THE

WOMAN'S LEADER

IN POLITICS
IN THE HOME
IN INDUSTRY
IN LITERATURE AND ART
IN LOCAL GOVERNMENT
IN THE PROFESSIONS

AND

THE COMMON CAUSE

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THE WOMAN'S LEADER

AND

COMMON CAUSE.

POLICY—The sole policy of "The Woman's Leader" is to advocate a real equality of liberties, status and opportunities between men and women. So far as space permits, however, it will offer an impartial platform for topics not directly included in the objects of the women's movement, but of special interest to women. Articles on these subjects will always be signed, at least by initials or a pseudonym, and for the opinions expressed in them the Editor accepts no responsibility.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

It is with great regret that the Directors announce the resignation, owing to family claims, of Miss I. B. O'Malley, the editor of "The Woman's Leader." Miss O'Malley became the editor of "The Common Cause" in June, 1917, and started "The Woman's Leader" in February, 1920. The Directors have appointed Mrs. Oliver Strachey to be editor in her place.

The American Victory.

An analysis of the voting, state by state, of the thirty-six states in America which have not ratified the Federal amendment presents some interesting but not astonishing features. Eleven states ratified without one dissentient vote being given in either chamber. Among these were three out of the four states which had had the longest experience of women as voters. Old Suffragists will remember that Wyoming, then a territory, enfranchised its women in 1869, and that there was a long interval before its example was followed by Colorado in 1893, Utah in 1895, Idaho in 1896. All of these except Idaho recently gave unanimous support in both Houses to the Federal amendment; and Idaho was not far behind the other three, for the House was unanimous, while the Senate was favourable by twenty-nine votes to six, nearly five to one. It used to be a favourite fable of the anti-Suffragists both in the United States and in this country that women's suffrage in practice had been such a failure in Colorado that it was about to be repealed. Of course no attempt was ever made to repeal it, and on December 12th, 1919, Colorado ratified the W.S. amendment by 58 to 0 in the House and by 31 to 0 in the Senate. It was a measure of the feebleness of the case against Women's Suffrage that the Antis relied so much on facts which "weren't so." But even down to December, 1917, Lord Sydenham had the temerity to proclaim in the House of Lords that there was no evidence which showed increasing support of the enfranchisement of women in the United States; and this was within a few weeks of the passing of the Federal amendment in the Lower House of the United States Congress by the necessary three to one majority. We have all heard the expression used of an individual, "He is more respected where he is least known." The exact converse applies to Women's Suffrage. "It is best appreciated where it is best known." The complete list of the eleven states which ratified by a unanimous vote in both Houses is as follows:—New York, Michigan, Washington, Nebraska, Utah, Arizona, Kansas, Colorado, Oregon, South Dakota, and Wyoming. The following seven states gave a unanimous vote in one or other of its Chambers: Illinois, California, Iowa, and Nevada in the Senate, and Montana, Indiana, and Idaho in the House.

Woman Suffrage in Belgium.

Belgium is finding the revision of her Constitution difficult, and the Constituent Assembly is up against the question of votes for women. Coalition Governments are no easier to run satisfactorily on the Continent than they are at home, and on this question the parties are very divided; the Catholics are in favour of woman suffrage, the Liberals do not believe Belgian women are ready to receive the franchise, while the Socialists, though in principle in favour of giving equality to women, are nevertheless afraid of the influence of the priests. The problem itself is not quite as straightforward as it sounds; it is bound up with the question of universal manhood suffrage at the age of twenty-one. By the Belgian Constitution it is obligatory for any revision of an article that two-thirds of the members shall be present, and the revision passed by a two-thirds majority. The Catholics threatened not to vote for the age qualification of twenty-one for men unless the principle of women's enfranchisement was accepted; and yet, without the Liberals and Socialists, they could not secure the necessary two-thirds majority. The Government was anxious to find a way out of this dilemma, and even threatened to resign if the Constituent Assembly did not come to some agreement. Finally, the Chamber, after lengthy discussions, secured universal suffrage for men of twenty-one, and passed a resolution saying that the vote for women could always be secured later if two-thirds of the Chamber were in favour of it. It seems incredible that Belgian women should be indifferent to a question of such vital importance to them, and it remains to be seen whether they will rest content with the indefinite promise of the franchise when the Chamber considers them ripe for it.

The Woman Suffrage Movement in Greece.

M. Venizelos has been the father of the Woman Suffrage movement in Greece, and suffragists feel even more than the rest of the civilised world how great a calamity has been averted by his fortunate escape from assassination. The Woman's Congress, which is to be held in October, is to demand full political and economic rights for the women of Greece. Other European countries will be invited to attend the Congress to give help and advice and to discuss social and economic problems. The Lyceum Club, which is an international organisation of European women, is directing and helping the Suffrage agitation in Greece. We hope the Congress will help to focus public opinion in Greece on the question of Woman Suffrage, and we wish it all success.

Burma and Woman Suffrage.

The Burma Deputation which lately appeared before the Special Committee of the India Office has condemned the Government of India's Reform Proposals for Burma, because it believes that there would be no transfer of responsibility to representatives of the Burmese public, nor any real control by the legislature over the Executive and Budget. The Burmese have been singularly uncomplaining and docile during all the years of political unrest in India, and if they have sometimes

wondered whether it pays to give so little trouble to the Home Government, or whether reforms are only granted after threats and disturbances, they have nevertheless pursued the even tenour of their way. Now, however, they are demanding quietly, but insistently, that a Royal Commission should be sent out to take evidence and report on the franchise and on representation in the Indian Legislative Assembly and the Council of State. They also ask that Burma should be declared a Governor's province under the Government of India Act of 1919, and that sex disqualification should be done away with. It will be remembered that women had municipal suffrage in Burma many years ago. The first Burma Deputation which gave evidence last year pleaded for the inclusion of Burma in the Government of India Bill, and Sir Reginald Craddock long ago drew attention to the possibility of wounding the Burman's pride by overlooking him when granting reforms to India. It seems unfair to take advantage of Burma's loyalty, and is not the way to encourage constitutional attempts to secure progressive legislation, and we hope the India Office will take some steps towards granting the reforms, which are long overdue.

Women in the Police Service.

The report of the Committee on the Employment of Women on police duties, which has just appeared, is interesting not only from its excellent conclusions but also from its handling of the subject. The question of whether women should or should not do such work has passed away: the question of whether they should do it voluntarily or unofficially has passed also, and nothing remains but a clear and plain statement of the conditions under which they shall work. The Committee heard many witnesses, among them a large number of Chief Constables. Though many of these gentlemen, particularly those who control Scottish areas, denied that policewomen could usefully be employed in their own districts, very few who had experience of women's police work were of opinion that they were superfluous in thickly populated industrial districts. Policemen are so excellent that it is not surprising that anyone should believe they are equal to all calls upon them until actual experience has proved how large a gap even they leave for a woman to fill. Women are plainly more suitable to advise girls, to check incipient disorder among women and children, to deal with the subtler forms of molestation and intimidation of women by men. The new regulations by which a policeman is the channel of information with regard to free treatment of venereal disease would seem in themselves to imply the employment of women police. The Committee states that women serving in the police force should be chosen by the Chief Constable (if possible, assisted by the advice of a suitable woman), that they should not be less than twenty-five years of age at entry into the service, that they should be well qualified, well trained, and highly paid. Any police authority should be at liberty to pay a woman the same rate as a male constable if her work is of equal value, but the salaries suggested as suitable are 60s. to 80s. a week for a constable, and £350 rising to £400 for an inspector. It is to be hoped that these recommendations will be put into force without delay. No one would have dreamed six years ago that such a position would have been reached by a pioneer movement which was so unexpected that its opponents counted on being able to laugh it out of court, and hardly took the trouble to stigmatise it as unwomanly or revolutionary. Its success owes something to the times which saw its birth, but more to the passion for order and discipline which its promoters united with their enterprise and enthusiasm.

Women Factory Inspectors.

The women Factory Inspectors have long been a model of what a Government department should be in all respects but one. Their work has been above praise, and their value to the community far above their cost; but yet they have had one terrible fault—there have been too few of them. In the reorganisation of the department now announced, we understand that the number of women inspectors is to be materially increased, and that the scientific side of the staff is to be strengthened. At present, twenty-one women, several of whom are frequently diverted from their routine work by being appointed to special enquiries, are supposed to suffice for the inspection of thousands of workshops and factories, or at least such parts of them as house women. The thing, of course, cannot be done, and yet they have done it magnificently. More fundamental even than the increase in the staff is the change in its organisation. In future, the men's and women's sides of the Factory Inspectorate are to be amalgamated. Henceforward women are to be eligible for all posts, and it will be possible for men to serve as junior inspectors under women, and women under men; and this eminently wise step will, we hope, lead to an increase in the numbers as well as in the power and stability of the Department. Separate organisation of women and men may have been a necessary step in the pioneer days, and the excellent work of Miss Adelaide Anderson as principal Lady Inspector remains to show what can be done by a woman in a high position, and to pave the way, we hope, for a woman who shall be Chief Inspector in the course of time. In the long run men and women will do better working side by side under the same conditions and with the same responsibilities, and we rejoice at the step that has been taken. We are glad to see, too, that inspectors' salaries are to be revised; their work is exacting and responsible, and requires considerable training, yet the salaries now received hardly exceed the wages of a skilled cotton operative. This is not as it should be, for if inspectors are to keep abreast of their work they must be able to afford books and railway travel, and opportunities of meeting those who are occupied in solving similar problems in their own and other countries. The present women factory inspectors, many of whom have put in long periods of service, have conferred great benefits upon the industries with which they are concerned, but they have been too exclusively employed in inspecting women's labour. The now burning question of the restriction of women's hours of work to a greater degree than those of men demands the attention of trained men, and especially of trained women, with a large experience of inspecting factory workers of both sexes. The new department has an even greater chance than the two old ones, and we congratulate ourselves as well as the Home Office upon the change.

Unemployment Among Women.

Mr. Howard Gritten asked the Minister of Labour the other day what means he is taking, or proposes to take, to remedy the evil of unemployment among women throughout the country. In reply, Dr. Macnamara said there were about 48,000 women and 12,000 girls on the live registers of the Employment Exchanges, of whom approximately 22,000, under the Insurance Act, are in receipt of unemployment benefit. About 700 ex-members of the Women's Corps are in receipt of out-of-work donation. The possibility of absorbing women in domestic occupations is being specially considered, but a considerable proportion of the women registered are, on account of their circumstances, only available for part time and local employment, while others have no previous experience in anything but industrial war work. Still, in spite of these difficulties, it ought to be possible for the Employment Exchanges to bring a greater number of these unemployed women into touch with the despairing householder in urgent need of domestic help. The number placed in domestic occupations by the Employment Exchanges each month is, according to Dr. Macnamara, 20,000; but this figure does not impress us quite so much when we realise that the Exchanges include every situation filled, including the daily charring jobs with situations of longer duration. Apart from domestic occupations, much of the unemployment among women is due to the artificial restraints imposed on the free competition of women in the labour market.

The Employment of Ex-Soldiers.

Field-Marshal Earl Haig, in his appeal to the country to keep its promise to the ex-soldiers, appeals to no one more sympathetic than the women of the country. Over and over again in the months since the armistice women workers have proved their readiness to give way to ex-service men; and, indeed, their unselfishness has been so great that it has often been exploited in favour of other unemployed men who were never soldiers. The appeal is, of course, primarily addressed to employers, and among employers the Government itself comes first. A Committee, recently set up under the chairmanship of Lord Lytton, has been examining the possibilities of further employment of ex-service men and women, both in the temporary and permanent staff of the Government offices; and its interim report, which has just appeared, calls attention to the great extent to which the substitution of ex-soldiers for other temporary workers in Government offices has already taken place. The main recommendation contained in the interim report is for the continuance of the competitive examination for the Clerical Class announced for November next, by which temporary Civil Servants of one year's service, both men and women, shall compete for those permanent vacancies which will then be declared. It is a matter for regret that the present organisation of the Civil Service does not admit direct competition between men and women. The women are to

have one examination, and the men another; nevertheless, there are of course difficulties in the present situation which excuse this course for the moment. The men are so many of them ex-soldiers whose former life has been interrupted by the war, and direct competition without allowance for this fact might well prove thoroughly unfair, however this may be as regards men and women. We are glad to see that the Committee recommends that the examination should be not merely competitive for ex-soldiers, but also that all those ex-soldiers who pass a qualifying standard should be sure of ultimate absorption into the Service. Other employers throughout the country will naturally watch the action of the Government with great care. We hope to publish the report in full next week.

Women and Lead Poisoning.

A Bill "to make provision for the better protection of women and young persons against lead poisoning" was presented last week by Sir John Baird and supported by Mr. Shortt. This measure was originally recommended by the International Labour Organisation of the League of Nations at Washington last November, and the Bill now before the House prohibits the employment of women altogether in certain processes, and regulates their employment in others involving the use of lead compounds. Much as we dislike discriminating protective legislation for women, this is a case where discrimination is justified. The evidence of the deadly effect of lead poisoning on the maternal functions of women and the corresponding lack of evidence that the poison is transmitted from father to child justify our support of the Bill.

Probationer Nurses.

Last week Viscountess Astor asked the Minister of Health whether his attention had been drawn to the conditions under which nursing probationers in many London hospitals work at present, especially with regard to housing accommodation and hours and conditions of duty, and whether he would consider recommending reforms to all hospitals in receipt of State grants for the benefit both of probationers and of the nursing profession generally. Dr. Addison in reply said he was quite aware of the unsatisfactory conditions under which many probationer nurses were employed. Any steps, he said, which the General Nursing Council may propose to remedy this state of affairs would be considered, but State grants were only paid in respect of the treatment of certain specified diseases, and it would not be practicable to attach to them conditions such as Lady Astor proposed. This suggestion, as Dr. Addison says, may not be practicable, but something should be done, and at once, to improve the conditions of work of this most vital service to the community.

The Nursing Council for Scotland.

The Nursing Council for Scotland recently advertised for a Registrar at a salary of £400 a year, a position in our opinion eminently suited to a woman. Now, however, much to our astonishment, we hear that the appointment has been given to Mr. W. S. Farmer, solicitor, of Edinburgh. We should have thought that the Nursing Council, with all their experience of women's work, would have made a point of giving this post to a woman.

Babies in Paris.

The birthrate in Paris has risen to an extent which bids fair to remove its reproach of being a city almost without children. But the necessary services of nurse and doctor for the mothers whose infants are born in their own houses are estimated to cost now more than £60. Nearly 80 per cent. of the babies of Paris are born in hospitals and under municipally-aided care, and it is felt that many mothers who are not eligible for public assistance are ill able, out of middle class incomes, to provide for the expenses of a birth. A Bill is to be introduced by Professor Pinard for the inauguration of a service of State doctors and midwives, who will attend patients at their own homes for moderate charges. But the Paris landlord, with his dislike of infant tenants, will still have to be reckoned with. We draw attention to the straits of the middle-class parent in Paris because they are such as the new poor in England must meet before long, if they have not already encountered them.

NEWS FROM WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.

The House did not finally adjourn for the Recess last week, as was originally intended, but on Monday, August 16th, the Government carried a resolution adjourning it to the autumn, but leaving it in the hands of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker to summon it again, after consultation with the Government should occasion arise.

Monday was a day of small things. On Tuesday, Mr. Lloyd George made his statement about Russia and Poland. His speech was considerably and unwisely interrupted by his political opponents. By general consent it was one of the best he ever made, and all parties, except extremists, who hope to prove that everything that Russia does is right by exclaiming that everyone else in the world is wrong, are placing their trust in him as they never have done since the early days of the Second Coalition. Later in the evening the terms which Russia has offered Poland became generally known and they were read to the House by the Prime Minister. It was agreed that they formed a basis of settlement, and they caused immediate and great relief. The rest of the debate calls for little comment, for it must be confessed that most of those who addressed the House made speeches which have been heard more than once before. Two incidents are perhaps worth recording; one was an intemperate speech by Colonel Malone, making charges against Mr. Walter Long, which, however, he subsequently quite properly withdrew; the other, was a contest between Mr. Adamson and Mr. Asquith as to who should exercise the traditional right, as Leader of the Opposition, of speaking immediately after the Prime Minister. The quarrel, though hitherto conducted behind the scenes and with seemliness and decorum, is nevertheless a deep and somewhat bitter one. Where possible, the Speaker always divides the honours between them. On this occasion, it was not possible, for one had to be called before the other, and he called Mr. Asquith. Whereupon, Mr. Adamson protested, but the Speaker refused to hear him. Opinion is divided on the merits of the case. Mr. Adamson leads the larger party; Mr. Asquith is the more distinguished Parliamentarian, and an ex-Prime Minister. The issue is complicated by the fact that Mr. Adamson though universally liked and respected, is not an arresting speaker and never has had the ear of the House; the House on this occasion did want to hear Mr. Asquith and did not want to hear Mr. Adamson.

On Wednesday, the House heard Mr. Asquith at his best supporting the motion for the Chamberlain statue. But everything else that happened on that day was overshadowed by the news from France. The evening papers announced that the French Government had agreed to recognise and support General Wrangel. The Prime Minister, when questioned, was obviously astounded, but could not deny or confirm the news. To say that members were amazed but faintly expressed the feeling created. At first the report was disbelieved absolutely; but later, the uneasy conviction of its truth gained ground. The seriousness of it was at once recognised. That M. Millerand should support General Wrangel is in itself sufficiently disconcerting; that he should do so without consulting Mr. Lloyd George, then actually negotiating with Lenin, is frankly incomprehensible. It makes the existing alliance impossible. And yet, a break with France is the last thing anyone wants, nor is it believed to be necessary. But there must be a clear understanding so as to make such contradictions impossible. Meantime, from our own individual British standpoint, the action of France relieves us of a difficulty, for it makes hostile action by us against Soviet Russia impossible.

It is best to say as little as possible about the Labour Conference at the end of the week, with its Committee of Action. If the resolution means what it says, it is a challenge to the State; if it does not, it is permissible to remark that powder remains dangerous even if it is only played with. We must hope that prudent counsels will prevail.

The action of the Government over the admission of women to the Civil Service would seem incredible if it were not true. If ever a Parliamentary pledge existed, the Government are pledged to make the regulations by Order in Council. Now the Treasury and Civil Service Commissioners can make what they please behind closed doors. At the end of a Session when the nation is faced by so many dangers, it is not possible to raise this issue, but more will be heard of it in the autumn.

AN AMERICAN VICTORY.

and What it may mean to the World.

By MILLICENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

The news received from America last Saturday, that the Senate of Tennessee had ratified the Women's Suffrage Constitutional Amendment by 25 votes to 4, fills us all with rejoicing. It is true that the House has yet to endorse the ratification of the Senate, but that it will do so may be confidently assumed; and that this last small item in the obstacle race which the American Constitution imposes on all who seek to improve it will be safely passed, and that Tennessee will have the honour of being the 36th State to ratify the Suffrage Amendment; the necessary three-quarters of the forty-eight States of the Union will thus have consented to the free citizenship of American women and automatically the stigma of disfranchisement will be for ever removed from the womanhood of the United States. The Americans have done so much for the enfranchisement of women in other countries that it seemed particularly hard when so many victories had been won all over Europe, Canada and Australasia, that American women themselves were still excluded from full citizenship. They have fought a good fight on other fields than their own: they have helped us all to win our victories, and our warmest congratulations go out to Mrs. Chapman Catt and her splendid band of workers upon the successful issue of their long struggle. They have had the true international spirit, and have been the pioneers of the women's movement in all parts of the world. So our gratitude goes out to them as well as our congratulations. We do not always remember how long the struggle in America has lasted. It may serve to remind us of it when we recall that Mrs. John Stuart Mill's article on "The Enfranchisement of Women," in the *Westminster Review* in 1851, took the form of a review of a Suffrage Convention held by American Women at Worcester, Massachusetts in 1850. Therefore, while our struggle in Great Britain, dating from 1867, may be said to have lasted fifty years, the struggle in the United States covered at least seventy.

The interesting question now arises "What are they going to do with it?" America invented the League of Nations, and the American President secured for it a foremost place in the Peace Conference in Paris in 1919. Is America going to strangle it, or to rescue it from those who only render it lip service, but really seek to destroy it? The American women, newly added to the voters' roll, will be able to decide what answer shall be given to these questions.

In a recent letter from an American friend, she describes the dilemma in which she finds herself with regard to the forthcoming Presidential election. From her point of view both the candidates are unsatisfactory. She is an ardent believer in the League of Nations, and also an ardent supporter of the "dry" policy, recently adopted in the United States. The election in November is the first in which she will be entitled to vote; and she writes:

"I do not see how I can vote for either, the Democrat is thoroughly identified with the liquor interests, and while the platform is silent on the question, the success of the Democratic ticket will probably mean the *weakening* of the Prohibition law as far as possible. So I cannot vote that ticket. The Republican platform is openly opposed to the League of Nations, and as I am most anxious to see the United States go into it, I do not see how I can vote that ticket. So what am I to do? The vast majority of Suffrage leaders feel just as I do."

In my reply I entreated my friend to fall back on the good old principle "measures not men." The individual men who are now before the American nation as Presidental candidates may be almost equally unimportant, but if one stands definitely for the adherence of the U.S.A. to the League of Nations while the other is as positively opposed to it, surely that is in itself enough to decide how the vote of those who believe in the League should be cast. I hope my advice was not coloured by the fact that I do not support Prohibition, believing with Oliver Cromwell that things obtained by force, though ever so good in themselves, are of less value than what we gain by argument and reason. But quite apart from my convictions on this subject, I pointed out to my friend that the Prohibition Amendment has been carried; it is part of the law of the United States, all attempts to overthrow it have been unsuccessful, for good or for ill this great social experiment is bound to be tried; but the case of the League and America's share in it is very different. There is no question of deciding between the League of Nations and prohibition. Prohibition in the United States has been secured. What the next Presidential election will do is to decide whether or not the United States shall take its rightful place among the great nations of the world in bringing to the birth a great new force for preventing the earth being once more devastated by the horrors and destruction of war.

If the issue is considered from a world point of view there is no room for hesitation. The question of questions for the future of the world is whether or not the League of Nations shall have a fair start and whether America will take her share in protecting its infancy. The creation of the League as a living force hangs in the balance. It will be in every event an enormously difficult task to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life. Are women going to help or hinder? Are they going to help to bring the League to the birth or are they going to strangle it before it has really breathed?

At the recent International Woman Suffrage Alliance Congress at Geneva a strong resolution supporting the League was unanimously adopted by the thirty-one countries represented. This resolution stated the deep conviction of the Congress that a strong Society of Nations based on the principles of right and justice "*was the only hope of securing the future peace of the world.*" The first purely national vote on the League will be taken in America in November. Since the combat between Mr. Cox and Mr. Harding was joined, Mr. Cox and the Democrats have become more and more identified with support of the League; Mr. Harding and the Republicans have become more and more identified with opposition to it. A great world-wide responsibility therefore rests upon American women. They will be giving their first vote at a moment when a principle of world-wide importance is at stake; and we confidently expect that they will give it in support of a cause which they were lately asserting at Geneva was the only hope of securing the future peace of the world; a cause, moreover, in support of which only a little more than a year ago one of their and our most honoured leaders, Anna Shaw, laid down her life.

BURNING QUESTIONS.

We call the attention of our readers to the fact that in the topical and controversial matters which we treat under the heading of "Burning Questions" we endeavour to present the principal views on each question held by differing groups of political thinkers. We do not ourselves express an editorial opinion, beyond this, that it is each woman's business first to be well-informed and then to come to her own opinion.

OUTPUT, WAGES, AND PRICES.

By CECIL SHIRLEY.

A little time ago the suggestion was made that, in order to compel the Government to reduce the cost of living, certain trade unions should order a "one day a week strike." The idea was that by refusing to work on one working day every week the trade unions would make such a protest as would compel the Government to reduce prices.

There is a twofold fallacy in this most muddle-headed proposal, and, unfortunately, the ideas behind the proposal are all too prevalent to-day. First of all, prices of commodities are not fixed by Government; they are regulated by economic laws of supply and demand. Governments can interfere here and there for a short time, but in the long run Governments are powerless. Prices depend upon the quantity of goods that are produced and the quantity of goods that are demanded. When producers provide more goods than the public wants, then prices fall. When the public demands less goods than the producers provide, then prices fall also. The trouble now is that prices generally are high because, thanks to the years of war effort, the world needs more than the producers are able to provide. That situation cannot be altered by mere Government decree.

Secondly, it is an utter fallacy that prices can be brought down by strikes. No matter in what trade the strike takes place its effect must be to increase prices because a strike must inevitably either reduce the quantity of goods that are available or increase the cost of getting them to the consumers. When ironmoulders go on strike, all engineering is hampered and so production is restricted. When railwaymen or dockers go on strike, goods are held up, some goods perish in transit and all transport becomes less efficient and therefore more costly. In either case the immediate effect of a strike is an increase of prices to the consuming public.

To attempt to bring down prices by means of strikes is, therefore, like trying to put out a fire by withholding water.

The relation between prices and output is well illustrated by the case of diamonds. When diamonds were first discovered in South Africa there was a great rush of enterprising pioneers who were eager to make their fortunes. Cecil Rhodes was one of the first to trek to the Vaal River and to establish himself there. He and countless others made big profits by finding and selling diamonds. But after a few years they began to find that the market for diamonds was being glutted by their efforts. The demand for diamonds is always a limited one and the effect of this wholesale distribution of diamonds was that prices fell and that the taste for them began to decline.

Diamonds are purely a vanity commodity; they are necessary to nobody. Their value depends upon their scarcity. The South African diamond miners and merchants soon began, therefore, to realise that they were ruining their market by too big a production. So they heavily reduced their output and accordingly the value of diamonds has remained high.

It is one thing to adopt these methods in the case of vanity articles like diamonds. But if the output of commodities which are necessary to the community is similarly restricted immense injury is done. None the less, the same economic laws apply. If people who grow corn, people who make cloth or soap, people who build ships, &c., follow the example of the diamond producers and merchants, the effect upon corn, cloth, soap, or ships must be the same as it was on diamonds. Supplies are reduced and prices accordingly rise. The case of coal is an example at the present time. In 1914 the mines of this country produced 266 million tons of coal. The output naturally fell during the war, but in June, 1919, Mr. Justice Sankey, in the report of his Commission, stated that "I believe that the workers at present employed can maintain an output of 250 million tons a year at least." This figure he regarded as the minimum for our national safety. Yet, despite a big increase in the number of miners employed, this minimum figure of "250 million tons a year at least" has not been reached. Is not this the fundamental reason why coal remains dear? If the miners copied the diamond producers and produced, say, only 150 million tons of coal in a year, the price of coal would go up enormously. If they produced, say, 300 million tons the public would have cheap coal at once. The bedrock factor in fixing the price of coal is the amount that is produced. The same considerations apply to all other commodities. If some Columbus could now discover a big island which contained plenty of sugar the public would get cheap sugar in a very short time. Unhappily the world needs more sugar than the world produces, so the price of sugar continually goes up.

Another important consideration in connection with output is the question of wages. Old-fashioned people, of course, still exist, but the average employer nowadays is not an enemy of high wages—those that would like to be are usually prevented by the strength of trade union organisation. The complaint of the average employer nowadays is, not that he has to pay higher wages, but that he does not get value for the money he pays. To quote Dr. Arthur Shadwell's very human articles on "The Problem of Dock Labour," "the old problem of how to insure that a man shall get what he earns has been turned round and become the reverse problem of how to insure that he earns what he gets." Nobody but the most old-fashioned wants to return to the days of cheap labour. But the difference between cheap labour and highly-paid men is not merely one of money. High wages are only possible when efficiency is high. A man who merely works with his hands never can be paid at the rates paid to men who adequately use their brains and who can make use of tools and machinery. Why? Simply because the latter are more efficient producers and enable greater wealth to be derived from the fruits of their labour.

Above all other considerations the trade unions to-day are keen upon maintaining and improving the standard of life of their members. In this they are perfectly right. But improved conditions must be founded upon a sound economic basis. The labourer must be worthy of his hire. The only real enemy of high wages is inefficiency. Quite recently Sir Arthur Duckham stated that on a fair comparison in output between 1914 and 1919 "he found that the output per man per hour in 1919 was about 70 per cent. of the 1914 figure," and he went on to say that "to-day things were still worse and that the output would be found to be not more than 60 per cent. of the 1914 figure." Sir Arthur Duckham is by no means an old-fashioned man. He was appointed a member of the Coal Commission and in his minority report he stated his opinion that "the workers should have full opportunity to improve their status by co-operating in the general conduct of the industry. . . ." If Sir Arthur Duckham's estimate of the efficiency of workers to-day is correct, or anything like correct, the outlook for a continuance of high wages is a poor one.

In Lord Shaw's report of the recent Dockers' Inquiry, it is stated that "it has in the opinion of the Court been established that the agreed-upon 8-hours day has been improperly, and in violation of the bargain, reduced by one hour," and that there has been "a system of slowing down of output as part of a deliberate policy." It is only fair to say that Lord Shaw's report criticised employers as well as dockers, but, seeing that this report was signed by Messrs. Gosling, Ben Tillett, and Robert Williams (all trade union leaders), the gravity of these statements is obvious. The report recommended that dockers should receive a minimum wage of 16s. per day; that recommendation is now in force, but it was only possible when the dockers consented to abandon these practices which restricted output. The case is the same in all other occupations. Higher output is the only lasting means of securing higher wages.

There is one key, therefore, that can open the way both for the public to cheaper commodities and for the worker to high wages. That key is higher output. Nobody wants sweated conditions or an unduly long working day. But the essential need is that the working day shall be fully and most efficiently utilised. Then will be possible cheaper living and good working conditions.

SOME THINGS THAT MATTER.

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

[Sir Leo Chiozza Money and Mr. Harold Cox will write alternately upon things that matter. The Editor accepts no responsibility for any of the views expressed by these two eminent economists.]

SOCIALISM CONFERS PERSONAL PROPERTY.

It is one of the capital charges against capitalism that it has worked out in practice as a thing which has denied personal property, worth mentioning, to nearly the whole of our people. Nine-tenths of the entire privately-owned capital of the country is in the possession of a group of people so small that if it emigrated *en bloc* to-morrow the size of the population would not be perceptibly diminished.

This is abundantly proved by the Death Duty returns. So exaggerated is the ill-distribution of property that of roundly £300,000,000 left at death by all the people who die in a year two-thirds, or roundly £200,000,000, is left by only 4,000 people. This is not the record of one year only. The same thing occurs every year. *It means that 120,000 people own two-thirds of the nation's entire property.*

But the intelligent observer does not need statistical records to give him information on this all-important subject. Let him proceed from, say, Westminster Bridge to the squalid areas of Lambeth and beyond, and take note of the contents of the mean shops and the meaner houses. Or let him proceed from where I live, near Hampstead Heath, and take the tram to Kentish Town, Holloway, and Islington. Again he will find that it is the wildest mockery to talk about "personal property" under capitalism.

Further, even for the few who do possess property worth having, their possession is spoiled for themselves by constant contact with the sufferings and disorder which mark the condition of the great majority. The lane in which I live, for example, is not unbeautiful, but there is not a day in which one does not meet in it the ragged and deprived children of the propertyless people of the places beyond. So it is everywhere. There is precious little personal property, and what personal property exists is utterly spoiled for enjoyment by the conditions of capitalism.

PROPER PROPERTY.

What the individual needs for individual development and individual enjoyment is a plentiful supply of proper personal possessions. In these are included good homes, good furnishings, good books, good musical instruments, good gear for sport. We shall never get an absolutely abundant supply of these things until the machines which produce them are public property. Let this not be subjected to logic-chopping. It is merely playing with a very important subject to say that because industrial capital should belong to the people as a whole, an individual man ought not to possess a spade or a tool; or, again, to utter such a jest as that, because machinery generally should be in public and not private possession, a woman ought not to own a sewing machine. This is the kind of logic which would have it that, because rain is a good thing, we ought to welcome rain continuously every day and hour of the whole year. Or again, it is the sort of logic which would have it, because I say that sunshine is beneficial to men, that therefore I hold that a man would be wise to expose himself in the Sahara to the full glare of the sun until he perished. Because I argue for order I do not argue for chains. Because I argue for law I do not necessarily argue for prison.

THE ANSWER OF PRACTICAL WORK.

But let me not forget my promise to deal with practical policy as distinguished from arm-chair logic-chopping. The Queensland Government is a Socialist Government. It is therefore *building by direct labour* with enormous saving. It builds houses for the workers. *Does it, therefore, deny private property in the houses?* Not a bit of it. *It sells the houses by easy instalments to workmen.* That is to say, it makes building a publicly-controlled industry, and the publicly-controlled industry yields good private property to citizens.

So it could be, and so some day it will be, with sewing machines. The manufacture of sewing machines should be a publicly-owned industry. The product of that industry would be partly power machines suitable for factories, and therefore to be publicly owned, and partly, again, small machines suitable for the personal use of women and therefore sold to them to become their personal property.

Is this really very difficult to understand?

PURDAH WIVES OF PUNJAB SOLDIERS.

By EVA MARY BELL ('JOHN TRAVERS').

The purdah, or veil, is a sign of social exclusiveness. It would be about as safe to saunter through the barrage of an intensive artillery bombardment as to disregard the passions and prejudices of which the purdah is the outward and visible sign. As long as the purdah is accepted by the women of the Punjab and preserved by the men of the Punjab (it would be equally true to-day to say the women preserve it and the men accept it), just so long must the rest of the world accept exclusion, and regard intrusion as an outrage. The world of the "Sahib-log" in India understands very well that there is a frontier which they may not cross, a veil that they must not lift. The Indian Army gathers its recruits very largely from the plains of the Punjab, and it has a profound recognition of the fact that it is for the Indian officer, Indian sowar, and Indian sepoy to represent the wishes of his womenfolk in this matter of seclusion. The martial classes in the Punjab are drawn from sturdy yeomen: poor folk for the most part and proud as they are poor. The Punjabi Mahomedan is drawn from several clans, all great fighters, but the Janjua Rajputs probably rank themselves socially above the Awans. I have met the women of both in the bleak uplands of the Salt Range and they are proud, handsome, hardworked women, knowing nothing of doctors, enlightened midwives, or education. Illiterate, untravelled, fettered by custom and poverty, they yet are spirited creatures and intensely influential. Their marriages are arranged, and consummated directly childhood ceases. Divorce is possible, and more than one wife is permitted, and Mahomedan widows are allowed to marry again. Among the martial classes the women may not work for hire. To do so is to be socially dishonoured, for by such labour the purdah would be entirely broken. It is difficult to lay down a hard and fast rule as to the supreme sway of the veil. The wives and mothers of Punjabi Mahomedan soldiers would travel by train in a compartment reserved for purdah women, and they would wear a garment called a burkah, which falls from the crown of the head to the feet and has slits as eye-holes. They would drive from the station to the lines of their soldier-man's regiment in a hired tonga, or ecca, covered by a huge sheet—I have seen such an arrival scores of times—and while living in the married quarters of the regimental lines would observe the strictest and most orthodox purdah, but in their own villages far more publicity is practised. A few Brahman soldiers are recruited in the Punjab; their womenfolk belong to the highest caste of Hindus, and when I have seen them with the wives and mothers of Dogras and Sikhs—also high caste Hindus—I have always been struck with the immense respect paid them and the deep salutations with which they are greeted. I have stayed in a village of Punjab Brahmans and the women have their own apartments and do not mingle in male gatherings, nor court publicity, but they hold tremendous sway and the veil is seldom drawn across their faces. I remember going for a walk with the retired Subadar Major* of my husband's regiment and coming across four of the women at their devotions round a peepul tree; we stopped and talked to the women as a matter of course, but one matron could not directly address the old officer and might not turn her face to him without modestly drawing her veil across it (the Hindu woman never wears a burkah), because she was his son's wife. To directly address, or unveil before, a father-in-

* Senior Indian Officer.

law, or brother-in-law, is forbidden to the orthodox Hindu woman who is purdah. A wife in the Punjab (I believe this rule is general in India) must live with her husband's parents after the marriage is consummated, if the husband is absent. Should the parents be dead, the uncle or the brother of the husband takes their place. Visits are paid to the woman's parents and relations, but these are temporary measures. If a wife has been proved unfaithful she will be sent back to her parents, hence a permanent residence with them gives rise to speculative scandal to say the least of it. Widows remain with their parents-in-law and the case of the Hindu widow is hard indeed. She is quick who should be dead, a thing of ill-omen. If she is the mother of a son her position is vastly improved. If she be old when widowed nature does not so tragically doom her; but the young widow of a Brahman or a Dogra sees ahead of her the hopeless years in which she may never again be wife or mother. The Sikh widow is permitted to marry her husband's brother if he has one, but she may not make any other marriage. Divorce is not thinkable to the Hindu woman. The rule of the mother-in-law is formidable, but often affectionate, and the whole family system is amazingly strong. In a land where there is no such thing as a workhouse, and no old age pension nor relief under Poor Laws, it is well for the childless widow, who may not work for hire and may not cast aside the purdah, that the family life which rules her also supports her. The Indian soldier may nominate one person for a pension, which is given if his death is due to active service; there are five eligible persons from whom he makes his choice—his father, if he is fifty years of age or older, his mother, his widow until she marries again (as I have explained, in many cases she never may marry again), his daughter till she marries, his son till he is eighteen. When the first nominee dies the pension may be given to one of the other persons who are eligible. Very often the soldier's widow receives no pension on his death in action, but lives dependent on his father or mother. And the increase in the cost of living is out-bidding family charity and village charity, though the system still exists. The Punjab soldier is a man with some, but not enough, land, who ekes out his income by serving in the Army; when he dies his dependents have to exist on the earnings of any surviving male relation, and on their share of the family land. If the land is unirrigated and the monsoon fails heaven help the women. There are no coroners' inquests, most villages are utterly isolated from medical aid, and a Hindu woman is burnt very soon after death. I wonder when times are hard how many little slender bodies burnt, or buried, are thin to emaciation. But the Punjab son is a good son, the light of his mother's eyes, the very core of her heart. He loves her, addresses her respectfully, admits her influence, is kept back by her when he wishes to change customs, educate his daughter, emancipate his wife. I have met wives whose love for their husbands was as intense as it was modestly expressed, it is truly a veiled love. The sorrows of soldiers' widows were the sorrows of wounded hearts, not merely of crushing misfortune. A tremendous consideration for the women marks the existence of Punjab villages, where the men bear the burden of supporting veiled women, all of whom must be married and none of whom must work for hire. All this strange life, vital influence, conservatism, responsibility, pride, sensitiveness, lies behind the Indian soldier of the Punjab in his home. Let those beware who would touch it, not knowing what they do. The British officer never sees the Indian soldiers' women, but he deals with them very courteously by official correspondence in the matter of pensions, and in the tragic notification of casualties, and when replying to their bewildered and bewildering petitions. The women have a vision of the British officer *as presented to them by their own soldier-men.* They recognise their authority, their honour, and their wisdom as reflected in the confidence which such qualities inspire in the wounded, the pensioners, and the men on leave, who demonstrate that confidence in a thousand ways. The affection and respect which Punjab regiments feel for their Sahibs is a mirror in which the purdah woman of the Punjab beholds that stranger—the British officer. In a glass, darkly; never face to face. Tales of the war, letters from fighting men, medals, rolls of honour, pay and pension, these things are sown deep in the martial races of the Punjab, and the women ponder such things. Rumour, and the organised lie of seditious propaganda, are a menace to the peace of the Indian Army *through its womenfolk.* Political propaganda is not a safe experiment behind the purdah; it is steam with the lid on. Englishwomen—almost as ignorant of facts vital to a true understanding of the needs and dangers and difficulties of Punjab women of the martial classes as those women are of the life of London in all its strange contradictions and contrasts—should hesitate before they prescribe political, or social, remedies, and should learn the conditions before they presume to teach how to better them.

WOMAN'S PLACE IS THE HOME.

The Housing Problem is one of the most serious of the domestic difficulties which face us to-day. We all know that it is difficult; we none of us know exactly what the difficulties are, or how they can be met. Money is said to be one, scarcity of labour another, scarcity of materials a third, contractors' rings a fourth, Government delays a fifth, and so on. It is high time that women looked into these difficulties to see if they are all real, and if so, to try and remedy them. "The Woman's Leader" proposes, therefore, to publish articles on various aspects of housing during the summer months, in order to suggest to its readers subjects for their own investigations. We shall have articles on policy and on plans, on facts and on failures, and we invite correspondence on any aspect of the question.

HOMES IN THE BUILDING.

You or I, as we have seen, can get State aid in building homes for ourselves, or we can combine together as a Public Utility Society to build homes for those who cannot afford to build their own, and here again the State will help us. It is indeed part of the State Housing scheme that we should follow one of these two courses. But there remains a third part of this Housing scheme to consider—the building of houses by the State itself without the indirect agency of private persons.

The representatives of the State in the counties are the Local Councils—the County Council, which superintends the administration of affairs in the county as a whole, and those smaller bodies with which we are all familiar, the Town Council, the Urban District Council, and the Rural District Council. Each of these smaller bodies has wide powers to build under the new housing scheme and the County Council has authority to see that they carry out their work properly, or if necessary to do it in their place.

The Government Housing scheme requires every Town, Urban and Rural Council to appoint a Housing Sub-Committee. This Sub-Committee should obviously consist of both men and women and its duties are to investigate the housing needs of the district and draw up a housing scheme to meet them, together with estimates of the probable cost of carrying out the scheme and of the rents which, when built, the houses will bring in. The housing scheme of a local authority should not only allow for the building of new houses but for clearing and rebuilding any local slum areas that may exist. And the preparation of the scheme is not, you understand, optional but binding upon every local council in the country.

Now everyone realises that the housing needs of most localities to-day are very great, and consequently the expense of meeting these needs is likely to be very great. The funds which are at the disposal of local authorities consist for the most part in the money raised by the local rates, and increased expenditure by a local authority usually means a rise in the rates. But the rates are pretty high already, and in most cases would scarcely stand the strain of a large increase. Therefore to avoid the overstraining of local finances, and also to leave local councils no excuse for failing to produce their housing schemes, the Government guarantees that it will provide if necessary all funds needed for the execution of local housing schemes over and above that which can be raised by a penny increase in the rates.

This promise of the Government may mean that very heavy charges will fall on the central State funds. So that it is important that local authorities should raise as much money as they can locally for their housing schemes before falling back upon State aid. To help them to do this the Housing Bonds Campaign has been started and every hoarding makes us familiar with its proposals. Everyone who can afford to do so is asked, in this housing crisis, to buy Housing Bonds—that is, to invest money in their local authority's housing scheme—just as during the critical days of the war everyone was asked to buy War Bonds.

So much for the explanation of the part local councils can play in the Government's Housing schemes. And perhaps it may seem that everything is very clearly planned out for the local councils and that, all said and done, their's is a comparatively "soft job." But here is the story of an odd situation which has arisen in Halifax and which illustrates the sort of unexpected difficulty on which a local authority may run aground.

The Halifax Town Council prepared its housing scheme and in the ordinary way procured a building estimate from the local contractors. The contractors' estimate was £1,500 a house, which seemed to the Council unreasonably high. The Council investigated and found that it could build its houses much more cheaply itself; it therefore became its own contractor, employed its own workmen, and lightheartedly started building.

At once the contractors offered the workmen work at higher wages and succeeded in bribing them away from the Town Council's work. The Council appealed to the local Labour organisation, which was sympathetic. A Building Guild of workmen was formed with special benefits for members, and the Council undertook to employ labour only through the Guild. The contractors again raised their wages and, to make matters doubly certain, induced the quarry owners who were supplying the Council with stone to raise their price from 23s. 6d. a ton to 40s. Investigation showed that this stone could be delivered at a profit for 10s. a ton. Yet the Council hesitated to approach the Profiteering Committee, for the quarry owners had many markets and might easily refuse altogether to sell stone to the Council. It hesitated, too, to use its own powers and retaliate on the contractors by prohibiting all local luxury building; for there was much repair work to be done in Halifax and it would be long before the contractors felt the effect of such action, while meantime the Council's work would be at a standstill. In this predicament the Halifax Town Council has appealed to the Ministry of Health.

Puzzle, what is A to do—A being the unhappy Ministry?

INEZ M. FERGUSON.

STATE-AIDED HOUSES IN THE FLESH.

By E. A. BROWNING

Of all the subjects contained within the magic term "Reconstruction," housing is the one which has given rise to the most speculative discussion and talk; it has in fact seemed within the last year that England was busier talking about houses than building them!

With great interest therefore women citizens of London recently accepted an invitation, extended to them by the London Housing Bonds Campaign Committee, to inspect the finished article—houses actually completed by the London County Council under Dr. Addison's scheme, at the Old Oak Estate, Hammersmith.

This site has been in the hands of the London County Council for some time and about three hundred houses had been built there before the war; even these houses are much more pleasant and cheerful, as far as their exterior goes (the interiors were not on view), than is the one time orthodox, narrow-fronted house, built with its inevitable addition projecting into the back yard, that stood in long monotonous rows on either side of a well-paved but gloomy street.

The lay out of the Old Oak Estate has also for its good come under the influence of modern intelligent ideas. The old method of cutting up a site into an unbroken series of streets, lined with houses of identical design, as though the perfect model of street and house had been attained and was worthy of everlasting repetition, has given place to a more elastic method. On this estate there are no streets—roads have taken their place; roads, not all alike, but differing in length and width and occasionally widening out into small crescents or squares, while the houses themselves are, as far as it could be expected of the units of any scheme, cheerfully various; evidently conformity of exterior is no longer accepted as the aim of architectural skill.

It was however with a quickening sense of interest that the threshold of one of these much debated State-aided houses was crossed, which it was hoped were to mark a new era in the housing of the people.

It would be vain to deny that the first impression of the inside of the houses was one of disappointment: a lack of space, a lack of good planning, a lack of labour-saving arrangement—these appeared the salient features. But a moment's sober reflection sufficed to curb the perhaps extravagant hopes that had been entertained. Remembering the conditions under which the prospective tenants were living at the present moment, remembering that the Mayor of St. Pancras said recently that ten thousand families in his borough were housed in one-room tenements, it had to be acknowledged gratefully that the new accommodation, though far from perfect, was yet a great advance. For the most part the houses contain a living room, scullery, three bedrooms, bathroom and w.c. (both scullery and bathroom being fitted for hot and cold water supply); while some of the houses run to a parlour as well.

All the rooms were light and airy, with large windows, and it is possible the available space was planned to good advantage; but it was very obvious the architect was all the time contending with the strictly imposed limitations of superficial area. This is where criticism must come in, but a criticism coupled at the same time with suggestions for improvements for future houses.

In the non-parlour type of house the living room, which is of quite a comfortable size, must be the common room for meals, the nursery for babies, lesson and play room for boys and girls, recreation room and study for grown-ups, and only reception room for the friends of the whole family, including the sweethearts of the young people! Surely this is enough to ask of any one room, and therefore the scullery must be planned to be the housewife's workshop. But in these houses what a scullery! It contains a boiler, a gas stove, and a very small sink, and could hold a small table and perhaps one chair, but nothing more. Here all the cooking, and dish washing, and clothes washing, and mangling, and ironing must be carried on; and from here trays of crockery and food must be carried backwards and forwards to the living room through the narrowest of doorways and round the most awkward of corners! Such a minute scullery makes neither for the efficiency nor the comfort of the mother of the family.

The principle should hold that in non-parlour houses the scullery should be a scullery-kitchen where some meals may even be served; but, granting that no more space is available for this type of house, another remedy suggests itself to the casual visitor: that larders and coal stores should be provided for outside, though communicating with, the main building, and all available floor space be utilised for the scullery itself.

Passing to the bedrooms it was easy to recognise the difficulty of planning small bedrooms so as to fit in a fireplace, a door, a window, and a double bed; and this problem remains unsolved in these L.C.C. houses. "We working people ain't supposed to 'ave no double bed," a visitor was heard to remark after her tour of inspection! Perhaps the comfort of the larger bedrooms had been sacrificed to the shape and position of the windows as seen from the outside—a common temptation to the architect of small houses. The third bedroom calls aloud for comment. Is it just possible that the object of the third bedroom—an object proclaimed by every speaker at every housing meeting, and particularly mentioned by every writer dealing with the housing question—has not yet dawned on the authorities who plan and build the houses? The universal demand for a third bedroom has a moral significance, and is the outcome of an enlightened public conscience, which will not tolerate that big boys and girls should sleep together in one bedroom; if, however, the third bedroom is only large enough to hold a small single bed the object in view is not attained. Again, as with the scullery, if no more space is available, the three bedrooms should be of a more equal size.

The French Ministry of Health has decided to confer a gold medal on the mothers of large families—how if the British Ministry of Health should confer a decent-sized third bedroom?

Some possible improvements in the fittings of the houses were very evident to a woman's eye: a shelf skied, the sink too small, the hot water circulator (such a boon in a drying cupboard) completely out of reach, no hatchway between scullery and living room, very few cupboards, and these not well arranged; such things are worth mentioning because they can so easily be put right.

This inspection of the Old Oak Estate was planned with the object of interesting women in the London Housing Bonds. The criticising of houses is easy enough, but without funds there will be no houses to criticise. It would seem a sound policy for women to put money into this national investment and then, having a personal interest in the business, never to cease from intelligent and constructive criticism, and, what is more, from active and helpful co-operation until the State-aided houses are planned and built and managed in the best interests of a moral and educated people.

THE JOURNEY'S END.

By M. PAIGE WOOD.

It would take a cleverer head than mine to say how things might be bettered, or, being as they are, what more could have been done for the poor old chap than was done. A station-master even on a little branch line like this finds enough to do without concerning himself about the ins and outs of the Poor Laws, and I never gave a thought to them, good or bad, until Daddy Rogers' last journey to Durford set me wondering whether something more homelike than the union mightn't be found for the old folk at the end of their days, where a man could go without shame or shrinking and an old couple have their own sticks of things about them when health and strength failed; a sort of almshouse, perhaps, like I've heard they have abroad, with a capable woman-body to come in and out if either was ailing. Odd times I've felt it might at least be worth thinking about.

The way I first came to know John Rogers and his wife—"Daddy" most folks called him—was owing to my being moved up here at short notice on account of the man before me dying suddenly of heart complaint, and as my missus had the packing up of our old home to see to I arranged to make shift for a week or two in the nearest place that could take me in. The Rogers' cottage was not a stone's throw down the lane from the goods-yard gates, and the old couple were glad of the small sum they asked for house-room. The cottage was a pretty enough place to look at in summer, with its brown thatch and the roses climbing over its porch and nodding in at the windows, and it was as clean as a new pin inside. But the stone floor of the living-room was worn into hollows under the carefully-mended strips of Dutch carpet, and in winter the heavy rains that made a watercourse of the lane found their way in over the sunken doorstep. Upstairs or down there wasn't a window or a door that didn't let in more draughts than even a sanatorium would have known what to do with, to say nothing of the wet in bad weather. Luckily for me it was June when I lodged under its picturesque roof, or I should probably have laid the seeds of such rheumatism as had bent the old man nearly double and knotted his brown toil-worn hands into painful deformities so that he could with difficulty handle spade or hoe in the garden patch which supplied the pair with their staple diet of greenstuff and potatoes.

In spite of his bowed back Daddy was a fine-looking old fellow still. He had no use for glasses for all his eighty years, and his blue eyes only showed the brighter for the weather-beaten russet of his cheeks and the thin white hair above them. In his clean black smock and old-fashioned neckerchief, as he plodded to church on a fine Sunday morning with the aid of a stout ash "bat," he was a more picturesque figure than is often met with nowadays in a Sussex village. Old John had been looked up to in his younger days as a man of "book larnin'," acquired under difficulties in a dame's school conducted in a lean-to against a rather larger cottage than his own at the far end of the lane, which he pointed out to me. His wife could neither read nor write, but without such educational advantages she possessed a wonderful knowledge of "yarbs" and other rustic lore, and a wise common-sense which like their simple faith was learnt in an older school than any that Boards of Education take account of. Two children the old couple had brought up on the farm labourer's munificent wage of ten shillings a week; how, only such hard-working, hard-living souls as Mrs. Rogers could have told; but the sea had claimed the boy on his first voyage, and the daughter had married and died within a twelvemonth forty years ago.

"One way an' t'other we doos purty well," John told me when I hinted at the obvious difficulties of subsistence, since he had got past even his few casual jobs of digging and hedging. "There was t'garden bringed in summat, an' times t'chicken comed out well, Kezia'd get a fair price for 'en off t'higgler. An' they'd both t'pension."

But for the pension coming when it did I can't see how with all their dread of the "poor-house"—the one unreasoning prejudice of those two gentle hearts—the old couple could have contrived to keep out of it. Both I am certain would have starved uncomplainingly before they smirched their hard industrious lives with the hated pauper stigma at the end. I'm told the authorities themselves are fighting shy of the word nowadays—plain proof, I take it, that its record hasn't always been a clean one.

John was as obstinately independent as the best. You couldn't do the old man a trifling service but he'd want to be paying for it in eggs or garden-stuff of some kind. Nothing pleased him better than the loan of a newspaper, and many's the argument we've had across his garden fence on summer Sunday evenings in the spare half-hour before the last train came through after I was settled in my own quarters on the company's premises. Daddy was a staunch Tory from his youth up—why, considering the little he owed the landlords or anyone else, save always the pension that stood between him and the last calamity of the poor-house, it would be hard to say. But there was nothing of servility or toadying in his reverence for the powers that be. He accepted the hardships and privations of his lot simply as his Maker's will for him, and, like Paul, had learnt "therewith to be content." For myself I can't see the harm of Jack wanting to be as good as his master, or thinking he could order things a little more to his liking than the man on top is going to do for him. But Daddy found his politics in the same Gospel as his religion, and could give you chapter and verse for both.

The summer I lodged with them Mrs. Rogers began to fail, though she tried resolutely to hide that anything was wrong with her. At times a terrifying agony forced her to sit helplessly by while the old man fed her chickens, or awkwardly attempted some of the household tasks her hands had performed so faithfully for him for a lifetime, and her lined old face would break up into quivering distress. To my wife she first put into words the fear that clouded her bright eyes.

"Men be such a tarr'ble helpless sort at best, my dear, an' John he be worse off nor most, poor dear sowl, so crippled as he be wi' rheumatiz. He beant fitten to shift for hissen nohows. 'Twill be larmentable bad for he if t'gude Lord takes me first, an' I be in such a quirk for he, that seems like all t'glory o' they blessed streets o' gould woan't take my thoughts off worryin', so's to praise t'Lord the way I'd ought."

My wife did her best to comfort the poor soul, but she'd grave fears the parting was not far off, though Mrs. Rogers refused to admit any definite ailment, and quietly scouted all suggestion of a doctor. When at last he had to be sent for there was little hope of prolonging her life beyond a few short weeks at most. She had staved off the dreaded separation at the cost of heaven knows what added suffering to herself. The doctor had no alternative but to order her immediate removal to Durford Infirmary, and after the first violence of his angry protest Daddy submitted with a sort of dazed docility.

On the Sunday evening after Mrs. Rogers was taken to Durford I went across to the cottage as my wife had promised her I should. I found its poor old occupant, though it was summer and his garden gay with flowers, sitting in the chimney corner, a solitary bowed figure, with his hands clasped over the top of his stick before the empty hearth. He welcomed me with his unfailing patient gratitude.

"I beant much o' company to-night, Mus' Reade," he said with slow apology. "Somehows t'place seems full o' *her*. 'Twas to this yer little house I brought en hoam nigh sixty year agone, an' I've seed her to-night stan' yander where t'sun shines in ower her bits o' blooms in t'winder the slip of a gal her was when her first crossed t'doorstone, so bright an' purty as t'flowers hersen. An' then a'most afore I've rightly knowed

her wasn't there, or t'heavy thought comed to me o' wheres they've took her to, her've been a-sittin' alongside me in thiccy little old chair I cut down t'legs on time her babby comed, a-lookin' at me over t'purty dear's head wi' a soft smilin' in her eyes like t'was heaven's own sunshine lookin' through. No man doant rightly know what goodness is till he've seen it shinin' on him out o' t'deep places of a woman's heart. Dear Lord A'mighty, us ha'never been a night apart since we was wed, an' to think o' t'dear sowl took off to die in that strange place an' me not by!"

"Doctors do wonders, Daddy, now-a-days." We'd left the old chap that slender hope which had so entirely failed to deceive his wife. "And they say you're to be allowed to see her whenever you can get to Durford."

"So I mean to, Mus' Reade. It beant so many years agone I'd ha' done the twenty miles a-fut, there an' back, an' I reckon I be gude to tramp it one way still if I rides t'other."

I tried then and again a few days later when he was starting off, to dissuade him from the attempt, and induce him to accept a return ticket for our friendship's sake. But he was determined to walk as much of the way as he had not the money to pay for.

He did the ten miles somehow—more by dint of his sturdy spirit than the failing bodily powers he summoned to its aid. More than once that day the thought of the lonely figure on its pilgrimage came between me and the business of the sunny little station. Who shall say what memories kept the old fellow company as he trudged by the green lanes of his boyhood where he and the worn sufferer in the infirmary ward had lingered long ago as lovers, and along the dusty roads, past fields where he had toiled through bygone summer days and turned home to her at evening. But Daddy never made the journey a second time on foot. He reached the Union so faint and dazed and footsore that his wife exacted a promise he would not attempt those weary miles again.

And so it was a return ticket the old man came to take each week, the price of which made so big a hole in the slender pittance, of which, when his rent was set aside, it took first toll. His wants beyond those his garden supplied were so small he seemed to live much as the sparrows do. He would not hear of leaving the cottage, or moving a stick of its poor furnishing, while "her" might yet come back to it.

"Her was won'erful heartened up last time I seed her," he told me when the harvesting had given place to stubble-fields and hedges bright with berries. "Her be mendin', surely. I reckon t'Lord knows how bad I wants her back."

It was two days before his regular time that he made his next appearance in the booking-office rather less than the quarter of an hour he usually allowed himself before the Burford train was due. The coins he held in readiness slipped from his tremulous fingers, and he stooped with painful difficulty to recover them.

"I be goin' to Durford, Mus' Reade. This yere letter comed this marnin' an' her beant so well. Matron says come if t'is any-ways possible. I'd take it kindly, Mus' Reade, if 'ee'd loanst me half o' the ticket. I paid t' rent last night, but I can pay 'ee come Satterday, an' go somehows I must ——"

"Don't you worry about that, Daddy. And you'll find her better when you get there, never fear. Pity's there's no one else going in to-day; the hurry's made you a bit shaky, you know, for travelling alone."

When the train presently ran in I helped the old man into a third-class carriage with an apologetic word of explanation to the burly farmer who occupied it, trusting to the latter's good nature to see the old chap safely out at his destination. For Daddy was woefully tottery, with the frightened look of a lost child in his blue eyes, and his faculties mazed to everything but the possible meaning of the summons.

I had no thought of seeing him back until the evening train he usually returned by, but as the mid-day slow pulled into the station I caught sight of him seated in it. He made no effort to get out until I opened the carriage door and spoke to him, when he stumbled to his feet, fumbling uncertainly for the step with his stick, and would have fallen but for my hold of him.

"T'last time, Mus' Reade," he ejaculated brokenly as I helped him across to a seat on the platform till I could return to him. "I were too late. Her were gone afore I comed. Dear Lord—an' I be left ——"

When the train had gone out he was patiently waiting where I had set him; but I could not prevail on him to let my wife give him a cup of tea and such comfort as a woman can.

"Thank'ee, sir, but I beant fitten to go nowheres else but hoam. Things was left anyhows when I comed away, an' I be bound to put'en to rights t' way her'd allus have 'em. I be a bit queered like, but t'will pass right enough once I be indoors, doan't'ee never fear."

I was loth to let him go alone in spite of his tremulous assurance; but he had straightened himself bravely as he got to his feet, and a gleam of stronger purpose showed through the dim uncertainty of his manner. As he turned his face towards the brown thatch of his home his blue eyes lit with a clear expectancy as though some spark from his vanished youth flickered up within its frail and grief-stricken tenement. It was impossible for me to go with him even that short distance just then, but I followed as soon as I could, after having arranged for one of my men to sleep at the cottage that night. Yet although that immediate provision was the matter uppermost in my mind as I reached its porch, I was conscious at the same time of being curiously prepared for what I found there—for finding all such poor makeshifts mercifully set aside by the larger ways of God.

In the sunlit radiance his stumbling entrance had let in across the cheerless hearth and unswept floor, the old man lay prone upon the threshold of his empty home. But its desolation was powerless to hurt him now: for it had been but one step from its worn door-sill to his journey's end, and Death, more kindly than the measured charity of men, had knit up the broken strands of a lifelong fellowship and reunited those two faithful souls.

MOOR SONG.

By DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

Voice of the moor! You are crooning
A lilt of the heather-clad hills,
Moaned by the storm-stunted larches,
Lisped by the born-singing rills;
A song that is learned by each baby mere
From the passing-by of the old wind seer.

Voice of the moor! You are crooning
Of bogs where the cotton bent grows,
Of ditches where tasselly grasses
Nod to the merry wild rose.
Of gorse that for golden-sweet miles is seen,
And broom where the blossom buries the green.

Where a skylark comradely carols,
"Dawn! and another day's nigh!"
And grouse call "Come back" in the gloaming,
And owlets plaintively cry.
When the foxglove spirals are decked with dew
And trees nod good-night in the darkening blue.

Voice of the moor! You are crooning
Of kindly warm peat-fragrant hearths,
Of the limestone walls where pum flowers
Fall over the collie-loved garths,
Of a garden where love-in-a-mist is,
Carnations and lad's love and lilies.

Envassaling voice of the moorland,
The heart of me cries to be one
With your spaces, your storms and your beauty,
In the rain, in the wind, in the sun.
Your crooning will call to my heart till breath
Is taken away by the Angel of Death.

DRAMA.

RELIGION IN THE THEATRE.

"The Unknown" at the Aldwych.

A play about God, a novelty in the modern theatre, must be criticised with caution, as its theme places it in a region of decided, and often violent, opinions, which are really irrelevant to its merits as drama. The theme of "The Unknown" is not the denying of the existence of God but a consideration of the conflict caused by various conceptions of God: there is the Christian God, presented from an Anglican angle, having the advantage of being a definite standpoint; against this are less definite Gods, semi-rationalistic and even Wellsian. Is such a theme legitimate for the ordinary commercial theatre? Can it be dramatic?

To the first question I would answer—yes, under the conditions that the author himself is as impartial as he can be, and that he makes his characters sincere in their opinions. Mr. Maugham has unquestionably carried out these conditions: his treatment of his subject is perfectly reverent, though naturally, it is outspoken. There is no reason why the name of God and the Sacraments of the Church should not be mentioned in a theatre if the audience know what to expect. One of the difficulties of such a theme lies in the fact that modern audiences are not used to listening to religious discussions on the stage; it would be fatal to such plays if audiences were to develop partisanship, which, I fear, may be the tendency. On the night I saw the play the audience gave me an impression of uneasiness, which would be more marked in a less sophisticated audience.

That this theme can also be dramatic has, I think, been proved by Mr. Maugham. After all, the nearest approach to dramatic conflicts in ordinary humdrum lives is generally on questions of religion. We are all interested in it, we all argue about it at some time in our lives. Argument and discussion, however, are not easily dramatised; dramatically effective arguments are sensational rather than logical, as Portia's not a drop of blood plea; but logic should be the main ingredient in an argument against religion. Mr. Maugham set himself a difficult task in having to be logical, theological, and dramatic; let us see how he does it.

Mr. Maugham has chosen an upper-middle-class environment, but during the war, so that the people in it are unusually emotional, an atmosphere conducive to the increase of both religious fervour and of religious doubt. Major John Wharton, a Regular officer, the son of Colonel and Mrs. Wharton, is home on short leave from the front; he has been engaged for seven years to Sylvia Bullough who lives near by; they are to be married during this leave. There are also the vicar, the Rev. Norman Poole, and his wife; Mrs. Littlewood, a widow, just back from France where her second, last, and favourite son has died before she was able to reach him; there is Doctor Macfarlane who attends Colonel Wharton. It is the vicar who has braced up the moral atmosphere of this community and kept it going during the war; he has not before met John Wharton. Except for the doctor, they all were believing Anglicans before the war, but the loss of her second son destroys Mrs. Littlewood's faith in a loving God, and the experience of the beastliness of war has a similar effect upon John. There is a temporary loss of faith on the part of the colonel when he is told that he is dying; he, however, is reconciled before the end.

There are two main dramatic situations. Mrs. Littlewood's behaviour on her return from France is thought unseemly; she wishes to give parties, she no longer goes to church, she does not wear mourning. She does not try to explain her conduct until goaded into an outburst by the vicar's talking of God's forgiveness to sinners; her cry of bitter agony is: "Who's going to forgive God his sins?" This is the tensest moment of the play. The other situation concerns John. He resolutely refuses to take Holy Communion, though pleaded with by Sylvia, by his father and mother, and argued with by the vicar. In consequence Sylvia breaks off her engagement, as she will not marry an unbeliever. Later Sylvia tricks John by a lie into going to Holy Communion, hoping thus to bring about the miracle of a conversion. As she fails, she declares her sin in an ecstasy of self-torture, and dedicates herself to the religious life as a nun.

The theological arguments are evenly balanced but do not rise much above the Park orator level; this may be inevitable, as subtlety is seldom dramatic; the discussion tends to become tedious. Besides a balance of argument there should be a balance of sympathetic characterisation, and in this, I think, Mr. Maugham has failed, because on the Christian side the characters of the vicar and Sylvia are unsympathetic. They should both have been a jollier type of Christian: a vicar on the lines of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's robust faith would have added strength. Mr. Maugham gives the impression of not being intimately conversant with the finer distinctions of Anglican clericalism; he should have made the vicar as "high" in phraseology as he was in appearance and conduct, in fact rather less the clergyman and rather more the priest. In the end Doctor Macfarlane sums up in favour of a kind of neutral view, that God is good but not all-powerful, that He is doing His best in the conflict with evil, that He could not have prevented the misery of the war. It may be assumed that, if he is taking sides at all, Mr. Maugham has a fellow feeling for the doctor's opinions.

"The Unknown" is not an easy piece to play, and the company was successful in the essential of being sincere. Miss Haidee Wright as Mrs. Littlewood was the outstanding success, and greatly moved the audience. Miss Ellen O'Malley as Sylvia and Mr. H. R. Hignett as the vicar had hard parts with which they did as much as was possible. Mr. Charles V. France and Mr. Basil Rathbone as father and son did well in their easier and more conventional parts. A word of praise is due to Miss Lena Halliday in the small part of the disagreeable Mrs. Poole, the vicar's wife; her dresses were little masterpieces in being so much what they should be.

As a final comment I would say that "The Unknown" deserves to be welcomed as a pioneer play dealing with realities in which all thinking people are interested. Mr. Maugham, and the Censor are to be congratulated. They have opened a new way in the theatre, which may lead to a great work of art in the future.

R. A. A.

The "Old Vic."

Lovers of the "Old Vic" will be pleased to hear that the theatre re-opens at 7.30 on Saturday, September 18th, with "The Winter's Tale," and that the first opera will be Gounod's "Faust," on Thursday, September 30th, at 7.30.

A very strong company of Shakespeare Players has been gathered together, including several "Old Vic" favourites. Among them, Florence Saunders, Mary Sumner, Ernest Milton, Andrew Leigh, and Wilfrid Walter, who is again designing the scenery; we also welcome the return of that clever actor, Robert Atkins, as producer.

Besides "Faust," the operas to be performed include "Tristan and Isolde," "Il Trovatore," "Carmen," "The Bohemian Girl," "Tannhauser," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci." Charles Corri will conduct the operas and be musical director for the plays again.

As well as "The Winter's Tale," "The Merchant of Venice," "King John," "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night" are to be performed.

REVIEWS.

RECENT NOVELS.

Open the Door! By Catherine Carswell. (Andrew Melrose. 7s. 6d.)

Joanna Bannerman opens many doors in the course of Mrs. Carswell's long and brilliant novel, and finally discovers her life's happiness in marriage with a man whom she had known while she was still shut in by the barriers of family life at Glasgow. We have now fairly reversed the novel-writing formula of two generations ago. Then the heroine, faithful and unspotted from the world, received with gratitude her hero, fresh from sowing his wild oats, and, in spite of or because of them, prepared to be a better husband than any stay-at-home youth. The *rôle* of *oie blanche* must now be translated into the masculine. The man destined for the heroine's husband must not open any doors. There are other reversals of convention which more or less follow on the first. When the heroine embarks on an illicit love-affair, it is she and not the hero or heroes of the semi-romance who provide its domicile, and, when she is deserted, it is not because she has lost her youth and charm but because the hero feels himself to be ageing. The novelist displays no interest in his future; the door which opened to disclose him is banged shut and there is an end. For the heroine, her basket of wild oats empty, begins life again, so happy that she is barely conscious of happiness—"never light-hearted till now."

It makes an enthralling plot, just as it did before the parts played by hero and heroine were reversed. If we had never witnessed reformed Don Juan's confident but ineffectual efforts to *se ranger* we might be satisfied that the life depicted in "Open the Door!" is not merely realistic but real. As it is we suspect the humanity of these men, and still more these women with no memories, no regrets, no remorse. They are over-simplified. Joanna's experiences, which have made her tolerant and self-reliant and developed her plastic sensibilities beyond the point to which the Glasgow School of Art brought them, cannot have receded into sub-consciousness without leaving some floating sea-mark by means of which they can be again raised to the surface. Mrs. Carswell is no doubt too well-read in French fiction to ignore this possibility, and perhaps contemplates a second volume. She may well make a successful sequel to Joanna's first thirty years of life, but if she does, it will be by giving the lie to the closing chapters of the present volume, and showing that the new page just turned was already written upon.

To criticise in this vein may seem exacting, but it is not unfair. Mrs. Carswell so subtly and brilliantly depicts moods that it is inevitable to demand of her some respect for personalities. And though there are exceptional women who would come untouched and virginal through the events of Joanna's early years, they are women afflicted with a kind of moral and emotional stupidity. Some of the historic beauties have been like this, hypnotised by their own charm and fatalists through watching its effects on the world. Juley Bannerman's daughter was not one of these, and the hand that drew Juley Bannerman, credible because of her inconsistencies, will do something better than the mid-nineteenth century novel *à rébours*. We leave Joanna young, and with reason, for youth and "desire that springs from some undiscoverable source and is imperious as the waters in spring-time" is all she has to stand her in stead of a personality, of a soul. She could not grow old, there is not enough stuff in her. Juley, we must protest again, though not quite sane and undeniably an incubus on her family, has real life, and so has Louis, that selfish and craven but sincere lover. Few novels of the year have been written so competently. Mrs. Carswell's style is limpid without monotony. She is, perhaps, a little addicted to over-much detail, and just occasionally indulges in what might be called "immoralising."

The Happy Foreigner. By Enid Bagnold. (Heinemann. 8s.)

This is a very remarkable book. It tells of one Fanny, driver to the French Army after the Armistice, and it is lucidly and simply written. Miss Bagnold has a style, an imagination, and a story to relate. From this trinity has come forth a work of art, not flawless, but startling and beautiful; one which does not so much "hang together" as grow like a flower, like a slender tree. It has no "plot," nor is it merely a chronicle of events. Without the trappings of realism, free of the "mud and blood" convention, it carries absolute conviction. We see, we drive with Fanny across the waste, ruined, awful battle-fields, visit the precarious shell of a town that was Verdun and the forests of Chantilly; watch spring come to Charleville. Without the slightest strain or apparent effort the suggestion is conveyed of the vastness of the task which the men have set themselves; we are continuously aware, without being deliberately reminded of it, of the smallness of the human ants who run hither and thither in a wide land of ruin and chaos.

Fanny, living in varying degrees of misery and comfort, frequently cold and hungry, sometimes sad, always intensely alive, drives her "clients" in snow and rain, wears silk stockings when she comes to Metz, goes to a party, falls in love, is fallen in love with, has various adventures, and finally, her love-affair being abortive, prepares to return to England. So much for Miss Bagnold's story. For her style and her imagination let the following quotations speak:—

> "But she was not critical because she was looking for living happiness, and every moment she was more and more convinced that she would get it. But when he asked her name and she repeated it, it sounded so much like an avowal that they both turned together down the towpath with a quick movement and spoke of other things, for they were old enough to be afraid that the vague happiness that fluttered before them down the path would not be so beautiful when it was caught."
>
> "Oh Dark, and Pale, and Plain, walking soberly in hat and coat, what sign in these faces of the silver webbery within the brain, of the flashing fancies and merry plans, like birds gone mad in a cage! The tram, as antique as a sedan chair, clanked across the bridge over the river, and changing its note as it reached the firmer land, roared and bumbled like a huge bee into the little street. Stopping below her window it was assailed by little creatures who threw themselves as greedily within as if they were setting out upon a wild adventure."
>
> "She stirred at last, and turned; and found herself alone with that flock of enormous companions, the hog-backed mountains, like cattle feeding about her. Above, uniting craggy horn to horn, and an architrave of stars."

With these perceptions, this sense of proportion, this command of language, Miss Bagnold should go yet further as a novelist. There are many in these days who believe that the novel is in its infancy—that there are endless experiments, new paths to be tried, deep seas to be sounded. Here is a writer, perfectly sincere, and, as far as she goes, sensitive and fearless. In this book she covers a wide space; but she does not go very deep. That for "The Happy Foreigner" is right; the tone, the "convention," the relative values are perfect. But in another book we hope that she will show that, without losing any poignancy, grace, or freshness, she can yet be profound—can cease as a human to be, with Fanny, "half out of reach of pain," and thereby become a novelist of the first rank.

E. B. C. J.

W.A.A.C. LETTERS FROM B.E.F. *(Continued)*

By M. E. ROACH.

DEC. 1ST, 1917.

I seem fated to live in rather muggy places. The air on this hill is bracing, but directly you get down into the road it is dear old Cornwall, muggy, misty, drizzle. On my left it is like the shore side of Constantine Bay, with a few fir trees pitched on top of sand dunes, on my right there is a railway, rather in a pit, swampy fields that I suppose grow something in the summer, and not much else. I walked along the main road and was passed and splashed by long, long trails of motor lorries. They pass all day. The roads are bad and wherever there is a rut it is filled with mud of about the consistency of soothing syrup.

This is a very public life. The incinerator man walks in at least twice a day for orders, an orderly from Col. Cook comes in once or twice, the Supply depôt sends a man in, the guard reports when he goes on duty at 10 p.m., and many others. They knock at the door it is true, but it quite prevents my being able to wash and dry my hair at the stove.

There is a good cook, Kemp, which is a mercy as I don't understand anything about rations. I wish they had sent me here for a few days before Miss Rushworth left. But I suppose the Army would never do anything so obvious as that.

The only homely thing in this room is Hector, a toy dog given me by Wentworth. (I told you about her, didn't I? An awfully nice girl. A very ardent Suff. Spent six months in France in the ranks, and is now an Ad.) Hector lives on a shelf near the telephone, and gives me courage when I have to answer it.

More men have called. The officer in charge of the signallers spoke in terms of the highest praise of their work. They certainly are a very nice set of girls. The telegraphists are lent by the P.O. and must each have had at least five years' experience in a big post office. I do want a woman to talk to. Military etiquette forbids my having my girls in for a pleasant chat, though I do try to speak to each of them every day.

SUNDAY, 10.50 A.M.

Yesterday afternoon the Adjutant came in and I got him to help me with my Imprest Account. A very nice, middle-aged Scotchman, with two sons nearly old enough to join up. He worked hard for quite an hour and a half going through old indents, vouchers, &c., and says they have no such complicated system in the Army. He had tea with me, and then did all he could, but advised me not to copy his figures till I could get hold of the O. i/c Supplies. I rang up Supplies, and Capt. C. came along and swotted for well over an hour. He thinks he has got it right. You take all the rations you are entitled to, all you have actually eaten, and then subtract. What you have eaten goes down in your debit account at 1s. 6¼d. each; what you got by subtracting you credit yourself with at (would you believe it?) 1s. 5.5/7d. Having done all this you multiply by 5 and divide by 44! You will probably think I am mad, but the figures I have given you are correct. The system has been invented entirely for the W.A.A.C. on Active Service. There is nothing like it in England, and nothing like it in any other branch of the Army, so Major W. says. He and I did our sums quite different ways, but the totals came alike, I am glad to say. The reason we were wrong was that we thought the credited ration would be worth as much as the debited. Also we counted the Administrator's rations with the Workers'. A fatal mistake! That goes on a separate line with little sums all of its own. Thus is the true dignity of the Service maintained. Capt. C. said it was because I was entitled to free rations, but I told him they rooked me 15s. 6d. a week for them.

3/12/17.

Yesterday the A.C. motored over and took me to see three villas about two miles off which are to be used for Waacs, probably not before February. They are arranged on pillars high above the sand, but the sand blows and drifts everywhere. They have built covered ways with steps leading down to lavatories, kitchens, etc., which all had to be built on, and already sand has drifted in many inches deep. They would be lovely in summer, but hardly ideal for the next four months.

We came back to tea here. I was awfully glad to see Miss Pridden. In the last Great War she was an anti-militant. The Controllers were apparently chosen on the lines of hurting neither parties' feelings, three militants and three anti-militants. Which is far better than having a row over it. Miss P. is very helpful and I like her ideas. She really does care for the girls' comfort and happiness.

As soon as the A.C. had gone the Padre called. He joined up as a private and was in the ranks for two years, got twice wounded, and then blown up by a shell, and was so ill he couldn't return to the fighting line, and so became a chaplain; this was eleven months ago. The amusing thing was that when he signed on as chaplain he was sent to a depôt with orders "to get accustomed to Tommies before going further on." He looks terribly ill still.

There are Manchurians here in hundreds. They are kept in their own enclosure. Their round caps, faces, and overalls are of the same madder-brown colour. They are not a bit like Chinese; I thought they were some kind of Kaffir with straight noses the first time I saw them.

I went for a long walk this morning to try to get warm. We are between the sea and an uneven ridge of chalk hills. At dusk it looks purply like Dartmoor. The road I took climbed upwards and then had a cutting through the ridge. The wind was so strong that I had to turn back. If it were summer and you were here we should be saying, "What lovely walks." On my right was a lake and a hotel, and further on a "Tea Restaurant. Best site in this neighbourhood"; so it is evidently not out of the track of tourists. There were two crucifixes along the road, and a nice church, better kept, I think, than the one in this village. Already there is a window up to men (ours) who have died in the hospitals near by.

I have eaten a huge dinner, stew and bread pudding. Here we get all sorts of rations, not only tinned stuff, frozen meat, vegs., etc. Kemp does very good rice rissoles. Boils the rice, puts jam in the middle and screws it into a good-sized ball, then puts flour all over to bind it and fries it in boiling fat. I don't know of course if one would like it at home, but here it seems quite good.

4/12/17.

The veterinary hospitals are marvellous places. The horses might be human beings. There are all sorts of operations done. Apparently everything but a shattered leg can be mended up. It is very interesting here. I can imagine that I shall be awfully sorry to leave it when I suddenly get my marching orders. I've got into regular routine as if I'd been here a lifetime.

7.30.—Cup of tea, hot water.

8.—Breakfast.

8.30.—Visit kitchen. Fatigues report to me.

9.—Either office work or walk.

10.30.—Cup of tea. (The Army is run on the same lines as home missions, nothing is done without tea.)

11.—Inspect dining-rooms, sleeping huts, paths, ablution huts, sinks, ash bins. (In the Army you stand or fall by your bins, ash. Your morals may be perfectly good, your returns may be punctual and correct, you may even be considerate of those under you, but if tea-leaves are found where only bones should be, or fat in the receptacle labelled "Empty tins" it were better for you to apply for Home Service.)

11.30.—Office work.

12.30.—Dinner. Walk, or sit in state for visitors.

4.—Tea. Office work till about 6, or sometimes later.

7.30.—Roll call. Girls come in and see me if they want a private talk.

8.—Supper. Then read and write till 11, when signallers returning from duty come in to report. They talk to me for a few minutes, give me the latest news, and depart to their cocoa, which is being kept hot on their stove. I then remove my two jugs of boiling water from my own stove and go to bed.

I am extraordinarily lucky to have such nice girls as I have. I shall never again be afraid of the haughty damsels in a post office. Out here they become so dependent on one that they

lose their haughtiness and are quite affectionate. Two of mine are R.C.s, it is much nicer for them than for the C. of E. people. There are always churches for them, with all the accretions to which they are accustomed. A perfectly bare hut, a draped packing-case for an altar, wooden cross, two candles, a small box covered with a towel for a credence, a sailcloth rolled up to make a communicants kneeler, and two rows of forms don't give a very churchy atmosphere. For myself I love these services, but I can understand the girls not finding them attractive.

An airship is buzzing about and machine-guns spitting, so I feel an Active Service atmosphere—only practice. I was censoring a letter at the last camp in which a girl wrote: "We can hear the firing from the Front all day. It doesn't keep me awake at night now as I have learnt to sleep through it." At that camp one couldn't hear a sound except girls nailing tin-tacks into the walls for their photos!

5/12/17.

The water in all the fire buckets has frozen solid. I am quite cold. I must try to buy a mat or footstool for my feet. We are supposed to get door-mats from Ordnance, but it hasn't had any in stock for some time. There's a fine amount of ventilation through the floors of these huts. We did use blankets as carpets, but it has been forbidden, worse luck. I'm wearing fairly thick stockings and cloth gaiters, and yet my legs are trembling with cold.

They have not been able to get the wounded into huts for the winter as they hoped to do, and so they are in tents still, both here and at the last place I stayed in, thousands of them. One feels sorry that we should be occupying huts while they are still under canvas. Some of the Controllers tried hard to put us in tents, but it wasn't allowed. It was said that women's health would not stand it. Some of the men say we have undertaken more than we can do, and that we shall never stand the winter. I *hope* we shall prove them wrong. We only came out last April, and so of course have had all the best of the year.

We had a raid alarm last night. First we got three warning blasts, then H.Q. 'phones through to me. My orders are not to leave the telephone till "All clear" sounds, and yet I have to see that all lights are out and that all troops under my command are ready to be moved instantly on orders being given! I tore round the huts, got girls in bed up and into great coats. Then I took my "Secret Instructions," unsealed and read them by the light of an electric torch. Collected girls in my room and told stories in the dark. One of them was ill and nervous. Presently "All Clear" went and we resumed our normal life until I was rung up again and told raid still on, so I had to rush round, get my invalid up, and begin all over again. The Boche was right over us, I believe. There were a lot of ours up too. I saw them all scouting about early in the evening. This is my seventeenth raid. I still find them exhilarating, but then I have never been hurt. It must be awfully nerve-wracking for the wounded with only a bit of canvas for protection.

6/12/17.

I have been arranging with the O.C. Supplies to have all his men to dinner with my girls on Christmas Day from 10.30 to 4. I don't know if I ought to have asked him to lunch with me to complete the *entente cordiale*, but I didn't think of it till he had gone.

Major W. is taking me in his car to the neighbouring town to-morrow; he is holding a court-martial there. There is to be a Y.M.C.A. hut opened in the big camp, and the A.C. told me to try to get a lift in.

My dears, it is cold! At night I wrap one rug round me like a parcel and have two others over me and an eiderdown, and yet I lie rigid with cold. The girls have stoves in their rooms lighted the last thing. There are eight girls in each hut, which I think makes the atmosphere a bit warmer. I got two R.E.s up this morning and got them to move a stove from a disused orderly room and put it in my bedroom. I shall have it lighted about seven, then perhaps the whole hut will get warmer.

There is more in this than meets the eye. The R.E. officer has just been in to see if the asbestos is satisfactory, and of course saw his men putting up the stove in my bedroom. I could not hide them, because they were outside fixing the chimney. He blushed very much and said, "You know they ought not to have done that without my permission." And I said, "No, I know they ought not, but you see I only thought of it this morning. If I ever want it taken down I'll ask you." He laughed quite happily, so I suppose it is all right.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

By MARCELLE R. CRÉMIEUX.

Many people present at the Geneva Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance were astonished at the depth of feeling displayed on one occasion by the English and French delegates. The subject under discussion was: "Women and the League of Nations," and throughout the discussion the English delegates held consistently to their point of view, which was as consistently opposed by the French, while the rest of the Congress was divided, the majority for the French proposal being very small.

As everybody will remember, the English idea was the creation, in the League of Nations, of an International Bureau for the Status of Women, on the same lines as the Labour Commission.

There were three principal reasons why the French were against the formation of a Bureau. The League of Nations is the first official organisation where absolute equality between men and women is recognised, and the "Covenant" proclaims it. The idea that women should organise themselves for independent action, and deliberately isolate themselves from men, instead of taking advantage of the opportunity for equal joint work with men, is, in our eyes, retrogressive. Experience has proved that the best results have always been obtained by co-operation between men and women, and this has been our best argument, since the days when we first started fighting for our enfranchisement. In France, where we have no suffrage yet, if we took this step, men would soon use the weapon we had put into their hands, and would accuse us of the intention of establishing a Parliament of our own when the vote is eventually given to us.

The second reason is, that such a Bureau would work under great difficulties; there would be continual conflict between the Commission on Social Questions in the League and the Women's Bureau. Resolutions might be passed by the former only to be opposed by the latter, and essential action might be seriously delayed by the separation and isolation of the two bodies. Women must see that their interests are protected on the other bodies, and we believe that far more efficient and speedy results will be attained by co-operation than through opposition and strife.

Our third and last reason is that we cannot consider women simply as a race apart. Mons. Léon Bourgeois told me himself that if we asked for this Bureau we would discourage even our best friends. Some people may answer that the equality of the sexes has been recognised in principle but not in fact, and that if we wait until men act on the principle we may have to wait a long time. I am quite convinced that we ourselves must work for recognition, but *with* men. The League of Nations allows us to hold any posts on its technical Commissions, even the highest; it is for us to obtain them. We can do immense work on the Commissions for Labour, Hygiene, Social Questions, Education, &c., which are to be created, and it will be very curious to see women in these International Commissions who, like the French, have no right to sit in their national Parliaments.

On the other hand, I believe very strongly in one resolution voted by the Congress: namely, the creating of an International Women's Council, which will have to investigate, but not make decisions, and which will work in connection with the League of Nations to give advice when necessary. If the Council is properly organised, it can have as much influence with the League of Nations as the International Red Cross has—and that is quite a lot.

If, then, on the one hand, women will give their advice on problems after serious thought and study; and, on the other hand, women in the different Commissions of the League of Nations will try to effect reforms, I think they will be in the best position to obtain the recognition of their rights all over the world.

THE MENACE OF THE HOUSE FLY.

By H. J. BAYLIS

"Where do flies go in the winter-time?" So ran the popular comic song—but it did not solve, neither did it presume to fathom this all-important question.

The great problem that faces us each year is, what can we do to minimise their vast numbers?

Unfortunately, most of us do not sufficiently realise the menace of the innocent looking little house-fly.

These abominable pests during the summer-time invade our homes in hordes, crawl over our eatables, walk around the edge of the milk jug, get prematurely buried in the margarine or butter, fall into the jam, crawl over the sleeping infant, and probably end by awakening it from its peaceful slumbers.

It is the nature of these insects to alight and feed upon any vile filth, excrement, sputum, &c., that may be on the highways and byways. They revel in dustbin garbage, and the rubbish of any refuse receptacles and manure heaps. Possibly they may then, after having been on such matter, pass through the open windows of our homes, with their dirty, hairy, germ-laden legs, on to our foods and over our children, carrying invariably pollution in their wake.

These great germ diffusers we see almost everywhere; they literally cover many of our unprotected eatables; they apparently much delight in feeding upon raw or cooked flesh and fish foods, and more especially on these viands if putrefaction has set in.

It is said that the house-fly can travel a distance of nearly one mile, so is liable to bring into our homes any disease that it may come into contact with during the journey.

The house-fly was first described and named Musca-domestica by Charles Linnaeus, the Swiss naturalist, in 1758.

Eminent naturalists tell us that :—

"It is a new species of an old genus, and a product of human insanitation."

The total development of the egg to adult only takes ten and a half to fifteen days. A single female house-fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at one time, and many deposit five or six such batches during a life-time.

One pair of flies are capable of producing twenty-five million more in a season, for in very hot weather their progeny may be laying eggs about three weeks after the eggs from which they themselves developed were deposited.

The germs of disease conveyed by the house-fly are carried on the exterior of its legs, wings, head, or body, or, as is more usually the case, in the insect's crop or intestines, and may subsequently be deposited on food or other substances.

The proboscis or tube through which they suck up their food ends in a pair of fleshy lobes, and when not in use is folded away into a cavity on the underside of the head.

The chief danger is in their contaminated vomit, for after eating they reject on to the food from their microbe crops.

It is stated that paraffin, if rubbed on to the sashes, beads, and bars of the windows will destroy any flies that may be in a room.

Much can be done to decrease the number of flies by keeping dustbins well disinfected, burning garbage and refuse of any sort, also by having clean health foods—flesh and fish foods entice them in great quantities, and here the bluebottles also have opportunity to propagate their own kind. Eggs are soon laid, and hatched into filthy rapacious-eating maggots, for the bluebottle will only lay eggs upon any dead or foul matter.

A clean diet, free from anything that can easily decay, is the safest to partake of, and most health giving.

From the motherland we have a beautiful supply and great variety of vegetables, cereals, nuts, and fruits, nut oils, and nut fats. All are highly recommended, and those who use them will find that, apart from their health sustaining properties, they will not be tormented or menaced by these insect enemies of ours, anyhow at most only in the minority.

"Health and knowledge is greater than wealth," said a humanitarian philosopher. They are two great boons of mankind to have and retain. They are correlative, supporting each other.

When knowledge-truth prevails, disease and illness will pass away, and golden health, which nature intended for us all, will be our heritage.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PUBLIC UTILITY SOCIETIES.

MADAM,—Miss Inez Ferguson's interesting article in a recent number of THE WOMAN'S LEADER, entitled "Housing without Tears," gives valuable information regarding Public Utility Societies and their usefulness as building agencies. May I warmly endorse the sentiment that Public Utility Societies "offer a great opportunity for national service" to men and women. Men are already to a large extent taking advantage of this opportunity: women have as yet scarcely done so at all. And yet it is obvious women should be practically taking part in the national building schemes—firstly because, as it is true that Housing is a woman's question, it is equally true that faith without works is dead; secondly, because women will need to take the provision of homes for themselves into their own hands if they want their housing conditions to improve quickly. I would like to inform your readers that I have got a Public Utility Society practically ready for registration under the name of "Woman's Pioneer Housing Trust Ltd." I am now only waiting for one or two more women to come forward and join me. My scheme is one which has received official approval and offers great possibilities for building of every kind, and I therefore hope that anyone really interested and agreeing with Miss Ferguson's point of view will write to me for full particulars and arrange an interview.

E. A. BROWNING.

6, Bramham Gardens, S.W. 5.

STATE PURCHASE OF WOOL.

MADAM,—I do not think that Sir Leo Chiozza Money's illustration of the benefit of the State purchase of wool is a happy one, nor does it conduce to reassure the public as to the wisdom of allowing Governments to interfere with trade concerns.

Sir Leo Chiozza Money is not very accurate in reference to what he styles the State wool deals. These were not Socialistic, but military; they were not effected "through the wise and prudent buying of enterprising officials," but by Government prohibition of sales and the appropriation by them of all wool at home and in the Colonies. The whole clips were taken possession of by our Government at prices fixed by their own valuers; they took what they required for military purposes, and sold the balance to such buyers as they thought proper, excluding all who might, directly or indirectly, assist the enemy. The comparatively small quantity of wool they brought into the market caused a great increase in price and consequent rise in the cost of all woollen goods—that is to say, the public had to suffer for the shortage caused by war operations. A large profit has been made principally in Australian wool; one half of the profit goes to the Colonial Government and one-half to the Home Government. The half which goes to Australia is to be refunded to the growers, but the Home Government sticks to their share. The wool deal was simply this, the Government for military purposes commandeered the wool clips of several years, paid their own terms of purchase, and retained their share of the profit. The Australian Government, with a greater sense of justice, returned the profit to the growers of the wool.

EUNICE G. MURRAY.

GREEK WOMEN'S CONGRESS.

MADAM,—I am glad to say that the Greek Women's Congress our Club is convoking in October next promises to be a success. Fifty Societies and Leagues have already announced that they will join it. We should be extremely happy to welcome any of our foreign friends if they decided to be present, and although it is not international their presence will give it weight and will help us to carry the points.

C. PARREN, President of the Lyceum Club, Athens, Greece.

PARENTHOOD AND POPULATION.

MADAM,—I was much surprised to see in the article "Parenthood and Population" *unsigned* in the current number of THE WOMAN'S LEADER the statement about divorce. It seemed to me to advocate a wider extension than mere equality as between the sexes. I understood the policy of THE WOMAN'S LEADER only went as far as equality between the sexes and no further. It seems to me a pity for THE WOMAN'S LEADER to extend the policy, as the question of divorce is most controversial and many extreme feminists consider divorce (as commonly understood) for any reason to be anti-feminist. I should be glad to know if THE WOMAN'S LEADER has extended its policy or not.

A. J. MUSSON.

[Our correspondent is quite right: the policy of the paper is to advocate equality of the marriage laws as between men and women. It does not support or oppose any of the other controversial questions connected with divorce.]

REPORTS.

"HER OWN HOME."

The raising of railway fares will drive even more workers to an already packed London, and the question of where and how to live within their means will be a very serious question to hundreds of gentlewomen. They crave for a place of their own where they can have their treasures about them, the things that mean "home"—books, pictures, precious china, pretty cushions and cosy chairs, their writing-table and, above all, a place in which to rest, read and be able to think in peace.

Miss Stirling-O'Reilly, once the popular Secretary of the Society of Women Journalists, has realised the urgent need there is for comfortable moderately-priced chambers for gentlewomen with service and board. Recently she opened the Students' Hall of Residence at 107, Belgrave Road, S.W. 1, where students and others found most charming quarters. Furnished cubicles with board and service begin at 37s. 6d. a week; single rooms 45s. to 2½ guineas, and double rooms 2 guineas each person. These terms are for partial board—*viz.*, breakfast and dinner on weekdays, and full board on Sundays. Cold luncheons can be had for 1s. a head, and tea for 6d.

This Residence proved so successful that Miss Stirling-O'Reilly has now taken the house next door, 109, which has an entrance into 107 (where all meals will be taken) and is letting it in unfurnished chambers for gentlewomen. All good rooms, bright and airy, the front ones look over the church and gardens of St. George's Square, and beyond lies the river, always changing, and even here often very beautiful. It is a central position, a bare ten minutes' walk from Victoria Station, while omnibuses to Oxford Street, Charing Cross, Baker Street, &c., &c., pass a few steps away. All the windows will be curtained for the tenants, who can take the rooms by the quarter, and the stairs are also carpeted, while the fresh white paint and cheerful parrot paper makes the whole house gay and dainty. Hot baths are 3d. with an unlimited supply of hot water, and these will be a real joy. There are gas fires and a gas ring already fitted in each room (a penny in the slot), and electric light as well. The fees for all this comfort are from 2 to 3 guineas a week with board and service. Suites of rooms can be had if desired and a home for a gentlewoman is ready to her hand. She has only to move in and settle down in ease and peace, untroubled by the thoughts of household shopping and the unending problem of servants and their ways. We are warned there are "lean years" before us, but Miss Stirling-O'Reilly's scheme will enable many women to face them with calm serenity. The meals are well served and cooked, for there is an excellent cook, and very ample portions of good wholesome sustaining food. I must not forget to say that students of music are not accommodated.

Another home is being opened in Lansdowne Road, Hove, Brighton, where gentlewomen whose salaries are not so high as their London sisters can find well kept and simply furnished cubicles with full board per week for the very moderate charge of 27s. Single furnished rooms with full board can also be had and vary in price according to size and floor. Residents from Miss Stirling-O'Reilly's London houses can come for rest and change here at slightly raised terms. I know these houses will prove a blessing and a boon to many women and I can only advise them to apply at once.

EVELYN MILLER.

COMING EVENTS.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION.

The following meetings on League of Nations subjects will be held :—

AUGUST 20 & 21.

At Repton School, Repton. (Organised by the Workers' Educational Association.)

Speaker: Prof. Lyon Blease.

AUGUST 21.

Open-air meeting at Sittingbourne. (Organised by the Labour Party.)

Speaker: W. Henderson, Esq.

In the Town Hall, Faversham.

Speaker: W. Henderson, Esq.

AUGUST 22.

In the Parish Church, Houghton-le-Spring.

Preacher: Canon Bickersteth Ottley. 6.30 p.m.

AUGUST 23.

In the Primitive Methodist Church, West Norwood.

Speaker: Miss Currey, O.B.E. 8 p.m.

AUGUST 24.

At the Welsh Baptist Union, Carmarthen.

Speaker: Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P.

AUGUST 26.

At the Women's Institute, Little Horkesley.

Garden Party.

AUGUST 27.

At "The Close," Staines.

Speaker: Miss Currey, O.B.E. 4 p.m.

THE Y.W.C.A. WORKING WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

SEPTEMBER 30.

At the Holt, Rectory Road, Beckenham.

The Council and Students of the College At Home.

"Pageant of Women's Work," written and acted by the Students, will be performed in the garden.

Tea: 4.15 p.m.

Pageant: 5 p.m.

For invitation card apply (before September 25th) to Miss Walters, Y.W.C.A., 26, George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

After Shopping

revive the complexion with Pomeroy Day Cream. Pomeroy Day Cream is a non-greasy cream, instantly vanishing when rubbed into the skin. It is fascinatingly fragrant, being most delicately perfumed — and wonderfully refreshing. To a fatigued and shiny skin it is like the heaven-sent dew to the thirsty land. It smoothes and softens the skin, and takes away the "tiredness" that follows exposure to wind, dust, and sun.

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NEWS FROM HEADQUARTERS AND FROM OUR SOCIETIES.

OBJECTS.

The object of the N.U.S.E.C. is to work for such reforms as are necessary to secure a real equality of liberties, status, and opportunities between men and women.

Any Society may be accepted by the N.U.S.E.C. that is willing to include the object of the Union within its objects, and to pay an affiliation fee, varying from five shillings to two guineas, according to membership.

The privileges of affiliated Societies include:—

1. *That of helping to decide the policy of the Union, which is also that of* THE WOMAN'S LEADER, *at the Annual Council meeting.*
2. *Free use of the Information Bureau; use of the Library at reduced charges; admission of members of affiliated Societies to the Summer School at reduced charges.*
3. *The receipt of our monthly circular letter, including Parliamentary suggestions for the month.*

Privileges 2 and 3 are extended also to individual subscribers of one guinea or more per annum to Headquarters.

The following is the time-table of the Summer School, which is subject to alteration:—

FIRST WEEK.

Saturday evening, August 28th, at 8.30. Inaugural Meeting in Ruskin College, Oxford.

N.B.—The lectures are all in Ruskin College except where otherwise stated.

Monday, August 30th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Theories of Population," Mrs. Stocks.
10.45 to 12.—"Problems of Municipal Government," Miss E. F. Rathbone.
12 to 1.—"League of Nations" (History of Covenant), Miss A. Helen Ward.
6 to 7.—"Economics of Domestic Life," Mrs. McKillop.
8.30 to 9.30.—"Housing," Miss E. F. Rathbone.

Tuesday, August 31st:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Theories of Population," Mrs. Stocks.
10.45 to 12.—Organisation. Officers' Meeting.
12 to 1.—Speakers' Class. Miss Hartop.
6 to 7.—"Economics of Domestic Life," Mrs. McKillop.
8.30 to 9.30.—Conference on University Extension.

Wednesday, September 1st:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Theory of Wages," Edwin Cannan, Esq.
10.45 to 12.—"Public Health," Miss Macadam.
12 to 1.—"Organisation."
6 to 7.—"Economics of Domestic Life," Mrs. McKillop.
8.30 to 9.30.—"Equal Pay for Equal Work," Mrs. Strachey. (Public Meeting.)

Thursday, September 2nd:
9.15 to 10.30.—"The Future of Women in the Professions," Mrs. Strachey.
10.45 to 12.—"Election Work," Mrs. Strachey.
12 to 1.—"The Work which the League of Nations is Doing," Miss Currey, O.B.E.
6 to 7.—"Economics of Domestic Life," Mrs. McKillop.
8.30 to 9.30.—Speakers' Class. Miss Hartop.

Friday, September 3rd:
9.15 to 10.30.—"The Future of Women in Industry," Miss Ashley.
10.45 to 12.—"Criminal Law Amendment," Mrs. Bethune-Baker.
12 to 1.—"The League of Nations and the Peace Treaty."
6 to 7.—"Economics of Domestic Life," Mrs. McKillop.
8.30 to 9.30.—"The Danger of Economic Breakdown in Europe," Sir George Paish (Public Meeting).

Saturday, September 4th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Labour Legislation," Miss Constance Smith.
10.45 to 12.—"Recent Experiments in Municipal Enterprise," E. D. Simon, Esq.
12 to 1.—"Recent Experiments in Public Health Legislation," Mrs. E. D. Simon.

SECOND WEEK.

Monday, September 6th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"The Present Position of Wife and Mother," Miss Rosamond Smith.
10.45 to 12.—"Recreation," Miss Macadam.
12 to 1.—"Women in the League of Nations," Miss Rosamond Smith.
6 to 7.—"Police Courts," Mrs. Ring.
8.30 to 9.30.—"Mandates under the League of Nations," Sir Sydney Olivier (Public Meeting).

Tuesday, September 7th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Widows' Pensions, Guardianship of Infants, Maintenance Orders," Mrs. Hubback.
10.45 to 12.—"Infant Welfare, Nursery Schools," Miss Eckhard.
12 to 1.—Speakers' Class. Miss Hartop.
6 to 7.—"Penal Reform," Sir Sydney Olivier.
8.30 to 9.30.—"Election Work," Mrs. Ross.

Wednesday, September 8th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"Proposed Scheme for National Family Endowment," Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone.
10.45 to 12.—"Juvenile Delinquents," Miss Macadam.
12 to 1.—"The League of Nations," Miss Royds.
6 to 7.—"Elementary Education," Mrs. Rackham.
8.30 to 9.30.—"National Family Endowment," Miss E. F. Rathbone (Public Meeting in Assembly Rooms).

Thursday, September 9th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"National Family Endowment: (a) Economic Effects; (b) Social Effects," Miss E. F. Rathbone.
10.45 to 12.—"Adult Education," Mrs. Rackham.
12 to 1.—"Organisation." Officers Meeting.
6 to 7.—"The State and the Law-Breaker," Miss S. Margery Fry.
8.30 to 9.30.—"Election Work," Miss Macadam.

Friday, September 10th:
9.15 to 10.30.—"The Unmarried Mother: The Bastardy Bill," Miss Rosamond Smith.
10.45 to 12.—"Continuation Schools," Miss Mercier.
12 to 1.—"The League of Nations," Miss A. Helen Ward.
6 to 7.—"The Psychological Aspects of Penal Reform," Dr. Glover.
8.30 to 9.30.—"The Psychological Aspects of Penal Reform," Dr. Glover (Public Meeting).

Obituary.

Many readers of THE WOMAN'S LEADER will sympathise deeply with Mrs. Edward Smithson, of Hitchin, on the tragically sudden death of her husband on August 11th. Mr. Smithson was a member of the local Society of the N.U.W.S.S. and for some time sat on its Committee. All his life he was a convinced and generous supporter of Woman Suffrage, and the hospitality of his beautiful house was freely and widely extended to the many workers in the cause whose activities brought them within his range. To many such the personal charm and gentle courtesy of their host will be among the most pleasant recollections of their "Suffrage" days.

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Side Spring Corsets
Masterfront
DOUBLE FRONT-LACED
WITH BUSK CENTRAL.
Models 1600, 1602, 1608
£1 : 2s. : 6d. to £6 : 6s.

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Masterfront double front-laced Corsets are a patented exclusive eature controlling the figure on an entirely new principle, so as to ensure Comfort, Hygiene, and Durability, and meet the Dictates of Fashion. Masterfront double front-laced Corsets are appealing and convincing in appearance, and ladies will be reluctant to revert to ordinary corsets once they have experienced their perfect comfort.

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5. Masterfront Construction solves the problem of Corset weakness, no edge stitching at either side of busk.
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COMBINED ROOM WANTED, Brompton-road. Lady out all day. Gas Stove, Bath.—Box 4,364, WOMAN'S LEADER, 170, Fleet-stret, E.C. 4.

TO LET FURNISHED, in professional woman's maisonette near Kensington High-street, two bed-sitting-rooms and use of dining-room and bath-room; 2 gns. weekly; attendance by arrangement.—Box 4,363, WOMAN'S LEADER, 170, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

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FOR SALE.—Detached RESIDENCE, with stabling and coach-house. One mile Guildford Station, close Portsmouth-road. Lounge-hall, billiard-room, drawing-room, with verandah, dining, twelve bedrooms, two dressing. Commodious domestic offices, croquet and tennis lawns. Boating, golf. Beautiful R.C. church 1½ miles, C. of E. 1 mile.—Alex. H. Turner & Co., Guildford.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHAT DO UNITARIANS BELIEVE? Booklets given post free.—Miss Barmby, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

AS COMPANION to elderly lady. Free September. Excellent references. Domesticated; musical; £50.—Box 4,346, WOMAN'S LEADER, 170, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

WANTED, September 3rd, housemaid willing help garden, or garden girl; two maids kept; 1 lady—Mrs. J. Suttill, Bridport.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT.

A QUALIFIED DIRECTOR is required in October for a NURSERY SCHOOL with an average attendance of 24 children. Applicants should be prepared to undertake training of students. The salary is £70 per annum with board and residence. Applications, which should be accompanied by three copies of testimonials, must be lodged before August 31st with the Warden, Queen Margaret Settlement, 77, Port-street, Anderston, Glasgow.

ANNOUNCEMENTS,

KENSINGTON TOWN HALL.—Fellowship Services are suspended till September 5th, 1920, when Miss Roydon resumes, and Dr. Dearmer's "Five Quarters" commences September 19th.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION

NORTH CORNWALL.—To let August 26th, Bedroom and Sitting-room in cottage (another bed outside). Village. Sea 1 mile.—Cobb, Wealdstone House, Harrow.

WANTED, Small Furnished House in Harrogate for September; four guineas a week; bath, &c.—Apply Box 4,368, WOMAN'S LEADER, 170, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

WANTED, educated girls, to help with work of a Convalescent Home. State salary required.—Matron, Children's Convalescent Home, Hawkshead-street, Southport.

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GARDENING FOR WOMEN at Ileden College (formerly Udimore). Practical, comprehensive training. Individual consideration. Gardening year begins mid-September; work will include remaking rose garden, greenhouse erection, &c.—Peake-Ridley, Kingstone, near Canterbury.

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