

The War Paper for Women

VOTES FOR WOMEN

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNITED SUFFRAGISTS

VOL. VIII. (Third Series), No. 389.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1915.

Price 1d. Weekly (Post Free 1½d.)

CHARGED FOR BEING A WOMAN!



MILLER: "Yes, we gave your brother 26s. a week before he enlisted; but we have to make a small charge for your being a woman, so here's 15s. for doing the same work as he did."

(One of the speakers at the Portman Rooms last Sunday mentioned a flour mill where men are paid 26s. a week, and women only 15s. for doing the same work.)

UNITED SUFFRAGISTS

4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Telephone, Holborn 5880
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"VOTES FOR WOMEN"

We have received lately many encouraging messages from readers, enclosing in most cases a donation to our funds. These are especially welcome at this time of year when, although office expenses go on as usual, funds are apt to remain stationary owing to so many of our supporters being scattered for the holidays.

A new reader, for instance, sending us £1 1s., calls this "a tribute of sympathy and admiration for the good work done by the U.S. and their paper."

Here is the kind of letter (enclosing a donation) that cheers up our Hon. Treasurer in August: "I enclose a small sum for the funds of the United Suffragists, who are doing such splendid work for the cause," writes Mrs. Ada E. Farmer. "I am sorry I cannot send a larger sum, but I sell the paper VOTES FOR WOMEN, and have done so for many years."

Mrs. M. Edwards, enclosing a cheque, expresses her admiration for our paper, "which now, even more than before, is doing such valuable work to ensure the political emancipation of half the nation."

Miss K. A. Raleigh, thanking the United Suffragists "for the splendid example they set," sends us a donation, and heartily endorses last Sunday's united protest. She adds: "It was no surprise to me when the immense generosity shown by women before and since the beginning of this war, was turned into a weapon by means of which tyranny hopes to oppress them more."

We quote these encouraging words from some of the many letters received by us, not out of any spirit of self-congratulation—which would be absurd, as the work we do is done in common with our readers for the great end we all have in view—but because we think they may suggest to others a similar translation of their agreement with our objects into actual coin that will help us to prosecute these more vigorously than ever.

U.S. WOMEN'S CLUB

Secretary, Miss M. R. Cochrane, 92, Borough Road, S.E. Telephone: Hop 4172.

The announcement was hailed with joy that the Club would be opened on Wednesday night for Miss Evelyn Sharp to tell us the meaning of the Registration Sunday Demonstration, and the occasion was looked forward to as "something to cheer us up." Members attended in force, and took bills to distribute. The weather on Sunday thinned the ranks of the marchers, but those who came walked and carried flags with a will, and others went on direct to the hall. Everyone is eager for the re-opening of the Club in the evenings after the holidays. During August, as we have previously announced, it is open only in the afternoons from 3 till 6.

IN THE PROVINCES

A Year's Record

BOLTON U.S.

Hon. Sec., Mrs. Jessie Crompton, Brookdale, Ridingate, near Bolton

At the outbreak of war two or three Suffragists, dismayed at the prospect of other suffrage societies laying down their arms in the "Greater War," at once decided to form a local branch of the U.S. Others quickly rallied round, and the work was carried on without any break. Our paper-sellers

stuck to their posts, and were rewarded by gaining new buyers and new members. In October Miss Evelyn Sharp and Mr. H. W. Nevinson kindly came to Bolton to address our first large meeting, which was very successful. In addition to our members' meetings, at which papers were read and debates held, we have been greatly helped by the co-operation of members of the Manchester Men's League for Women's Suffrage, the Women's Freedom League, and Manchester U.S., who have come to speak for us at indoor and outdoor meetings. Visits from London members—Mr. Charles Gray, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, and Miss Mary Richardson—have been most inspiring, filling us with fresh hope and confidence.

Number of Men Sympathisers

Our second large public meeting was held in February, at which Mr. John Scurr, Dr. Helena Jones, and Mrs. L. Williamson Forrester spoke. The number of men in the audiences has been a marked feature of our public meetings. During the summer months we have held several open-air meetings in the centre of the town which have been unusually successful, the people listening very attentively, and heartily applauding our speakers at the close. In order to combine pleasure with profit (in the literal sense of the words), we had two "Socials" in the winter, a Beethoven evening—to which many outside friends contributed music—and, during the summer, a series of picnics. All these events were much enjoyed socially, and provided us with funds for carrying on our propaganda work.

Many of our members have kept up a lively correspondence in the local Press when occasion offered, and we would like to record here our appreciation of the courtesy of the *Bolton Evening News* and *Bolton Chronicle* in publishing such letters, and also for the good reports they have given of our meetings.

Coming Campaign

We are now looking forward to the winter's work with every confidence. We have already arranged for a big meeting on October 6, at which Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and Mr. Laurence Housman have kindly consented to speak. This we hope to follow up with smaller indoor meetings, as we have found these to be productive of much good. Many strangers come who can be approached more directly than at a larger meeting; we have often gained new members in this way.

We began our Branch, therefore, a year ago under heavy odds; we close with a better record of work done than we, as local Suffragists, have previously experienced, so that we are looking forward to the second year with increased hope and courage. We felt then that to lay down our arms was to betray the cause for which so many men and women have sacrificed so much, and that the greatest service we could render to humanity was to give our allegiance to those who had determined, in spite of enormous difficulties, to keep the Suffrage Flag flying. We feel that still!

Jessie Crompton (Hon. Sec.)

MANCHESTER U.S.

Hon. Sec., Miss Hope Hampson, Onward Buildings, 207, Deansgate

So few of our active members intended to go away this summer that we decided to do all the Suffrage work we could at home. At the fortnightly "At Home" on July 30 Mr. Redwood Anderson read us two of his poems, the second of which was a bold and triumphant interpretation of the words "And was made Man," describing how a primeval Great Ape was moved to feelings of worship by beholding the Rising Sun. Mr. Redwood Anderson made a short but most encouraging speech at the close, saying that his passionate ideal as an artist was to be in touch with reality, and that he had fully grasped how real and how intensely alive the Suffrage movement is, which made him glad of the opportunity of publicly associating himself with the movement. On August 5 we resigned our open-air pitch to Miss Helena Normanton, who is collecting signatures for the British women's petition to the Queen of Holland. This proved to be no great sacrifice, for various members of the audience were brought in touch with our society by Miss Normanton, and they have attended our subsequent meetings. On August 8 Mr. Bailey organised a day's ramble, and through the generosity of the Misses Wallwork and Quail in providing tea at their country cottage, a pleasant day's outing brought in a welcome addition to the Hon. Treasurer's receipts. On August 13 Miss Ellen Wilkinson (Secretary of the Manchester Branch of the Women's Emergency

Corps) kindly spoke at the weekly Sidney Street meeting, and persuaded her audience so effectively of the justice of our cause that there was no sign of dissent at the close. On August 13 Mrs. Cousins kindly came from Liverpool to speak at the fortnightly "At Home," and expressed her deep devotion to the movement with strong and glowing enthusiasm. Mr. Bailey took the Chair, and was heartily welcomed as a new speaker, though such an old worker. Mrs. Miller, of 14, Lingard Road, Northernnden, has kindly promised to be Refreshments Secretary for our coming "At Homes." Promises of help at the numerous open-air meetings to be held shortly will be welcomed—speakers to take the chair, and helpers to distribute pamphlets and sell papers can do a great deal to make Miss Somers' week (August 29—September 4) a great success.

Meetings

Friday, August 20: 7.30 p.m.—Members' Meeting, Onward Buildings, 207, Deansgate.

Wednesday, August 25: 8 p.m.—Corner of Sydney Street.

Friday, August 27: 7.30 p.m.—At Home.—Onward Buildings, 207, Deansgate. Special Guest: Miss Annie Somers.

Sunday, August 29: 3.30 p.m.—Stevenson Square. Principal Speaker: Miss Annie Somers.

Monday, August 30: 7.30 p.m.—Hankinson Street, Salford (unless another pitch is preferred by the Salford Chief Constable). Principal Speaker: Miss Annie Somers.

Wednesday, September 1: 8 p.m.—Corner of Sydney Street. Principal Speaker: Miss Somers.

Thursday, September 2: 7.30 p.m.—Alexandra Park Gates. Miss Somers.

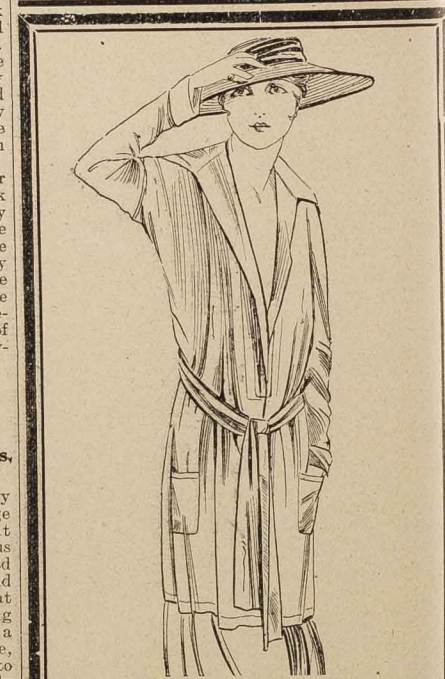
Friday, September 3: 7.30 p.m.—Members' Meeting.—Onward Buildings, 207, Deansgate.

Saturday, September 4: 7 p.m.—Tib Street. Miss Somers.

BOLTON U.S.

Open Air Meeting

Monday, August 23: 7.30 p.m.—Town Hall steps. Miss Somers (of London).



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DEDICATION

To the brave women who to-day are fighting for freedom: to the noble women who all down the ages kept the flag flying and looked forward to this day without seeing it: to all women all over the world, of whatever race, or creed, or calling, whether they be with us or against us in this fight, we dedicate this paper

THE OUTLOOK

Last Sunday's demonstration of Suffrage Societies and Trade Unions, although ignored by the Press, was an extraordinary success, in spite of the withdrawal at the last moment of the Queen's Hall as a meeting place. A crowded and enthusiastic mass meeting was, however, held in the Portman Rooms instead, and presided over by Mrs. Despard, at which strong resolutions were passed, protesting against the sweating of women and the increased cost of living, and demanding the political and industrial equality of women with men. A deputation was elected by the meeting, whose business it will be to seek the Chancellor of the Exchequer and request him to give effect to the resolutions in framing his new Budget. A full account of the meeting will be found on page 387.

Food Prices—Practical Figures

In another part of the paper we give some vitally interesting facts concerning food prices in two working-class budgets sent to us by a member of the Bolton U. S. They bear out the Board of Trade figures recently issued by the War Emergency Workers' National Committee in a memorandum on the increased cost of living during the year of war. The tables published show that the weekly expenditure on food in the standard working-class budget, which was 22s. 6d. in 1904, had risen to 25s. in July, 1914, and to 33s. 9d. in July, 1915, the increase during the period of the war alone being 35 per cent. To take only one article of food as a concrete instance—that of the "staff of life"—we find in the figures supplied to the Board of Trade by the Wholesale Co-operative Society that the 4lb loaf of bread cost 5½d. in May, 1914, and 9d. in May, 1915. To read in these official tables how every necessary of life has risen in price during the past year is to obtain some idea of the problem of the housewife who is now being exhorted so glibly on all sides to "save."

The Baby's Milk

According to the *Lancet*, adulteration of milk in Hackney has now reached such a pitch that it is common for the milk sold to the poor to have had 23 per cent. of its cream removed and 22 per cent. of water added. Thirty-three per cent. of the samples taken recently were found to be thus adulterated. A medical correspondent to the same paper writes:—

The consequences to the young children are disastrous. Probably one-third of the children who die in the poorer quarters die for want of pure milk. Why is the Local Government Board so indifferent to this great loss of life?

The sentence we have italicized is a terrible reflection on those who took advantage of the war to postpone the operation of the Milk and Dairies Act, which should have come into effect on January 1 of this year, and which would have protected our babies' milk to some extent,

especially in the case of tuberculous milk. It is not conceivable that, if women had the vote, this Bill for the saving of life would have been thus treated at a time when every life becomes of treble value owing to the war.

Women at the Pit Brow

From the rather meagre reports of the annual conference of the Scottish miners in Glasgow, last Monday, it appears that the resolution passed at the Portman Rooms meeting, urging Trade Unionists to "accept women workers as members of their Unions," was passed none too soon. Mr. Robert Smillie, in his chairman's speech, is reported to have said—

The national crisis would make a necessity a discussion of several questions, but to him the idea of female labour on the pit bank was abhorrent.

We do not know why Mr. Smillie finds the work of the pit-brow lassies "abhorrent." It cannot be because it is not a healthy occupation, for the appearance of those who came to London to plead their cause a year or two ago gave the lie to that idea. Nor can it be because of the danger or unpleasantness of the work, for women's work is frequently dangerous, as when they are mothers or army nurses, and nearly always unpleasant.

Suffering for Past Sins

We think we can guess, however, the real reason of Mr. Smillie's objection to the work of women at the pit brow. It is the old, old economic reason that women bring down wages, and therefore are a danger if admitted to men's industries—a fear that is comprehensible if unjustifiable. But the miners have always fought this fear in the wrong way. Instead of insisting on the enfranchisement of women and their consequent recognition as the political and industrial equals of men, with a right to a man's wage for doing a man's work, they ignored this, the real crux of the matter, and merely drove the women away from the pit brow whenever they could—as, for instance, at New Sharlston Colliery in January, 1914. (See VOTES FOR WOMEN, February 6, 1914.) If to-day the Government find that the men whom they want released for one purpose or another are doing women's work at the pit-head, they have themselves to thank for having been the prime cause of women's subjection in the past. We suggest to Mr. Smillie, who is, we believe, a Suffragist, that he should put this aspect of the matter before the Government rather than repeat a former blunder at a moment when the nation's needs demand the release of as many men as possible for war work.

A Echo of Militancy

The diary of "A Wayfarer," in the current issue of the *Nation*, contains an interesting extract from a letter written by "a Doctor of Physic, who has spent seven years in North and South Germany." In it, the writer, after lamenting the ignorance of the Germans with regard to the effect their conduct of the war has had upon the nations, goes on to say:—

The women of Germany, though, apparently, are beginning to gain some knowledge of the true state of affairs, and I am not at all sure that it will not be from them that the first revolutionary movement will come. The German Government appears afraid to touch them, knowing what happened in England when the women started defying the Government.

The italics are ours. If what the writer surmises is true, Militant Suffragists over here may congratulate themselves that the gallant fight they put up against the British Government of yesteryear is now helping other women in their fight against tyranny.

Items of Interest

U. S. members will have noted with pleasure that Captain Herbert Davies (Royal Warwick Regiment), who with his wife belongs to the United Suffragists, has won the Military Cross

"for conspicuous gallantry and resource on many occasions when on patrol duty in front of the trenches, notably on the night of June 20, 1915, when he . . . obtained very valuable information from the enemy's conversation after passing over ground lit by flares and constantly swept by machine gun fire."

Private Doubtfire (Queen's Regiment) has been badly wounded in France, and will probably have to lose his arm. Our readers will sympathise with Mrs. Doubtfire, who is a familiar figure among the members of the U.S. Club in Southwark.

Dr. Everett MacLaren, who is resident medical assistant at the Oakbank Hospital, Glasgow (recently taken over by the War Office), has been officially appointed pathologist and bacteriologist at that hospital, under the military authorities. She is the first woman doctor in Scotland to receive the rank of Captain, says the *Manchester Guardian*.

It is a topsy-turvy world. Here we have the Registrar-General declaring that a wife is not a dependant, and that a man's children actually belong to their mother as well as to him.

And scarcely have we recovered from the shock caused by this thunderbolt when we read that Mrs. Humphry Ward is enticing numbers of women from the shelter of their homes by turning the Passmore Edwards' Settlement from a men's into a women's settlement and advertising for a woman warden!

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Graily Hewitt

We have to record with much regret the death of Miss Graily Hewitt, a brave soldier in the women's war of freedom, who died at Hampstead on Wednesday, August 11.

A correspondent writes:—

March, April, May, June of 1912 Miss Hewitt, spent in Holloway Prison. Although she was ill and was at times depressed through illness, yet, whenever there was a question of her own release or professional interest on the one side, and of protest against injustice, or for a political principle on the other, there was never any hesitation in her mind—she was always true to the cause for which she was fighting. She went through the hunger strike, and was forcibly fed by tube for eight days before her release on June 29. Then, as always, she showed fine spirit and high courage. She said the other day, "I wish I could live until the vote is won."

Her Hampstead friends may recall her humorous account of her experiences in prison. In the trying times that followed, both private and public, she displayed brave endurance, and always in thought and deed she has firmly adhered to whatever she considered would best further the freedom of women and of her country.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN" FUND

Donations Received up to August 14, 1915			
£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
Already acknow-		Frank Merriek,	
ledged	1,348 14 10	Esq.	0 12 0
Mrs. J. C. Burke	1 1 0	Mrs. Hope	
Mrs. M. E.		Merriek	0 12 0
Edwards	1 0 0	Miss K. A.	
Mrs. Ada S. Farmer	0 4 6	Raleigh	0 3 0
Miss E. M.			
Hickey	0 4 0		
F. W. Pethick			
Lawrence, Esq.	50 0 0		
			£1,402 11 4

WOMEN'S CLUB FUND

Donations Received up to August 14, 1915	
£ s. d.	
Already acknowledged	282 6 10
Per Miss Cochrane (Club Receipts)	0 3 7
Miss Page	0 2 6
	£282 12 11

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1915.

THE BABIES' ROLL OF HONOUR

"The saddest part of this sort of thing is the little babies smothered in bandages. . . One poor woman had run for safety with her baby on her breast, and was caught on the doorstep and blown to pieces. . . The officers also helped, and our colonel was quite unmanned when he fished up the body of the little girl. . . He [a little boy of two, shelled in the same village] had fair, curly hair and blue eyes, and as he lay on the stretcher—such a poor, pathetic little figure, all swathed in blankets—I thanked God again for our insular security."—From two soldiers' letters, published in the "Manchester Guardian," August 10, 1915.

We quote the above from no desire to add to the measure of our suffering at this tragic time, but rather to hearten those who fear lest the destructive forces loosed among us by war may end in paralysing our humanity and deadening our powers of compassion and pity. Such letters as those from which we have taken extracts—typical, we believe, of hundreds of others—assure us that no amount of fighting, of killing, of maiming and being maimed, can destroy in our soldiers' hearts their protective love of children, which is outraged at the sight of the calamities that fall upon them repeatedly in the war region.

But the last sentence of those quoted above sets us thinking. "I thanked God again for our insular security." Insular security? We are not thinking of the forty-three children who have been killed and wounded by Zeppelin raids on England when we question this phrase. Tragic as this little casualty list is in itself, it is, we know, small in comparison with the children's casualty lists in the countries within the active fighting zone. As far as the European war is concerned, we in this country may still talk with comparative truth of "insular security." It is of another casualty list we are thinking, a list so long that if it were published daily, in peace or in war, it would fill more columns of our daily papers than are filled now by the men's Roll of Honour.

The figures given by Mr. Asquith in Parliament the other day show that in a year of war 61,384 British officers and men have been killed in action or died of their wounds. But in half that time, in six months of peace—say from September to March, 1911 to 1912—the figures given recently by Mr. Long in Parliament show that 48,944 babies died under the age of one year; while in six months of war—from September to March, 1914 to 1915—the figures rose to 50,209. Of the "wounded" babies, those little damaged lives that struggle through to

an unfit maturity, he gave no figures. How could he, since the battle-field on which most of them are injured for life—the unfit homes of the poor—contain the majority of the nation's children?

In time of peace we have grown horribly accustomed, as a nation, to our babies' casualty list. Even the Angel of Death—or so we imagine, since no journalist ever embroiders infertile mortality statistics with the familiar quotation—does not trouble to beat his wings when he comes to fetch away these thousands of little ones to play in his vasty halls; he reserves such picturesque trappings for those who die gloriously for their country's honour, not sordidly, as our babies die, to their country's dishonour. In time of peace, except for the cry of a minority of men who are powerless without the driving force of the women's vote, the country as a whole does not disturb itself over an annual massacre of the innocents that is a disgrace to its name. But in time of war, when every feeling of tenderness we have is stretched almost to breaking point, are we, as a nation, going to endure in silence this evil which is rendered even more acute by war? In time of war, when our men are dying in defence of our homes, are we going to allow those homes to be decimated by an enemy that never sleeps, whether the country is at peace or war? Are we not going to care, any more now than formerly, that 130 babies die out of every 1,000 born (the war rate for Rochdale) before they have learnt to walk or to talk?

We think the country is going to care. We think that, side by side with the European war, a war is going to be fought here at home against the evils that make infant mortality possible. We think that last Sunday's great protest of Suffragists and Trade Unionists against low wages for women and high food prices, last Sunday's demand that women should have the protection of the vote and the power to keep their children alive, was the first engagement in a new and vigorous campaign of the war that never stops in this or any other country. We think that out of the tragedy abroad may come a great spiritual awakening at home that will make "insular security" for the future of the race a reality instead of a sentiment, that will go far to kill the old indifference to the things that really matter. The spirit that makes a man at the front see in a hurt baby "the saddest part of this sort of thing," and makes him risk his life under shell fire to carry it out of danger, must not be allowed to die when that man comes back to the hurt babies at home.

But he will be able to do little for them unless he has the help of a free womanhood. That is why it is urgent that at least some of us—and among these we can include the United Suffragists—should continue even now to agitate for the enfranchisement of women, and should hesitate long before shelving the woman's movement as though it had been a mere diversion for the idle in time of peace. That is why we call upon all women who can possibly do so to enlist in an army in which every soldier is a Life Guard.

Articles and News contributed for insertion in **VOTES FOR WOMEN** should be sent to the Editors, **VOTES FOR WOMEN**, 4-7, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C., at the earliest possible date, and in no case later than first post Monday morning prior to the publication of the paper.
 The Editors cannot hold themselves in any way responsible for the return of unused manuscripts, though they will endeavour as far as possible to return them when requested of stamps for postage are enclosed. MSS. should, if possible, be typewritten.
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WAR AND THE LARDER

High Prices and Low Wages.—How the Housewife Has to Make both Ends Meet

We have received some interesting—and pathetic—replies to our suggestion that our readers should send us their experience of the rise of food prices in parts of Great Britain other than Herefordshire, concerning which county we published a letter in our last issue.

WAR PRICES IN BOLTON

A Bolton member sends us two budgets. Of the first, that of Mrs. A., she says:—
 "I got this from Mrs. A., whose husband is receiving 16s. 10d. a week; and she has to keep house, feed 7 persons, and pay all expenses out of that small amount. How she manages I cannot understand! She has had nine children and has buried four (through having insufficient nourishment for them, she says, and no wonder!). Now, at the age of 43, having had to earn a few coppers here and there where she could, and not being able to afford to rest, she is a prematurely old woman, is unable to do her own housework, and will perhaps be an invalid for the rest of her life."

MRS. A.'s BUDGET
 Wages 16s. 10d. for 7 Persons

	Before War	In War Time
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Rent.....	0 3 3	0 3 3
Coal.....	0 1 5	0 2 10½
Gas.....	0 0 4	0 0 4½
Insurance.....	0 0 8	0 0 8
Bacon.....	0 0 6	0 0 9
Liver.....	0 0 2	0 0 3
Beef and Suet.....	0 0 4½	0 0 5½
Vegetables.....	0 0 2½	0 0 6
Biscuits.....	0 0 4	0 0 5½
Potatoes.....	0 1 6	0 1 6
Lard.....	0 0 7	0 0 7
Margarine.....	0 0 8	0 0 8
Flour and Yeast.....	0 4 6	0 7 0
Onions.....	0 0 3	0 0 4
Clothing Club.....	0 1 0	0 1 0
Sewing machine (weekly instalments).....	0 1 0	0 1 0
Eggs.....	0 0 1½	0 0 4
Celery.....	0 0 1½	0 0 1½
Soap Powder.....	0 0 4½	0 0 5½
Firewood.....	0 0 2	0 0 3
Milk.....	0 0 1	0 0 1½
Wool for Knitting.....	0 0 7½	0 0 3½
Stockings.....	0 0 2	0 0 3
Cotton.....	0 0 1	0 0 1
Sugar.....	0 0 1	0 0 1
	18 1	1 3 7

"Catch-as-Catch-Can" Meals

Mrs. A. herself comments thus on her own figures:—"Sunday is our best living day. Any other day is catch as catch can. Sunday included breakfast—children and me toast with lard on, father two eggs, and tea for all, cost 8d.;—dinner; hot pot (stewing meat, onion, cabbage), rice, milk, and sugar, cost 1s.;—tea; bread and butter, biscuits, tea, sugar, sometimes celery; cost 1s. 1½d. Altogether, for seven of us, 2s. 9½d."

MRS. B.'s BUDGET
 Weekly Income 34s. for 6 Persons

Our Bolton member writes:—"This Budget has been given me by Mrs. B., whose income is 34s. a week. She is considered a highly respectable person, and sends her four children respectable to school; and through trying to keep up a good appearance, and to keep the children healthy and strong, is now on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I may say Mrs. B. does all her own household duties, including sewing for the family, also repairing their shoes to make them last a little longer. Here is her

budget as she gave it to me in writing:—

	Before War	In War Time
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Flour.....	0 2 6	0 4 1
Butter.....	0 0 8	0 0 10
Coal.....	0 2 3	0 2 8
Soap and powder soda.....	0 0 6	0 0 7
Cheese.....	0 0 5	0 0 6
Starch.....	0 0 3	0 0 3½
Jam.....	0 0 9½	0 0 11
Biscuits.....	0 0 6	0 0 8½
Oatmeal.....	0 0 6	0 0 7½
Yeast.....	0 0 1	0 0 2
Rent.....	0 3 3	0 3 3
Milk.....	0 2 7	0 3 1
Margarine.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Canterbury lamb (3lbs).....	0 2 0	0 3 0
Beef.....	0 0 9	0 1 0
Peas.....	0 0 4½	0 0 8
Tea.....	0 0 9	0 1 2
Cocoa.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Sugar.....	0 1 1½	0 1 10½
Apples.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Other fruit and tomatoes.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Mustard.....	0 0 1	0 0 1
Sundries.....	0 1 0	0 1 0
Rice, sago.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Insurance.....	0 2 2	0 2 2
Gas.....	0 0 6	0 0 6
Lard.....	0 0 7	0 0 7
Potatoes.....	0 1 4	0 1 4
Onions.....	0 0 2	0 0 2
	19 7½	1 15 9

Mrs. B. adds in reference to the above list:—"By sundries I mean quite a host of little

THE LADY WITH THE SEARCHLIGHT

There is a story of a young recruit who, during the early weeks of his training, was commiserated by a kindly old lady and asked if he did not find his trench-digging practice particularly trying. "Well, mum," he replied, "it ain't the digging of the trenches that takes the heart out of a man; it's the filling of 'em up again!"

With this sentiment I am sure we can all sympathise. A work of construction is a joyful labour, and even destruction brings a kind of savage satisfaction with it; but the reconstruction and repair of things wilfully and wantonly destroyed—filling up the holes, cleaning up the mess—is such an exasperating job that it is no wonder the men always try and get out of it so artfully, by asserting that it is a blessed task—in the reverent, and not the colloquial, sense of the word—and therefore a task peculiarly fitted for the gentler sex. "We have no wish," they say, with beautiful humility, "to interfere with your sacred privilege; clumsy, bearish creatures that we are, we are unworthy of it. . . ."

It is perhaps unfortunate that our natural kind-heartedness, and dislike of seeing things upside down, should have led us so easily into this little trap. For, having once accepted the post of Chief Clearer-Up by right of birth and station, our hands have never been idle; and we have had little time left to consider whether the world might not get along faster if the good old nursery rule were enforced, and "everyone tidied up after himself." At present our position is far too much like that of an unusually sweet-tempered and obliging sister in a houseful of rowdy and turbulent brothers, with no person in authority to control them.

How much breath, and how much printer's ink, has been expended this last year in assuring us that the binding-up of wounds is a holy duty we should be proud to acknowledge as our own; that (by implication) we ought to welcome each fresh wound as another oppor-

tunity for the exercise of our skill; and that in the same way, of course, we should be grateful to the slum-landlord whose benevolence and forethought provides us with a chance for congenial charity, and to those fallen ones of both sexes, who have fallen expressly in order that we may have the pleasure of raising them up again!

And with what doubt and consternation are we regarded if we dare to hint that, upon the whole, we would rather devote our time and our energies to the abolition of wounds and slums, and disease, and ignorance, and vice; and this, not only for the superior interest and satisfaction of the work, but for the greater general benefit of society. There is a certain humour, too, in the fact that those women commonly instanced as the most perfect examples of the selfless ministering angel in whose footsteps we should be proud to tread, invariably turn out, upon inquiry, to have taken precisely this view, and to have been by no means backward in expressing it. There were many complacent War Office officials, in the days of the Crimea, to whom Florence Nightingale was not the saintly Lady with the Lamp, but the terrible lady with the searchlight.

In fact, we are quite ready to forego all our sacred privileges in favour of a privilege still more sacred. Let woman's part in warfare be, in future, the prevention of war; a responsibility which the combatant nations will probably be less disinclined to bestow upon us, at the conclusion of hostilities, than ever before. To be sure, no one in the world can positively assert that the enfranchisement of German women would have put a speedy end to the policy of blood and iron, or that our Jingo Press has resolutely opposed the enfranchisement of Englishwomen in its own interests; but at least we can see where a purely masculine government of Europe has landed us. The proof of the pudding is in the eating—and it turns out to be cannon-fodder.

But do not quite forget
 We are the people of England; we never have spoken yet."
T. O'Meara.

HAYMAKING IN WAR TIME

By One of the Haymakers of the Women's Relief Corps

Everyone whom I met smiled when I said I was going haymaking, and remarked, "You will do it once, but you will soon find it's too hard a job."

Well, we worked from 7 a.m. till 7.30 p.m., and worked hard. And all of us are not only willing, but eager to take on more jobs of the same kind. At this particular farm the owner allowed us to eat and sleep in one of the sheds. We got up from our beds of straw at 6 every morning, performed our toilets, and had a preliminary first breakfast of rather a sketchy nature. From 7 till 9 we worked in the fields. The first morning we turned the newly-mown grass with rakes so that we exposed the other side to the sun and air, and then at 9 turned in for our real breakfast of bacon and eggs. At 10 we went back and started pulling together the lines of hay we had turned over, in order to make larger mounds, so that the air could get through. At 11 we had a few minutes' rest for refreshment, and then worked on till 1, when we withdrew to our shed, where we prepared and ate dinner.

We worked on from 2 till 4.30, when we had half an hour for tea. This, already sugared and milked, was provided by the farmer, served in large wateringcans, and drunk out of tin mugs. Very good it was, too! At this meal all the employees sat together—four women of the Relief Corps—an actress, a typist, a shop assistant, and a musician—and ten men. Most of the men were old, and three were deaf, as our employer refused all men capable of serving in the army.

One man was in his eighty-seventh year, and always greeted us with, "Well, how goes it?" On my remarking that if I could do as good a day's work at his age I should be satisfied, he told me he had never expected to live so long, having spent most of his life as a dustman.

Another man was the usual kind of tramp who seeks a job when he can't possibly get money any other way. The first day I think he must have spent his last few halfpence on drink, because whenever he saw one of us he exclaimed, "If anyone had told me when I started out this morning I was going to work with ladies, I'd 'ave—'" But he never got any further without breaking off to ask us "whether we wouldn't like him for a brother," or if we liked the cold tea.

Once he muttered to me, "I don't care for this 'ere continual tea."

"No," I replied, "I suspect you like tea with a 'touch.'"

"Yes," he answered, and then, lowering his voice, "I say, when you've finished, come and 'ave a drink with me."

Considering that we might have seemed to them blacklegs we were wonderfully well treated by our men colleagues. They were willing to teach us any little trick to help us to do our own job more easily, and were kind to us in every way. I was using the iron hand rake and giving myself much needless trouble, when a hint enabled me to pick up the knack of the thing; then I could rake for hours without getting tired. Eventually, by being careless, I raked my own leg. An hour or two after, it grew rather swollen, but one of our party, having passed all the Red Cross examinations, and having a bagful of bandages, insisted on cauterizing and bandaging my "wound," although I

protested that I preferred the disease to the cure. However, what is the use of the Red Cross unless it is put into practice? I almost wished I had not mentioned to my friend my little experience with the rake; but all is well that ends well, and in spite of the cure I can still walk!

We collected all the hay from under the trees and carried it on our pitchforks out into the sun. We shook it up ourselves, and then the "kicker," a machine for shaking the hay, was driven over the field. The driving of the kicker was a much-envied job, as all one had to do was to sit on the seat of the machine and drive—no brakes, no levers, only the horse to manage! Then we raked the hay into mounds again, which we again made into cocks. The cocks were pitched into the cart, where a man received and loaded. Then men did this part of the work, but one day, on my asking, they allowed me to pitch and also to load, and helped me with advice on the easiest way of doing it. Sometimes all the hay in the field was made into cocks at night, especially if it looked like rain, and then shaken out again next morning; the kicker was driven over, then all once more raked into lines, re-cocked, pitched and loaded, and then "saved," which is the final process of stacking it. The large iron hand rakes were used to collect all the hay dropped by the men in pitching and by the cart as it moved. This job was one I particularly liked once I learned the knack of it, as it meant

walking along up and down behind the cart, and after one had walked with the rake the field looked almost like a billiard table.

At 6 o'clock we were supposed to be finished, but we were paid sixpence an hour extra for overtime, so were quite pleased to go on. The work was done generally at 7.30, when those who wanted meat and potatoes, and such-like provender, used to walk over to the nearest shops, more than a mile away, and hardly ever got to bed before 11 o'clock.

Our costume, which proved to be entirely suitable and very comfortable, consisted of a long white painter's coat over knickerbockers and gaiters, or puttees, and a shady white hat. If it were a hot day we could take off our blouses under the coats, which fastened up to the neck. We worked far easier without skirts, and were less tired; at the same time, the white coats looked smart and business-like.

Many women have asked me whether they would be able to do the work. Any woman used to sport could do it easily; but it will seem very hard at first to one usually confined indoors. If she persists, however, for the first few days, in a week she will find it quite easy, especially if she is a good walker and accustomed to standing. After all, agricultural pursuits were at the start woman's work, a rake being considered a feminine implement, and stamping a man who used it as effeminate! So we are only once again doing our own legitimate work, which, through one cause or another, we have lost in recent years.

COMPARISON OF PUNISHMENTS

LIGHT SENTENCES

Assault on a Child

The *Morning Advertiser* (August 7, 1915) reports case of a bookbinder charged on remand at Lambeth Police Court before Mr. Chester Jones with assaulting a little girl of eight years old at Brockwell Park. The magistrate said it was "a clear case and a shocking thing," but he would "have regard to his good character."

Sentence: *Fourteen days in the second division.*

Assault on a Wife

The *Birkenhead News* (August 7) reports case of a man summoned at the Borough Police Court, Birkenhead, before Mr. P. McMahon (chairman) and Alderman A. Goodwin, for assaulting his wife. He struck her in the eye and about the body, got her by the throat and nearly strangled her, then knocked her down stairs. His defence was that "if ever he lifted his hand against his wife she started screaming."

Sentence: *Fined 10s., or six days.*

The cases we have selected for this week's comparison of light and heavy sentences illustrate even more poignantly than usual the disproportionate value that is attached to property in this country as against human life. A few months ago we were welcoming what we believed to be a slight improvement in this direction. Abominable offences against little children and brutal assaults on women were being treated more seriously, we thought, in the Courts, while occasionally (though often, it is true, because the offenders were men in khaki) theft and similar crimes were accorded a certain human leniency not often to be noticed in this connection.

The table of comparisons given above seems to contradict our too hopeful assumption. A man is let off with fourteen days' simple imprisonment in the second division, though he is found guilty of an assault upon a little girl of eight for which, if it is of the lightest character (we are given no particulars in the Press report) the maximum sentence would be two years' hard labour, and if of the worst kind, penal servitude for life; while another man, guilty of a forgery whereby the fees paid for stamping legal documents are transferred to his own pocket, is sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour—a sentence just thirty times as long as the other, and at least twice as arduous. Both men are given excel-

HEAVY SENTENCES

Forgery

The *Morning Advertiser* (July 21) reports case of a law clerk charged before the Recorder (Sir Forest Fulton) at the Central Criminal Court with feloniously forging the seals of the Supreme Court of Judicature in order to transfer stamps from documents, and then to pocket the fees received for them himself. He was given an excellent character of fifteen years from his firm, and said he had got into financial troubles.

Sentence: *Fifteen months' hard labour.*

Theft

The *Yorkshire Gazette* (July 17) reports case of a temporary postman charged at York Assizes before Mr. Justice Ridley with stealing a postal packet containing 3s. 8d., four stamps, and a silk handkerchief. His defence was that he had a wife in Leeds Infirmary and three children under five years old, and they were penniless. The judge said he should have thought of that before.

Sentence: *Twelve months' hard labour.*

lent characters by witnesses on their behalf; this is taken into consideration when the health and morals of an innocent child have been tampered with and irreparably injured; it is not (to all appearances, at least) taken into consideration when only money has been stolen and legal documents tampered with.

In our second comparison, the value of a wife is weighed against that of a postal packet containing some 5s. worth of property. Naturally, in our Courts the wife loses heavily. The man who has half killed her—according to the evidence it was not his fault that he did not quite kill her—gets off with a fine of 10s. or six days' imprisonment. He has the effrontery to complain that "she always screams when I lift my hand against her," and all the rebuke he gets is a mild question from the clerk, "Why should you raise your hand against her?" to which history, or the journalist, does not record the answer. But the man who steals the postal packet, and tells a pathetic tale of poverty—the usual tale—about a wife in the infirmary and three babies on his hands, gets twelve months' hard labour, nearly sixty times as long a sentence as the wife-beater.

In both cases the wife is ignored—though for different reasons—by the magistrate or judge. That, to the readers of this paper, will be the significant fact.

"EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN & WOMEN"

"If a Woman does a Man's Work she must have a Man's Pay."—Two Processions of Workers march across London.—Mass Meeting passes Resolutions unanimously.—Deputation to go to Mr. McKenna.

We had Suffragists' weather, after all, for our South-East London procession to the Portman Rooms last Sunday. Nearly every-day in the preceding week a thunderstorm had occurred about tea time or later. On Sunday it obligingly happened at lunch time, and although it continued long enough to force the less fortunate East End procession to start in the rain, we Southerners, being able to wait an hour longer before we set up our banner, had brilliant sunshine all the way. Of course the storm, one of the worst we have had, thinned our ranks considerably. Babies, however enthusiastic, could not be allowed to risk the chance of getting wet through, and a good many mothers went to the Hall by Tube in order to be on the safe side. But others, although they had never marched before, bravely chanced a second storm, and were rewarded for their courage. It was a great march, up through the Borough—Chancer's London—across Westminster Bridge, past Cannon Row Police Station—at which point many old Suffrage soldiers in the ranks could be overheard describing to new recruits former episodes around the Houses of Parliament in which they had themselves been "casualties"—and then up Regent Street to Oxford Street, and so to Baker Street. And the whole time, from the first half-hour when we stood at the Elephant and Castle, waiting for the Suffragette Crusaders to come along the New Kent Road to pick us up, until we furled our banners at the Portman Rooms, there was never a dissentient sound from those who watched us from pavement or passing omnibus.

At the starting point a good crowd assembled to give us a send-off. There were numbers of women who told us they could not leave home to march with us, but they thoroughly agreed with us and our objects. There were numbers of men in khaki, who were equally encouraging. The banner which attracted them most bore the motto—

"A Woman who does a Man's Work must have a Man's Pay"

When one heard the approval with which this banner was greeted all along the route, it was impossible not to recall the earlier days of the movement, when the man in the street was so anxious to assure the Suffrage speaker on the sugar-box that a woman was not physically strong enough to do the same work as a man, or that, if she did, she couldn't be paid as much for it as a man because she was a woman. It is only Governments and employers who talk like that to-day, not the workers who may have to go to the Front any day with the fear in their hearts that the women left behind, without the protection of the vote, may be forced to lower the standard of wages.

Workers in the Procession

Most of our processionists were workers. Other U.S. members came

too and helped to carry flags and sell papers; but the majority were working women, and a few were working men. The purple, white and orange colours of the United Suffragists, the purple and yellow of the Crusaders, and the bright red of the B.S.P. made a great show of colour in the sunshine, and it was fine to see our Club members, and other women who stepped into our ranks from the parent here and there along the route, all marching for the vote, and for the equal rights of men and women in every walk of life.

THE MEETING

At the last minute the Queen's Hall had been forbidden to the processionists. They had not understood the audience was to consist of working people from the East End; they had not understood it was to be a free meeting, or that votes for women were to be demanded at it—and so on, and so on. However, the doors of the Portman Rooms were opened to us, and the processionists and a good proportion of the general public managed to find room inside. One wonders what would have happened if the weather had not kept some people away! As it was, every scrap of space in the hall was filled; and from the platform one saw a great sea of up-turned faces, while there was no standing room left in any of the aisles. It was a great meeting, and the greatest moment in it was reached when the resolutions were put and a forest of hands were raised in favour—and never a one against!

THE RESOLUTIONS

The first resolution, declaring that the safeguards contained in the Munitions Act are not sufficient to justify the coercion of the National Registration Act, demanded—

(1) That women employed on war service shall receive the same rates of pay, whether by time or piece, as the men whom they may replace, and that they shall in no case be employed on Government work, however unskilled, at a lower rate than 7d. an hour.

(2) That Government action shall be taken to keep down the cost of living, and that Government Departments and Arbitration Courts shall take the cost of living into consideration in fixing rates of wages.

(3) That women need the vote to protect their homes and wages.

The second resolution, which was taken together with the preceding one, protested against the taxation of wages or the further taxation of the necessities of life, and against any attempt to reduce expenditure in old age pensions, public health work, housing, or education, and called upon the Government to nationalise the mineral and natural resources of the country instead.

These two resolutions, which were passed unanimously, were moved by Mr. T. E. Naylor (London Society of Compositors), seconded by Mr. Robert Williams (Transport Workers), and

supported by Mr. R. L. Outhwaite, M.P., Miss Evelyn Sharp (United Suffragists), and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst (East London Federation of the Suffragettes).

To Give Effect to the Resolutions

The third and fourth resolutions were also taken together. The first of these urged women and girls to join the Trade Union of their respective industries, and called upon the Trade Unions to encourage their doing so "by every means in their power." The last resolution called upon the members of all the Suffrage Societies, Trade Unions, and working class political organizations represented at the meeting to urge their societies "to take the necessary steps to bring pressure to bear upon the Government in order that effect may be given to the Resolutions passed at this meeting."

These two resolutions, also passed unanimously, were moved by Mr. George Lansbury, seconded by Mrs. Drake (E.L.F.S.), and supported by Mr. Fred Hughes (National Union of Clerks), Mr. L. Hill (London Trades Council), Mrs. Bessie Ward (London Shop Assistants), Mr. E. C. Fairchild (B.S.P.), Mrs. Lee Rothwell (Women's

Trade Council), Miss Margaretta Hicks, and Mr. John Scurr (Dockers' Union).

The Deputation

To give effect to the last resolution, the following names were suggested of those willing to go on a deputation to Mr. McKenna to lay the resolutions before him, and were elected unanimously by the meeting:—

Mrs. Despard (Women's Freedom League), Mr. George Lansbury ("Herald" League), Miss Sylvia Pankhurst (E.L.F.S.), Miss Evelyn Sharp (U.S.), Mrs. Lee Rothwell (W.T.C.), Mr. E. C. Fairchild (B.S.P.), Mr. Robert Williams (T.W.F.), Mr. T. E. Naylor (Compositors), Miss Grace Neal (Domestic Workers' Union), Mr. Tom Hoare (Gas Workers' Union), Alderman W. Devaney (Dockers' Union), Mrs. Drake (E.L.F.S.), and Mr. John Scurr (D.U.).

The Chair

We wish we had space to give all the excellent speeches that were made. The great audience stayed to the very end, and gave three rousing cheers for Mrs. Despard, who, in addition to walking with the East London procession, presided magnificently in the Chair for nearly three hours.

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