed., Oct. 4.—Small Queen's Hall, 8 p.m. Mr. G. K.

Chesterton on "Female Suffrage—The Last Blow to Democracy."

Tues., Oct. 10.—Highbury Branch, "At Home." Mrs.

Despard, Mr. H. G. Chancellor.

Wed., Oct. 11.—Essex Hall, Essex-street, Strand, 8 p.m.

S. K. Ratcliffe, Esq., "The New Puritanism."

Thurs., Oct. 19.—Hampstead Branch, "At Home."

Mon., Oct. 23.—Herne Hill Branch, "At Home."

PROVINCES.

Thurs., Aug. 17.—Ingatstone, Caravan Meetings. Miss

Sidley, Miss Henderson.

Sat., Aug. 19.—Chelmsford, Caravan Meetings. Miss Sidley,

Miss Henderson.

Tues., Aug. 22.—Witham, Caravan Meetings. Miss Sidley,

Miss Henderson.

Mon., Sept. 25.—Bournemouth, St. Peter's Hall, 8 p.m.

Lecture on Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," by Mrs. Despard.

SCOTLAND.

Scottish Council West Coast Holiday Campaign.—Head-

quarters, Rothesay. Meetings at Rothesay, Millport, Largs,

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