

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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Julia Dawson assures us all that she does not want to fight upon this question of votes for women.

Now, I do. Whenever I believe in my case, and my heart is in the cause I espouse, I am always prepared to meet and fight all who disagree with me. I shall feel a traitor to my cause when I cease to be ready for the fray.

One may love peace, and long for it. I understand that longing as only a Suffragette of old-standing can. But the call of the cause I serve is always stronger than the desire for peace of mind or body. It is an insistent call. It demands much more than the sacrifice of peace . . . and gets all that it demands.

Julia Dawson, in the last issue of THE WOMAN WORKER, takes the stand commonly taken by those Adult Suffragists who are best described as "all-or-nothing-democrats." She states that she opposes the measure rightly described as the Sex-Equality Bill, because it is a limited measure.

That it is this has been denied again and again, and it is my business again to disprove the assertion.

A single reading of the Sex-Equality Bill will make its meaning perfectly clear. It states, in ordinary legal language, that women shall vote on the same terms as men. It means just what it says. There is no limit of any kind in it.

Immediately the Bill is passed, and as long as it remains on the Statute-book, women who occupy the same position as men voters will also be voters. Sex will not be recognised any more as a bar to citizenship. Whatever other relics of subjection may survive, this will be removed. Women can never be debarred merely because they are women.

Those who mis-call the Sex-Equality Bill a limited measure are guilty of confusing two separate and distinct things. They forget, in their new-born zeal for democracy, that there are two bars between the people and full Adult Suffrage. They talk and act as if there were only one. But in addition to the anomalous condition of our registration and qualification laws, which impede and limit the voting powers of men, there is the great sex-bar which shuts out all women from citizenship.

All the protests of the all-or-nothing-democrats are really turned against the existing Franchise Laws.

They argue that, since women Suffragists are asking for votes on the same terms as men, they must approve of the present terms. But that does not follow.

The present terms may be good, bad, or indifferent: this does not alter the position of the qualified, but excluded, woman by a hair's breadth. She is a woman, so she is shut out. It is her first business to remove that bar, which shuts her out whatever the conditions may be. It is also the greatest business of the democrat, for this same bar is the real obstacle to true democracy.

Had men voters used the powers they possess things would be different. We should no longer be troubled with the contradictory injustices of our present franchise laws. But the men voters have taken advantage of the special privileges given to them, and have forgotten the voteless men and women.

As a result of this inaction, the laws relating to the qualification of voters are such that many women could not comply with them.

This is to be regretted. But it is not the fault of the Equality Bill. It is due to the unfair conditions, economic and political, which men have condoned.

We are asked to refuse this bare measure of immediate justice because its first effects would be restricted by already existing conditions.

But this is absurd. Have men ever refused an instalment of liberty because some others were not included? Never.

Would their sacrifice have been of any avail if they had? Assuredly no.

Women must face the position as it is. They must realise that they are now outside the gates of the promised land, and must first win their right of entry.

When this is won they can share in determining the terms upon which they will live inside.

To the advocates of sex-equality in politics, the all-or-nothing-democrats seem to apply one law to men and another to women.

They say to men who have votes on the present terms, "Go forward and vote." But to women who are qualified according to the same terms they say, "Have nothing to do with the existing franchise. Wait until all your sisters can vote with you."

This may be good advice, but it is certainly not consistent. If the present franchise is good enough to be used by men, it is good enough to be used by women.

The women who are entitled to vote now should have their right given to them at once. This course is dictated by the most elementary justice.

But, in addition to the recommendation of justice, this course is the only

one consistent with wisdom and good policy.

Men have produced the present franchise injustices and absurdities. It would be preposterous folly to stand by and wait until it pleased them to muddle through to something better. Hence the advocates of sex-equality demand its establishment now, not merely under certain specific conditions, but under all conditions.

We want sex-equality now, when we admit things are bad. We want sex-equality in the future, when, with the power we are winning now, we shall have helped to make things better.

The charge that our Bill is dishonest is only a further evidence of confusion of thought.

Those who make this statement do not distinguish between the essentials of the measure itself and the accidental circumstances under which it will first be applied.

Women are poorer than men now. Women now find greater difficulty in obtaining recognition of their individual rights. These two conditions will affect the first application of the Bill by reducing the number of working and married women who will immediately become voters. But these wrongs are not due to the Equality Bill. They are evidence of the need for its immediate passing, so that reform can be the more quickly taken in hand.

It is not strange that the methods employed by some of the advocates of sex-equality should be condemned. They are too successful to receive any other treatment.

But I cannot think that a woman's paper, especially a working-woman's paper, would willingly lend itself to the Liberal lie that the working women in the Suffragist ranks are deluded and fooled. This is the sort of lie that is very easy to put into circulation in a sort of illegitimate way, but which nobody supports with facts, and of which the paternity is never acknowledged.

It is a pity that our democratic friends should stoop to employ it as a substitute for an argument.

For myself, I know that some of the best speakers in the ranks of the fighting Suffragists are working women, who know their facts and can justify their opinions at least as well as those who so condescendingly pity their delusions.

The course suggested by "Julia," that of staking women's all upon a Universal Suffrage Bill, is full of dangers.

It is being promoted to-day by a certain section of the Liberal party with the deliberate object of betraying women. At the present time it provides the only way in which that betrayal can be accomplished. The fighting campaign has robbed our enemies of all the old weapons, and they turn with eagerness to the new and more dangerous weapon provided for them by the whole-hogger democrats.

Unless the true Adult Suffragists awaken speedily we shall see them committed to support a policy by which all the women will be betrayed.

The one and only safe way to Adult Suffrage is through sex-equality. With this basis alone can the future of women be secure.

The Case of Daisy Lord.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

By Robert Blatchford.

The kind-hearted Editor asks me to make an appeal to you women: an appeal on behalf of a woman in prison.

A wretched girl child, betrayed and deserted, killed her baby. Perhaps the girl was mad, or half-demented, with suffering, and shame, and desperation. To bear such a baby is a crime worse than theft, worse than desertion and betrayal. You know what such a child is called, women; you know the fate of such a mother.

Justice—Imperial, Christian, British Justice—seized the injured and desperate girl, seared her with mental tortures, held her for months in terror of death, passed upon her a barbarous and horrible sentence, and then—in mercy, locked her in a cell to break her heart like a caged wild bird, or beat against the bars in vain—for life.

I am to appeal for this poor child—to women—to English women. It is still necessary, in the twentieth century, to appeal against punishment so monstrous, so stupid, so inhumane.

I am a male sinner, with a deep love and true reverence for women; I have a wife and daughters of my own; I ask you who love your children, you who know your own fears, and weaknesses, and passions, to picture to yourself that frail and terrified girl culprit, quivering in the stern grasp of the tremendous ogre we call "The Law."

I am to appeal; but how can I in so small a space expose the unrighteousness and savagery of "The Law"? Take one glance, women. This girl was betrayed and deserted by a man. Where is he? What is his punishment?

He is free. He is outside the law. He is unscathed by public opinion.

All the scorn, all the wrath, all the suffering fall upon the head of the woman.

For four months, while the male thing hid himself, the wretched girl lay in prison awaiting trial: trial for murder. For four months she lay with the horror of the gallows before her feeble, uneducated mind. Then she underwent the torture of trial and conviction. She went back to the condemned cell sentenced to be hanged.

Then, after a horrible time of suspense between terror and hope, she was mercifully sent to penal servitude for life. For life. For life.

Did you ever see a convict prison? This child is there. For life. Through the clemency of Mr. Gladstone.

And I am asked to appeal to my fellow sinners against the wrong done to our deeply-wronged sister.

I think of the broken flower there on the convict floor. And I think of a song I know, of a happier sister, and a happier love:

There is a medlar-tree
Growing in front of my lover's house;
And there all day
The wind makes a pleasant sound.

And when the evening comes
We sit there together in the dusk,
And watch the stars
Appear in the quiet blue.

Our sister is in prison. One who was with her when she lay crushed beneath her grief and pain writes:

"Could your readers have seen Daisy Lord their sympathies would have needed no impetus to active intervention on her behalf."

Need I appeal to you, women: to you? Will the sun shine brighter, will life be sweeter, will home and love be safer for any English citizen, because this bewildered and ruined sister shall spend the whole of her young life in gaol?

If she is so wicked, if she has been so bad, if we are, all the nation of us, so pure and righteous in our lives, still may we not safely leave her punishment to God?

I do not want that helpless child so punished. She is my sister, and I love her, and want her to be free. She has been wronged and wounded, and I want her healed. She is a woman, and I do not want her shamed. She is a child, and I ask that she be forgiven.

If there is any mother's-milk in your veins, if there is any womanly pity under your woman's breasts, spare a little love and compassion for this victim of our heathenish moral code, our savage "Law."

Even those who believe that her punishment will do the smallest good to her, or to the great British Empire, must surely feel that she has been punished enough.

Imagine the agony of that friendless and miserable girl during the sixteen weeks she spent in prison waiting trial. Imagine the physical and mental pain she bore, and bore alone, as the penalty of the trust she reposed in a man. Imagine her condition during the trial. Picture to yourself her horror and remorse. Remember her youth, her inexperience, her temptation, He that is without sin among you, will he cast the first stone?

"You bring no offering," said Michael,
"Nought save sin,"
And the blackbird sang: "She is sorry,
sorry, sorry!
Let her in, let her in."

Sisters, when I was a child they taught me to ask God to show his pity upon all prisoners and captives. Vengeance we may leave to God. Who are we to scourge and condemn another sinner? But pity, that is ours to bestow, by virtue of our common humanity. Love! There is not one amongst us all so poor but has some love to give.

What has this poor sister done, and what endured? Where is the justice of the law that crucifies her and leaves her seducer free?

Oh, women, here is a woman in deep distress, and none can succour her, but only you.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Miss Mary Gawthorpe.

That hardy fellow John Smith admitted long ago that the Suffragettes had some excuse for their pother. Sitting over his beer, however, he urged that their passion was out of scale. "Ah'd 'av soomat to say if 'oo took ma vote, rec't enough," he granted; "but aw wouldn't geet black in t' face about it same't weemin." Many took sides with John. Admitting political injustice, they felt with John that here was no hanging matter. Why were the women so menacing and fierce and grim? The like of John felt out of touch with saturnine gibe and argument that passed into harangue, and sometimes was not free from shriek. It is John's way to turn over a proposition on his tongue, and get the taste of it before venturing an opinion. He wants to have it put to him "neighbourloike," with maybe a joke or two. He has a big heart that opens to good temper and joviality, but will not have the strident note. "Aw'm fed oop wi' preachin'," John says.

A Vision of Judgment.

And then one fine day John (for his sins) reads Belfort Bax, and hears of "the monstrous regiment of women," the fell conspiracy to kill all joy and folly, and lay fetters upon John Smith. "No concealment is made of the intention to use the suffrage for rivetting on man the chains of legalised female oppression." Straightway his fancy takes flight, and shows him dim inquisitorial figures—Mrs. Pankhurst, as Torquemada, asking unpleasant questions about his past, counting up old follies and wildnesses, and uttering at last gloomy sentence of sackcloth and a darkened tavern. Or it may be worse. That swaggering Christabel is a fierce girl—

The Fears Dissipated.

Bristling with horror, John starts to his feet intent upon rousing his trustful

fellows to their danger, and hears a hurly outside his door, and thinks the Petticoat dynasty is even now proclaimed, and already the tumbrils come. Instead of which he goes out to gusts of happy laughter, to hear one who, as readily as Yorick, can set the table on a roar, who is like Puck, and can make

The whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth and neeze and swear—
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

John, too, is caught in the merriment, and the bogies of Bax are blown away for ever.

This girl's gay spirit and bright eyes herald, he is sure, no lenten season. Rather, they promise more lightsome days, more revelry, more piquant, roguish mirth. They tell John that not by any such matter as a vote will the old tides of life be stilled; that the ancient dalliance and tenderness of men and women will outlast the suffrage:

For ever shalt thou love and she be fair.

They tell him that, more zestfully for the heightened status of a principal, the eternal comedy will go on wherein is abundance of cakes and ale, and ginger hot as of old time in the mouth.

Arduous Youth.

She hails from Leeds, where she began at a very early age to teach and make her own living. She has, indeed, maintained herself since her thirteenth year, and done much public work to boot. At eighteen she took a first-class King's Scholarship, and, later on, teaching by day and studying by night, a double-first at the certificate examination. Then she plunged into politics. Knowledge of the plight of children in elementary schools made her an eager advocate of free meals. She joined the Labour Church, represented it on the local L.R.C., and was elected to the committee of the Leeds branch of the National Union of Teachers. At this juncture a rain of offices descended upon her, and consumed all her leisure in social and scholastic work.

Next, the Suffrage agitation came, and her appointment as organiser was the prompt recognition of the unusually great capacity and zeal she had shown on its behalf. Immediately after appointment, she went to Glamorgan, where Mr. Sam Evans, who had distinguished himself by talking out the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, was fighting a bye-election.

A Legendary Election.

That election has become a legend. They say that Miss Gawthorpe got into Liberal meeting-rooms down chimneys and through keyholes. They say that she passed sentries in strange shapes, or wore an invisible cloak. They say that she cast magic upon the eyes of the look-out, so that he slept, and—even though the enemy was already making riot in the camp—swore no one had gone that way.

She turned even her ejections to account, and when thrown out of a window would make her descent the occasion of a graceful and effective distribution of handbills giving particulars of her next meeting.

More lately, she led the female host against Winston Churchill at Manchester; led it with gaiety and a rattling intrepidity that at last got the better of all competing noises, and won compliment even from its sportsmanlike victim.

She had rough meetings at the outset, and it had gone hard with her but for her jewelled tongue, which flashes all the brighter in adversity, and her daintiness and waggery, and a hundred other undefinable arts. But, so armed, she talked all her opponents down, charmed them into quiescence, and won at last the very heart of Manchester, where now even schoolboys adore her, and go to fisticuffs against infidel colleagues who have not seen, and therefore do not believe.

Outward Seeming.

Her small cherub face is dimpled with roguishness and innocence, and, when you see her hands go up and her eyebrows raised in unthinkable archness, you understand how Manchester was subjugated. "Oh, you men" she says, and by delicious drollery of utterance gives a humorous quality to each word. By such play she stills loutish interrupters; and I have seen her ingeniously pit these against one another, as when she tells one noisy set that she prefers to talk to their mates at another side of the platform, because they are nice, companionable chaps, too kindly to be rude to a woman. Forthwith set number two is listed under her banner, and set number one will continue its antics at risk of "battered sconces."

There are a hundred stories of her witticisms, but it is idle to set them down. You must be there when they come flying off her tongue, and note the happy alliance in which hands and eyebrows and voice make up the perfect drollery.

"Don't you think mothers should stay at home with their children?" asks a callow youth, eager to score off a well-known married Suffragette who has just spoken.

Miss Gawthorpe reflects for a second. "Well," she says, her voice taking an earnest, intimate note, "I don't know about that; but I do think children should stay at home with their mothers."

On one occasion a bullying fellow, who had been obstreperous at a large outdoor meeting, got beyond bounds, and threw a cabbage upon the platform. She picked up the missile and regarded it with grave concern, and spoke at last with a catch in her throat: "I thought that poor gentleman would lose his head!" she said dejectedly.

Life of the Camp.

It is thus she always fights and banters and charms, and becomes the darling of the street. But when there is need she can soar above banter and forget her fun, and be as eloquent as the best of her colleagues.

For the rest she is a good comrade, a "bonnie fighter," and the life of the bivouac. She is merry as that light François, Maître d'Armes, of whom Lever tells; and I can imagine her singing his own gay song:

Picardy first and then Champagne,
France to the battle on, boys, on,
Anjou, Brittany, and Maine,
Hurrah for the Faubourg of St. Antoine.

J. J. MALLON.

MRS. JELLABY.

"Don't be frightened!" said Mr. Guppy, looking in at the coach-window. "One of the young Jellaby's been and got his head through the area railings!"

We passed several more children on the way up, whom it was difficult to avoid treading on in the dark; and as we came into Mrs. Jellaby's presence one of the poor little things fell downstairs—down a whole flight (as it sounded to me), with a great noise.

Mrs. Jellaby, whose face reflected none of the uneasiness which we could not help showing in our own faces, as the dear child's head recorded its passage with a bump on every stair—Richard said he counted seven, besides one for the landing—received us with perfect equanimity. She was a pretty, very diminutive, plump woman, of from forty to fifty, with handsome eyes, though they had a curious habit of seeming to look a long way off, as if—I am quoting Richard again—they could see nothing nearer than Africa!

"I am very glad indeed," said Mrs. Jellaby, in an agreeable voice, "to have the pleasure of receiving you. I have a great respect for Mr. Jarndyce; and no one in whom he is interested can be an object of indifference to me."

Mrs. Jellaby had very good hair, but was too much occupied with her African duties to brush it. The shawl in which she had been loosely muffled dropped on to her chair when she advanced to us; and as she turned to resume her seat we could not help noticing that her dress didn't nearly meet up the back, and that

the open space was railed across with a lattice-work of stay-lace—like a summer-house.

The room, which was strewn with papers and nearly filled by a great writing-table covered with similar litter, was, I must say, not only very untidy, but very dirty. We were obliged to take notice of that with our sense of sight, even while, with our sense of hearing, we followed the poor child who had tumbled downstairs—I think into the back kitchen, where somebody seemed to stifle him.

"You find me, my dears," said Mrs. Jellaby, snuffing the two great office candles in tin candlesticks, which made the room taste strongly of hot tallow (the fire had gone out, and there was nothing in the grate but ashes, a bundle of wood, and a poker), "you find me, my dears, us usual, very busy; but that you will excuse. The African project at present employs my whole time. It involves me in correspondence with public bodies and with private individuals anxious for the welfare of their species all over the country. I am happy to say it is advancing. We hope by this time next year to have from a hundred and fifty to two hundred healthy families cultivating coffee and educating the natives of Borriaboola-Gha, on the left bank of the Niger. . . . Where are you, Caddy?"

"Presents her compliments to Mr. Swallow, and begs—" said Caddy.

"And begs," said Mrs. Jellaby, dictating, "to inform him, in reference to his letter of inquiry on the African project."—No, Peepy! Not on any account!"

Peepy (so self-named) was the unfortunate child who had fallen downstairs, who now interrupted the correspondence by presenting himself, with a strip of plaister on his forehead, to exhibit his wounded knees, in which Ada and I did not know which to pity most—the bruises or the dirt. Mrs. Jellaby merely added, with the serene composure with which she said everything, "Go along, you naughty Peepy!" and fixed her fine eyes on Africa again.

However, as she at once proceeded with her dictation, and I interrupted nothing by doing it, I ventured quietly to stop poor Peepy as he was going out, and to take him up to nurse.

"BLEAK HOUSE."

LIFE.

Oh, Life was made for joy, not woe—
Whatever saints may say;
We were not meant, with heads bent low,

To walk a briary way.
'Twas man transposed to minor strain
Life's page of love and laughter;
Some day we'll change it back again,
Whate'er may follow after.

Oh, Life was made for love, not hate—
Whatever warriors say;
And Love will rule or soon or late
With Freedom's fragrant may.
Life's page was meant for joy's rich bloom—

For sunlight, roses, laughter—
Between the cradle and the tomb,
Whate'er may follow after.

ETHEL CARNIE.



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WIVES AS WAGE-EARNERS.

Effects on Home Life and Child Life.

By William C. Anderson.

Should wives be wage-earners?

A much-discussed problem this, having a vital bearing on wages, home-life, infantile mortality, race-betterment. In a Caxton Hall speech, Mr. John Burns, M.P., settled the matter in a Burnsian phrase: "A mother cannot sub-let her maternity."

About 1,000,000 wives and widows are employed for wages in Great Britain, and careful investigation of their case has brought to light facts of grave import. No one denies the relation between excessive infantile mortality and factory work.

Take Burnley as a bad example. During ten years the death-rate among infants has ranged from 208 to 273 per 1,000. Now, in this town, 75 per cent. of the women go to work, 33 per cent. being wives or widows. Compare it with another place. In Buxton only 6 per cent. of the women employed are married or widowed, and the infantile mortality is 119 per 1,000.

I do not suggest that no other factors enter the case; but, all aspects considered, this remains the most important.

When one remembers that action by the Mayor of Huddersfield brought down mortality among the infants of Longwood to 35 per thousand, the number needlessly sacrificed becomes appalling. It is stated that proper feeding and care would save the lives of 100,000 British children every year.

Among those who perish there may be a potential Bill Sykes, or Iago, or Rockefeller; but may there not also be a Victor Hugo, or Cervantes, or Darwin?

Medical Opinion.

In Kearsley, another Lancashire town, the death-rate among infants under one year has increased from 143 per 1,000 in 1885 to 229 in 1904. Why? The Medical Officer of Health puts the matter in a nutshell:

"We have developed into more of a manufacturing district, and future mothers are tempted to remain in the mill too near to their confinement, and thus not be in a state to bear healthy children. Again, they return to the mill too soon after, thus leaving their children to others' care. This, of course, entails artificial feeding, which can never be as beneficial as natural, and is often simply poisonous."

Apart from this, is it strange that the children suffer?

They are frequently forgotten and neglected; deprived of the necessary care, skill, and love; given out to neighbours who make a trade of nursing, or to older children void of knowledge. And when they raise feeble and impotent protest against the wrong, their crying is stilled with "soothing" syrups of laudanum and other deadly opiates.

Home-life cannot withstand these evil conditions. Either the home becomes cheerless and dirty, or the woman cuts short her life in a futile effort to be both bread-winner and house-mother.

Independence or Slavery.

It is good, say some, that women should have "economic independence." I agree; though many who glibly use the phrase do not quite realise its significance.

Not only is it good; it is imperative. But does the expectant mother gain "economic independence" by drudging weary hours under the strain of piece-work? Must the woman whose baby will be born in a few weeks run the risk of shock and injury from machinery accidents; of lung trouble from dust in card-rooms; of anaemia from overcrowded and ill-ventilated tailoring shops; of poisoning from white lead in the potteries; of anthrax in horse-hair factories? Should she be set, like a beast of heavy burden, to drag and carry heavy weights in brick-works and tin-plate works?

Is it good for the mother? Is it good for the child? Is it good for the race? Here, surely, is a problem which illustrates the injustice and folly of excluding women from the franchise.

Remedies.

There are those who press for drastic legislation, making it unlawful for a married woman to be employed in any workshop or factory.

They forget that a woman cannot legally insist on her husband providing her with the needs of life for herself and her children. She can take no step to enforce this until she leaves him, and applies to the magistrate for a maintenance order—or until he leaves her. The Physical Deterioration Committee clearly saw "the enormous practical difficulties that would accompany any sort of legal prohibition."

Immediate legislation must aim at the protection of married women's labour, not its prohibition. The time is ripe for a movement in favour of an eight hours' day for all women workers. And Mr. Gladstone's intention to abolish white phosphorus in the manufacture of matches must be the prelude to far-reaching legislation for other dangerous trades.

Continental countries are well ahead of us in shielding the mothers engaged in industrial occupations.

In Germany, the woman compelled by child-birth to abstain from her employment receives a sum equal to half her ordinary wage, as well as free medical assistance. In Switzerland, the law insists on the mother having relief from factory toil for three months before and after confinement. In Spain the employer must allow the nursing mother to return home one hour a day (apart from meal times) without deduction from wages. In France the children of factory mothers are placed in the care of trained nurses in day nurseries.

A National Economy.

Legislation as to the employment of the married woman must recognise her right to be financially helped, when she

temporarily relinquishes her work in order that the child may have a chance.

"What of the poor mother in her home?" asks Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P. "We can safely confer upon our medical officers and women inspectors power to advise the assistance of necessitous cases, before and after child-birth. The mother and the child must be fed. Nature must be allowed to give the new unit of population a fair start in life.

"The cost would be surprisingly small. If 300,000 cases were assisted to the extent of £10 each, it would entail an expenditure of only £3,000,000 per annum. With £10 per case a great deal could be done."

A nation keen to maintain race-virility could make no sounder investment.

A PAEAN OF YOUTH.

The Moon is old and cold,
The World is bleak and grey;
But the springing flowers
And the winning hours
Are always young:

Hurray!

Old Age is sour and dour,
And Youth fades soon away;
But the rosy dawn
And the daisied lawn
Are with us still:

Hurray!

Though Night be stark and dark,
And transient the day;
Through cloud-wrack dun
The glorious Sun
Shall rise again:

Hurray!

Though Fame's a gaud, or fraud,
And Love an idle play;
Yet the Poet's themes
And the Hero's dreams
Are good and fair:

Hurray!

Though Hope tells lies, and dies,
And Beauty may not stay;
Yet Woman and Wine
Are still divine
To kiss and quaff:

Hurray!

The Grave is near and sheer,
And Death will brook no nay;
But our baby elves
Shall be ourselves
When we are dust:

Hurray!

McGINNIS.

FRENCH SOCIALIST POLICY.

More than ordinary interest is felt in the approaching Congress of the French United Socialists at Toulouse. The recent experimental trial of a general strike has emphasised the division of opinion in their ranks. In Parliament, and among their supporters in the Press, there are men alarmed at the prospect of the party being captured and overridden by the General Confederation of Labour, which derides the notion of Socialistic improvement through Parliamentary agency. Not Parliamentary debate, but the strike, is its weapon.

THE CHIMNEY ORNAMENT.

By P. Glanville.

Lowerison's study, at Heacham, has a new attraction—a Saxon skull. It stands on the chimney-piece, gazing with blank eye-sockets straight before it. It is a well-shaped skull, though the left cheek bone is broken, and it is minus its lower jaw. It is the skull of a man, and is certainly eight hundred years old.

Oh, just an ordinary human skull. One has seen many such in museums, and even in shop windows. But—! But if one sits alone for an hour or so in Lowerison's room, when the dusk is falling, and the shadows seem to grow; and if, sitting there and looking at the skull through the smoke of one's pipe, one gives the stage, so to speak, to that grisly relic: one feels things.

Without tongue the skull seems to speak; without ears, to listen; without brain, to think; eyeless, it regards one steadily, fixedly, awfully.

Left of a Miracle.

It is the skull of a man. A human soul-cage. Within that blind, dumb shell of bone once lived a soul: a mind. It was masked then with a fair face. It had a bold, aquiline nose, and a strong chin, and was proud of its glossy flaxen hair, and conscious of the charm of its bright and keen blue eyes.

It has hoped and feared; reasoned and planned; it has laughed and cried; it has wondered, and studied, and made jokes. It has hated, perhaps, and loved.

The skull of a man. Like you or me. The man worked, and hunted, and fought; belike was slain in battle. Now he has no name, no place, no future; no story.

Who was he? Who nursed him, who hurt him, who healed him, who married him? Did that Saxon skull ever hold itself proudly under a helmet? Did that brain-shell, half-fossilised by its long centuries in the grave, ever rest upon some sweet wife's bosom? Did some tall, graceful girl, with the shine of the sun in her silken hair and the blue of the summer heaven in her lustrous eyes, ever kiss that bony mazzard? Grr!

She had sweet eyes, like a seal, and lips as scarlet as the berry of a brier. Her arms—the arms she laid around his neck—were long and slim, with pale blue veins where the pulses beat. Her hands were small and delicate, and the fingers laced themselves like tendrils behind his head—that head, there: on the chimney-piece. Her voice was softly rich, like the coo of a wood pigeon, when she spoke to him. And he bent his head, and looked at her: not, I hope, as he is now looking at me. She drew him closer, and laid her cheek against his: there, where the bone is lacking and a piece of brown paper is poking through. She had a cheek like a baby, with a rose flush on it. As her lips parted the small, white teeth were visible. His are too visible at present. As she leaned her head there were faint and tender shadows marking the modeling of her firm, round neck. She was as

stately as a lily, as pliant as a cane; her breast was the shrine of tenderness, the altar of passion. I declare I am half in love with her myself. And she has been dead eight centuries, and, if she is visible at all, she looks like—that.

My girls are in the garden as I write. I can hear their voices—pitiful, excited. They have found a dead sparrow.

A dead sparrow. Lowerison has found the head of a dead man: of a man who has been dead eight hundred years. If you turn the skull over and look into it, it resembles an empty cup. Reader, where is the wine?

I put the skull back on the chimney-piece, and consider it again. Who was he? What did he play at, of all the foolish games men choose? What did he hope for; worry about?

Did He Know?

"I daresay, Harry," I remark to Lowerison, "that when this fellow was alive he often got into a terrific wax about things."

"Doubtless," says my friend. "And I dare say they didn't matter?" say I.

Lowerison smiles. "They haven't mattered, anyhow," he replies, "for a long eight hundred years."

"What a little thing a big trouble looks from a distance," I observe, wisely.

"Did he find life worth living?" Lowerison asks as he smokes contentedly.

"Of course he did," I answer, "because of her. She had such loving eyes; such a soft caressing voice. Only to have kissed her once—"

Lowerison smiles, takes his pipe out of his mouth; he is going to say something cynical, but I cannot stand it: I am thinking of her. So I say, "But here is my theory, Harry, to take or leave: every man who has had the love of a woman has got more out of life than he gave, has had it laid upon him to say that life is good."

"Hm. There's a wind on the heath, brother," says Lowerison.

Then we smoke in silence for awhile. Harry sits with eyes half-closed: eyes shining out of shadow. The skull has spoken its message. We rise and leave it. As we close the door the words of the dead Saxon run through our minds like a snatch of song: "Only to have kissed her once—!" Ah! the dear thing: the woman.

So we come away from the cottage, and leave the skull there on the chimney-piece, looking out with sightless eyes upon the silence, as though it were thinking.

There are 5,500,000 women-workers in England—an army larger than the army of Xerxes or the population of the County of London. There are 2,000,000 domestic servants, 867,000 women employed in textile industries, 903,000 in dressmaking, 80,500 in commerce, and nearly 100,000 in farming. There are 55,784 women-clerks, 200,000 women-teachers, 44,000 musicians and actresses, 79,000 nurses, and 292 women-doctors.

WHAT IS A GENIUS?

Major Jacobs rode over to see me this afternoon, and we had not long enjoyed the repose of deck chairs and cigarettes under the medlar trees, and the songs of birds, who have begun nesting very early this year, and the quiet rumbling of heavy wagons that pass sometimes in the highway beyond the garden, when the Reading Society in a body joined us from the house, and I heard my sister give directions for tea to be brought out on to the lawn. The other day I heard Palestrina tell a friend of hers that she nearly always contrived to have someone to tea, or to sit with Hugo in the afternoon, and my sister's satisfaction increases in direct proportion to the number of people who come.

We had hardly finished tea when Frances Taylor said suddenly, yet with the manner of one who has risen to make a speech on a platform, "Was Coleridge a genius or a crank?"

Eliza, assuming the deep frown of learning which is quite common amongst us nowadays, was upon her in a moment, and said emphatically, "How would you define a genius?"

The Socratic habit of asking for a definition is one that is always adopted during our discussions, and it is generally demanded in the tone of voice in which one says "check" when playing chess. Frances Taylor was quite ready for Eliza, and said: "Genius, I think, is like some star—"

"Analogy is not argument!" Eliza pounced upon her in the voice that said, "I take your pawn."

It will be noticed, I fear, that in Stowell we are not altogether original in our arguments—many of them can be traced, alas! to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and they are not often the outcome of original thought.

Frances Taylor's king was once more in check, and she became a little nervous and irritable. "I do not think we need go into definitions," she said; but Eliza had gone indoors to "look it up." She returned presently with a dictionary, walking across the lawn towards us with its pages held close to her near-sighted eyes.

"A genius," she began, and then she glanced disparagingly at the title of the book, and said, "according to Webster, that is—but I do not know if we ought to accept him as a final authority—is explained as being 'a peculiar structure of mind which is given by Nature to an individual which qualifies him for a particular employment, a strength of mind, uncommon powers of intellect, particularly the power of invention.' A crank," she went on, "in its modern meaning, seems hardly to have been known to the writer of this dictionary; the word is rendered literally as meaning 'a bend or turn.'"

"Then I submit," said Miss Taylor, "that Coleridge was a genius."

A LAME DOG'S DIARY. S. Mac-naughton.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, the well-known author and poetess, died at Boston, Mass., recently in her seventy-fourth year. At eighteen she had published a collection of poems, stories, and sketches, gathered together from various newspapers and magazines.

PUBLIC WOMEN ON PUBLIC MEN.

JOHN BURNS.

By Teresa Billington-Greig.

John Burns is regarded as one of the strongest and most remarkable figures in the present Ministry. His appointment, in 1905, by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was hailed by the Liberal Press as an outstanding proof of the democratic nature, the advanced condition, and the good intentions of the new Government. The choice, it was said, was both daring and wise.

As to the daring of Sir Henry's appointment, the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER will hold their own opinions. But we shall all agree that, from the Liberal point of view, it was wise. A Liberal Cabinet without a strong flavour of democracy would have no standing at all in this generation, and the appointment of John Burns was made to fulfil this need. The early history of the man supplied the popular element; while his later attitude made it certain that he was absolutely "safe."

With Scottish caution, the late Prime Minister got all he needed to please the masses, and endangered nothing of his party's prestige with the classes.

Demagogue to Politician.

At one time John Burns was known as "the man with the red flag," "the Orator of Tower Hill." Now he is boomed as "the Working-man Cabinet Minister." His evolution from agitator to politician has not been without parallel.

If the signs be true, it will find further parallels in the future. But they may not be accompanied by all the same elements, and it will be well if they are not. Those who pass from the ranks of the iconoclasts into the army of administrators are sure to be called upon to pay the price of condemnation and distrust. The masses are not merciful. Neither are they large-souled and clear-sighted. They have never been taught to be. Hence sometimes the price they make their old heroes pay is too heavy, and sometimes it is not heavy enough.

In the evolution of John Burns there has been much to regret and much to condemn. His transition from rebel to administrator has been accompanied by those changes in the attitude and spirit of the man which have justified more than reprimand. Yet, trading upon his work in the past, conjuring with the magic of old phrases, hiding new postures under the old name, he has been able to blind the eyes that would have challenged his peace, and to stay the voices that would have condemned him.

Only the old comrade in the fight, the one-time friend, standing apart, has served as a sign of his fall. Only the voices of the hungry hundreds, among whom he once hungered, whom once he led, have been raised to curse him.

A Contrast.

When he was miserable and unemployed he became the advocate of others similarly placed. He threw himself into the unemployed struggle, and, later, into the great Dock Strike. He paid the penalty of his advocacy of the cause of the poor and helpless in frequent collisions with the police. He was tried, along with Hynd-

man and Champion, for conspiracy in 1885, and, though acquitted then, he suffered imprisonment with Cunningham-Graham in the following year for the Trafalgar Square riot.

Yet since his appointment to the Cabinet he has not proved a friend of the unemployed.

Only one national attempt has so far been made to deal with this problem of unemployment, and this he has described as "the most mischievous Bill ever passed." He has impeded its administration, as the Central London Authority for the Unemployed knows only too well. He has neglected the interests of the unemployed women, doling out for them grants pitifully inadequate, and refusing any assistance for the project that would give them healthy occupation on the land.

Nor is this all. At the reopening of Parliament during the distress of last winter he made use of the relief agencies on the Embankment to pour personal ridicule upon the most helpless members of our present-day society. The full meaning of such an action becomes apparent when it is remembered that John Burns is the only member of the Government who could have done this thing with any force.

His old connection with the industrial helots of the land alone made it possible for him to hurt them.

No Friend of Women.

Industrial oppression at one time drove him to the breaking of the law, and one might fairly have hoped that he would show sympathy with the women whose political need drives them to-day to the same extremes. But such a hope was doomed.

In the early days of the militant Suffrage struggle, when he was asked his opinion of the women, his statesman's mind could only rise to the fatuity that "they should be well smacked!"

This early opinion might be due to forgetfulness, and so claim forgiveness. But unfortunately later experience confirms it. From no other member of the Government have the women who have attended Liberal meetings to question or interrupt met with such gross discourtesy and coarse insult.

"Go home and get married," he cried to one interrupter.

"I am married, and I still want votes for women," she retorted.

"Then I am glad that I am not your husband," was the witty reply, followed by "Out with her!"

"There goes the barmaid," said he, on another occasion; and when a man rose to protest against this gratuitous insult, the President of the Local Government Board added, "Put him out, too. Let the barman go to join the barmaid outside."

These are but specimens. I do not know what measure of abuse and insult was mingled with the arguments of the Orator of Tower Hill. I did not know John Burns in those days, and cannot, therefore, draw comparisons. But the John Burns of to-day would scarcely seem to possess the gifts necessary to charm any but a music-hall audience. It may be that with the passing of the

old spirit of the man, glibness of tongue alone remains.

Our Industrial Needs.

This man, who now holds in his hands the power to determine the destiny of thousands of women, does not appreciate the need of women's liberty at all.

This is true not only with regard to political liberty, but with regard to industrial also. John Burns cherishes the desire to shut off married women from all economic independence. He frankly states that his ideal woman is one who will bring eighteen children into the world . . . though nine be born merely to die . . . as his mother did. It is his intention to expel all married women from workshops and factories, and so, by making women more dependent upon men, to conduce to this ideal.

Economic distress and infantile mortality are both to be reduced, forsooth! by this fatuous and wicked expedient of flinging women back into economic slavery. As though the girding of new chains about woman could solve the problems born of her long enslavement. In John Burns's neglect of the unemployed women, and in his words upon the treatment of married women, as in the patter of many such men, women see dimly outlined one of the gravest dangers that the future may hold for them, unless they win for themselves the power of political protection.

Lost Powers.

Whatever may have been the possibilities of "the man with the red flag" with regard to Labour, they are frittered away and lost. Just so far as the rebels of to-day make it necessary for him to move, just so far will he move on their behalf. But he can never claim the glory of turning the bronze of his utterances into the gold of performance. From the camp of the enemy he doles out alms immeasurably small and mean.

But from one charge John Burns is free. He never had any possibilities with regard to women, and cannot, therefore, be charged with wasting them. He is a masculine statesman with a one-sexed outlook.

Finally, we must say of him that the Fates were not kind to him: for an inheritance, they gave him the weakness that brings betrayal of his fellows. And they hampered him with the blindness that makes women call him a foe.

SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

BUILDING THE BODY BEAUTIFUL.

By Chas. E. Dawson.

Some of my readers tell me that I over-rate the importance of beauty in the scheme of things. Even our "Aunt Maria" has twitted me on the notion that frocks, frills, and the other etceteras are to be considered in comparison with the spiritual graces. We should, I think, be beautiful at all costs.

When we get Socialism and its greater opportunities to make the most of life, we shall be beautiful naturally; meanwhile we should surely do our utmost to be and look well.

It ought not to be the fact that no better examples of beauty culture can be found than among the stars of the English stage. But it is a vital necessity to the front-rank actress to keep herself in the very pink of physical perfection.

Honest Health—

A professional beauty has to take as much care of her stock-in-trade as any other business woman. She has to live a hard, strenuous life; to practise self-denial almost to the point of asceticism.

Of course, the girls who, on account of a lavish endowment of good looks and a sudden turn of fortune, wax and quickly wane, are not given to uncomfortable frugality. Supper parties, late nights, and other flippancies soon play havoc with their complexions. As a rule they can only soar in the first or second rank for a year or so, and then marry and leave the stage; or they must be content to play small parts, and envy their wiser sisters who have held a tighter rein upon themselves.

And Exercise.

Among our younger stars of the stage is Miss Maud Allan—a success of the London season—as the effect of much hard work and great intelligence.

The extraordinary flexibility of her wrists and waist are the most notable characteristics of her poetic dancing. All her beautiful movements are mainly the results of a series of regular and simple exercises.

Merely standing with feet still and swinging the body from side to side makes a perfect waist-line and ease of pose. Digging, too—just ordinary spade work in the garden—is one of the best grace and youth-preserving exercises possible.

Unless some twisting around and bending work is found for the muscles of the back and abdomen they will grow flabby, fat will accumulate, and the earliest signs of middle age will be obvious in the inevitable "stiff movements" of the body.

"Skin Deep."

The proverb "Beauty is but skin deep," like so many old tags, is a fraud.

Beauty goes right down to the bones; in fact, it begins there. If the framework is not right to start with, the body can never be perfect, although careful diet and exercising can do much to improve it. The muscles, which cover the bones as a suit of clothes covers the figure, do not fit, and the organs will not fit into the shelves and pockets which nature has planned for them. When the muscles and organs are misfits, the owner sticks out at wrong places, and

there are hollows and long gaunt places where swells and curves should be.

Most of the sins of modern fashion are due to ignorance of the skeleton, and to deforming the bones of the toes and feet.

The laws of physiology are violated by the rag-trade-made fashions and the laws of Art as well. In every Art school the Venus of Medici and the Venus of Milo are accepted as the highest types of beauty. And modern fashion seems to be trying to get as far from these models of perfection as possible.

Begin Young.

The making of a healthy and beautiful woman should begin when she is a baby.

Diet, fresh air, and exercise will all help in the production of a satisfactory skeleton. But coddling, sweets, white bread, and other indigestible food prevent the building of a good bony system.

Although a pretty woman is built of necessity upon a framework of bones, the framework should be concealed. It is an advantage if her bones are small, as they will have less tendency to make themselves conspicuous. The woman who has small bones may be slender, with comparatively little flesh, and yet appear moderately plump. But on the other hand large bones are not objectionable if the muscular system is developed.

In evening dress some women show a row of vertebrae down the back. In other words, their backbones stick out. This is the unlovely result of a lack of development of the great system of muscles which, extending from the head down the spine with various inter-crossings, serve to keep the body erect.

If those muscles were adequately formed through exercise they would amply cover up the spiky and undesirable prominences.

The development of the bust depends mainly upon the development of the chest muscles. These are for moving the arms; and it is only by the regular exercise of the arms that they can be developed.

A woman's chest should be full and barrel-shaped to have that "well-set-up" figure which is typical of the healthiest specimens of modern English womanhood.

The Feet.

The average man or woman is a pitiful sight bare-footed.

If we could condemn those men who make fortunes out of our senseless boot and shoe fashions to parade bare foot down Regent Street, they might be ashamed into seeing the grave responsibilities of their ugly work.

From childhood the bones of our feet are slowly but surely distorted out of their natural positions into hideous malformations, to fit the idiotic and artificial shapes of our shoes. Look at the foot of a Greek statue and then at your own—with the gnarled and bulbous toes curving over and under each other where they have fled from the oppression of your shoes.

But for the bootmaker you might have had a foot like a Greek goddess.

GARDENING FOR PROFIT.

That day our talk was not literary. He had a large garden, which he thought he cultivated for profit, although it had always involved him in a steadily increasing loss. His wife, who was lately dead, used to say that, but for the "profits" of his work in the garden, they might live in ease and content. But Blackmore knew what he was doing. He loved his garden, he loved his trees, above all he loved his pears, and literature can have no rewards so dear to him as his annual deficit on his seventeen acres. We walked over them for several hours, and he talked of his fruit and flowers with as much tenderness as if they had been human beings. God had given him no other children, and he was then, I think, quite alone. Somewhat later his affectionate young niece came to take charge of the place his wife had left vacant, and the lonely man became less lonely, but it was well for him always that he had his garden to love and care for.

His occupations as a market-gardener gave him a good deal of amusement. He was full of stories of his experiences with men, with the carters who took his fruit to Covent Garden, and with the people he bought his seeds and manure from. The general effect of these stories was that he knew he was often cheated, and that he enjoyed the simplicity of the means employed to hoodwink him. One story, I remember, was of a carter who dropped into the trap of the boy in the legend, who rendered his master an account, beginning, "A shilling's worth of eggs—eighteen pence." The fellow worked for Blackmore for many years at a workman's wages, and while his master lost on an average five hundred pounds a year on growing fruit, his gardener built a row of cottages on selling it. The whirlwind came, however, one Saturday night, when the man had the ill luck to return home from market drunk, and the money in his purse showed a surplus of several pounds over his account. Another of Blackmore's stories was of buying manure from a farmer, who knew nothing of his celebrity outside the business of market-gardening. "How much a ton?" said Blackmore. "Well," said the farmer, "I'm charging the gentleman seven-and-six, but you shall have it for five."

M. A. P.

GREAT MOMENTS.

Only, but this is rare!

When a beloved hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read
clear;

When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice
caressed—

A bolt is shot back somewhere in our
breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again!

The eye sinks inward and the heart lies
plain,
And what we mean we say, and what we
would we know.

MAX MULLER.

The wish to please is at once our
weakness and our strength.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Beauty and Terror.*

Tired, and glancing idly at a North-country paper, I found this gem of old rhyme:

Oh, for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eythher in doore or out;
With the greene leaves whispering overhead,
Or the streete cries all about,

Where I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old;
For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.

It did me good like a medicine. Beauty and freshness can. And then came a letter from a dear friend, saying, as if he knew just what I wanted, "The Blue Lagoon" is a very pretty book. Try it for 'Book of the Hour.' Another friend brought this novel home from town, and I lit my pipe and began to read it.

The pipe went out. The scene was changed for me. It was a wonderful night on deck, filled with the majesty and beauty of starlight and a tropic calm; and presently the ship took fire. There were two children aboard, cousins, a boy and a girl, and when the boats put off a gentle Irish sailorman had charge of them, and told them tales of an old pig and the moon in a bucket to keep them happy. But in a fog their boat lost the others, and after a day or two came to the other island:

As they drew nearer, the sea became more active, savage and alive; the thunder of the surf grew louder, the breakers more fierce and threatening, the opening broader. One could see the water swirling round the coral piers, for the tide was flooding into the lagoon; it had seized the little dinghy, and was bearing it along far swifter than the sculls could have driven it. Sea-gulls screamed around them, the boat rocked and swayed, Dick shouted with excitement, and Emmeline shut her eyes tight.

Then, as though a door had been swiftly and silently closed, the sound of the surf became suddenly less. The boat floated on an even keel: she opened her eyes and found herself in Wonderland.

Wonderland, and these two children's home that was to be.

On either side lay a great sweep of waving blue waters; calm almost as a lake, sapphire here, and here with the tints of aquamarine; water so clear that, fathoms away below, you could see the branching coral, the schools of passing fish, and the shadows of the fish upon spaces of sand.

Before them the clear waters washed the sands of a white beach, the cocoa-palms waved and whispered in the breeze; and, as the oarsman lay on his oars to look, a flock of blue-birds rose as if suddenly freed from the tree-tops, wheeled, and passed soundless, like a wreath of smoke, over the tree-tops of the higher land beyond.

But the soul of it all, the indescribable thing about this picture of mirrored palm trees, blue lagoon, coral reef and sky, was the light.

Away at sea the light was blinding, dazzling, cruel. Here it made the air a crystal, through which the gazer saw the loveliness of the land and reef, the green of the palm, the white of coral, the wheeling gulls, the blue lagoon, all sharply outlined—burning, coloured, arrogant, yet tender—heart-breakingly beautiful.

Unperceived, something like a small triangle of dark canvas rippled through the water and sank from sight; something that appeared and vanished like an evil thought.

*"THE BLUE LAGOON," by H. de Vere Stacpole. (Fisher Unwin.)

A shark's fin. And with that the story gripped me once for all; I guessed the coming fascination. It was a story of beauty and terror.

And I protest, however weakly. I protest because I shall have to read it over again—properly to enjoy it. Mr. Stacpole played a trick of his craft upon an old hand, and kept me so anxious for Dick and Emmeline and poor Mr. Button, the drunken Irishman, that I could not stop to live seven years there, but in six hours was back again in London.

Being fond of rum, Mr. Button, the life and joy and sole protector of these young castaways, must swim the lagoon in search of a boat that he himself had just brought in to moorings; and my heart was in my mouth. Full of the joy of living, Dick goes into pools of the reef, and is snatched and held by unseen arms there: these perils "insult the day." For, otherwise, life is beyond experience lovely. The island is like a new Garden of Eden, where, with the sailorman dead but not forgotten, the children grow up innocent and sweet, to live and love and prove the mysteries.

Watching them, why are we haunted by great Nature's horrors?

Never mind; I shall blab no secret. I like Mr. Button as long as he lives, partly because these things never trouble him. Hear him when another sort of man would have been looking glum—in a charless cockboat on the wide Pacific:

"I don't want to wash!" shouted Dick. "Stick your face into the water in the tin. You wouldn't be goin' about the place wid your face like a sut-bag, would ye?"

"Stick yours in!"

Mr. Button did so, and made a hub-bubbling noise in the water; then he lifted a wet and streaming face and flung the contents of the bailing-tin overboard.

"Now you've lost your chance," said this arch nursery strategist. "All the water's gone."

"There's more in the sea."

"There's no more to wash with, not till to-morrow—the fishes don't allow it."

"I want to wash," Dick grumbled. "I want to stick my face in the tin, same's you did: 'sides, Em hasn't washed."

"I don't mind," murmured Emmeline.

"Well, thin," said Mr. Button, as if making a sudden resolve, "I'll ax the sharks."

He leaned over the boat's side, his face close to the surface of the water.

"Halloo there!" he shouted, and then bent his head sideways to listen; the children also looked over the side, deeply interested.

"Halloo there! Are y'aslape—Oh, there y'are. Here's a spalpeen with a dirty face, an's wishful to wash it; may I take a bailin'-tin of —. Oh, thank your 'arner, thank your 'arner, good-day to you, and my respects."

"What did the shark say, Mr. Button?" asked Emmeline.

"He said, 'Take a barl full an' welcome, Mister Button; an' it's wishful I am I had a drop of the crathur to offer you this fine marnin'. Then he popped his head under his fin and went aslape agin; leastwise I heard him snore."

And you should read Mr. Button's fairy-tales! No make-believe at all about them.

But the best fairy-tale is the lives of the boy and girl, lapped and nourished and taught by Nature only. Like the balmy Wonderland, this is real; and how ugly it makes our pruderies and dull conventions look! How fine to live so—but for the perils and the dread of losing each other in such a place!

They are a far prettier pair than Crusoe and his Man Friday. Their housekeeping and Dick's husbandry are less engaging, maybe, because, in a warm and fruitful isle, these give them small concern. But, as they grow to be woman and man, life takes new colour unexpectedly. The brief wooing is told with one stroke of honest genius.

Little prepares you for it—just some growth of wistfulness in her, some half-estranging restlessness in Dick. Then, one day:

He came back with his basket full of ripe fruit, gave some to the girl, and sat down beside her. When she had finished eating she took the cane that he used for carrying the basket and held it in her hands. She was bending it in the form of a bow when it slipped, flew out, and struck her companion a sharp blow on the side of his face.

Almost on the instant he turned and slapped her on the shoulder. She stared at him for a moment in troubled amazement; a sob came in her throat. Then some veil seemed lifted, some wizard's wand stretched out, some mysterious vial broken. As she looked at him like that, he suddenly and fiercely clasped her in his arms. He held her a moment, dazed, stupefied, not knowing what to do with her. Then her lips told him, for they met his in an endless kiss.

This Eve broke no commandment, nor was there any flaming sword. Their garden bloomed more fair.

Yet the earth holds terrors, undeniably. There are sharks, and great cuttle-fish, and murderous cyclones:

All at once the wind dropped, the rain ceased, and a pale spectral light, like the light of dawn, fell before the doorway.

"It's over!" cried Dick, making to get up.

"Oh, listen!" said Emmeline, clinging to him, and holding the baby to his breast as if the touch of him would give protection.

From the other side of the island came a sound like the droning of a great top. . . .

As they listened the sound increased, sharpened, and became a tang that pierced the ear-drums, a sound that shook with hurry and speed, increasing, bringing with it the bursting and crashing of trees, and breaking at last overhead in a yell that stunned the brain like the blow of a bludgeon. In a second the house was torn away, and they were left clinging to the roots of the breadfruit, deaf, blinded, half-lifeless.

It may be the writer's art to make us fear too much, and so to hold our interest. But there is dread, though we do and should disdain it, in the heavens and the earth, and in the waters that are under the earth. And I think that Mr. Stacpole has a meaning in his mind.

Because of the dread that comes at moments, let us prize the beauty that is always about us. Because we must die, let us live. Because there is mystery, let us respect and trust the kind, plain truth.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

I believe that this claim for a healthy body for all of us carries with it all other due claims; for who knows where the seeds of disease, which even rich people suffer from, were first sown? From the luxury of an ancestor, perhaps; yet often, I suspect, from his poverty.—MORRIS.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(continued). Some Pains and Penalties.

In time the child within him was appeased and slept.

He felt the cool air good about him. There was, indeed, a surprising cheerfulness in the first thing he saw upon coming back to consciousness of external nature; a robin advanced quite near to him, with a schoolmasterly look of interest in his vagabondage. Not to scare the little chap, he lay still; he had felt precisely such content in inertness once before, after an illness; he lay and gazed into the sky of a silvery, cloudless evening.

In an accidental silence of the birds, he was aware that the light had waned. He got upon his feet.

There was a fire of level sunset, burning low behind the thicket; and he admired it as he walked away towards home. When the thought of Barbara again came to him, he felt neither resentment nor special pleasure, but entertained it half indifferently, half smiling.

He believed that if he chose to do so it would cost him nothing to keep away from Barbara West for a second month. So calm was he, so happily infatuated, that he despised the honest couples coming out of town, who walked with fingers interlaced or waists encircled.

The least exaggeration, and virtue is pharisaical!

But indeed I suppose he had a right to as much satisfaction as ever he could distil, in the situation in which it had pleased the little blind god to place him. Half an hour later the wrong fumes were coming off.

For, as he neared the end of Barbara's grove (he had preferred to walk into town), Enoch was struck very cold by the sight of herself in charge of some cavalier. They were turning into the grove, and he satisfied himself that both, not one, went into the house No. 13.

The cavalier was a big fellow with sloping shoulders, attired with unnecessary self-respect.

This incident led to their first contention. He called after forty-eight hours of diffident anxiety—acutely painful when he had time to indulge it—and after a hot, unrestful night. Diffidence could not restrain him from venturing uninvited, possibly when she had some pupil with her. He arrived, however, in a most unwarlike trepidation, was charmed at the door by the sound of her violin, and forgot every grudge and mean misgiving instantly.

There was unaffected pleasure and surprise in his reception, and he begged her not to cease playing. She readily resumed, assuring him that practice did her more good when there was someone to listen; so that they did not begin to "differ" until he had worshipped her a precious hour. By chance his eyes then lighted on a stylish walking-stick, leaning by the fireplace.

"Whose is this?" he asked when she ended. He was smiling.

"The stick?" said Barbara, who had seen him take it up. "I'm sure I don't know. . . . Shall I go on?"

"You might rest a while," said he, "and talk—if you don't mind."

Flushed with playing, she glanced at the clock, and then with a sigh laid down her fiddle and bow upon the table, strewn already with books of music.

"I've done four hours to-day," she said, underlining the two important words; "two hours and a half before dinner. I shall do six, perhaps eight. Some days I can play and never get tired. But yesterday—she pursed her lips and opened her eyes a little gravely—"I didn't do any practice. Naughty Barb'a."

"What were you doing yesterday?" As she sat down he possessed himself of one of her hands.

"Oh, just frivolling," she answered, "like Sunday."

"Like Sunday!"

"Well, I mean—doing nothing in particular."

He was dashed. After a pause he said with a quiet voice, but unsteadily, "You made me very happy on Sunday."

Barbara let her glance fall upon the captured hand.

"Till after church," he added timidly.

She looked at him for an explanation, and, colouring hotly, he had to say, "I saw you walking home."

"Oh, with—yes, Mr. Varley; he spoke to me coming out, and Mrs. Shuttlewell walked on, you know. So he was kind enough to see me home, and—well, of course, I had to ask him in."

She pouted, to show that it meant nothing.

"Of course?"

Fretted, without considering why, by the tremor in his voice, she answered that of course it was nicer to do so.

"But would you—do you mean because he just walked home with you?"

"Well, it was out of his way. I thought it good of him."

"But—" He cast about helplessly for her point of view. "Any man would go out of his way," he laughed.

"He came because he wanted to come."

"Do you think so?" she said hastily.

"Oh, bother!" And presently, "I shall turn his face to the wall!"

She jumped up as she spoke and reversed the photograph they had talked about.

"Let him admire 'mself in the look'n'-glass." With a quick movement she ruffled Enoch's hair and suddenly sat down again, drumming with open hands upon her knees, and then taking a shy, quizzing look at him.

He was an ass, of course. But until that moment he had not identified the portrait; and, when he remembered how she had tried to get his opinion of it, the touch of her hand jarred. He said miserably:

"You have so many kind friends." Barbara looked down her nose.

"I suppose"—his heart beat thickly—"that's why Sunday was 'nothing in particular.'"

He felt so much afraid of vexing her, that all he desired was to be told she had not meant this; but after a pause she said, simply and emphatically, "If you are jealous I sha'n't like you."

She denied that he was more to her

than anyone else, then! She to him was more than all the world.

"I can't help it if people are kind to me," she went on, still motionless, with downcast eyes.

"Then I am not to love you." Barbara drew a quick breath. "Oh, for goodness' sake don't be stupid!" she cried lightly, confounding him.

Then with a crestfallen laugh, "It's like novels, where everybody's sad and romantic, and all that. . . . But we did get rather spoony on Sunday. That was just a nice ickle weeny bit of nonsense, for you and me."

"That droll apology not only lit a thin quick flame of pleasure; it satisfied him."

"And," said Barbara, shyly, "oo shouldn't make me talk about it."

Fool! Why didn't he fling his arms about her?

CHAPTER XIX.

A Missionary Expostulation.

Passion insists on hope while any hope remains. Allowed the right to hope, passion is soothed, governable and free of shame; for all who have the right stuff in them we know how it makes for nobleness of being. Let it be paltered with, suffered on any footing but that of plain honesty, and the secret hope in passion grows impatient and capable of mischief. It may still be governed, but not to be of healthy service.

In Barbara's mind the only study as the contest warmed was still to manage it.

Her little ward managed all other things in the same way, with a liveliness of petty tact which dealt with every difficulty as it arose and passed it smoothly over. She was headstrong with an infinite gentleness of method; and so she had her way in most things, as with Mrs. Shuttlewell—and was liked the better for it. This disposition was all at the back of her physical virtue. So, of course, was every aid she could derive from self-respect and the merest prudence.

But the footing on which Enoch stood with her being artificial, her kindness of heart (the very cause of all her tact) was the chief danger and aggravation for both of them. It had enlightened her to the pleasure given by small concessions, no less than to the disconcerting risk of making them. She indulged it with Enoch rather too freely for her peace of mind; and him it condemned to a sufferance that his nature was not fashioned to endure.

Why was she so averse from thoughts of marriage?

It would have been strange, perhaps, to find her forward to entertain them. Barbara was not romantic; and marriage, as she had seen it in her father's lifetime, seemed a kind of strife. It is true that she cast the blame for that upon her mother; but all experience warned her that men are apt to be wilful. One after another she had found her friends grow tiresome, either disposed to be exacting, or positively sulky, as if they wanted to blame her. She was sorry for some of them, but she had so many to please; they should have been reasonable! If you got married, said Barbara, of course you had to be sorry for them all; and you couldn't have quite your own way about anything.

But the sheet-anchor was her music.

Since her ninth year music had filled Barbara's thoughts of the future; and the beginnings of public success were a dearer flattery than any that made philandering pleasant. The memory of a dead father whom she regretted at times with tears was sweetened by them. They were the dearer that, happily, she did not dream of becoming famous. The height of her ambition was to please, and every encore and engagement gratified it freshly.

Now, marriage—if you insist on knowing all about it, which Enoch might in vain—meant babies; and babies were absurd; you couldn't manage them a bit. Barbara sedately dismissed babies not only from the little world of concerts and lesson-giving, but from the scheme of things, feeling very womanly and wise.

To Enoch she began to be more than ever a riddle. Her modest fears of his insight were needless. Greater than all precautions the vulnerable sex can take is the rainbow veil that Nature draws across a lover's eyes.

The more he pondered, the less he was happy to be trimmed with; and the notion of confessing Macdonald's creed to her struck him as a fine expedient. She was to see under a true light not only his own mind, but marriage—if he could but make her clearly understand.

He began to cast about for the best way of doing so.

Calling on a fine afternoon in Villa Grove, he found her dressed for going out. She emerged from her room as soon as he stepped upon the mat, looking neat and sure of pleasing him.

"I've been waiting for you," she said brightly. "I'm going to do some shopping; will you come?"

So they sallied out and got upon the top of a tramcar. They were alone there, and he chose this very unsuitable place and season for his missioning. Or rather he did not choose at all. He was carried away by the naturalness of taking her out on a business errand.

"This is like housekeeping," he smiled.

She was considering, for the twentieth time, whether a pink silk bodice for summer outdoor wear would not look a little common. She returned the smile with a slight movement of acquiescence. After all the right shade of pink, a soft rose-colour if she could get it—

"I shall call you 'my dear,'" said he, with amazing boldness, "and look as if we were used to it. What will you call me?"

A quick look of happy amusement rewarded him. "I knew he would improve!" thought Barbara, and she cast about for a mutation of "Enoch," which name she had always found too solemn for anything, and just a little droll and bony.

"Oh," she said, "I shall call you—Con: that's turning it round. Nice and short. Con is an Irish name, isn't it? Do you like it?"

"If you do," said he, watching her lips. "But I want a pet name for this occasion."

"It is a pet name," she insisted. "Don't you like it really? 'Enoch' is such a Sunday name. I fink Con is rather good."

Instead of being duly thankful, he said quite lugubriously, "Ah, well! It's only play, I suppose."

Now, when a wooer nicely treated

won't be cheerful, but sighs out of season much, he is tiresome. Barbara made a little gesture of smacking him on the hand.

"Isn't it?" he pressed. "Isn't what?" said Barbara.

"All our courting play?"

"Tisn't courting."

"For you it isn't," said Enoch.

Barbara, looking down at a pretty pair of boots with dignity, sat for a moment silent. Did she feel a touch of compunction, or was the clumsy wooing simply embarrassing? What she suddenly said was, "Oh, bother! I've got ever so many fings to fink of, an' you've made me go an' forget."

Thereupon he held his peace in meek bitterness, to which she added by popping her own penny into the fare-box. When he had thought about that for a minute or two he could either have got up and left her or surrendered all dignity in tears; for he supposed that, being a man, he was entitled to pay for both. Barbara chatted humorously of people on the causeway.

"You can talk of other things," he said.

She consulted with herself a moment, and then pressed his hand, taking it on to her knee.

The sober gentleness of that *amende* was like a healing touch, though he knew that it meant no yielding. Had she let it suffice, he might have said no more at this time of what was in his mind; but she made an excuse for him.

"Poor old Con!" she cooed, after holding his hand awhile. "Oo's such a serious boy."

"That's why I love you!" he burst out on a note of pain. "Love must be serious, Barbara, or it isn't love. . . . I think it should be like religion."

And, after a pause, mastering his emotion, he poured out the new convictions like a man arguing for life on the edge of a gulf. "What I meant about play—you can't play with a feeling that comes—that nobody can get rid of by changing his mind; you can't play with a natural—with love; because it is meant—"

He gulped, and sought for words. "Love is the cause of life, isn't it? I mean, it is such a real and wonderful thing. . . . You're not vexed? I'm only trying to show you how I think about it. I—I've given up going to chapel or church; what people call religion, I've lost it; I can't—"

He choked a sob down. "The things I understand. . . . Ah! I told you partly why. But this is so plain! I mean, if you can look at the world and see a big real purpose, it must be wrong to—to play with it and not—oh, Barbara, you aren't meaning to let me go on always just a friend?"

He was greatly excited, vaguely seeing people look up at them from the moving stream of a main thoroughfare, and not heeding it. He had fought out the words through a confusion of baffled shames, the greatest of which now seemed to be that he trembled extremely. Barbara's face in profile frightened him with its uncomprehending rueful look; she sat quite passive until he broke out with his appeal. The eyelash lifted then from her cheek; he perceived that she was even a little pale.

"Dear, you are hurting my hand," she said quietly. "No, don't take yours away! But, of course, we're too young to talk about such a thing."

She spoke this sentence with a quick flutter of the voice. Ah! Much kinder (had she been able) to say outright that she did not love him as he required of her.

"It isn't that," he replied. "I don't want you to marry me now, soon; I could wait; I think I could wait ten years if I knew that you—"

"Oh, I don't think long engagements are good."

He thought she was hesitating. "You see," he said; "I love you so dearly; I think of nothing else, hardly, and you said you never meant to marry at all; but"—he laughed, with a strong endeavour to feel at ease—"that's just what I can't think."

"But I know," said Barbara.

"Yes, of course, you mean it; but it some day—if someone else"—and then with sudden clearness he grew eloquent. "I can't give you up, Barbara! That is, if you love me as—as you sometimes seem to do. I cannot; you are so very beautiful, and so good; ah, if I could tell you! You don't know. It's as if you were made to be loved. Everything you say, the way you say it even, every least little thing you do, keeps me longing, aching. I loved you as soon as I saw you, that night with Jack Darbyshire; you know you can do as you like with me! Only don't—you won't pretend with me for mere kindness' sake, will you?"

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT OF DELIGHT.

Rarely, rarely comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

I loved all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night,
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms—
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love Love—though he has wings
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home!
SHELLEY.

One thing ought to be aimed at by all men; that the interest of each individually, and of all collectively, should be the same; for if each should grasp at his individual interest, all human society will be dissolved.—CICERO.

The circulation of "The Woman Worker" last week reached 27,000 copies.

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THE WOMAN WORKER. AUGUST 14, 1908.

The Last Word.

Appreciation of Miss Bondfield. Mr. Gray, Secretary to the London District Council of the Shop Assistants' Union, asks me to insert the following unanimous resolution in "your valuable paper":—"That the London District Council highly appreciates the work done by Miss Bondfield on behalf of Shop Life Reform."

An Apology Wanted. Mr. Gray, however, omits to mention the other resolution, which, according to the "Shop Assistant," was passed by a majority at the same meeting:—"That this Council requests the Executive to demand an apology from the Editor of THE WOMAN WORKER for the libel on our Union."

Well, well, the London District Council has learned its lesson, so I can forgive its resentment at the manner of it. One may call spirits from the vasty deep—but will they come?

The International Association for Labour Legislation holds its fifth general meeting at Lucerne from September 28 to 30.

I wish the unostentatious but valuable work of the British section of this organisation were better known and appreciated. The international levelling up of Labour laws is the best reply to the capitalist opponent of protective labour legislation who greets every new proposal for the amelioration of working conditions with groans of foreign competition; and nothing can make more surely for the world's peace than the growth of such international understandings as have been achieved by the Association during the past few years.

Backward Britain. The British delegates to the Lucerne Convention are certain to receive many congratulations from their Continental colleagues on the decision of our Home Office, to which I referred last week, to prohibit the use of white phosphorus in the making of matches. The British delegates who were present at the Geneva Convention in 1906 are not likely to forget the shame with which they heard the news that at the official Conference sitting concurrently at Berne, Britain had declined to subscribe to the Phosphorus Treaty signed by France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Luxemburg, and Holland.

Better Late Than Never. Now, however, our Government have decided to follow the good example set by other nations in this respect. It appears that a conference of match manufacturers was held at the Home Office, and an arrangement effected whereby Bryant and May's patent substitute for white phosphorus in the manufacture of "strike-anywhere" matches may be used by other firms on reasonable terms.

Continent in Advance. This is an exceedingly wise though belated decision. The occasion of it illustrates once more the fallacy of the popular notion that Britain leads the way in protective labour legislation. As a matter of fact, our chief trade competitor, Germany, is far ahead of us in many ways, and our futile attempts to deal with the unemployed problem compare most unfavourably with some of the legislative experiments of other European countries.

There is, for instance, the very interesting scheme for the maintenance of the unemployed initiated by some Belgian municipalities in 1900, whereby a trade unionist workman, when out of work, receives from municipal funds a weekly amount equal to that insured by his trade union.

I have heard this scheme adversely criticised in English labour circles as being equivalent to a State subsidy of trade unions, and here, of course, there may be certain dangers. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the plan provides incentive and encouragement to trade union membership.

Trouble for Textiles. There is a possibility of acute trouble in the textile trades, owing to the determination of the employers to force a 5 per cent. reduction

on their workpeople. Conferences between employers and employed have failed to settle the differences. A ballot of the Employers' Federation is being taken in order to secure a four-fifths majority of the members in favour of reducing wages, and the result will be known about the 20th of the present month. The reduction would mean nearly £800,000 a year less to the operatives. In view of the extraordinary profits made in the Lancashire factories during the past five years, this decrease will be stoutly resisted. Is it not enough that so many textile workers are unemployed, and that wages throughout Lancashire are already much decreased by slack time?

"Something Like!" Here, again, as a writer in the "Factory Times" points out, a lesson may be learned from other lands. On the Continent, in many cases, the workers are compensated for shortage of work, instead of being further penalised by a reduction in wages.

In Belgium, at Alost, for instance, the textile manufacturers have agreed to pay extra wages while production is limited. Operatives working fifty hours per week are allowed a 10 per cent. addition to wages, those working forty-four hours are allowed 15 per cent., while any employed for less than forty-four hours receive an addition of 20 per cent. on their earnings. This, I expect, will sound like a fairy tale to our Lancashire weavers and spinners, and I fear the example of the Belgian employers is not likely to commend itself to the English cotton lords.

The Last Straw. "Will you ever discover a women's strike that is not justified?" Sir Charles Dilke once asked me half-jestingly. And it would seem that I never shall. The strike of women box-makers at Earsfield once again confirms my view that when unorganised women workers go so far as to strike work the case is indeed desperate. In this case the reductions in wages proposed by the firm are almost incredible. According to the strikers the reductions per thousand are as follows: "Tube rolling," from 1s. 6d. to 1s. per thousand; "glueing," from 1s. 1d. to 4d.; "cutting," 1s. 3d. to 9d. and 1s. to 6d. Imagine a reduction at one fell swoop of 33, 50, and 75 per cent.!

One forewoman protested on behalf of the girls under her, and was in consequence dismissed, whereupon the forty-two girls affected decided to stop work. I hear that for some time past reductions have been rife in this factory, and there is every possibility that the strike may extend to other departments.

Be Ready! No sane employer would attempt to treat organised workers so outrageously, and it is to be hoped that the strikers will, out of their bitter experience, learn the lesson of unity. Such strikes always remind one of the proverbial Irishman who, when engaged by the Cyclists' Touring Club to place warning notices on all the dangerous

hills in a certain locality, placed them religiously at the bottom of each hill, and when taken to task retorted, "Where else would I be putting them? Isn't it at the foot of the hill that the accident always happens?" I hope the Earsfield box-makers will not in future be found waiting "till the accident happens."

A Martyr of the Mill. Stockport has just been enjoying its Wakes Holidays. But I fancy the holiday for a good many of the women and girls employed at a big rope works in Tarncroft Lane has been sadly marred. The works were being closed down for the holiday; the machinery overhauled and cleaned. A young operative, Jane Pedlar (19), was busy at her task with her mates when she became the victim of one of the tragedies of toil.

"Her hair caught in the shafting, and she was whirled round and round, her hair and scalp being torn off before she was liberated. The other women and girls in the room screamed with horror, but were powerless to help her, and some of them fainted. The poor girl was removed with all possible speed to the infirmary, but was dead on arrival."

Where Women Rule. The "Daily Chronicle" succeeded last week in obtaining an interview with a gentleman bearing the name of Hanakarinek—a chief and man of medicine among the Mohawk Indians.

It would appear that the squaws have great power in the Bear clan of Indians. "They select the chiefs of our clan. The men are not consulted in the matter at all. I myself was chosen by the women's council—a representative body of the various clans, such as 'The Bear,' 'The Wolf,' 'The Turtle.'"

"There is no such thing as a title being handed down from sire to son. If one of the present chiefs dies, the ladies assemble in council and nominate a successor, who seldom is the son of the dead hero. They cast about for that Mohawk who is physically and mentally fittest for the distinction." A rough and ready method, perhaps; but is ours an improvement on it?

Pitt on Pensions. The friendly societies have held their August conferences, and at most of them the question of old age pensions has received attention.

Mainly, the discussions appear to have been pitched in the right key, but at the conference of the Ancient Order of Foresters at Nottingham a discordant note was struck by a Mr. Charles Pitt, who must be a very ancient forester indeed.

The utterance of this Daniel Come to Judgment. The young men of to-day, he said in one pregnant passage, were the old men of the future. "And do you mean to tell me," he went on (his eyes doubtless fiercely rolling), "that the young man of to-day cannot buy his pension?"

It is not clear from the "Blown Away report whether anyone in Smoke." did or did not so tell him, I trust not. Pitt is a fierce fellow, and had a final answer to such contention. "Note," he said in a striking climax—"note that there is hardly a young man who does not blow his pension away in smoke every week." And with that the ancient sat down, receiving, it is to be hoped, the warm congratulations of the other ancients.

What of the Women? But why did not Mr. Pitt say something of the young women? They don't blow their pensions away in smoke. Leastways, I haven't caught them at it.

I dare swear, however, that Mr. Pitt, who is armed at all points, will have answer ready to this, too, and will tell me that one's substance can be wasted in other ways than in smoke.

If girls don't blow their pensions away, he will retort, they put them on their heads in gawgaws of millinery and round their necks in foolishness of beads. They dissipate them in novellettes and omnibus rides, and, may be, silly lasses, in visits to "gaffs" and music-halls—or even, as at our picnic last Tuesday, on donkey rides! The reckless minxes! But why stop there? I know girls, who, when things are good, have bacon for breakfast, and, indeed, a joint 'o' Sundays. Is not here a waste of good pension money?

More Light. But, good Mr. Pitt, tarry a moment and make us wise as yourself, for there are many among us who hold that to-day the trouble is not that the workers consume too much, but that they consume too little. If these lads and lasses do go bare of their smokes and trinkets and junketings, will not there be less demand for these things, and consequent lack of work for those who else had employment?

From which it would seem that even blowing pensions away may help poor toilers in other trades to keep their work, and—who knows—mayhap to join the Ancient Order of Foresters and purchase a pension. Things are not always what they seem, Mr. Pitt, as philosophers other than you have had to learn.

Women Occupiers and the Votes. Mr. Arthur Peters, the National Election Agent of the Labour Party, reminds me that Thursday next, August 20, is the last day for women occupiers to claim a vote enabling them to exercise their municipal franchise on November 1 and during the ensuing twelve months. Women who occupy a dwelling-house, or even part of a house as a separate dwelling, are entitled to claim a vote enabling them to vote at County Council, Town Council, Urban, District, or Parish Council elections in England and Wales. The Overseers' lists can be inspected now upon the door of any church or chapel or post-office. Women qualified to vote whose names do not appear should call upon the secretary of their local Labour organisation, or write to Mr. Peters at 28, Victoria Street, London, S.W., with full particulars and enclosing a stamped envelope.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

"News from Nowhere."

YOUR CRITICISM.

This competition, we hope, will prove greatly interesting, both to you who compete and to those who judge. Almost every woman worker—or shirker, for that matter—knows William Morris's great book, and if she does not she ought to become acquainted with it without loss of time. To those who have read the book we offer a prize of One Guinea for the best criticism of "News from Nowhere." Not more than 200 words are to be used, and your letters must reach us by Wednesday morning. Address to the Prize Editor, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C.

JOHN GRUMLIE.

The sender of the best letter in this competition is Mrs. G. Green, to whom we award the prize of One Guinea. This is her account of how one man at least attempted to do his own house-keeping:

NO METHOD.

I left Him for six days. Upon my return I found—well, nothing that I wanted (except Him) for another three days. And in the interim He explained how He had "run" the home—and He had let things "run!"

To save making the bed, he slept on the right side of it one night, the left side the next, and the middle the following night; repeating the process on the three following evenings. Having forgotten to open the bedroom window on the first two days, he left it open on the third, when a storm cleared the dressing-table of ornaments and the carpet of its colour.

Imagining it easier to wash up weekly than daily, he kept bringing out fresh crockery for each meal, until he had emptied the cupboard and filled the sink. Using each corner of the table-cloth for each meal, he was able to soil all instead of part of it.

He paid seventeen visits to the grocer's, and nine to the butcher's; the canary was starved, and the cat overfed; and grate, hearth, and fire-irons were as unrecognisable as two holes in the window curtains were apparent.

Men folk's "methods," madam! They haven't any!

Mrs. G. GREEN, 2 BR 237, Bellbarn Road, Birmingham.

NEW READERS.

We must confess ourselves disappointed in the majority of papers sent in for this competition. So many send the same suggestion, which, by the way, is a good one, but one we have heard before on various occasions: namely, that every reader shall invest each week in two copies of THE WOMAN WORKER instead of one, passing the second on to a friend.

Of course, this is very well, but we wished for new suggestions. These are comparatively few, but we hope they will prove valuable.

A. H. Godwin wins the Guinea Prize with this letter:

The following methods might be adopted

for increasing the circulation of THE WOMAN WORKER:

(1) Every reader of the paper, without exception, to obtain one new subscriber within a month. Setting aside 6,000 of the present circulation for editorial use, advertisers' vouchers, casual purchasers, and "returns"—a fairly liberal estimate—the weekly sale would at once advance to 40,000 copies. N.B.—The slight obligation to be independent of all those which follow, and of all previous efforts of this kind.

(2) Local Committees to be formed, for propaganda work, organising newsagents, seeing each has contents bill—an important point—attending meetings to distribute specimen copies, and getting paper exhibited in public places. Committee should also systematically leave paper for four weeks at different houses, following this by personal application to subscribe.

(3) Sub-committees to be appointed in factories to invite fellow-workers to co-operate, while every male trades unionist should get paper on his wife's behalf.

(4) First hundred workers to obtain twenty new subscribers to receive paper free for life.

(5) Advertise by means of public hoardings and leaflets, and by getting paper recommended by speakers at sympathetic public meetings.

(6) Commence correspondence on strongly controversial subjects, and also insert in adjacent columns articles from different standpoints contributed by authoritative writers. It might also be well to introduce a cartoon.

A. H. GODWIN, Hyndale, Victoria Road, Stechford.

Novel Methods.

In advertising the "Clarion" and "Labour Leader," the I.L.P. branch, of which I am a member, has hit on many novel ways.

The one we consider the most effectual is that of chalking on the pavement. To the enthusiast with imagination this may be made a great source of pleasure as well as usefulness. There is nothing more stimu-

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

AN APPEAL TO THE HOME SECRETARY

ON

WOMEN IN FATAL TRADES.

BY

WM. C. ANDERSON.

ARTHUR BALFOUR:

A STUDY BY

MARGARET BONDFIELD.

lating to the curiosity of the person walking along when, staring up at him, he beholds: "Socialism will not cure corns, warts, and bunions; but what it will do is seen in this week's 'CLARION,' id. weekly."

"To say you don't read the 'LABOUR LEADER' is to plead intellectual inefficiency."

"What! You don't want 'JUSTICE'? To be bought every Friday for id."

"THE WOMAN WORKER" is to be seen in all well-kept homes. Every Friday, id."

There is no advertising that can be done so cheaply either. Anyone who does not mind being "caught bending," may do something towards those 100,000 readers.

When one considers the worker, coming along with the inevitable bent back, one realises what a great scheme it is.

"What would home be like without its 'WOMAN WORKER'? Id., every Friday."

What scope for variations! 100,000 readers? Tut, tut!

G. E. CATHY, 18, Devonport Street, Tun-

stall, Staffs.

Expose Title.

The distribution of back numbers, and the bands of eager vendors of THE WOMAN WORKER at public meetings, should send the sales up by leaps and bounds. To "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its contents makes it a well-loved friend.

Where women congregate, in temperance, suffrage, co-operative-guild, socialist or other meetings—garden parties, band performances—I go armed with copies, carried so that the title is easily read. This induces questions, a topic known to be of interest is pointed out, and the paper looked over. The invariable comment is "It seems good," and sometimes one or another will consent to "try it" for a few weeks.

I order it with mine, and deliver it myself until it gains a firm hold, after which the stationer gets a regular customer.

This is a little trouble, but practically no expense, so every reader of THE WOMAN WORKER can try it, especially if a few back numbers are obtained first and well distributed.

(MRS.) ANNIE HORSFALL PERRY, 4A, Holyoake Terrace, Sevenoaks.

Real Appreciation.

To make some little effort is necessary. In this case I suggest that each reader of THE WOMAN WORKER should devote the sum of one shilling for propaganda. Send a list of eight names to the Editor and await results. THE WOMAN WORKER does not require puffing.

EDINA.

The Goal for Us.

At a dinner given in his honour by the English League for the Taxation of Land Values, Mr. Louis Post, editor of "The Public," Chicago, said that the question that confronted them all was how to secure fair and equitable distribution of the products of labour. Whether they called themselves Socialists, Democrats, or what they would, that problem confronted them as citizens of the world.

"I do not know whether you have it here," said he, "but I recognise in our country a Socialistic spirit—the spirit that men are brothers—which is broadening and strengthening, and it is this Socialistic spirit that we should avail ourselves of. The fight that we have before us is a terrific fight; but we have one goal, and we should keep it in sight."

The St. Petersburg journal "Slovo" has been fined 2,000 roubles for publishing an article by Count Tolstoy in which he demands that he personally, and not the propagators of his ideas, should be visited with punishment.

Aspoked to grant a summons for trespass, Mr. Hopkins, the Lambeth magistrate, said, "One often sees up, 'Trespassers will be prosecuted,' but that is fiction." An owner can only go to the County Court and try to prove damage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KING'S NORTON.—Please put your question to Portia for her column.

E. B.—Your proposed series is being considered. Thanks; we have now enough to judge by.

The Exhibition Girls.

I am glad to see that an appeal is made to caterers to lighten the somewhat arduous duties of the waitresses, &c., who work at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition.

Last Monday being a gloriously fine Bank Holiday, a chum of mine was on duty from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m., reaching her home 1.30 a.m. Tuesday. There was such a small staff to deal with a huge crowd of hungry visitors that the girl could not be relieved any time during the day for her own meals, with the result that, when she did get home and to bed, she had to stay there for some hours next day, being prostrate with violent throbbing headache.

I should like to ask Dr. X.Y.Z. if that is not manufacturing invalids.—MIMI.

An Old Mantle Maker and Others.

Dear Editor,—I am one of your regular readers of our great joy, THE WOMAN WORKER. The other day I called at your office asking for some specimen copies. You were not there, but I was supplied with a few, which I went and distributed in the poorest part of Haggerston.

I must tell you that I had been canvassing the previous week on behalf of our comrade, H. Barrows, during which time I saw and learnt a great deal.

One case especially. In a dilapidated street, which goes by the sweet name of Laburnum Street, lives a family of eight in two rooms. One of these is a poor soul aged 74, who even now makes mantles (for ladies, I presume) at the rate of 6d. each.

She told my husband and myself that it takes her four hours to make one. She has to find her own cotton.

These articles are known as tailor-made mantles. Fancy, dear Editor, a poor old lady at that age having to start at five in the morning and strain her poor sight to earn this miserable pittance. Sometimes she can manage to make three a day.

A few years ago she used to be paid 1s. each; now it has been reduced to 6d. Why? Why should this be allowed and the shops sell the very same article for something like 30s. or 42? Do you not think it scandalous?

This is only one of the many cases that I have seen. Another is that of a woman, six children, and a husband. The man is only in casual work; the woman, a box-maker, is unable to work through fracture of the hand. Six children, the eldest twelve years—such a home of poverty!

My heart is good but my pocket small. What can I do? Nothing—but revolt at such a system in a so-called Free Country.—Believe me, &c.,

GLADYS HILL.

22, Deny's Buildings, Holborn.

Secrets of Time-Cribbing.

Dear Comrade,—As a considerable amount of talk is going on in Bolton district about time-cribbing since Mr. Gill's speech in Parliament, I wish to give you a few facts about it. I am an engineer to the Spinning Co., Ltd., and what follows is practically true of all the limited spinning mills in this district.

My orders from the manager are to have the engines running at full speed (although trade is very bad) at ten minutes to six, to run till five minutes past eight, be running at full speed at 8.25, stop at 12.35, be running

at full speed again at 1.25 p.m., and stop at 5.35, so that thirty-five minutes a day is stolen and over three hours a week.

I have known of a little piece being sent home for being late when he arrived at five minutes to six. Now, the Trade Unionist spinner draws 25 or more, according to the weight of cotton spun; but he only pays his one big and two little pieces about £2 altogether, no matter how much cotton is spun, and he is not allowed to give them the price of a pint under peril of being dismissed from the Trade Union; so the spinner is actually 5s. per week better off through the time-cribbing.

The same applies to girls in the card-room. The higher-paid girls on piecework benefit, but the majority suffer.

Now, the pieceworkers do not grumble, and the others dare not report for fear of the sack. As a matter of fact, I have been threatened with the sack myself, nominally for disobeying orders, but actually for having stolen less than thirty-five minutes in a day.

The Factory Inspector is practically unable to do anything, as it is usual to keep four to six men watching (along all the streets that are near the factories) for his appearance. Signalling arrangements are fitted up, and in some cases electric stop motions are connected to the engines, operated by pressing the button 100 yards from the entrance to the mill, so that, when the inspector arrives, the engine has been stopped. He has no case unless he gets the names of workers working with the machinery running while he is in the mill. Even if it be ten minutes past the time and he heard the machinery running while entering, he has no case.

The great majority of the mills run as above. We are probably below the average. As a rule they do it before 6 a.m. or before 8.30 or 1.30, having the good excuse that the engines take five, ten, or fifteen minutes to get into full speed. During the winter the mills are fully lighted by 5.30 a.m. as a rule, and the engines start about five minutes afterwards.

I have never heard of a mill being fined for starting too soon, although every mill in this district could be caught at it. But perhaps the magistrates would not convict because of the above excuse, or perhaps the inspectors are not keen at 5.30 a.m. in winter. I certainly do not think there are enough inspectors, as one visit only has been paid to our mill after time, and then we were fined.

If this is of use to you kindly use it, but alter it so that my wife and children will not suffer.—Yours faithfully,

ENGINEER.

Manchester, August 10.

The Case of Sub-Postmistresses.

Dear Madam,—For ten years there has been an attempt to improve the lot of sub-postmistresses, particularly in small offices. The Select Parliamentary Committee, of which Mr. Hobbhouse was chairman, gained some concessions for them—for instance, eight hours instead of twelve—but only for offices paid 214 a year or under. The minimum was also raised.

There are a great number of matters needing adjustment, which your paper might help to ventilate.

There are 22,000 sub-offices. Of these 7,500 are held by females, and they are mostly very ill-paid; 10,000 do not get more than £20 a year for their long hours and responsibility.

We are not permitted by the rules to write to newspapers, but I suggest that you invite sub-postmistresses or their assistants to tell you their grievances over pen-names.

The system is a great "fraud," but as it would cost the Post Office thousands of pounds to do away with, they prefer to go on sweating women and girls. The system is that shopkeepers are persuaded to have a post-office, and so the Department secure an agency in every village and hamlet. They pay no rent, and take no responsibility for loss or robbery; and, though they tell people that it brings business, we know that where the office grows the duties are so exacting as to cause the private business to suffer.

In country places sub-postmistresses are dragged out of bed at 4.30 a.m. to take in mails from the passing van. At 6—7 a.m. they

begin to deliver the letters, and do not close until they serve the night mail. Sometimes only four hours elapse between night and next morning, Sunday the same.

Members of Parliament are so linked in with one Government or the other that it is difficult to get them to take up the matter for fear of offending party leaders. I think Mr. Jowett would help. Mr. Wardle was on the Committee, but seems to have been powerless against the others.—Yours faithfully,

POSTAL ORDER.

Manchester, August 10.

What Becomes of Workhouse Children.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—May I add my small word of thanks to you for THE WOMAN WORKER? Friday is now twice blessed.

As midwife in a large London workhouse I see much of the misery of the Bottom Dog. Quite 75 per cent. of the babies born here are illegitimate, but the mothers do not seem to realise the wrong done not only to themselves, but to their little ones. The strongest-minded go bravely forth again into the world, with two to keep where it is such a struggle to keep one. Sometimes it is too much for them, and they drift back to us fallen yet lower. Some we lose sight of then, and hope for the best. But the weaker ones remain here waiting for "something to turn up," and rapidly become graven in the true Poor Law pattern. It is all so pitiful.

One family have been residents here for over twenty years. The mother, aged 43, recently gave birth to twins, her twelfth and thirteenth children. Her eldest daughter had been in the ward a few weeks before with a second illegitimate child. The eldest son has become too bad even for a workhouse, and has "a walking order," i.e., he goes at night to the nearest casual ward when not sleeping out. They are an awful example of what our charity schools produce in the twentieth century.

I am the only Socialist on the staff, and this is not good soil for propagation of our gospel, but I do my best. I had meant to say something of nurses and their long hours. I am on duty thirty-six hours at a stretch, as we have no night nurse. But of that more anon if you care to hear.—Yours faithfully,

E. M. STELLING.

One of Our Friends.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—As one who is gratified at the present success of THE WOMAN WORKER, I feel unsatisfied until I have written you a few words. Those were gloomy days before the advent of THE WOMAN WORKER in its present form. We used to look for the "Clarion" on Fridays, and the womenfolk seemed to want seriously a propaganda paper of their own. Although I would not speak slightly of Julia Dawson's work in the "Clarion," it did not seem to appeal to women the same as to men.

And then, as though a bolt from the journalistic heavens, THE WOMAN WORKER appeared. I am sure women are thankful for your paper; and, with my womenfolk at home, I thank you.

Wonders never cease! This week's number, I venture to say, has reached the zenith. "Romances" is a gem of literature, and Mr. Maidstone's "What's What" goes right home. We have not had a lady laureate, and I venture to suggest Miss Carnie's name. And Arthur Hickmott has penned verses which would justify him competing for the same position. I might add praises without end, but, as a lover of straight words and good English literature, I say "Go on! There is no turning back in the fight for truth. Go on!"

Many of my acquaintance have found the light, and are now workers for emancipation, through your model journal. We shall not wait long for the 100,000 circulation, and then more efforts, and more replies of "Spurs" to "Boots." Yours in the Cause,

HENRY PERRY.

108, Storks Road, Bermondsey, S.E.

Mr. John Caldwell Lees, the eldest son and heir of an Irish baronet, Sir Harcourt James Lees, died last week in a common lodging house.

A SWEDISH WEDDING.

It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers, and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead, and a garland of cornflowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns. A kind of baggage-wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops; and straight from every

pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the waggon, and, after eating and drinking and hurraing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this he replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Soon after the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the maypole, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue, innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart. Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich, rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of Heaven be upon thee!—LONGFELLOW.

SEX COMPETITION.

What is the reason of this tragic strife? Why should man cling so obstinately to those trades of skill where woman becomes his serious rival? Why should he fight and strive instead of taking her into a generous alliance? Are there not enough trades and crafts—crafts of strength and endurance—the great industries of coal and iron, of shipbuilding and carpentry—where man's superiority is secure?

We all know the reason—man's dominating fear lest woman, by invading his occupations, will drag down the standard of wages and living. But that is precisely the result of mutual hostility. For see what happens. Women are not, as a rule, strong enough to form unions of their own; but they must find work. So they accept lower wages and conditions, driven on by the imperious necessity of finding a livelihood. The employers, therefore, in all classes of industry where skill is more important than muscle, have before them the perpetual temptation of lowering their wage-bill—and sometimes even increasing their output—by preferring women to men. And so, by man's own folly, woman becomes his most perilous foe.

The only cure for that economic danger is that already discovered by the great textile unions—that men and women should act together.

HAROLD SPENDER in "The Albany Review."

An Affair of Ungallantry.

By A. Neil Lyons.

It began at the cottage of my Mrs. Pett. You remember my Mrs. Pett? She is the large-hearted creature who visits me every morning with a little fat basket—the little fat basket which is always with her, always in and out of the back-door—and who washes up for me and disarranges the writing-table. I was conversing with Mrs. Pett in the parlour of her cottage when a handsome, lemon-coloured, two-seated motor-car suddenly appeared and stopped before my hostess's gate. The only occupant of the car was its driver, a lady; a young and beautiful lady, strikingly upholstered in a dust coat of silvery silk and a panned bonnet. This lady caused her motor-horn to utter urgent summonses, and when my Mrs. Pett, quick to answer the appeal of Quality, flew to her doorway, the lady said:

"Good morning. Bring me some water quickly."

Mrs. Pett made haste to fill a can, and the lady, having unscrewed the cap of her water-tank, commanded Mrs. Pett to mount the step and fill the vessel. "Be careful," said the lady, "you're spilling it over the brass-work." When the tank was full and had been re-capped, the lady spoke again, saying: "Now fetch a cloth and wipe up that mess." Which order having been executed, the lady drove away.

"That," remarked my Mrs. Pett, with pride, upon returning to her parlour, "be Miss Fitz-Penny."

"And who," I inquired, pretending ignorance, "is Miss Fitz-Penny?"

"Goodness gracious, sir," cried Mrs. Pett, "you must know Miss Fitz-Penny! From the Grange, sir. General Fitz-Penny's darter. They be our greatest gentry here for miles and miles. The General he own pretty nigh all the land in the village. Why, bless me, sir, this very cottage that belong to him. I be surprised you don't know Miss Fitz-Penny. Such a nicely-spoken, well-favoured young woman she be. Not know Miss Fitz-Penny! That do surprise me."

I admitted that on thinking it over I seemed to have heard of Miss Fitz-Penny.

"I should think so," said my Mrs. Pett, with a toss of her head.

Weeks and weeks elapsed. Ha! But at last, one fatal morning, I was torn from my shaving-glass by the urgent squooching of a motor-horn. Applying a towel to my wounds, I flew to the sitting-room, and from the window of that apartment I beheld the lemon-coloured motor-car—and Miss Fitz-Penny.

The squooching at this moment ceased, and the high-pitched voice of Miss Fitz-Penny prevailed in its stead.

"Is there anybody about?" demanded Miss Fitz-Penny with impatience.

A blood-stained countenance, appearing suddenly at the window, replied to this inquiry, saying, "Yes. There is also a knocker."

I returned to my bedroom, believing that Miss Fitz-Penny would consider herself dismissed; but a determined rapping on the outer door soon destroyed that hope.

Miss Fitz-Penny came in smiling. "I beg your pardon," she said; "but, really, I didn't know, you know. I thought that this was just an ordinary cottage."

"It is," I answered.

"Yes, of course," explained my visitor; "but I mean—well, you know what I mean."

I looked profoundly stupid.

Miss Fitz-Penny continued purring. "Of course, Mr. Tilkins," she said, "I ought to have known by the curtains that this was not an—ah—ordinary cottage; but, really, I wasn't paying much attention to the windows. If I had known that this was not an—ah—ordinary cottage I should naturally have knocked. I hope you will not think me very rude."

"A cottager," I replied, "is not provided with data upon which to form an exalted standard of comparison in these matters."

"Quite so," assented Miss Fitz-Penny, to whom I was evidently talking Esquimaux. "But then, Mr. Tilkins, this is not an ordinary cottage."

"My name," I said, "is not Tilkins."

My visitor nearly blushed. She carried in her hand a sheet of notepaper, containing pencilled writings, and, after consulting this, she said, with some assurance, "How foolish of me. You are Mr. Plummer, of course."

"I am not Mr. Plummer," replied my servant.

"Oh . . ." cried Miss Fitz-Penny, hastily consulting the paper again; "then your name is Potts."

"It is not Potts," I said.

Miss Fitz-Penny looked out of the window and thought. "Do you mind telling me what your name is?" she finally said.

I told her.

"You know who I am, of course?" suggested my visitor.

"Indeed!" said Miss Fitz-Penny, raising her eye-brows. "I am a daughter of General Fitz-Penny—of Abbey Grange, you know—who has consented to fill this vacancy on the Rural District Council. I am sure we can rely on your vote."

"I should scarcely recommend your father to rely on it."

"But," protested Miss Fitz-Penny, "you surely would not vote for Dobbs?"

"Why not?" I answered. "This is the first I have heard of Dobbs; but if, after inquiry, I should find him to be a more worthy person than your father—"

"I am sure you don't mean to be rude," interpolated Miss Fitz-Penny, with a sweet smile; "but Mr. Dobbs is an undertaker and builder."

"It is difficult to believe," I said, "that the interests of a cottage-dweller could be safely entrusted to a builder."

"Quite so," assented Miss Fitz-Penny.

"On the other hand," I continued, "your father is a landowner, and I think it equally improbable that—"

In fact, Miss Fitz-Penny I shall not vote at all in this election."

"Do you mean to say that you will waste your vote?" demanded Miss Fitz-Penny. "That is absurd! I sha'n't

argue with you any more; but I shall call for you with the car on Tuesday, and you'll have to vote. The polling is at Blowfield. It's a lovely road, and my car is a perfect beauty. Look out for me about eleven o'clock."

When Tuesday came and Miss Fitz-Penny, I had quite decided that a rapid journey to Blowfield and back on an expensive motor-car would promote the usefulness of my valuable brain; but I made a pretty, and I think effective, show of resistance. Miss Fitz-Penny, who looked charming, had to come in and argue with me for quite ten minutes.

The journey to Blowfield was an entire success. Miss Fitz-Penny was a daring driver and I enjoyed her conversation immensely. We reached the Blowfield Town Hall with surprising quickness; and, having entered the building and spoiled a ballot paper, I returned to my companion in anticipation of a charming journey home. That lady was worrying the starting handle of her chariot. She received me with a kind, bright smile, but with a despairing shrug.

"I hate to break a promise," she observed, "but, really, after all, I am afraid that you will have to find your own way home. The engine is not running at all nicely. I find that I shall have to get a man to look at it, and—ah—I have received some urgent instructions from headquarters, and—well, I am sure you'll understand."

"I am in no hurry," I answered.

"When your engine has been seen to will be time enough for me."

Miss Fitz-Penny stared at me politely, but with coldness. "I am afraid," she said, "that I shall not be able to offer you the hospitality of my car for your return."

This statement being sufficiently definite, I bowed and walked away. I told myself that a man of cultivated mind should have foreseen this ending. There is a house in Blowfield where good wines are stocked. To this establishment I hastened; but, on its very threshold, was arrested by the now familiar voice of Miss Fitz-Penny. The purring note had suddenly returned to this voice. "I find," it said, "that I shall be able to keep my promise."

"Please don't trouble," I replied, "I have decided—"

"The truth of the matter is," Miss Fitz-Penny interjected, "that I have been careless enough to leave a rather important paper at your cottage; it is, in fact, my paper of instructions. I can't get on at all without it. They are so busy at headquarters. It will be such a nuisance if they have to attend to me all over again. Do you mind coming back with me now?"

"My temper," I replied, "is not running at all nicely, and I have decided to spend an hour or two in Blowfield."

"But you've locked your cottage up—I saw you; there is nobody there to let me in, and the place is full of dogs. I really must insist on—"

I stared at Miss Fitz-Penny—politely but with coldness. "I am afraid," I said, "that I shall not be able to avail myself of the hospitality of your car."

I then walked into the Blowfield Arms and lunched successfully.

What is justice? To give every man his own.—Aristotle.

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Several interesting letters have been sent to me lately dealing with the milder ailments caused by occupation, and a considerable number of requests for advice in the case of skin troubles of various sorts.

Both kinds of letters have impressed on me the fact that, if it is necessary for the body as a whole to have healthy conditions in order to remain healthy, it is just as necessary for every part of the body. This applies particularly to the skin.

It is the unfortunate fact that the majority of people in this country are dirty. Every doctor knows that it is only a minority of persons, in all classes, rich and poor alike, who are really clean. Consequently, it is not surprising that an unclean skin, always covered over by clothes, not too clean either, and generally overheated, should sometimes break down and become covered with pimples, or boils, or acne.

It is a further appalling fact that vast numbers of our fellow-humans nowadays do not know how to wash. Not once or twice, but hundreds of times, have I had to argue with patients about the state of their own skin; they indignantly protesting that they washed daily, and I demonstrating, with more or less patience and a small piece of chemical soap, that the real colour and appearance of their skin was something different from what they imagined.

We sometimes think that the belief in magical spells has disappeared in the dark ages. The fact is, the belief has only become so common as not to be noticeable.

As a rule, for instance, soap is used not to produce the effect of cleanliness, an effect which can be seen when it is produced, but to produce the magical effect of "being washed"—apparently a state of grace it is possible to swear to before a doctor or a court of law. Now, "being washed" is not what the skin requires; it requires to be vigorously cleaned every day, until it is clean, and looks and feels and tingles clean all over the body.

But it is not enough to clean the skin of the whole body every day; the skin must have clean garments put upon it. And if the skin is so cleansed, there are very few skin diseases that will ever affect it.

A most useful addition to the daily bath in water is a daily bath in air; the whole body should be exposed naked for as long as possible every day. Half the good effect of bathing at the seaside is due to the sun-bathing that goes with it. X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MIRIAM.—See remarks above.
H. J. B.—The condition is due to long-continued indigestion and injudicious eating. It will not be cured by one or two bottles of medicine, but only by a determined effort on your part to get on the right track again. Firstly, have the old stumps extracted, and get a set of artificial teeth. Secondly, cut down your allowance of tea and all fluids at meals to a small cupful. Thirdly, eat slowly; and fourthly, avoid ever being constipated. These regulations will help you, with the medicine, and when you are somewhat better you will have to choose a more rigorous diet.

The Workmen's Compensation Act of 1906 is certainly a great improvement upon the old Act, but I agree with an anonymous friend that it still has its weak spots. The one she points out is indeed an absurd anomaly.

A widow, earning 10s. a week charring, with perhaps a family to maintain as best she may, receives only 5s. a week compensation if she meets with an accident. But her neighbour's daughter, aged seventeen, receives her full wages (also 10s. a week) because she is under twenty-one when the accident occurs, although, with her father in regular employment, she is much less in need of it than the widow.

The wage and not the age should determine the compensation. Half pay is only too often hopelessly inadequate, with women's wages at their present low standard.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWTON HEATH.—The Workmen's Compensation Act expressly excludes cases of "serious and wilful misconduct" only; but, as a matter of fact, a certain number of cases rather similar to your sister's have been excluded by legal decisions on the ground that the workman was, at the time of the accident, not doing something for which he was employed, and that therefore the accident did not "arise out of" the employment. Your sister's accident would, I think, certainly not be held to amount to "serious and wilful misconduct." But on the ground mentioned, it would be necessary to have rather more particulars in order to decide whether it would be wise to take proceedings. From what you say, I am inclined to think the case a good one. It would be well, in any event, to send in a formal notice of the accident and claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and then, if the compensation is refused, write to me again. The claim should be either sent by registered post or delivered by hand at the employer's office, worded approximately as follows:—"To (name and address of employer), date of accident) Miss (give address as well as name), a workwoman in your employment, met with an accident (here give briefly the nature of the injury and cause of accident). I beg therefore on her behalf to claim compensation.—Yours faithfully, —" Keep a copy of the letter you write, and let me know if any difficulties arise. She ought to have half her average weekly wages (calculated over the previous twelve months), paid every week since the accident.

SCORE.—No, your compensation must not be reduced when you come of age. The law allows people under twenty-one their full wages, up to 10s. a week, instead of half, which is the general rule. It also provides that when a young worker (an apprentice, say) comes of age, the compensation may be increased to half what he would have then been earning if the accident had not happened. But there is nothing in the Act about reducing the amount of the compensation. If they insist, write again at once and send your address. PORTIA.

If there is one craft in which a woman excels a man it is type-writing—in swiftness, accuracy, and neatness. And yet it is the custom of the country, reinforced by excessive competition, to pay woman a lower wage at the craft than man; and the custom is sanctioned by the British Treasury throughout the Civil Service.—"Albany Review."

Mr. Thomas Holmes, the Honorary Organiser of the Home Workers' Aid Association, has issued his paper on "London Home Industries and the Sweating of Women" in booklet form.

"OUR BLOOD IS UP."

(With humble and sincere apologies to the shade of Thomas Carlyle.)

Ye have roused her, then, ye Codlins and Shorts of the Parliamentary world; Woman is aroused! Long have ye been lecturing and tutoring her, like cruel, uncalled for despots, shaking over her your quips and sarcasms: it is long that ye have pricked and fillipped and affrighted her, there as she sat helpless in her dead ceremonies of "Disabilities," you, with your unjust laws, sweating, fines, imprisonments, and truculent bullyings; and lo now, ye have pricked her to the quick and she is up, and HER BLOOD IS UP. The dead ceremonies are being rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you in that terrible strength of Nature which no man has measured; see now how ye will deal with her!—(Vide "French Revolution," Vol. iii., Book I., Chap. i.)

But, hush! I hear the same young mother say, "That is not your business. Just stop that nonsense and attend to your 'Home Notes.'" To the which I reply that if I want to see visions a bit and dream dreams, what reader is there who would hinder me from doing so, and say she'd rather I peeped into her cupboard and corners to see if they were clean—if her last cake was light and her last blouse cut wide enough across the chest? Nary one! For there come times when we just hate our cupboards and corners and cook-pots, and love to shut our eyes and dream dreams.

I feel like going on now and telling you my dream of the future of THE WOMAN WORKER and all sorts of other things. But, after all, Mary Macarthur is the editor, and when she says "Thumbs up!" wae's me, wae's me, if I dare to keep one down.

Why is it that we women get sick of such subjects as blouses, cakes, beds, brooms, and dusters so frequently, and long to take wings and fly to Venus or Mars, or to the purple lights of Sirius even—anywhere to get off the

Domesticated Earth?

Is it not because no part of our domestic life is as nice as it should be? Whatever sort of a smiling face we may put on top, the greater part of our household is done underneath a frown.

A Socialist friend of mine who lives in an expensive house (I was going to write "nice," but that would be flattery), and has sufficient means for his comfort, a bonny wife and beautiful children, tells me he hates his home. He longs always, when absent, to see his wife and children, but loathes his home, or, rather, the house which contains his home. It represents, he says, the

Minimum of Comfort for the maximum of labour. Which is true of most houses; of all, practically, where the house-mother has to do all the work without help. (Have you read "Merrie England"?) There are times when friends drop in and music soothes our savage breasts. We taste heaven in home. But when after going to bed, we get up with grates and rooms to clear, fires to light, breakfasts to cook, beds to make, and all the rest, we can truly say the

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HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

It seems only yesterday since THE WOMAN WORKER was quite a baby, and its proud young mother bragging about what it could do, fearfully!

When it was barely a month old she and I journeyed together into Germany. It was the 13th of the month, and she clapped her hands with what was to me (who had no baby)

Fiendish Glee because thirteen thousand people had actually paid a penny each that day to see her child's sweet face. I could have pinched her!

But, hush! I hear the same young mother say, "That is not your business. Just stop that nonsense and attend to your 'Home Notes.'" To the which I reply that if I want to see visions a bit and dream dreams, what reader is there who would hinder me from doing so, and say she'd rather I peeped into her cupboard and corners to see if they were clean—if her last cake was light and her last blouse cut wide enough across the chest? Nary one! For there come times when we just hate our cupboards and corners and cook-pots, and love to shut our eyes and dream dreams.

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There are times when friends drop in and music soothes our savage breasts. We taste heaven in home. But when after going to bed, we get up with grates and rooms to clear, fires to light, breakfasts to cook, beds to make, and all the rest, we can truly say the

Dawn Comes up Like Thunder and it is earth's encore.

In some homes where THE WOMAN WORKER is read there is even no music. It can't be afforded. A working girl may have the talent of a Tetravini for

singing, or a Liza Lehmann for composing, and it will lie hidden and be lost because she cannot afford to use it. Sometimes by a rare and lucky chance a

Duchess May Discover Her, or perhaps a Princess, and, as an act of charity, "bring her out."

It isn't charity really, of course, except to the Duchess and others. But then, when you begin to define charity, when you take the trouble to inquire into charity as we understand that word to-day, you always do find it's a boot that fits on the other foot!

Miss Rose Hilary, of Upper Holloway, is quite right about the

Umbrella Skirt,

as I know to my cost, having one which "dips" on the left side, and carefully muddies my left shoe every wet day. She says stitching a tape down the back seam is not enough to retain the skirt in shape, as the material each side has full liberty to drop. Also, in a real circular pattern (this I did not know) the back seam is on the straight and the sides on the cross. A better plan is, after stitching the seams, to hang the skirt on a dress-stand, or, failing that, two nails for two whole days, and let it drop as much as it will. Then measure the length as it hangs on the stand or person, keeping it only just as long as required on the "cross" part. The skirt should be unlined, or mounted on a foundation separate at the hem.

For which useful information Mistress Rose has our best thanks. For if, after the trouble of making a skirt, we find it does not "hang" properly, we experience a sorrow that has no earthly solace. At least, I do.

READERS' HINTS.

The Prize of 5s. is awarded to Mrs. M. Whitfield, Northfield, Hesse, E. Yorks, for her reasonable hints how to prevent milk from going sour, and using it in the event of such contingency.

TO KEEP MILK FROM TURNING SOUR QUICKLY.—A salt-spoonful of bicarbonate of soda and a pinch of salt added to a pint of milk will keep it for a good while from going sour. Boiling will do the same.

FOR USING SOUR MILK.—A level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to a pint of milk. As it foams up mix it into a nice dough with flour in which a pinch of salt has been mixed. Pop it into the oven and bake it for about 20 minutes. Result, a delicious loaf.

TO TREAT BRASS TAPS.—Give all brass taps two coats of white bath enamel; they shine and look really pretty, and of course wash along with the bowls. All brass knobs on cupboard doors should be treated in the same way.—Mrs. F. ARMITAGE HAIGH, Honsforth.

STOVES.—I would like all women to try this instead of wearing themselves out each week blackleading. Get threepennyworth of black Japan paint at the chemist's, put evenly on with a soft brush on all but the bars. It will dry smooth and glossy in a short time, and will not appear thick and sticky like the usual stove polishes. This will serve six months if, when spotted, it is rubbed with an old washleather (damped), and polished with a duster. The bars require blacklead, excepting in rooms where there is no fire; then it serves the whole summer.—Mrs. W. J. THORPE, Thornaby-on-Tees.

SIMPLE AND EASY METHOD OF CLEANING KNIVES.—Powder some bathbrick and put it in an old saucer or tin lid. Take a piece of raw potato, dip in the bathbrick, and rub on knives as you wash them up. This keeps the knives in splendid condition, and is much easier than using the board.—Mrs. WINTER, Hull.

FALSE CREAM (to be used with fruit).—Blend ½oz of arrowroot smoothly with a little cold milk and stir into one pint of boiling milk. Cook three minutes, stirring all the time; then add half a teaspoonful of white sugar, and flavour with a quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla. Let it become cold, and serve instead of cream with any stewed fruit.—S. E. LOFTS, Ryde.

SAVE YOUR TEACLOTHS.—Hang a bag in kitchen; drop in all soft paper-bags, &c., instead of throwing them away. Use these for wiping stove after frying, for cleaning greasy knives, plates, pans, &c., before washing, and for rubbing out cake-tins. Paper can also be used, in vinegar and water, for cleaning fish, &c. It saves your teacloths and your labour.—E. WARD, Catford.

GAS STOVE.—Rubbing the top of the gas stove with a paraffin rag (directly after cooking) keeps it free from grease and saves time and labour. Old stockings may be used for this purpose, and should be kept in a small tin box close at hand.—NELLIE WHITTINGTON, Ashton.

QUICK PUDDING.—One tablespoonful flour, one dessertspoonful sugar, one egg, one pint milk, grated rind lemon. Mix flour, sugar, salt, and lemon-rind together. Boil milk, and pour on to dry ingredients, stirring well all the time. Let cool a little and add the (beaten) egg. Put into greased pie-dish and place in oven till set. Delicious with stewed fruit.—MOLLIE CHEETHAM, Longsight.

LITTLE FACTS.—(1) If after a cake has been baked it persists in sticking to the bottom of the pan, merely turn the pan upside down, and press closely to it a very wet cloth. (2) Soap should be cut with a wire or twine, and kept out of the air for two or three weeks, for if it dries quickly it will crack, and will soon break when wet. (3) Flour should not be kept in a place where there are onions, vegetables, or other odorous substances, for like butter, it absorbs odours readily. (4) Suet and lard keep better in tin than earthenware. (5) Meat which will not hang during the hot weather, and which is inclined to be tough, should be well rubbed with slices of lemon. (6) Embroidery must always be ironed on the wrong side.—HELEN SMALE, Rhyd.

A 5s. Prize

is offered every week for the most useful Home Hint. Address Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W. J. THORPE.—And so would I sooner go without my breakfast than miss THE WOMAN WORKER—in proof of which I did miss mine this very morning on that account! When I had reached the last page the coffee was cold and the toast tough, so both were sent away. Thanks so much for your warm interest.

W. M.—The salary is miserable, about £15 a year as a rule.

GIRLIE.—Consult our Medical Column. The operation is not dangerous, nor does it leave any after effect beyond a day or two's fretfulness. But, if neglected, the trouble will certainly increase.

MAMIE.—Isn't it possible you have formed the habit of becoming too self-centred—of looking into your own woes so long that they fill your horizon and you see nothing else? Get hold of some jolly girl friend with a healthy mind in a healthy body (not a go-to-meeting one!), and get her to take you out a lot. That might be your salvation.

MOTHER.—Underclothing is always acceptable. Girls always love fine lingerie. Take her with you, and give her the additional pleasure of helping to choose her present.

THE PUBLIC FEAST.

There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day in the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense: by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated in precisely the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom, and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner; the village was so tenacious of this practice that every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass

of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table, and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable era, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks."

You are surprised, my dainty Abraham, that men who have tasted of partial justice should ask for perfect justice; that he who has been robbed of coat and cloak will not be contented with the restitution of one of his garments. He would be a very lazy blockhead if he were content; and I (who, though an inhabitant of the village, have preserved, thank God, some sense of justice) most earnestly counsel these half-fed claimants to persevere in their just demands till they are admitted to a more complete share of a dinner for which they pay as much as the others; and if they see a little attenuated lawyer squabbling at the head of their opponents, let them desire him to empty his pockets, and to pull out all the pieces of duck, fowl, and pudding which he has filched from the public feast.

From "The Letters of Peter Plymley."

At the Moral Education Congress.

Women will be well represented at the first International Moral Education Congress, which is to be held at the University of London, September 25 to 29.

The chairman of its Executive Committee is Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., Litt.D., who has taken the keenest interest in the Congress preparations, guiding the deliberations and aiding in the compilation of the programme of papers to be discussed. Among the vice-presidents are Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, Principal of Newham College, and Mrs. Emma Winkworth. Women are also represented among the Government delegates, for Madame Kovalovsky, vice-president of the Russian Women Teachers' Union, will accompany her husband, the Russian Minister of Education, and will take part in a discussion on co-education. The German Federation of Women Teachers is also sending delegates, and there will be many papers contributed by women.

Poor Children in the Country.

At Copthorne, twenty East End waifs, sent out for a country holiday, have been found crowded into one house—already tenanted by sixteen other people. Also, at Redhill, fever and diphtheria have attacked some London children.

Sir John Kirk, of the Ragged School Union, and Mr. Blakiston, of the Children's Country Holiday Fund, both say that these children were not sent out by their organisations. They have had experience, and take due care. Kind people who give money to newer agencies should be at the trouble of seeing that these do likewise.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

About Books.

When asked to give on Our Page a list of books "suitable for children," I felt doubtful. Opinions differ so much amongst "grown-ups," and when I was a little girl I expected the books recommended by my elders as specially "suitable" to be, like cod-liver oil and Gregory's powder, perhaps "good for me," but not nice to take.

My early reading was very topsyturvy. I learnt to read when little more than a baby, my "learning" being an hour's beautiful play every day with one who loved me; so that I grew into the reading as naturally and easily as I had grown into walking. Then I was allowed unfettered choice from piles of books in a "grown-up's" study.

Great-Grandmamma's Rhymes.

The only child's book I had, even in the "learning" stage, was one which had evidently belonged to an earlier generation, when gas-lighting was unknown, and when "young ladies" wore white stockings and ankle-strap shoes. Of its two rhymes which remain in my memory, one is:

To make your candles last for aye, ye wives and maids give ear, O,
To put 'em out's the only way, says honest John Boldero.

The other had a picture of four painfully tidy and "well-trained" children, walking in the country, the girls in poke bonnets, white stockings, and "ankle-straps"; the boys with queer, tasselled caps, and trousers which needed to be only a little higher to serve as coats also. The elder sister, her prim face expressing "lady-like" horror, thus reproved the younger:

Oh, Maria! Fie! How shocking!
See how you have splashed your stocking!

From that I went on to—the Bible and Shakespeare. The first was spoilt later by being made a lesson book.

Until then I delighted in its pictures of ancient peoples, the stories of the baby in the bulrushes; of the other Babe in the manger; of Ruth the gleaner; of the orphan Esther, on whose head was set a royal crown.

Transformation Scenes.

And Shakespeare! He was a wondrous wizard, at the waving of whose wand, as I sat Turkish fashion on the floor of the sky-light "study," bare walls and wooden floor were transformed to "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," to Prospero's enchanted isle, or to "merrie greenwood," where outlaws sang and feasted, and fairies played their pranks on mortals.

Ah, my dears! Never has the grown-up Peg in any crowded, brilliantly-lit theatre had such joy of the merry frolic in the Forest of Arden, the loutish antics of Bottom the Weaver and Starveling the Tailor, the quips and cranks of quick-witted jesters, or Portia's make-believe in cap and gown, as had the child Peg—alone in the bare and silent "study."

A Treasure Chest.

Then came a never-to-be-forgotten day, when turning over a boxful of old books I found two—queerly-shaped,

stumpy and fat, with dingy marbled backs—which opened for me a world more wonderful even than Shakespeare's, because so much further removed from my own.

They were the poems of a man who had lived three thousand years before, telling of a war between the Greeks and Trojans, and of the travels and adventures of Ulysses, a Greek hero.

The first book was mostly war, which may be a recommendation to some of the boys amongst you, and the battles were dreadfully "buggy," my dears. Peg squirmed and shivered at descriptions of ghastly wounds and merciless slaughter; yet was she compelled to read every line, because the warriors were such shining gallant figures.

And three thousand years later we "Christian" peoples are not sufficiently advanced in love and wisdom to abolish warfare, so we may none of us cast a stone at those whom we call "pagan," who were, as Homer shows them, faithful friends and generous foes.

Peg found them wonderfully like the everyday people around her.

All Human.

Achilles, sulking in his tent and refusing further help in the fighting, because he and another chief had quarrelled as to the division of the spoils of victory! Just like Johnny Brown who turns sulky and "won't play" after a squabble with Tommy Jones about glass alleys.

Gentle Briseis, weeping silently, enduring with patience what was ordained for her by strong men who thought might was right! Like many little women of to-day, who put up with "anything for a quiet life."

Old Nestor, lecturing, advising, telling wonderful stories of his young days, just like your dear old grand-dad. The baby Astyanax turning away affrighted from his father's kisses, until the shining helmet with its "nodding crest" was removed! Like your little baby, dears, who disapproves of dad in a tall hat.

And vain young Paris with his "broidered" helmet strap, the "god-like" Hector, the stupid strong man Ajax. Peg wept and laughed with them all, watching their battles, attending their councils, taking part in their feasting, until they became a part of her life.

The Feast of Roses.

Chronicles of the "Knights of the Grail" and a volume of Eastern stories introduced me to other nations and other periods, and I went "a-questing" with Percival and Galahad, visited with Nourmahal the Feast of Roses, and sat with Lalla Rookh under the banyan tree, listening to the singing of her poet-prince, or watching the dancing girls of Delhi, with their tinkling golden anklets.

Dream Dragons.

And I followed the "Pilgrim's Progress," saw the Man with the Muck-rake, Giant Despair, and the hideous monster Apollyon, with "scales like a fish, wings like a dragon, feet like a

bear, and a mouth like a lion." The dreamer who describes thus the "dreadfullest sight that ever I saw" must have had a very bad nightmare. Much of that wonderful allegory is nightmare. Ignorance and fear bring dreadful dreams, my dears.

I could not love Christian. I took a dislike to him in the first chapter.

Why? Listen "Now, I saw in my dream that the man began to run. He had not run far from his own door when his wife and children, perceiving, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers to his ears and ran off, crying: "Life! life! Eternal life!"

Can you picture your fathers, my dears, stopping their ears to your cries, and expecting to find happiness in the Land of Beulah after leaving you and mother to the doom of the City of Destruction? I am glad to think they have learnt a better "way of salvation." Fellowship is Heaven, and we may not be "saved" alone.

A World Wanderer.

Well, I read many poets and much history, and for three years and a half ranged at will amongst all peoples and periods of the earth, visiting also the gods of many nations, making friends of the shadow-shapes, the sprites and fays of ancient folk-lore. Then—I went away to school.

"To be trained," said the teachers. By which was meant the twisting into what they thought the right shape, and all alike, several little girls whom Nature had made quite different.

And oh, my dears, their books! They would not have approved of the list sent me lately by a wiser, because more human teacher, nor of your choosing in your competition letters. But I find that what pleased the child of long ago, gathering honey unguided in a grown-up garden, pleases also the children of to-day. Many of your "Favourite Books" are just my old favourites in new dresses. "Tales from Shakespeare," "Stories from Wagner" (some of the Knights of the Grail), "Stories from the Odyssey," "Greek Myths."

The loves and hates, the fightings and the feasting of our forefathers, marvellous adventures by flood and field, tales of gods and goddesses, nymphs and nereids, with which imagination peoples Heaven and earth and sea. Of all these things sang old Homer to grown-up children three thousand years ago.

But those children had not jolly school tales—the "Dolly Ballads" and "From Paleolith to Motor-Car," as you have.

The Prize.

And, oh, dear! the prize awarding! So many letters, and all so good! Maude Hunt, Pearl Nyman, Nellie Hirst, Elsie Kermeth, and Charles Field are so nearly equal that decision is most difficult; but as the boy is the youngest, I think the prize must go to him. Winnie Fox, Sophie Nyman, and Fanny Mitchell are also charming.

Will Master Charles let me know what book he chooses? Peg.

A Swedish woman who had been asleep for thirty-two years woke up last week. It is thought that one of Messrs. Pickford's motor-vans did it.—"Punch."

THE SAFEST MEDICINE

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THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

Federation Progress.

The third annual conference of the National Federation of Women Workers will be held in the Holborn Town Hall on October 10.

Twenty-two branches will be represented and the general secretary, Miss Louisa Hedges, will be able to present a most encouraging report. She tells me the assured income of the Federation has now almost reached £1,000 per annum—a wonderful total considering that the bulk of the members only pay a penny a week.

Conference Resolutions.

A number of resolutions have already been sent in for the agenda. Many of our members are showing great anxiety about the fate of the Sweated Industries Bill. Wages Boards and State Insurance will both be to the fore in the debates of the Conference.

New Branch at Selly Oak.

The Birmingham and Bourneville organiser, Miss Ellen Smyth, continues to make good progress in her work. She has recently succeeded in forming a branch of the Federation amongst the girls and women employed in the cycle and motor industry at Selly Oak. Miss Smyth is now making arrangements for several large organisation meetings during my visit in October.

Activity at Silvertown.

The Silvertown Co-operative Wholesale Society have just added a new soap-making department, with the result that our local branch has added forty new members to its roll. The Silvertown members are doing very useful work in distributing Trade Union leaflets to the work girls in their district. They have also undertaken an inquiry into the conditions of labour in local factories. I commend this good example to other branches.

The League at Congress.

The Women's Trade Union League will be much in evidence in Nottingham during the sittings of Trades Congress in September. The League will be represented on the platform by Miss Gertrude Tuckwell (President), Miss Constance Smith, and Mr. Herbert Burrows, while Miss Hedges and myself will be official delegates from the Federation. The Annual Conference of Congress Delegates representing trades in which women are employed will take place at the Victoria Hotel on Tuesday, September 8. Another League public meeting of women workers will be held in Circus Street Hall the same evening. Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., will preside, and the speakers will include Miss Tuckwell, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Mr. Will Crooks, and others.

A Busy Time.

We hope as a result of this activity to strengthen the existing Women's Unions in Nottingham, and to persuade the women in unorganised trades to join the ranks of the Federation. The preliminary campaign will be conducted by Miss Hedges and Miss Smyth, who will hold a series of dinner-hour meetings outside the factory gates during the week before Congress. The Mansfield Trades Council, too, are taking advantage of our presence in the neighbourhood to organise a demonstration, so that altogether we shall have a busy time.

Edmonton Outing.

The long-looked-for August Holiday has come and gone. Nearly 500 members from Edmonton and Hoxton took part in the outing to Coombe Bank, Brasted, where we were entertained right royally by Mr. Robert Mond. The swings and donkey rides were enjoyed to the full, and a weird old gipsy teller of fortunes was a great attraction. Rev. D. Stewart Headlam was the life of the party, and during the day Miss Tuck-

well appeared for a few hours. Everyone was sorry that she had to go away early to catch a connection. Sports and dancing in the evening concluded what one girl called a "splendiferous" day.

Unfounded Rumours at Eley's.

Last week there were persistent rumours of a projected strike at Edmonton. In reply to numerous inquiries, I can only say that at the central office nothing is known about this.

No strike could be declared without a general meeting of members, and any talk to the contrary is mere moonshine. It is true that steps have been taken to try to obtain an increase in wages, but I do not anticipate that any action so drastic as a strike will be necessary. In the meantime we are taking a census of the average earnings of our members. Later an effort may be made to include certain branches of the ammunition trade in legislation dealing with Wages Boards and a legal minimum wage.

Strike at Earlfield.

As I write, a telephone message comes that a number of girls employed near Earlfield in paper-bag and box-making have struck work as a result of repeated reductions in their wages. Miss Hedges and I are just off to investigate, each of us with a bundle of Federation pamphlets tucked under our arms. More about this next week.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

Merely Editor, Not Always Author.

The husband of the member of the "down-trodden sex" (*pace* Suffragettes), whose name figures at the head of this column, got a shock the other day because this column described a speech of his, which he had delivered when she was safely out of London among the heathery hills and fisherfolk of the North Country. But luckily no misunderstanding arose, for the Editor was able to explain, as she has already done to the readers of these notes, that, though responsible for their delivery at the "W.W." office each week, she sometimes gets other people to do the writing for her. The column is a co-operative one, just as the work of the League is co-operative; and it is because so many help that it is impossible to acknowledge each author individually.

More Stirring of Dead Bones.

Now, that heading is not a very complimentary one. The bones are sleeping, but not dead. With all our occasional discouragement from the apathy and timidity of the women who might do so much to help our movement, we have faith that if we toll truly and earnestly we shall be able to pass on to them the enthusiasm and hope which inspire those whose hearts are already in the cause.

And our organiser is one of these earnest toilers, and is seeing some of the results of her labours. Here is another report of her recent work:—

"Blyth W.L.L. women are hoping to have a very good send-off for the autumn, and report that *The Woman Worker* is catching on very nicely in their district, and sales increasing.

"Gateshead branch has also increased its regular order, and some of the members pass their copies on to friends.

Mothers: For Your Children's Sake!

"I visited Shildon on August 4 and opened a branch of the W.L.L. helped by the L.L.P., who grant the use of meeting-room free. This is entirely new ground, and the women pioneers will have a hard task; but, as one of those present said, they 'must not be disheartened, but get all the knowledge they possibly could of affairs of the day—particularly for their children's sake, as there

was no fitter person than the mother to whom the boys and girls should turn for information or advice."

Over-modesty.

"The Shildon women are nervous of the strange work of the W.L.L., and seem to think none of them can 'lead.' I feel sure that our organisation will soon find suitable and congenial work for every willing member. At any rate, my suggestion that leaflets be distributed at their forthcoming local flower show and meeting was quickly accepted. Again and again I observe that our women want practical work.

"It was decided to hold next meeting on September 1, and during the interval several other women are to be visited. Miss Storey, 67, Gurney Valley, near Bishop Auckland, was appointed secretary.

The Men Ask for the Women's Help.

"Councillor James, who was present, advised the women to organise and to use their influence in local affairs. He said that as a Labour councillor he would be only too glad to press forward matters which he knew women were specially able to understand better than men could do. Mr. Myers, sec. of the L.L.P., presided, and in a thoughtful little speech encouraged us all. Mr. Myers hopes that the W.L.L. will give their women an opportunity to discuss and understand all Parliamentary action with regard to the care of children. He instanced medical inspection of school children as one of the subjects this branch might take up as soon as possible."

Our Glasgow Comrades.

Miss Lizzie Glasier sends a chatty letter about the progress of the League in Glasgow. All seems to promise well there, for the ground was carefully prepared and the League started only after full consideration of its chances of life.

Division of Labour and Responsibility.

Committee meetings and branch meetings are being regularly held, and sub-committees are formed to take up special branches of work. On September 29 business is to be enlivened by a social gathering. Miss Pettigrew, secretary of the Glasgow Shop Assistants' Union, has joined the League, and welcomes it as a necessary aid to her trade union work. Besides the shop assistants, she is doing organising work amongst mill girls, some hundreds of whom belong to a Union in the Bridgeton division of Glasgow, and the League is to help at her next public meeting of these trade union girls, and the girls, it is to be hoped, will learn that their trade union work leads naturally on to interest in political work and cannot be complete without it.

In Many Lands.

We are oppressed at home with the long-continued strike on the North-Eastern Coast and by others of minor importance through England, meaning misery and waste to those immediately concerned. And if our Labour politics have not yet made us independent of such methods of industrial warfare, our fellow-workers abroad are in the same position. I need not repeat the terrible news from Paris. But the papers we receive from other lands afford the two following accounts of conflict out of many:—

ITALY.—In Parma 50,000 agricultural labourers have been out on strike. Soldiers were sent into the district, and in the encounter three labourers were shot.

SAXONY.—A lock-out of the operatives in the Saxon textile industry was declared owing to strikes in neighbouring districts. Conditions in this trade are that in slack times the workers are kept waiting for material, while it is impossible for them to be away from the factory. The giving out of bad material is a frequent source of trouble also; but anyone who frankly points out injustices is liable to dismissal.

Many similar histories show the same thing—that where many are at the mercy of a few for the means of life, they are always the sufferers.

Play Cricket.

A lady who, to quote her, declares that she neither desires the franchise for herself nor approves of the tactics of many who would present her with it, asks the following questions in a letter to "The Standard":—

Why should men and women be accorded wholly different treatment when guilty of interrupting political meetings?

A fragile woman rises from her seat and instantly she is pounced upon by a posse of so-called "stewards" eager to prove their manly strength. "By jingo, half a dozen of us can tackle any woman!" The struggling suffragist, not without contumely and severance of hooks and eyes, is safely deposited on the pavement, or in the gutter if she shows too much fight. The "stewards" preen their rosettes, and return eager for another fray.

A politician vainly tries to make his voice heard through the din caused by a knot of men yelling. Surely the "stewards" will make short work. Will they? How is the scene reported? "In spite of the presence of a discordant element, a vote of confidence was passed by acclamation." That is all!

I do not deny that, since some men have voted as well as muscles, the prudence manifested in such a case may be good policy; but it is apt to appear, in the eyes of a mere woman, common cowardice.

In a word, if interrupters of meetings are to be expelled, let them be expelled regardless of their sex. Women as well as men understand the meaning of the word "cricket."

Hairpins.

Truly one never knows. For instance, it is unlikely that the inventor of the modest domestic hairpin had a prophetic turn of mind, or ever suffered pangs of remorse at the thought of the harm his invention was to do to the picturesque and romantic milkmaid in the years to come.

Knowingly done or not, we fear, alas! that the hairpin, surely the primest and most Cranfordian necessity of the feminine toilet, is responsible for the scarcity of milkmaids to-day.

According to the "North British Agriculturist" a farmer, in objecting to the access to Mountains Bill, gave utterance to the following complaint: "A lad and lass come up here coarting". She draps hairpins about, a coo eats them and dees. What's tae pey?"

And we have to put up with cowmen's dirty hands.

Votes in China.

"The Women in China," says "M.A.P.," "are as keenly anxious to have a voice in public affairs as the women of this country, and a movement is afoot among the daughters of the Orient to establish themselves on a level with their menfolk as far as social and political affairs are concerned.

"Hitherto the Chinese parent has considered that he has done his duty by his female children in providing for their education in those accomplishments which 'are as keenly anxious to have a voice in masculine eyes, such as singing, dancing, music, verse-making, &c.' But the meek and lovely almond-eyed maiden of the Flowery Land has rebelled at last against her social and political ostracism.

"She intends to run a tilt with man and his traditional superiority, and China awaits with suspended breath the battle-cry of 'Votes for Women!' in the streets of Canton."

Forty Children of One Mother.

Forty children, including three sets of twins, have been born to Tito and Susana Loudons, who live in the Spanish village of Rio Negro, in Aragon. Twenty-five of the children (? and the mother) survive.—"Daily Express."

An out-of-work boiler maker, returning from an unsuccessful attempt on a hot day to find work, went to bed and died half-an-hour afterwards. He had had no food for forty-eight hours.

A Woman's Parliament.

A "Daily News" correspondent is in favour of a third Parliament—for women this time.

"I suggest," says the writer, "that a woman's House of Parliament be established by law, its women members to be elected in each electoral division by all the adult women residents. These women members would, therefore, have a legal status, and their House would be able to pass resolutions concerning any Bills before Parliament, and should also be given power to introduce and discuss any measures that would affect in any degree women and children. If the measures thus introduced were carried by a majority they could be sent up to Parliament, and after passing through both Houses would become law.

"The expenses of the maintenance of this House and of all its officials must, of course, be paid by the State, and it would naturally be dissolved at the same time as Parliament itself."

In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.

The Workers' Parliament.

Mr. W. C. Steadman, M.P., secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, discussing prospects for the forthcoming gathering at Nottingham, says that in size and importance it will eclipse its predecessors. The members of affiliated societies represented at the Bath Congress last year numbered 1,700,000, and that total has already been exceeded by 38,000.

The unions have sent in many useful proposals, for the most part practical. With regard to Old Age Pensions, the only resolution expresses the view once more that no final settlement will be satisfactory that does not bring the age-limit down to sixty.

A Grateful Country.

On July 23, says "Lloyd's News," Frederick McGee and his wife were charged at West London with begging. McGee, who had been at the front in South Africa, was unable to obtain work, and he and his family took to begging. When taken into custody he said "It's either this or stealing."

Nothing was known against the parents, but Mr. Lane, K.C., sentenced them to one month's hard labour.

On representations to the Home Office, Mr. Gladstone has remitted the rest of the woman's sentence, but says that with every desire to take a merciful view of the case, he finds it impossible in the interests of the children, whose lives may be ruined by their exposure in the streets for the purpose of exciting charity, to interfere with the man's sentence.

A Distant Ideal.

It will be a glad day for England when we can transform the pale and haggard woman worker in our factories into a healthy and happy housewife. It will be a great day, indeed, for us if we can find work for our men and relegate our women to their proper sphere. That day may come; but we fear that that will not be so long as our working men pin their faith to the principles of Cobden.—"Newcastle Daily Journal."

The Welsh slate workers are on short time, because of a depression in the building trades and of the new fashion of using red tiles. Their only consolation is that the import of slates from abroad has suffered more than they have.

In each week of the past quarter the aggregate numbers in receipt of Poor-law relief in London showed an increase on the previous year—amounting to over 5 per cent. in the first three weeks in May. The number of indoor paupers was higher at the end of June than in any foregoing year.

"Woman (strong), country preferred, wanted for breaking eggs."—"Scotsman."

Living In.

Mr. W. Spencer Jones, in an interesting series of articles on shop life in the "Penny Magazine," gives us stories such as this:—

"In one house the head assistant was allowed to pry into everything connected with the others, also to look over all letters before giving them to us.

"Six had to sleep in one room, two in a bed; no carpets, and no curtains to the windows, and only one washstand for the lot. We were allowed one thin blanket or a quilt on our beds, and the sheets were changed about once in six weeks. I was deceived when engaged, for on my arrival I found I was the only decently behaved girl there. The food was cooked by a gas-stove in the cellar, and the only place we had to sit in was the kitchen, on the same level, with a sink in it, no carpet, very little fire, and very draughty."

Those Cheap Blouses.

Will the sweating system never cease? How long, we wonder, are our sisters to be done to death in this wealthy country? How long are our women to toil like slaves for a starvation wage?

Last week a woman in a Whitechapel County Court case stated that she was a blouse-maker, and that she was paid 10d. a dozen for blouses which she made at home. She could only make a dozen each day. Think of it! Think of the drudgery and awfulness! One dozen blouses, made by one woman in one day—and for tenpence!

Town and Factory Nurseries.

The Prussian Minister of the Interior has instructed local authorities in the Berlin suburbs that in every factory where women are employed a room shall be set apart for their children. All costs of supervision by a physician and, in the case of larger factories, by a specially-engaged nurse, are to be borne by the local authorities.

Viscountess Helmsley, who presides over the National Society of Day Nurseries, says that in France, Germany, and the United States the crèche systems are much superior to ours. England is the worst off of all nations in this matter.

"The application of this new German system, would, I think," adds Lady Helmsley, "probably require some amendment of the present Factory Acts."

Raffling a Baby.

A telegram from Paris, Kentucky, gives details of a pitiful and degrading affair—a raffle for a baby. A widow named Mrs. Lanner was so poor that she wished someone to adopt her child and enable her to get work. Several people offered to do so, and the idea was suggested to her of making her child the subject of a raffle.

This was done, and the whole town entered into the spirit of the thing, 2,000 tickets at 10 cents each being sold, and bringing the mother £40. A lawyer named Harmon Stitt won the child.

Lending to the Poor.

The Inland Revenue authorities prosecuted Sarah James, at Willenhall, on Monday, for trading as a pawnbroker without a licence. She had lent money to poor people on articles of clothing, pawntickets, pictures, crockery, &c., at threepence in the shilling, whether the money was repaid in one day or one week! £2 and costs.

In the processions now being organised in Turkey young women have thrown up their veils and uncovered their truly beautiful faces, and one hears a short speech acclaimed en passant by an embryo Turkish Suffragette! These women shout with the crowd in honour of Liberty and their native land.

The National Federation of Women Workers.

DO YOU WANT HIGHER WAGES?
DO YOU WANT SHORTER HOURS AND BETTER CONDITIONS OF WORK?
THEN JOIN THE FEDERATION.

Union is Strength

If one worker asks for a rise she may get discharged, but the position is different if all the workers combine and make a united stand.

No employer can do without workers, and workers ought to organise to secure fair treatment.

In the Lancashire Textile Trades, where the Unions are strong, women are paid at the same rate as men for the same work.

WHAT THE FEDERATION WILL DO FOR YOU:

Help to secure higher wages and better conditions, and to remove all grievances, such as fines, deductions, bad material, &c. Give you free legal advice.

Help you to get fair compensation if you have an accident at work. Pay you a weekly allowance when ill.

Help you to find a new situation.

**THE FEDERATION IS MANAGED AND CONTROLLED BY WORK-
GIRLS CHOSEN BY THE MEMBERS.**

Join the Federation.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS TO—

The General Secretary: MISS LOUISA HEDGES, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.