

The Woman Worker

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SHAME OF LIFE.

By Keighley Snowden.

After all, one has, of course, no right to live.

Life is not one of the things we earn; it was given. I am here, and conscious of the other life about me, by no act of mine, or will of mine, or merit of mine. Nor can I ever acquire the right to remain here. There is no right about it.

This is a beautiful world, except where other men have spoiled it; and I have dear friends in it, and dear people of my own immediate blood; and the wonder and joy of these things never lessen. I do not want, and while I have health never shall want, to cease living. But these things are boons, pure and simple.

The fact is so evident that you would think there was but one possible reason to mention it—namely, that we are all in the same case, and may as well sometimes exchange congratulations.

However, I speak of it because I am ashamed.

I find myself better off than a good many other people; and conceit of my own merit cannot blind me to the fact that no merit accounts for the difference. If I am stronger any way than they—well, I was born so. If they and I are different in ourselves at all, as of course we are, it does not follow that I had a right to take advantage.

Have I by any chance done so?

It seems to me that I have. I take advantage daily. An hour ago I bought a box of matches.

Now, I myself, not long since, talked with a very worthy woman, who had made match-boxes for twenty years at 2d. a gross. I remember being angry that, earning 12s. or 13s. a week, she paid another man 5s. 6d. for two small rooms in a Hoxton flat. But I, too, profit unfairly by her industry.

Seeing that life is a free gift to me, I am ashamed to live better than she does and at her expense.

It is said, "If you refuse to accept advantages you quarrel with life."

Very well, I quarrel with it.

But what is life? Am I asked to think of it as a contest between me and that poor widow? Nonsense. Why must I be ashamed of the way I live?

"Ashamed or not, you cannot live in any other way," say my old friends. "Life involves a survival of the fittest. alike for men and for other creatures.

If you are ashamed, give the widow half a crown."

It will hardly pay my footing. All I have would not pay my footing.

No, life is a gift; and, "fit" or "unfit," I do not like to scramble for the best of it. That looks rude and greedy. Even if we all started fair, I should not find a dignity in scrambling.

This, too, I was born to feel; and payment of half a crown to the widow will not ease my scruple.

She has sat at a little deal table doing one thing for twenty years.

Her task is feverish, but very dull; and there is no prospect of any change for her as long as she lives and match-boxes are made by hand and she can have the chance of making them. This woman could not make ties, for example. To make ties fast enough to live, she would have to practice for twelve months.

She can make match-boxes at the rate of three a minute; her fingers move as deftly and rapidly as a conjurer's handling a pack of cards. Three a minute is 180 an hour, earning 2½d. At twelve hours a day for six days that is 15s. a week; but she has to walk to and fro visiting a warehouse, three miles, and sometimes to wait there.

Her face is quite expressionless. It looks like the block of old flats opposite her window. I am ashamed to remember it.

And I am referred for encouragement to the lower animals, the history of plant life, the doings to be seen beneath a microscope. Because weasels prey upon chickens, I am a fool to think of acting otherwise.

Observe. Man (including poor widows) is a great advance on all that microscopic life—a great piece of work, "noble in reason, infinite in faculty, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." But the faculties that proudly belong to man alone are not to be trusted. If he acts in the light and impulse of them, he may wreck the Scheme.

I do not care about the Scheme. I do care about that woman.

I do not know that I could assist the Scheme if I wished to do so, and I am not responsible for it. It is too big for me. But the match-box maker? Her case appears more manageable.

Let plants and the lower animals be as they are: the fact that life is a supreme gift, and puts us on our good behaviour, has not occurred to them! And if it did they would still have no choice but to live as aforesaid.

That is the main difference between us and them. My shame, then, comes of being unmanly.

TO SAVE DAISY LORD.

By Robert Blatchford.

The case of Daisy Lord, now undergoing a horrible and cruel sentence of penal servitude for life, has been taken up by Julia Dawson in "The Clarion," and the "Daily News" has given kind support. Petition sheets for signatures may be had from this office, and from "The Clarion," and very many of these sheets have been applied for.

But I have had experience of the Home Office of old, and I know how tight is the grip laid on a prisoner. Cruelly as Daisy Lord has been treated, bitterly as she has suffered, her release will only be obtained by an almost national petition from the women of England; and it is not too much to say that help and mercy are more likely to be won from the Queen than from the Home Secretary.

It is not enough, then, simply to sign a petition. Every woman who pities this unhappy sister in her trouble must constitute herself a committee of rescue, and use every effort to awaken the sympathy of other women. No pains should be spared to obtain the countenance and support of the Press.

The public soon wearies, and soon forgets. Let us remember.

Every time we hear the song of a bird, every time we step out freely into the sunshine and the open air, let us remember that broken sister, locked up in a living tomb. Every time we recall our own sins, negligences, and follies, let us think of that unfriended girl so mercilessly punished for one sin committed in desperation and delirium.

And let us give our remembrance shape in acts. Let us plead with the women of England until they in turn plead with one voice for forgiveness to their sister. If the women are once aroused, if their hearts are once touched they can move mountains. Every minister, every editor, every public speaker can help—most of them will help if our women whole-heartedly use their influence.

From the "Daily News," which came so generously to our aid in this work of humanity, I quote the following eloquent words:

Think what this girl has suffered—the horrible suspense, the growing certainty of shame, the anguish of the lonely birth, the attempts at concealment, the sickening return to work, the arrest, the long trial before a lot of men, the verdict, the black cap, the sentence to be hanged by her neck till she was dead, the days in the condemned cell, the appearance at chapel in the condemned pew, with all the other prisoners trying to catch glimpses of her through the red curtain that as a kind of mercy is stretched before the face of the woman who is going to be killed—is it not atrocious that these things should still be done in the

name of justice? And now, as an act of grace, this young and unhappy creature of twenty-one, instead of having her neck broken as strict justice demanded, is to be allowed to spend the rest of her existence in penal servitude. Where is the justice, human or divine, in such a loathsome process of barbarity?

Barbarity it is, and no other. Barbarity unpardonable and ineffectual. Time was when the penal law was a horror; when men and women, and even little children were hanged for the most trivial expenses. Was crime less prevalent then? No. It was very much more common. Never have cruel punishments proved deterrent. The more merciless the law, the more reckless the law-breaker. That is the lesson of the past.

The punishment, besides being barbarous, is unjust. This girl has never had a chance. Which of us in her circumstances, with the stigma of her birth upon one, with her lack of opportunity, of education, with her physical frailty, with her great temptation, could be sure to have done better than she?

The spectacle of this desperate, injured, hunted child struggling against the might of a great nation; the horror of such a hopeless effort to find mercy where no mercy existed, is most pitiful and terrible.

Upon the woman who errs, upon the weak man who stumbles, the hand of the law comes down with inexorable and crushing force. After all these centuries of Christianity, after all the revelations and labours of science, we have not yet shaken ourselves free of the barbarous belief in punishment; we have not yet learned to allow for the tremendous effects of environment; we have not realised that the culprit dragged before us is a brother or sister sinner, sinned against as well as sinning; is but our "even Christian" placed in circumstances of misery, of terror, or temptation under which we ourselves most likely would succumb.

Daisy Lord's case is a typical case; a test case. Thousands as unfortunate, as unhappy, as ill-used as she; thousands who have, like her, never had a chance, are every year arraigned and tried and punished by men who have led fortunate and sheltered lives.

We are a nation of savages still in the twentieth century. We have much to learn before we can sympathise and forgive.

Let us try our hardest to rescue this one fallen and bruised sister, and then let us make a great and holy fight to shake off the incubus of old and savage error and to alter an unjust and cruel law. Women, will you help us to help Daisy Lord; and will you help us further to win justice, and human sympathy and compassion for the bottom dog?

The men will not do it; I hope the women will.

PARALLELS.

Humanity of Other Judges.

In the late Lord Brampton's (Mr. Justice Hawkins's) "Reminiscences" there is a story of how he dealt with a poor girl in the same case with Daisy Lord. He prompted the jury to say that the girl (though not insane) was "not at the time answerable for her conduct." This was not strictly a legal finding, but was, he says, "according to justice." It was still necessary to pronounce sentence of death, and he tells us how he did it:

I was about to comply with the law, which it was not possible for me to avoid, however much my mind was inclined to do so, when the pompous old High Sheriff, all importance and dignity, said:

"My lord, are you not going to put on the black cap?"

"No," I answered, "I am not. I do not intend the poor creature to be hanged, and I am not going to frighten her to death."

Addressing her by name, I said: "Don't pay any attention to what I am going to read. No harm will be done to you. I am sure you did not know in your great trouble and sorrow what you were doing, and I will take care to represent your case so that nothing will harm you in the way of punishment."

I then mumbled over the words of the sentence, taking care that the poor creature did not hear them.

In a recent case of the kind in Scotland, the sentence was one of a few months' imprisonment.

Two letters worth reprinting have appeared in the "Daily News," among many in which the public horror is expressed.

Sir,—As a lawyer I unhesitatingly say that a verdict of "wilful murder" ought not to have been found. It is in the power of every jury to reduce the finding to one of manslaughter in such a case.

Unfortunately, now and again it happens that some pedantic judge and jury seem, if not to strain for, at any rate to accept, the most merciless interpretation than can possibly be placed upon the facts, and afterwards throw a sop to their better feelings by recommending the victim to the mercy of our red-tape Home Office.

The late Baron Brampton (one of the soundest administrators of the criminal law this country ever possessed) made it a universal rule in all such cases to charge the jury in language unmistakable for a verdict of manslaughter. This being returned, it was his invariable custom to pass a sentence of six months' imprisonment upon the wretched mother—a sentence which amply satisfies justice in most such occurrences. The example of that austere but humane judge is, I am glad to say, to-day followed by not a few of the present occupants of the Bench.—Yours, W. W.

Sir,—If we look at the matter straight, what is the actual fact? That society punishes an unmarried girl who has a child so severely—ruins her life so completely—that to kill the child may easily appear to her the only way out of her difficulty. And these tragedies will occur just so long as society sees fit to tempt a girl to commit murder.—Yours, &c., BEATRICE POTBURY.

Battersea Park, S.W.

Other letters will be found on our correspondence page.

Society women in the curio trade have now to compete, says the "Daily Chronicle," with those who take up this kind of business for a livelihood. There are more than a hundred such women in localities where the rents of shops run as high as £300 a year.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Miss Eva Gore Booth.

In the preface to a recent volume of his plays Mr. Bernard Shaw explains the Irish obsession with Home Rule. A broken nationality, he says, is like a broken arm. It is always stinging and burning; until it is knit customary life has lost its savour.

Miss Gore Booth is above everything a case of broken arm. An Irish woman, she feels the smart of broken nationality; as woman, of broken citizenship. She is proud, sensitive, and imaginative. Her mind, sitting in brood over her woes, has lent them an acuter pain; has given them a swollen and monstrous consequence.

A Disturbing Conception.

The plight of women is the screen through which she surveys the whole of life. In this country, in that bitter phrase to which she so often recurs, women are classed with "idiots, criminals, and paupers." That this is not a full statement of the matter does not mollify her judgment. A condition of "broken arm" makes you oblivious of controversial nicety—in capable of catholic vision.

In England women are in this vile classification, and, therefore, England is freakish and infernal. Miss Booth sees it full of servitudes and bales and odious cozenings.

She is indeed grown a little morbid over the matter. The broken arm torments her incessantly. She thrusts it fiercely into your face, she waves it from any altitude. The better to display it, she rides about at election times in a four-in-hand.

"My broken arm!" she cries. "My broken arm!"

Her broken arm, so to speak, is on her brain.

Unfortunately, in such tusslings she does not spend herself to the best purpose. She has not, like some of her

colleagues, a gift of loud eloquence or glittering leadership. She wields no sovereignty over the street. She is tall, but delicate and fragile-looking, with scanty vocal equipment—little fitted, you are sure, for contest with the thousand noises of the outer air.

She can and does speak cleverly and wittily, with adroit literary turn; but these speeches are for the salle and the coterie; the market-place mouths at them, and in the clamour of its idiot-rumping they are overborne and lost.

Even her quieter work is disturbed by her prepossession with suffrage. She goes among sweated Cradley Heath chain-makers, and wretched factory girls, and though she organises them into Trade Unions, tells them that such organisation is make-believe unless it is to be used for franchise agitation. Without the vote, workwomen are "soldiers without swords."

Errors of Judgment.

On this point she differed from the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Women's Trade Union Council, of which she had been secretary for some years, and at last marched away to form a new organisation, carrying with her most of the unions she had created under the auspices of the Council.

And lately her judgment has been more seriously at fault. She is now understood to be opposed to all protective legislation for women. In her view, such legislation hampers women as competitors for employment, and is like to keep them in subjection to men. Nay, she has a dark suspicion that such legislation is intended to keep them so, for when you are under the obsession of an idea it bends and moulds the whole world to a subservient shape.

Miss Gore Booth sees men as stealthy, deceiving fellows, who forbid woman night labour and overwork with no thought of her ease, but with black design to keep her dependent, and secure the ecstasy of such unconditioned employment to themselves.

Protective legislation, many of us know, springs from no such intention, has no such effect. But Miss Booth is not in normal mood, and takes denial ill. She is so sure of her remedy, that we are blockheads or evil people who will not see its certain effect.

In very truth she feels too keenly to endure cool debate about her dearest causes. She is of those who must have a cure for what is ill, or else find the world unendurable. And long contemplation of women's unhappiness has made her impatient, has left her bitter, and a little overwrought.

Her Proper World.

But, away from controversy, we touch another and more equable spirit; and in three small volumes of verse now before me Miss Booth proves her right to honourable place in the distinguished company of poets and play-makers now labouring to create an artistic consciousness in Ireland. Here she is above the shadow of disturbing debates, she says no word of suffrage, no word of industrial hardship; the team and turmoil of the dim cities do not trouble any more.

These verses take us to Connemara—a land of sad great hills and sodden

spaces, of mists and ghostly lights, and solemn booming of the sea. It is an aged, mournful land, whence all have fled but the very young and those who love the old places too well to bear the thought of dying away from them. The daughter of a well-known Sligo baronet, Sir Thomas Gore Booth, the authoress was born and grew up in this country, and her native ear has caught well the music of its wastes, the plaintive cadence of its battered and vanishing life.

She sings of its old glories; of Maeve, its dread ancient queen, and the enchantments she cast on Cuchulain: the doom of that unequalled chief. Ireland, too, is lamented:

Bow down thy splendid head, thou shaken rose,
For one by one thy bright leaves fall from thee,
And leave thy heart bare to each wind that blows
And all the sorrows of the moaning sea.

A Note of Peace.

In these numbers is no bitterness, no repining. This land is too old for passion and plangent sorrow. It is long since the host of its spearmen was broken, the host of its fishermen beaten into death by the sea. Now its bogs and mountain-sides murmur resignation and quietude, urge us to forget our earthly strivings and frets and fool quarrels. After the storm comes calm, and after the day's hurly the quiet and healing of old night. Be at peace:

The wind has fallen at last, and the daylight has faded away;
Peace lies on the hills and the sea, and peace on the rain-drenched sod.

It is the twilight of an old race, tired with long battle and crying out for their rest:

Weary are we of the sunshine, and the cry of the wind and the rain.

There are other notes struck in these poems. Liberty is repeatedly apostrophised—deep sayings of many lands win tuneful comment. Anon a lighter strain is caught, as in "The Queen's Flight":

When the world was young and foolish and fair,
And gold was as nothing to golden hair.

But Connemara dominates, and soon its wistful music is heard again. It is heard very movingly in "The Little Waves of Breffny," where Miss Booth, in her love of the small and local thing, is true to the tradition of her breed:

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic in it and many a horse and cart;
But the little roads at Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill,
And there is glory in it and terror on the wind;
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little woods of twilight are dearer to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal,
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

J. J. MALLON.

A Woman Worker in Johannesburg.

I.—NEW COUNTRY, NEW IDEALS.

By Sybil Cormack Smith.

The women have much to do in making a country. They do not build states or houses, but they build homes—or wreck them.

With the middle-class women of Johannesburg—the women workers, whether wage-earners or not—there rests a great responsibility. We can afford to have the others misunderstood; it doesn't matter much if they are foolish and extravagant; but when the great body are either one or the other it does matter.

I cannot think that women like the reputation our sex has in this country. People refer to "a Johannesburg woman" as if she had characteristics which other women have not. She is supposed to be abnormally fond of gaiety, dress, change, excitement.

Do the women deserve this reputation? Do they like it? If they don't deserve it, and don't like it, why do they not exert every power to change it?

Gold and Gaiety.

There are a great many people to whom it seems that Johannesburg lives in a mad social whirl, spending half its nights in fervid dissipation, and half its days in uneasy slumber; yet that unless you have a motor-car and a complicated past you cannot hope to be "in the rush," and that to be out of the rush is as bad as to be dead.

Well, it is not quite so bad as that. To begin with, there are some joys and satisfactions left to those who have rarely been in a motor-car. And it is not true that you must either soar or starve. There is a middle-class in Johannesburg, a class concerned with house-rent and wages, the price of beef, and the problem of bringing-up families.

We have a good share of gaiety, certainly; and it is a peculiar fact that people will demand more gaiety here than at home.

Much is heard of the inability of the average working-man and clerk to marry and settle down in this country, because of the abnormal scale of expenses; but if the cry is justified—and I doubt this—few look for the real cause. It lies in the excessive gaiety. Out here, the average girl in an office or a shop is anxious to rise in the social scale, to be "in the swim." She wants theatres at half a guinea a stall, and balls at a guinea or thirty shillings.

Is it surprising that the pocket of the man she one day marries will not stand the strain?

Skies and Hearts.

"They change their skies above them, but not their hearts, that roam!" says Kipling.

I enter a protest against people who change their skies and do change their hearts—those who wish to adopt, on coming to South Africa, a condition of life which has not been theirs, and cease

to be content with the homely joys that satisfied them once.

Is it fair to do this, and then blame the country? How many people coming here have lived as carefully and sensibly as at home, and then found themselves in difficulties?

For an existence artificial essentially, with too much display, and too little solidity, the coloured servant question is blamed very largely. The usual household "help" for middle-class people is a hulking Kafir-boy, and white women from home do not know how to treat this domestic adjunct. They either hob-nob with him, or never work with him at all. Girls, too, refuse to enter domestic service because "they will not work with Kafirs." So the work is done in a very "scratch" manner.

But household comfort could be as simple a thing here as anywhere if women did the same tasks.

A Glorious Climate.

All that has been said about the climate hardly reaches the truth. This climate itself ought to enable people to take homely and simple pleasures.

However, the average Johannesburg woman would rather go to see a "Winter Handicap," where she will be covered with dust, spoil a gown in a day, and acquire a bad betting habit, than get away for a breezy ride on a tramcar to some spot where the blue sky and the keen air would renew her cheerfulness at no expense.

It is strange, but we hear more growls about the dust than we see smiles about the sunshine. The dust lasts for only two or three months, and then intermittently; the sunshine is there nearly always. Moreover, the dust is Johannesburg's great cleanser. It may cause a certain amount of turmoil inside homes, but it also causes purity of atmosphere. It sweeps disease away.

The way of new-comers is, in fact, to settle here, adopt expensive habits, and then spend their time in making odious comparisons between South Africa and Europe. They lament their lot, but won't make room for others.

Growling New-Comers.

That is the one great thing most difficult of all to understand about people who come to this country. They seem to have no notion of making it more desirable to live in, helping to make a home of it; yet they will not go away, and if they do go, they return.

One must conclude that there is something in the country worth having; then why not settle down to work?

They say that conditions are different. Who makes them different? Why cannot they be the same—or nearly the same? Humanity is the same here as in any other place; it has the same great needs and desires, the same limitations, the same tendency to seek its own happiness, the same ultimate end.

Ambition is a good thing, but far too much landed. A healthy "stagnation" may be sometimes more commendable.

ONE WOMAN'S STRIKE.

Once upon an evening dreary,
As I pondered, sad and weary,
O'er the basket with the mending from
the wash the day before;
As I thought of countless stitches
To be placed in little breeches,
Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft
had done before,
At the fate that did condemn me, when
my daily task was o'er,
To that basket evermore.

John, with not a sign or motion,
Sat and read the Yankee Notion,
With no thought of the commotion
Which within me rankled sore.
"He," thought I, "when day is ended
Has no stockings to be mended,
Has no babies to be tended,
He can sit and read and snore;
He can sit and read and rest him;
Must I work thus evermore?"
And my heart rebellious answered,
"Nevermore; no, nevermore."

For though I am but a woman,
Every nerve within is human,
Aching, throbbing, overworked,
Mind and body sick and sore.
I will strike, when day is ended;
Though the stockings are not mended,
Though my course can't be defended,
Safe behind the closet door
Goes the basket with the mending,
and I'll haunted be no more.
In the daylight shall be crowded all the
work that I will do,
When the evening lamps are lighted, I
will read the papers, too.

Brisbane "Worker."

GENERAL BOOTH'S "EQUALITY."

A correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" points out that, while proclaiming the equality of the sexes, General Booth pays them unequally. His "lieutenants," if they are single men, receive 12s. a week, if women 9s.; his "captains" 15s. and 12s. And 1,200 out of the 1,600 unmarried officers in the British field are (or lately were) women.

The General has now issued an admirable pastoral on wives and mothers. "A higher estimate and a more generous treatment of woman as a wife is needed. In seeking a partner, I am afraid," he says, "the requirements of many men are far too low. Some, I fear, have no intelligent idea at all as to what is wanted."

"Having found a wife, every husband should place her in the position and give her the treatment to which she is entitled. Let him begin by making her feel that he regards her as a being of equal value with himself. She is so, whether he admits it or not."

"The meanness displayed by some men in granting but a stinted allowance to their wives is beyond contempt, and only too often drives women to deception."

"We want also a higher estimate of the value of woman as a mother. The development of a race depends on the way in which it is mothered."

All which is true.

THE COTTON-MASTERS' BLUNDER

By William C. Anderson.

It is the careless holiday season in Lancashire towns, but the older operatives, with memories of grim struggles to steady them, watch with anxious eyes the various moves of the Masters' Federation as one watches the darkening heavens and first flashes of lightning.

The trouble is, of course, the demand for a 5 per cent. reduction in wage rates. Following the ballot of Federation members, which gave a 92 per cent. majority in favour of decrease, the masters have issued intimation of this threatened change.

The indecent haste with which this move has been rushed through arouses deep and wide resentment in Lancashire.

Public Feeling.

But was it circumspect and wise? It is evident not only that the workers will resist the new exaction, but that public feeling—an important factor in such disputes—runs strongly on their side.

In the "Manchester Guardian" a Lancashire Mayor—himself a master cotton spinner and manufacturer—writes a vigorously-worded protest:

I think that, after two or three years of unparalleled prosperity in the spinning trade, resulting in the payment of big, and sometimes enormous, dividends and in the accumulation of reserve funds—in many cases of such amounts as will pay dividends for one, two, or more years to come—to propose now a reduction in the operatives' wages, whose incomes for months have been reduced by broken time, and whose cost of living is higher, and tending to be higher, than for years past, is cruel, is utterly selfish, is void of consideration for other human beings who, though organised, are weak indeed by comparison with the forces of combined capital against them.

That, I believe, is the general feeling. Could anything be more significant than the following comment of the Tory "Pall Mall Gazette"?

It is not at all clear that the reduction of wages rates was wisely thought upon. It has provoked what looks like becoming an almost unanimous refusal at all costs to accept the change, and has led the operatives' leaders to ask what use is to be made of the considerable reserve funds accumulated by some companies, and why exceptional dividends should continue to be paid while wages are cut down. The operatives were content with the alternative policy of working short time, and had submitted to considerable sacrifices without complaining.

The Workers' Pinch.

Money long saved for the holidays may be lightly spent by the young, but for many the short-time working has made thin purses.

In Nelson 22,000 looms, employing nearly 8,000 workpeople, are running only three or four days a week. In Colne more than a thousand, in Preston 5,000 workers, largely textile workers, are unemployed; and in Hyde 2,500 are either unemployed or on short time. A similar tale of low earnings or no earnings comes from Burnley, Chorley, Oldham, Bury, Blackburn, Ashton-under-Lyne—indeed, from all the textile centres.

The "Textile Mercury," an employers' organ, says:

It is no exaggeration to say that many Burnley families are not far from the verge of starvation. At a local mill a girl, engaged as a two-loom weaver, burst into tears when a fellow-operative enquired the cause of her down-cast look. It transpired that the family had gone short of food.

All this has been consented to because of the state of the trade.

Turn of the Screw.

But a reduction of rates is another matter. It troubles the future. The Operative Spinners' Association and the Amalgamated Association of Card and Blowing Room Operatives are taking a ballot of their members to decide whether they will accept or reject it. The returns were not to be complete until to-day, but it is known that they will be practically unanimous for resistance.

Indeed, the officials of the Card Room Operatives have given their members a decided lead. They have passed a resolution:

That we recommend all districts and individual members who have loan money invested in spinning companies, to withdraw the same from those companies who are working with the Employers' Federation to enforce a reduction in wages; also to use all influence possible with the various co-operative societies who have money there invested to take the same action, and so to prevent such companies fighting the operatives with their own money.

In short, the reduction scheme was a last and injudicious turn of the screw. There is no wonder at the outcry.

A circular issued by Mr. W. Mullin details the dividends and bonuses paid by a large number of companies during twenty months. Three may be cited as fair examples:

First Company.—Last year paid a dividend of 14½ per cent. and bonuses of 30 per cent., and after that carried forward to reserve balance over £2,400, equivalent to additional dividend of 7 per cent.

Second Company.—Paid a dividend of 10 per cent. and bonus of 22½ per cent.; carried forward over £6,000, equivalent to an additional 11 per cent. dividend.

Third Company.—Paid 10 per cent. dividend and a bonus of 42½ per cent.; carried forward nearly £3,000, equivalent to 9 per cent. dividend.

Sane Counsels.

I have quoted one employer on the blunder: it is said that not a few others, though believing themselves bound to back up their executive, have grave doubts as to the wisdom or equity of its policy.

There is increasing hope, then, that the calamity of a general stoppage may be averted. But if the matter in dispute be submitted to arbitration, the operatives will go to the round-table with an armoury of convincing facts not lightly to be disposed of.

No effort must be spared to avert industrial war.

Miss Ethel Carnie, of Great Harwood, who quitted the loom in order to devote herself to poetry, states that the earnings of her pen are considerably larger than the wages of a mill-winder. This is as it should be.—"Punch."

MARRIAGE AND MATHEMATICS.

Trotty took Meg's hand and drew it through his arm. He didn't seem to know what he was doing, though.

"Your daughter, eh," said the Alderman, chucking her familiarly under the chin.

Always affable with the working classes, Alderman Cute knew what pleased them! Not a bit of pride.

"Where's her mother?" asked that worthy gentleman.

"Dead," said Toby. "Her mother got up linen, and was called to Heaven when she was born."

"And you're making love to her, are you?" said Cute to the young Smith.

"Yes," returned Richard quickly, for he was nettled by the question. "And we are going to be married on New Year's Day."

"What do you mean?" cried Filer sharply. "Married!"

"Why, yes, we are thinking of it, Master," said Richard. "We're rather in a hurry, you see, in case it should be Put Down first."

"Ah!" cried Filer, with a groan. "Put that down indeed, Alderman, and you'll do something. Married! Married!! The ignorance of the first principles of political economy on the part of these people; their improvidence; their wickedness is, by Heavens! enough to—now look at that couple, will you!"

Well, they were worth looking at. And marriage seemed as reasonable and fair a deed as they need have in contemplation.

"A man may live to be as old as Methuselah," said Mr. Filer, "and may labour all his life for the benefit of such people as those, and may heap up facts on figures, facts on figures, mountains high and dry, and he can no more hope to persuade 'em that they have no earthly right or business to be married than he can hope to persuade 'em that they have no earthly right or business to be born. And that we know they haven't. We reduced it to a mathematical certainty long ago."—"The Chimes."

SONG.

There is no thought in youth,
No ruth

For other's tenderness,
But only wantonness:

In sooth,
No heed for other's pain,

But only proud disdain,
And eagerness to gain

Mere trivial joys, and vain,
All vain,
Alas, all vain!

There is no gain in years
But fears

For other's wilfulness
That brings us bitterness

And tears.

The child we glorify,
And watch with wistful eye,

Our love doth mortify,
And casts us idly by

To die,
Alas, to die!

R. PEEL.

JOAN OF ARC.

There was in her face a sweetness and serenity and purity that justly reflected her spiritual nature. She was deeply religious, and this is a thing which sometimes gives a melancholy cast to a person's countenance, but it was not so in her case. Her religion made her inwardly content and joyous; and if she was troubled at times and showed the pain of it in her face and bearing, it came of distress for her country; no part of it was chargeable to her religion.

She took the bastard and La Hire and a thousand men and went down to Orleans, where all the town was in a fever of impatience to have sight of her face. It was eight in the evening when she and the troops rode in at the Burgundy gate, with the Paladin preceding her with her standard. She was riding a white horse, and she carried in her hand the sacred sword of Fierbois. You should have seen Orleans then. What a picture it was! Such black seas of people, such a starry firmament of torches, such roaring whirlwinds of welcome, such booming of bells and thundering of cannon! It was as if the world was come to an end. Everywhere in the glare of the torches one saw rank upon rank of upturned white faces, the mouths wide open, shouting, and the unchecked tears running down. Joan forged her slow way through the solid masses, her mailed form projecting above the pavement of heads like a silver statue. The people about her struggled along, gazing up at

her through their tears with the rapt look of men and women who believe they are seeing one who is divine; and always her feet were being kissed by grateful folk, and such as failed of that privilege touched her horse and then kissed their fingers. . . . Joan's eyes were deep and rich and wonderful beyond anything merely earthly. They spoke all the languages—they had no need of words. They produced all effects—and just by a glance, just a single glance, a glance that could convict a liar of his lie and make him confess it; that could bring down a proud man's pride and make him humble; that could put courage into a coward and strike dead the courage of the bravest; that could appease resentments and real hatred; that could speak peace to storms of passion and be obeyed; that could make the doubter believe and the hopeless hope again; that could purify the impure mind; that could persuade—ah, there it is—*persuasion!* that is the word; what or who is it that it couldn't persuade?

The sight of soldiers always set her blood to leaping and lit the fires in her eyes and brought the warm rich colour to her cheeks; it was then that you saw that she was too beautiful to be of the earth, or at any rate that there was a subtle something somewhere about her beauty that differed it from the human types of your experience and exalted it above them. MARK TWAIN.

Bear in mind we are not here to inquire what we prefer, but what is true.—HUXLEY.

SONG
OF THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Our souls are free!
So we your laws defy,
We will not bend the knee,
Nor cringe, nor creep, nor lie;
Our souls are free,
And we your laws defy.

Our souls are free!
So we demand our right,
'Tis justice, not mercy,
For which we nobly fight;
Our souls are free,
And we demand our right.

Our souls are free!
Your Bastille walls will ring
With songs of liberty;
Free souls know how to sing,
And with their childlike glee
Make tyranny take wing.

Our souls are free!
Oh, brothers! are ye men?
Ye mock us shamelessly,
And jeer and laugh, but when
We're crowned with victory
Ye will respect us then.

GEORGE WALLACE.

A purse of gold has been given by the Birmingham police to Mrs. Nixon Norman, of Skinner Street, Clerkenwell, who helped a constable when he was savagely attacked in the presence of an apathetic crowd.

SECRETS OF YOUTH & BEAUTY.

By Chas. E. Dawson.

A full, fine life is the birthright of every woman; and THE WOMAN WORKER is run to help women to achieve that birthright.

That is why I write about things above my readers' pockets. Women who work should have at least equal opportunities with the leisured classes; and if that were secured an army of brave and beautiful women would carry all before them.

The strong, vital aristocracy of industry would inaugurate a new era.

Among the many so-called "professional beauties" met in the course of my work, few have a better claim to the title than one woman whose beauty has, for over thirty years, been a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. And it does concern you that she is to-day, at the age of fifty-four, an entirely charming and lovely woman, whom no one would believe to be a day older than thirty-three.

Last week we were chatting in her hotel flat on the subject of women, work, and wages, concerning which I found she had a wide knowledge and sympathy.

I asked her, on behalf of our readers, to tell me the secret means by which she has cheated the calendar for so many years—how she has preserved her youth and beauty.

Cheerfulness and Health.

"My watchword," she said, "is cheerfulness.

"I have no yesterday. To remain youthful a woman *must* be cheerful. Whatever happens, she must look out, not in; up, not down.

"Keep young and elastic in mind, and the body will follow suit.

"But while I thoroughly believe in the power of mind over matter, I also feel that the real secret of beauty is good health. A sick woman can't be beautiful.

"Work, sunshine, exercise, soap and water, plain food, fresh air, and, above all, cheerfulness, are my recipe for beauty.

"At 8 a.m. my maid brings me a cup of tea and a bit of toast. Then, after reading my letters and a glance at the papers, I am ready for my bath—a cold one, winter and summer—I couldn't do without it. Then I do a few simple exercises.

"My night bath is a real hot-water-and-soap ceremony, to remove any trace of grease-paint and the dust of the day.

"I sleep with wide-open windows, summer and winter, and, like 'Sara,' I wear a straight-fronted corset, and therefore have a larger waist and more room to breathe.

"I wear very light clothing, and always wool next the skin. I hate furs, and never catch chills.

No Lounging.

"I dread the dressing-gown habit. There is a great temptation to many of us, especially when touring, to lounge around in one the greater part of the day.

"In the morning, when I am fully dressed, I put on my hat and a pair of low-heeled shoes, and for two hours walk as fast I can without knocking anyone over. Then I am ready for

breakfast. The open road, the great out-of-doors, is the place to find health and beauty.

"I never dine alone. At my five o'clock dinner before the theatre, I have one or more guests—who must be cheerful or they don't come again. The moment you get in the dumps you begin to grow weary and old, which wouldn't agree with me or my work anyway.

"The complexion is as important to beauty as the binding is to a book. It counts for so much in first impressions. I instinctively trust a person with a clear, fresh complexion. And you can't look young or well with a dry or muddy skin.

Soap and Water.

"Personally I prefer good soap and water to all the patent preparations. My method of washing was taught me years ago by a French maid who had formerly been responsible for the toilet of the loveliest of Europe's Royal beauties.

"First, I make a good thick lather of soap and warm water, with which I bathe the face, using only my palms—for sponges or complexion gloves are apt to produce wrinkles. The face instinctively contorts itself to avoid the touch of the cloth, whereas it never shrinks from the touch of one's own hand. Hard rubbing stretches the skin, and separates it from the muscles.

"Soap does not suit every complexion. As a substitute, nothing is better than the finest oatmeal.

"A thoroughly clean face is rare. You may think yours is clean; but examine it closely, and you will see a thin film of dust. That is the beginning of acne or blackheads.

Expression.

"After complexion comes facial expression.

"No matter how well-dressed a woman is, or how perfect her features, an uninspired expression annihilates the effect of her beauty. Weary, heavy-laden expressions, like weeds, are apt, unchecked, to grow apace.

"Be careful what thoughts you fall asleep with; for the expression they cause will dominate your face while sleeping, and we spend one third of our time in bed. As you sleep, so you will awake.

"Don't worry, or let little things or trivial people irritate you; you will avoid the tell-tale little lines between the eyebrows. Don't fuss.

"Creases at the side of the mouth are developed by much talking; it is better to listen, and let the other person do the talking. You will find, as a rule, that he or she will enjoy doing so.

"I only read by a good white light. Reading in bed by a poor gas or candle-light cause a fine network of delicate lines round the eyes.

"Cheerfulness will retain the colour of your hair. Low spirits show themselves in hair dry and lustreless, and dry hair becomes grey as surely as dry skin becomes wrinkled. Keep the scalp flexible by frequent massage, and brush the hair well at least once a day.

"Take plenty of sleep if you can; I always take nine hours."

UNDER THE STARS.

Our two young people stood at the western edge of the little pool, studying astronomy in the reflected firmament. The Pleiads were trembling in the waves before them, and the three great stars of Orion—for these two constellations were both glittering in the eastern sky.

"There is no place too humble for the glories of heaven to shine in," she said. "And their splendour makes even this little pool beautiful and noble," he answered. "Where is the light to come from that is to do as much for our poor human lives?"

A simple question enough, but the young girl felt her colour change as she answered, "From friendship, I think."

Grazing only as yet—not striking full—hardly hitting at all—but there are questions and answers that come so very near, the wind of them alone almost takes the breath away.

There was an interval of silence. Two young persons can stand looking at water a long time without feeling the necessity of speaking. Especially when the water is alive with stars and the young persons are thoughtful and impressive. The water seems to do half the thinking while one is looking at it; its movements are felt in the brain very much like thought.

Presently the young man asked his pupil: "Do you know what the constellation directly over our heads is?"

"Is it not Cassiopea?" she asked a little hesitatingly.

"No, it is Andromeda. You ought not to have forgotten her, for I remember showing you a double star, the one in her right foot, through the equatorial telescope. You have not forgotten the double star—the two that shone for each other and made a little world by themselves."

"No, indeed," she answered, and blushed, and felt ashamed because she had said "indeed" as if it had been an emotional recollection.

The double-star allusion struck another dead silence. She would have given a week's pay to any invisible attendant that would have cut her stay-lace.

At last: "Do you know the story of Andromeda?" he said.

"Perhaps I did once—but suppose I don't remember it?"

He told her the story of the unfortunate maiden chained to a rock and waiting for a sea-beast that was coming to devour her, and how Perseus came and set her free, and won her love with her life. And then he began about a young man chained to his rock, which was a star-gazer's tower, a prey by turns to ambition, and lonely self-contempt and unwholesome scorn of the life he looked down upon after the serenity of the firmament, and endless questionings that led him nowhere—and now he had only one more question to ask. He loved her. Would she break his chain? He held both his hands out towards her, as if they were fettered at the wrists. She took hold of them very gently; parted them a little; then wider—wider—and found herself all at once folded, unresistingly, in her lover's arms.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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MRS. GAMP SURVIVES.

By an Inspector of Midwives.

It is hardly conceivable, but in all the efforts lately made for a decrease of infant mortality, the class of women who attend more than half the births have almost escaped notice.

Untrained midwives are to a very large extent responsible for the well-being of lying-in mothers and newly-born children.

How does this continue? Well, like most Acts of Parliament, the Midwives Act of 1902 is faulty. The carrying out of its provisions rests entirely on the overburdened shoulders of the local authority and its medical officer. If he is not keen in the matter, the Act breaks down.

By this Act, moreover, upwards of 12,000 women were placed on the midwives' roll merely because they had practised for one year previous to 1901.

The remaining 13,000, trained women who have passed a stiff examination, are exposed to their competition. Happily, the vast majority have taken the training as an adjunct to their nursing or sanitary training. They get little encouragement, either from doctors or from working women themselves.

So Mrs. Gamp still sits by the fire.

The Scandal.

Consider her methods and her personality. These 12,000 untrained midwives do not, as a rule, earn a living by midwifery alone; therefore their fees are low—anything from 3s. 6d. to 10s. Often in the country these are partly paid in kind, and nearly always they include the bottle of spirits.

Most of the tribe are old women who cannot read or write, or who do so with difficulty; so they cannot tell temperatures or pulses, and do not understand, or use, antiseptics. They are dirty in person and clothing, careless in habits, often intemperate, rough and ready in methods. They often attend two or three deliveries a day!

They all wreck the health of scores of patients, and their treatment of infants is continually the cause of subsequent death or illness. A trained midwife, following such a woman at a subsequent confinement, is often appalled at the damage wrought by her ignorance.

Yet many mothers would choose her before a medical man or a trained midwife. Why? For one chief reason. These old dames conduct a confinement with a reel of thread, a pair of scissors, and a few old rags and paper—and so charge little for the job.

It is to be regretted, too, that many medical men prefer Mrs. Gamp to work with.

A Case for the State.

There is a good deal of talk about training mothers in the proper methods of feeding and rearing their babies; but any method that leaves out the attendance of a trained midwife at birth is lame and incompetent.

Is it not truly deplorable that the working woman should be so ignorant, or so poor, that at a time of grave concern she risks her life, and if she lives her health and that of her child also?

Until women recognise that they must have the best of skill at such times, little progress can be made. Medical officers will call attention in vain to the matter in reports. But why should poverty involve such pitiful risks? Why must safety be a luxury?

There is no question that the reform of midwifery would be a national gain of the first importance.

Let there once be only well-trained midwives, paid or supported by the State, as need may be, and let such women be at the service of the poorest, the effects of their work would soon be seen.

There would be a large decrease of the infantile death-rate, stronger mothers and children, and better ideas of hygiene and sanitation in the home.

SOCIETY.

I looked and saw a splendid pageantry Of beautiful women and of lordly men, Taking their pleasure in a flowery plain, Where poppies and the red anemone, And many another leaf of crimson, Flickered about their feet, and gave their stain

To heels of iron or satin; and the grain Of silken garments floating far and free, As in the dance they wove themselves, or strayed

By twos together, or lightly smiled and bowed,

Or courtied to each other, or else played At games of mirth or pastime, unafraid In their delight; and all so high and proud

They seemed scarce of the earth whereon they trod.

I looked again and saw the flowery space

Stirring, as if alive beneath the tread That rested now upon an old man's head,

And now upon a baby's gasping face, Or mother's bosom, or the rounded grace Of a girl's throat; and what had seemed the red

Of flowers was blood in gouts and gushes shed

From hearts that broke under that frolic pace;

And now and then from out the dreadful floor

An arm or brow was lifted from the rest, As if to strike in madness, or implore For mercy; and anon some suffering breast

Heaved from the mass and sank; and as before

The revellers about them thronged and pressed.

W. D. HOWELLS in "Harper's."

THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

"There were then 23,169 acres under hogs."—Daily Chronicle.

You can't get away from these scorching motorists even if you're a hopper.—"Punch."

BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

"Hearken, my sweet! When we are in the meadows we shall sit down for a minute on a bank under the chestnut trees, and watch the moon coming up over the southern cliffs. And I shall behold thee in the summer night and deem that I see all thy beauty; which yet shall make me dumb with wonder when I see it indeed in the house among the candles."

"Oh, nay," she said, "by the Portway shall we go; the torch-bearers shall be abiding thee at the gate."

Spake Face-of-God: "Then shall we rise up and wend first through a wide treeless meadow, wherein amidst the night we shall behold the kine moving about like odorous shadows; and through the greyness of the moonlight thou shalt deem that thou seest the pink colour of the eglantine blossoms, so fragrant they are."

"Oh, nay," she said, "but it is meet we go by the Portway."

But he said: "Then from the wide meadow come we into a close of corn, and then into an orchard-close beyond it. There, in the ancient walnut-tree, the owl sitteth breathing hard in the night-time; but thou shalt not hear him for the joy of the nightingales singing from the apple-trees of the close."

"Short is the way across it to the brim of the Weltering Water, and across the water lieth the fair garden of the Face; and I have dight for thee there a little boat to waft us across the night-dark waters, that shall be like wavering flames of white fire where the moon smites them, and like the void of all things where the shadows hang over them. There, then, shall we be in the garden, beholding how the hall windows are yellow, and hearkening the sound of the hall glee borne across the flowers and blending with the voice of the nightingale in the trees. There then shall we go along the grass paths, whereby the pinks and the cloves and the lavender send forth their fragrance to cheer us, who faint at the scent of the over-worn roses and the honey-sweetness of the lilies."

"All this is for thee, and for nought but thee this even; and many a blossom whereof thou knowest nought shall grieve if thy foot tread not thereby to-night; if the path of thy wedding, which I have made, be void of thee on the even of the Chamber of Love."

"But lo! at last, at the garden's end is the yew walk arched over for thee, and thou canst not see whereby to enter it; but I, I know it, and I lead thee into and along the dark tunnel through the moonlight, and thine hand is not weary of mine as we go. But at the end shall we come to a wicket, which shall bring us out by the gable end of the Hall of the Face. Turn we about its corner then, and there are we, blinking on the torches of the candle-bearers and the candles through the open door, and the hall ablaze with light and full of joyous clamour, like the bale-fire in the dark night kindled on a ness above the sea by folk remembering the gods."

"Oh, nay," she said, "but by the Portway must we go; the straightest way to the Gate of Burgstead."

In vain she spake, and knew not what she said; for even as he was speaking he led her away, and her feet went as her will went rather than her words.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

The Novelette.

What follows is written about a book without giving its name, or the name of its publisher and author. I came by it in a railway train, where a young woman left it.

Nothing I can say would affect the sale of this book by one copy, price twopenny; but it has amused me, and I want you to share the fun freely. So let us be kind. There are lots of stories just as funny.

This popular kind of story leaves you in no doubt as to what is happening, and a good deal happens for twopenny. I read something of the sort once before, and still remember how joyful I was when the hero took the wicked woman by her shoulders, and "shook her until the flying hairpins rattled against the window-panes." I read that for a penny!

It was a surprising thing to see happen, but the woman was so bad that it served her just right. I hoped she wore lots of hairpins.

In the twopenny story there is a bad man as well as a bad woman. People without one good impulse. One has no trouble at all, as I have had with the people I have known, to see that they are bad. They are rotten to the core. Sinful. I mean to say that they know it themselves.

The trouble is that people are so brazen, and don't know it. Being good ourselves (it is an awful worry sometimes, a kind of dragging pain; but, of course, we don't want to make a fuss about it), being good, we should like to unmask them. It isn't vengeance we ask. Being good, we ought not to think of that. It is just the satisfaction of letting them see how different they are. Just an innocent feeling. To do so would be a relief to the dragging pain.

Now, this book is Friar's Balsam to it. Take such a passage as this:

"You are in hiding now," continued Anna, a little excitedly. "You have shaved your face and cut your hair closer. Dare you tell me for what reason?"

"Hoping to render myself more attractive in your eyes, my pretty Anna!" he said savagely, the guilty colour rising to his face under the truth of her indictment.

"It is false!" she cried. "False, and you know it!"

But you may not understand—the man's wickedness is colossal, and this poor girl is in his power.

It tears one's heart; and when she so bravely says that he did not shave on her account at all—that not only is it false, but he knows it to be false—a good reader feels her heart comforted.

I will state the hard facts of Anna Strathecarron's case.

She is the beautiful, proud daughter of a Scotch estate, which she loves. She loves it "passionately, with every fibre of her being"; you must realise this; and there is a mortgage.

She lives in a grey old house, half-fortress, half-monastery, "lying snugly concealed on a broad expanse of turf"; and on this concealed expanse "that greatest of all artists, Spring, is painting a covering of exquisite green, dainty and delicate."

All around it rise wood-clothed slopes of considerable height, and a burn trickles through them. At whatever height the burn begins to trickle, in doing so it "reflects the trees overhead, bestowing upon them an added beauty."

It is possible to mistake the emotion with which a beautiful girl, whose brother is heir to such a fairyland, sees it threatened in his absence. There is nothing selfish in what she feels. There is only love and pride. When we talk of land reform we forget this.

Put yourself in her place. She has been told by the mortgagee that he must marry her.

"Is there no other way?" The girl's usually proud lip quivered, while her dreamy, soft grey eyes took a far-off look, through which the underlying anguish appeared plainly visible.

It is her brother's wife who answers: "There remains the alternative of allowing the mortgagee to foreclose, as he threatens; and perhaps that would be—"

"Give up Abbotsvale! Allow it to fall into strange hands!" broke in the girl impetuously. "Though that, of course, conveys nothing to you, Elise—you, who were not born a Strathecarron."

Ah, this family pride! How little we know of it, we landless, poor adventurers. She went out into the concealed expanse, and "the leaves seemed to shoot and the flowers to blossom as Anna watched." We do not understand. To know that the miracle is ours—!

She threw herself at full length upon the grass and burst into a torrent of despairing tears.

Of course, she married the mortgagee.

It was thrice a mistake—because he meant to foreclose all the same; because the interest had been paid without his knowing it, and so he could not; and because he had been married already—in France. But she meant so well that one forgives her.

Besides, she did not know. Felix Vane spoke in a softly-modulated voice, though he had light, steely eyes. How could she guess that he meant to sink a coal-shaft in Abbotsvale?

There was nothing he would not do. He had once subscribed to the war fund of the Russian Anarchists in the course of seducing an Anarchist's only daughter.

But, thank heaven, in Anna Strathecarron he met his match. When she heard about the coal-shaft she left him. She left him at the first station on the wedding trip. The villain still pursued her, and that is what made the story so well worth telling; but right at the start he had been warned by his friend, Paul Inglis—"Felix, I warn you, be careful how you deceive that girl."

Felix said his friend had been reading the latest sensational novel. It looked like that.

But, first, the brother came home from Canada. He was, we are told, "a braw laddie." Alec was "fully six feet in height, and broad in proportion." He said to his wife, who had concealed

from poor Anna the cable that would have saved her:

"Fool, miserable fool—for you are either fool or knave—that you could not have waited! Through the death of a distant relative I have inherited sufficient money to remove all encumbrances."

It is true that Elise—the wicked wife—was not only depraved, but quite unable to see her own advantage, prizing an occasional cheque from Felix more than her husband's fortune, and willing to run up to London for it at any moment, or to get up in the night and visit the haunted wing where Anna was in hiding, or to brave any shame and face a great deal of righteous and surprising violence.

But she did not reckon with Jack Arbuthnot.

He came next. Flying to London, Alec met him in Trafalgar Square, and recognised a fellow-passenger of the voyage whom he had liked.

A tall, spare figure, square alike of shoulder and of jaw, the calm yet dominant personality of "handsome Jack," as his college mates had designated him, had at this critical juncture a most beneficial effect on the excitable nature of Alec.

Observe his attitude when Alec told him about his little sister's marriage:

"What!" The exclamation rang through the room like the report from a firearm, and then he listened with breathless interest.

He did not know Anna; perhaps he was rather a new friend of Alec's; but he had met Felix Vane, and instinctively and splendidly he took the right view of things. His "Steady, lad" following that fine explosion is strong like the hills. Calm yet dominant.

He made it his own affair without hesitation; and what a second brother he was to Anna! Once, indeed—

For an instant only, John Arbuthnot threw discretion to the winds, and seized Anna in his arms.

"Free? I believe from my soul you will," he whispered fiercely, "though at present the sky is dark and no light breaks on the horizon. Otherwise the good God, to whom we owe our being, could not permit such love as ours. Anna, you love me."

She had to say, "Hush! Remember I am pledged to another"; but, as a rule, he was a man who controlled himself and other people. There is nothing really subtle in such outbursts; he is as plainly good as Felix Vane is bad. And Vane's were different. They occurred when he saw a chance of getting level.

Then, it is true, "Vane's triumphant hand dashed upon the table and shivered the cut-glass bottles into atoms"; and whether he paid for them or not you cannot forgive him.

This man found her at last, and, with a little help from Elise, lured her to a lonely flat. He would have taught her to love him. But she drew a hairpin that was a stiletto, and he saw it to be of real Italian manufacture; so he cursed her, and locked her up to starve. She knew that when she grew weak he would come again.

But no more. It was the Anarchist father who settled him, not Anna, nor even Alec, though that braw laddie reduced Jack's shirt to ribbons in a rash attempt to settle Elise.

It is a book of the hour, a typical "novelette"; and it sells by the hundred thousand. Life is so confusing and so tame!

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXII.—(continued).

Paine's Windfall.

And now his friend young Watson disappointed Jack with an uncharitable speech of some coarseness.

"Oh, let's leave the swine!" said he. His thought was: "He is a swine, and he thinks he has the better of decent fellows. Let him wallow."

But, for his soul's welfare, Enoch had to go through with the work of mercy. Darbyshire twirled an end of his blonde moustache with a hand that shook from exertion, and his blue eyes fell upon Paine.

"Can't do that," he said; "the poor old beggar's helpless."

"It's his own fault," said Enoch, silkily, "and he's proud of it."

"Well, of course," was the ambiguous answer; "but we'll see him home all right. I hope he's got a latch-key. Sit up, old man; sit up a minute and give us your keys."

Under way once more, they had an explanation of his special delight in that late night's debauchery. Darbyshire had said that he had never seen him so full. Paine replied with deliberation:

"My boy, I'm celebrating solemn occasion. To-morrow morning I sh'll go down to the blasted office and pay old Ireton the sum of fourteen pounds sterling, tell him to leave immediately. Month's salary in lieu of notice. I sh'll then order in champagne and wet it; an' we'll have a pair of lobsters f' tea, to show there's no malice."

"Yes, you're full," said Darbyshire; "feel it, too, every pound. Hold up; I'm getting a crick in the ribs."

"Then we'll sit down again!"

As Paine did so they despaired. "I've never," he laughed, "been so drunk since I was boy of fifteen. It's a celebration. I know you fellows want to go to bed. Nev' mind, I—'ll give you han'some present."

Darbyshire said that he would take old Ireton's screw, for choice.

"Tisn't Ireton's screw!" cried Paine, with a little scream of delight. "It's mine!"

"All the same," said Darbyshire.

"No, no," Paine explained with a chuckle. "You don't tumble. I'm a man of substance. 'S my little joke. Now, you're sure you won't tell any-bor-y?"

Menaced with the arch forefinger, they swore to secrecy.

"Well, then, I shall tell you. There's somebor-y dead."

"Left you any money?"

"Lef me," said Paine, after a gleeful pause, and smacked the flags, "five thousand pounds do what I like with."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"Well," said Darbyshire, "I'm awfully glad, old chap." And, charmingly disregarding of the drunken man's absurd position, he offered Paine his hand.

Paine climbed up with the aid of it, saying that this was the happiest day of his life, while Enoch, albeit no spice of envy spoiled his composition, stood by without a civil word to say.

"What stunning luck!" Darbyshire turned to him. "My, if somebody left me five thousand pounds! What think?"

"I think there'd be some sense in it."

"Hear that, you bouncer!" cried Jack. "Blest if I don't take your life!"

"Got a thou' or two on your person? Show it us, Paine."

But it appeared that the fortune was not yet paid over.

Through the window of Paine's lodging—a place to which he had lately moved—they caught the flicker of a good fire, and the door was opened to them by a woman, perhaps in her twenty-fifth year, whose gentle eyes and the natural concern with which she looked at him obliged them both to respect her. Paine greeted her, too, with a touch of shame in his affectionate manner.

To Enoch, who had heard that she was not his wife, and who knew so little of unhappy women, the instant in which her soft appearance prepossessed him—Paine saying, sheepishly, "Hello, Dolly! Oh, you sh'd have gone to bed, my dear!"—was bizarre. A fear that she would ask them to enter the house made him uncomfortable, in the same way that a penny show had once done, in which you were invited to touch the abnormality.

Darbyshire brightly said, "He's all right, Mrs. Templeton. Legs a bit rummy, so we lent him a share of four, that's all."

"That was very good of you," she answered.

Her manner was free of coquetry, as of ill-humour, and Enoch noted that she turned at once to Paine again with a look of inquiry. He was to tell her what to do! She wore a pretty loose robe; even at that late hour her hair, in a thick plait like a girl's, had the look of being freshly done, and she was only a little wan in the morning light.

In they went, stumbling up three high steps into a narrow passage. Paine's hat was transferred by Darbyshire to a peg, and Paine himself deposited in a great arm-chair.

It was something of a shock to Enoch that the room looked home-like and tidy, like any room of similar pretensions in another house. He was glad, however, to see that Darbyshire kept his own hat in his hand, prepared to depart. Supper had been laid, and there was an open novel on the table—Lytton's "Zanoni." The vigil they had ended struck him as a little pathetic for its faithfulness to such a creature as Paine was. He could only marvel.

"There, old man," said Darbyshire. "Now you're right. Unless we take him upstairs, Mrs. Templeton? Yes, better do so, eh?"

"Oh, no," she answered, ashamed of Paine's helplessness. "We shall manage very well. Besides, he must have some supper."

"Course!" cried Paine. "We'll all have supper."

He exhibited strong reserves of energy—would hear of no excuses, and got upon his feet to wave them all aside. It was, he repeated, a celebration. Never mind time. What sort of a pal's

trick was it to run away? And when the three were left together, while his mistress went for plates and glasses, Paine's face lighted up. "Don't say anything," he whispered; "you leave it to me. Dolly knows nothing." He signified in ecstatic gestures that they would see some fun, and lapsed into the chair again, saying, "Sh-sh-sh!" While she arranged the table, he watched her with a smile of extraordinary radiance.

Enoch's wonder to see her unlike all general notions of the courtesan, and so meek—so "wifely," according to another notion—prevented the reflection that only a simple and yielding nature could have accepted her situation first and last. Moreover, he felt the situation as an injustice. Paine was not entitled to any woman's devotion, whether in wedlock or out of it. Her voice was sweet and softly pitched. She had quiet eyes of a limpid blue, rather full, under a clear brow; her mouth suggested refinement; and the oval face, if it lacked animation and colour, had the beauty of regular outlines. He was startled to see among the rings on her white and supple hands a new wedding ring—Paine's irregular gift. His cheeks burned. What would Barbara think of his coming to such a house? What would his father think?

As it was said long ago, if you look well there is some soul of goodness to be spied in things evil. The devotion of a woman who had beauty and some attributes of the lady was, to Paine, a continual surprise, profoundly flattering. His attachment to her, such as it could be, had been complete for some years, though it was only a month ago that he had gone to live with her. Paine went on arguing against goodness in sheer perversity of will and mind.

Happily, for the time being, he was conciliated.

He watched a glass of beer poured out for Darbyshire—who, looking rather as if he had fought with wild beasts, said fervently to Mrs. Templeton, "Thanks, you've saved my life." Enoch's request for a drink of water gave him, if anything, a heightened sense of benignity.

"Come along, boys," he said. "She's dyin' to know my little secret, an' she won't let you think so. Should we tell it her?"

"Certainly!" Jack voted.

"Rather a shock, y'know. Dangerous," he said playfully. "Look at her! She's afraid already."

"Not at all, dear boy: knows it's good luck."

Paine frowned, to indicate that he was joking. "What should y'say," he ogled, "if I found a nice boardin'-school for the youngsters an' took you to London f'r a month? Now!—now don't get excited." There had been just a quiver of the limpid violet eyes. "An' bought you," he slowly continued, "some new frocks, an' a pretty hat, an' a tailor-made costume?"

She looked at the others, flushing, and asked if they had been paid for a big shorthand note.

"No," said Paine, ecstatically.

"They've never put your salary up, Fred?"

"Haw! haw!" he laughed; and in the midst of her bewilderment he proudly announced the facts. "Aunt

Sarah's extinct, an' she's left me five thou'."

"Oh! Fred," cried the girl, and instantly got up, threw her arms about him, and kissed him on the forehead. "Now you'll be free of that horrid office. Oh, but you mustn't spend it, dear. . . . Where is it? Have you—oh, what a piece of luck! Is it true? I can't believe it."

She looked round for confirmation, and kissed him again, time after time. There were tears in her eyes.

But as the two young journalists walked home, Enoch was thinking of the hopeless case in which he stood with Barbara, despite his virtue. Besides, the widow had two children, whom it appeared no virtue in Paine to adopt. To Darbyshire's open-eyed amusement he began to rail against Paine bitterly, and was not to be brought to a better mind by any play of humour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Rift in the Lute.

Enoch's way with evildoers was to loathe alike offences and offenders. That might be due to a defective training, as well as to something less than godlike in the natural man. But he was young. We learn with years to make allowances.

He also lacked the habit of active kindness in free association with his fellows—a habit healthier far than any moral sense to be acquired without it. He was in the sad case common to prigs and dainty ladies, whom contact with the world excites to a horror of the species. It is an ancient error—the endeavour to be good instead of a simple unjudging kindness—and it confounds both the churchman and the uninspired theorist. They look at evil through large-power lenses; they see it grim and large; and in different ways they are much distraught thereby.

Let us call it folly and fret less. By this time Barbara's folly and his own had brought them to the margin of disaster.

He could not now idealise, he languished merely. True, he never called disaster by a pleasant name, desiring it. The nearness of it, his weakened power of resistance, had begun indeed to frighten him; sometimes he had the sensation of men in a ship who look into the whirlpool. But, even as he gazed, horror gave place to a fascination profoundly sweet; he heard the sirens singing.

Barbara trusted him too well to be similarly troubled; but so much trust was apt to make her wistful. "Is it wrong? Isn't it sin?" she wondered. Not her aversion from the path that Nature's kindly impulse pointed, her moderation of false indulgence, her nice management; but the wish for love itself.

Leave her such defences as she had and used. Certain it is that her brave and busy spirit never dwelt too long with one preoccupation. She threw off perplexity as lightly as a child runs out to play, and felt it sensible to do so.

Happily for this entanglement, if not for time to come, their jarring temperaments made a rift in the siren lute.

Barbara's instinct for safety in diversions was the cause. She took him out into the town, and there her large acquaintance was apt to fret his sense of imperfect possession. That he could be

extravagantly jealous has been seen; and he had many more than Mr. Prince Varley to vex him, if not to alarm his poor opinion of her generalship. Her complaisance in stopping to chat with all and sundry provoked him as it had never done in the beginning of their friendship, though now he knew it guileless.

He might have perceived that it was something more. Drawn to him now in a sense alarming to her religion, as well as her wish to be free, she had to assure herself of honesty by showing a gay and innocent face to all comers.

His pride was galled.

She saw it, and nothing else displeased her in him; she took it as unkind, as something that he ought not to feel in face of all the proofs she gave him of a preference more than sisterly. He was unreasonable, too; he would not stay beside her, yet when she rejoined him he had a face of stone.

Enoch walked on when she stopped, because he could not endure to see the eyes of other men devouring her; once or twice only had she been too quick for such evasion, and introduced them to him. He left her, and added anger to white jealousy because she kept him waiting.

But Barbara made haste to appease him. For example: "That was Mr. Appleyard, the new conductor. Why didn't you stop, dear? You ought to know Mr. Appleyard, for the paper."

He made no reply.

"He's been trying to get me an engagement at Scarborough. He asked me who you were. I don't see why I shouldn't get seaside engagements like other people—do you? I mean I might as well be keeping my pupils on through the vacation, if not."

Her chat with Mr. Appleyard had lasted fifteen minutes. "Oh, I'm much obliged to him," said Enoch.

She ventured nothing more, but drew him aside to look at a window. "Isn't that a pretty hat? I'm sure I could wear that."

"Perhaps," said Enoch, "if he sees it, Mr. Appleyard may buy it for you."

She gave his arm a little petulant shake and resumed the walk. Even in his rage he was astonished that she took a churlish speech so quietly; and he flew to the other extreme of abnegation, saying, "Shall I leave you to him if we meet again? I'd rather do so than wait till he's done with you, really."

"Now you're unreasonable," Barbara said. "I'm sure it wasn't long. And it isn't a bit of good talking like that, Con, for I shan't cut him."

"Then I've nothing to complain of."

"I do think we'd better talk of something else."

The words came to his ear as if she were smiling; and, bewildered, he glanced at her face. She had moved to a tall young fellow who was bearing down upon them joyfully; she made a pause as he came up, and Enoch, ignoring a quick pressure upon his arm, left her forthwith—and this time did not wait.

He was horribly afraid of what the consequence might be, and did his work that night in a cold dismay, with trembling fingers.

By the time it was finished he had grown light-headed. Staying late with Macdonald and Penny, he entered with extraordinary spirit into a game of

three-handed catches with letter-weights, and, chancing to break a window, laughed at this excellent mishap with intervals till bedtime. But, in his privacy between the blankets, he forgot wounded dignity, and cried himself to sleep like an over-sentimental girl.

When he awoke and went over the quarrel, he was sure he had been in the right; and, instead of going to see Barbara, he took a long walk, recovered grimly a sense of manly independence, and turned into the office for tea.

Ireton, who had had to send for a glazier, scowled, and gravely said, "That window will cost somebody four and ninepence, young man; and let there be no more skylarking."

"I broke it," Enoch faced him. "Will you have the money now?"

"I will," said the managing editor.

"There it is!" With a flaming face he threw down a five-shilling piece, which was a heavy coin and sounded well. "And please not to speak to me like that again. I can't stand it."

The staff were aghast, expecting to see him "sacked" then and there. But Ireton, in the awful silence, was heard to chuckle grimly. "Hear the young cockerel crow," he said.

In the same moment a small office-boy put his head in at the door. "Mr. Watson," he piped. "A lady downstairs wants to see you."

"Oh!" cried Penny, as if that explained. "Be off with you! Macdonald and I go shares, you know."

"What! In the lady?" said somebody; and Enoch hurried to the stair, endeavouring to collect his thoughts.

(To be continued.)

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

I never yet could see that face

Which had no dart for me;

From fifteen years to fifty's space,

They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,

Goodness or wit, in all I find;

In motion or in speech a grace:

If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of proper stays;

If fair, she is pleasant as the light;

If low, her prettiness doth please;

If black, what lover loves not night?

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,

The lean with love makes me, too, so;

If straight, her body's Cupid's dart

To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee

Through all love's garden and his

fields,

And like the wise industrious bee,

No weed but honey to me yields.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

No young woman of the upper middle class is likely to take too rosy a view of theatrical life after reading a modern novel of the stage.—"Era."

First and foremost, the business woman has to steer her course between the rocks of faddiness and the rocks of culpable carelessness.—JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

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Fels-Naptha can do all the hard work—can get the dirt out of the clothes without any boiling, without any hard rubbing, and in half the time.

Why not let Fels-Naptha do it?

Fels = Naptha
will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

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

THE WOMAN WORKER,
SEPTEMBER 4, 1908.

The Last Word.

A stirring letter is the Case of published on another page from Mr. Joseph Fels, who sends the munificent donation of £20 for the Daisy Lord Fund. I have also received the following subscriptions:—Winifred Taylor, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 20s.; D. T. Davies, 1s.; Winifred Welsh, 1s. 6d.; Miller, 1s.; Dorothy Roswell, 6d.; Mary Aves, 1s.; T. Nielson, 1s.; Amy Cocher, 5d.; Hardée Blacklow, 1s.

Readers continue to take great interest in the case, and over 500 petition forms have been sent in response to applications received at the offices of THE WOMAN WORKER during the week.

All our friends have not enclosed stamped addressed wrappers with their requests for petitions. Future applicants should remember to do so, so that the necessary labour and expense may be reduced to a minimum.

Address to me, c/o THE WOMAN WORKER, 44, Worship Street, London, E.C., and mark the outside of envelope, "Petition."

Conciliation—I regret that I am not yet able to announce a settlement of the Summers-town dispute. Ten days after my appeal to the Board of Trade to intervene Messrs. Hugh Stevenson and Sons, Ltd., agreed to take part in a conciliation conference, providing the obnoxious writer of these notes did not appear.

A Natural Disinclination. I did not find it difficult to believe that Mr. Stevenson, jun., was not anxious to meet me again, nor, considering all the circumstances of the case, did I consider his disinclination unnatural.

Therefore, although it is quite unusual in cases of industrial conciliation or arbitration for employers to interfere with the workpeople's nomination of representatives, it seemed to me that we ought not to refuse to make any possible concession which might lead to a settlement. The girls thereupon appointed three of their number to attend the conciliation proceedings, and Miss Sophy Sanger, who has for many years filled with credit the position of honorary secretary to the British Association for Labour Legislation and honorary secretary to the Legal Advice Department of the Women's Trade Union League, kindly agreed to accompany the girls, and to state the case for them. The Board of Trade appointed Mr. W. B. Yates, barrister-at-law, as conciliator, and at the time of writing the parties have held two meetings without coming to any conclusion.

Arbitration Refused. I earnestly hope that an honourable settlement may be arrived at, but it must be remembered that although the workers were willing to submit their case to final arbitration, the employers refused to agree to this; therefore, the possibility of the efforts of the conciliator proving abortive must not be overlooked. In that case the strike will continue with renewed vigour. Meantime, in order that on our side at least the truce may be complete, the pickets have been withdrawn, and the daily meetings outside the factory discontinued for the present.

Honour Where Due. It would be ungrateful to overlook the part played in this dispute by two large consumers. We have it on the authority of Mr. Stevenson that both Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Bournville, and the Co-operative Wholesale Society have had something to say as to the standard of conditions which they require from firms who enjoy their custom. In a strong leading article last week "The Co-operative News" makes special reference to the dispute, and, indeed, goes so far as to suggest the establishment of a Co-operative box factory, where standard conditions could be observed.

Practical Sympathy. It is seldom that a strike provokes so much evidence of practical sympathy as in this case. As will be seen on another page, the total sum collected and subscribed now amounts to over £215, and in this connection our most grateful thanks are due to our kind contemporary, "The Christian Commonwealth," whose

eloquent appeals on behalf of the strikers have been most generously responded to by its readers. The "Daily News," too, as is its custom, has given powerful support to the fight against sweating, and has once more rendered yeoman service to the cause of working women.

A Kruger Sovereign. Amongst the hundreds of letters I have received from readers on the subject of the Summerstown dispute, there have been many pathetic communications from workers who are themselves sweated, but who have, nevertheless, managed to send small contributions to the strike fund. One of the finest letters I have received is that from "Stonemason," published on another page. The Kruger sovereign which he sends is evidently a cherished memento, and it is with some reluctance that I obey his request, and offer it for sale for the benefit of the strikers.

If any of our readers know of likely purchasers they might ask them to write and make us an offer. The date of the sovereign is 1895.

Not Dead Yet. Quite the most surprising feature about the Annual Trades Union Congress is its astonishing vitality. Prophets holding fine-spun theories about the future of trade unionism have for years predicted its demise. The General Federation, they asserted, would absorb its energy on the industrial side, the Labour party on the political. When it became known that some 100,000 amalgamated engineers were going to withdraw from congress, the prophets cried with one voice: "This is the beginning of the end."

Yet the figures for the present year top all previous records—1,776,000 organised wage-earners will be represented at Nottingham, as compared with 1,700,000 at Bath last year. It is, therefore, difficult to classify trades congressing among the decaying industries beloved of Tariff Reformers!

Work that is Waiting. A statement issued by Mr. Steadman indicates that much work remains to be done in the matter of trade union organisation. Out of 510 delegates attending congress, well over one half come from Lancashire, Yorkshire, and London. Of the delegates from other districts, 87 represent the miners. These figures suggest the crying need for recruiting-sergeants to visit the weak places, and to enrol the camp-followers as fighters in the main army. Trade Unionism is not the last word in regard to industrial progress; but without the pluck and courage that spring from combination much else that is sacred must go by the board.

Women to the Front. I am glad to note, however, that there will be a good increase in the number of women delegates present this year. Miss Elizabeth Glen will represent the telephone operators, Miss Muriel Slade the postal telegraphists, Miss Hedges and myself the National Federation of Women Workers, and Miss Julia Varley the Bradford weavers. The Felt Hat Trimmers Union are again sending a woman delegate, and there will be at least one woman from the Lancashire textile unions.

Shall They Complain Who Have the Power? Many questions of vital interest and importance to women will be discussed, and it may be hoped that Congress will give a clear, strong lead or such questions as those of the unemployed and the aged poor.

The National Federation of Women Workers is responsible for resolutions asking for a system of State insurance against industrial accidents, and a legal minimum wage in sweated industries. There is great work ahead of so powerful and representative a body as the Trade Union Congress.

Wisely guided and led, the federated workers of the country have sufficient strength and power to make the dismal England of to-day into a brighter and happier land.

Our Dismal England. For it is a dismal England. I wonder if there ever was a time when the newspapers were so full of dire and ugly things—mining disasters, suicides, murders, trade depressions, increasing pauperism, unemployment, falling wages, lock-outs, and strikes.

One day we read of brave fellows brought dead to the pit-head, killed by explosion or suffocated by foul air; next day there is the tragedy of the out-of-work who leaves behind him the pathetic human document read at the coroner's inquest: "I have tramped, looking for work, till my feet are bleeding and sore; people tell me I am too old. I seem hardly to have tasted food for weeks; I have made up my mind to end it all."

Truly a sad, dreary, bleak world for millions of men and women. And to every intelligent human being the question comes, "How much of all this sorrow and suffering is really necessary? What am I doing to lessen its volume?"

Look on This Picture— "Woman is as important, as valuable, as capable, as necessary to the progress and happiness of the world as man."

"Woman is equal to man in the value of her gifts . . . and I maintain that if she be given a fair chance she will prove to be so."

For these excellent sentiments we are indebted not, as might be supposed, to a Suffragist lecturer, but to the eminent chief of the Salvation Army—General Booth. Delivering to his Army a pronouncement on "Woman," the General paid eloquent tribute to her work, and I'm sure we all owe him acknowledgements.

That is one picture. A writer in the "Westminster Gazette" invites us to look for a moment on another.

And on That. Out of 1,600 unmarried "field" officers possessed by the Army in the United Kingdom, 1,200 are women. The General, therefore, has unrivalled opportunity to demonstrate in a practical way his own acceptance of that principle of equality he has solemnly propounded. Alas! This is the official scale of weekly allowances paid "provided the amount remains in hand after meeting of all local expenses":

FIELD OFFICERS.
Lieutenants: Single men, 16s.; single women, 12s.

Captains: Single men, 18s.; single women, 15s.
"Woman," says our General, "is equal to man in the value of her gifts." Why, then, does he pay her less?

A Pointed Question. Now, is this all? We are told by the correspondent of the "Westminster Gazette" that of the "twenty-five territorial commanders" throughout the world, only two appear to be women.

In Great Britain all of the ten "Provincial Commanders" are men. Similarly, all of the thirty-six "Divisional officers in this country are men." The thing becomes too painful.

"I maintain," says the General, "that if she be given a fair chance she will prove it to be so." Why, then, General, do you refuse her a chance?

Add Last Word (W. Worker)
The "Daily Express" broken out in a fresh place again. Its dictum that Tariff Reform means employment for everybody was too sweeping even for its own leaders.

So after the dictum had been repudiated by the "Morning Post," and pointedly disowned by Professor Hewens, the "Daily Express" saw the advisability of alteration. So there is another poster in the shop window.

We are told that "Tariff Abracadabra. Reform means less sweating." I am not surprised. To the "Daily Express" Tariff Reform is abracadabra, and will give us full purses and better weather.

But a few days ago, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Chiozza Money was showing us the reverse side of the medal. Sweating worse than our own exists in France and Germany, which enjoy the boon so prized by the "Daily Express."

It was indeed an exhibition of sweated goods in Berlin that set on foot the agitation in this country, whence came the National Anti-Sweating League. Let the "Daily Express" try again. **MARY R. MACARTHUR.**

POOR MILLIONAIRE!

That versatile lady, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, has been on the track of the American millionaire, and she has returned home sorry for the species. Nobody, she says, understands him—himself least of all—"which," adds Mrs. Williamson compassionately, "makes things very awkward for him."

Millionaires of other lands try to enjoy themselves when they have made their money. But "American millionaires have never finished making their money so entirely that they can sit down and be comfortable." This so ruins their nerves and digestions that, eventually, they have to live mostly on "crackers and milk."

We are earnestly assured that, no matter what anyone says, he really wants to do good with his wealth. He is "ready to pour out money for that end; but the American millionaire can't seem to get at the troublesome root of poverty in New York or other big cities, to dig it up, and stamp on the ground where it flourished.

"But perhaps," says Mrs. Williamson with a gentle wit, "that is because he is a millionaire." Ah! Has he tried getting off the poor man's back?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

The publication of letters in this column is not to be understood as implying that the Editor is in sympathy with what may be said by the writers.
Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.
Personal and sharply controversial letters can rarely be inserted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY AVES.—Thank you right heartily.
HENRY A. HEATH.—We have sent specimens, and are grateful.
J. R. A.—We have sent a parcel. By all means let us have details of that case.
AGNES K. THOMAS.—Your commands have been obeyed.

Daisy Lord.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—Regarding the young woman, Daisy Lord, the stirring appeal in whose behalf was printed in last week's issue of THE WOMAN WORKER, and repeated in most of the London dailies, it seems to the average person a national shame that this helpless young woman should be kept in prison.

By all means use my name in connection with the appeal. Please send me a number of petitions; I propose to gather hundreds of signatures.
As a further earnest of my interest in the matter, I enclose my cheque to the order of THE WOMAN WORKER for £20, to be used in connection with the expenses incident to getting mercy and justice shown to Daisy Lord.

and schools of Chorley and district.—Your obedient servant,
G. V. ENTWISLE.
13, Fielden Street, Chorley.
[We have sent thirty-five petitions. Please say if you want more.—Ed. "W.W."]

To the Editor of the "Clarion."
Dear Sir,—I have just read your appeal on behalf of Daisy Lord, and I have experienced such a feeling of pain and horror that I feel compelled to write and ask you if you cannot start a movement to save this poor girl from such a terrible and unjust fate.

May I suggest that a fund be raised for this purpose? I enclose P.O. for 2s. 6d., and one way in which I would like to see it expended is in printing your appeal in leaflet form for free distribution.
The Limited Franchise.
Dear Editor,—Having read the answer to Julia Dawson by Teresa Billington-Greig, I do not feel satisfied.

When the right for women to vote is obtained it will go to those useless women who have done no fighting and are best out of the way.
Socialism will then be further away than ever.
Whistl one is ready to fight, it seems far better to cry out "Votes for all!" and far worthier to give the country no peace until all have them.—Yours fraternally,
D. W. D.

"Senlac," Romford.
Aristocracy v. Democracy.
Madam,—Miss Bondfield is not just to Arthur Balfour, nor is she wise in rousing this personal hatred against any individual, for such action is in itself anti-democratic.
If the woman worker really knew her power she could revolutionise England and the English much quicker than any Cabinet Minister, for he would be futile in her hands.

There are many typical Arthur Balfours among the petty tradespeople of the world's metropolis, and even in the slum dwellings of obscure places.
The woman worker hides from the uneducated crowd the sight of the cloven hoof, whereas, when a man is an aristocrat and a Tory he is at least true to his colours and a known quantity.
When the woman worker herself is a real democrat, living, thinking, speaking, dreaming of democracy day by day, she will soon refuse to be sweated, hunted down, treated like a lunatic or a criminal, and when she rises, England will rise.—Yours faithfully,
N. G. BAICON.
350, Mansion House Chambers, E.C.

"The Deserving Poor."
Dear Editor,—When the Poor Law is discussed there are generally said to be two classes, the deserving and the undeserving.
My father had been dead two years. We had struggled on as independently as we could, when my brother, through no fault of his, was discharged from a situation. Being driven at last to desperation, my mother went to the house and asked for relief.

a refined woman, sixty-four years of age (and feeble), and he told her there were plenty who got their living at the wash-tub twenty years older.
The office said then to her that she had come not for herself but for her family; the best thing she could do was to "come in."
A few days later this gentleman called at our house.

Had we taken up the oilcloth, and for a hearthrug substituted an old piece of carpet—taken down the long curtains and put up old short ones for the occasion—he might have judged us really in need.
When will this kind of thing cease? Not until we have those in power who realise that they are dealing with humanity.
Homerton, N.E.
[It is to natural feeling that we look for the triumph of Socialism.—Ed. "W.W."]

Typical Sharp Practices.
Dear Miss Macarthur,—Being a Socialist and a Clarionette, I cannot feel satisfied until I have told you about my firm; also I wish to join a Union.
If we are away half a day they stop us 9d., and a whole day 1s. 6d.; so on the Saturday I expected 6s., but I only got 5s. 5d., as we are "not paid for holidays."

When I went into the office, however, they said that we only work five and a-half days a week.
Now, at the rate they stopped us, it was six days a week; so I told them that at five and a-half days a week my money was more than 1s. 6d. a day.
On the following Monday morning I was unable to enter work, but I went in the afternoon, and kept early and regular the rest of the week.
On Saturday, when I got my wages, I received 7s. 3d. out of 9s. for being away one morning.

What's the use of Baby? Baby of the soft brown curls just flecked with gold, of the grave blue eyes that have not yet lost the wonder of the Great Unknown, the thin flutey voice that has not completely learned the troublesome speech of mortals, the few unsteady steps, the little clinging fingers.
Only a bundle of smiles and tears, little gusts of passion and sobbing repentances; only a tear-stained face pressed close against your shoulder; only warm arms clasped tight around your neck.
Baby is the one great treasure not denied the poor; just a bit of Heaven imprisoned on earth, a link with the stars, a silver cord to draw the faltering soul of man nearer to God.
MURIEL HARGAN,
3, Cranston Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Found!
"Borrow a baby," say you?
They, who find, keep,
They, who haven't, weep.
I "found" a baby four years ago, and have steadily fought with her since.

A Doctor's Protest.
Dear Madam,—I have a young patient who is employed at dressmaking by a large London firm.

I am informed that her hours are from 8.30 a.m. to sometimes past 10 at night, with half an hour for dinner and twenty minutes for tea; but, when pressed, this is even denied her.
Your WOMAN WORKER is a gem. It is the newest, most unique, and nicest paper of its kind on earth.
August 27.
W. A. DAVIDSON.
[See reply in our legal column.—Ed. "W.W."]

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Heroines.

SECOND FIDDLE.

Why we gave you heroes before heroines for competition subjects we cannot tell. We can only express our profound humiliation at such an accident occurring in this, a woman's paper.
But, "to settle all argument," as the king of comedians used to say, we bid you know that heroines are held by us every whit as precious as heroes.

YOUR SELECTION.

Tell us in 200 words who is your pet among the women of story-land. Which you would choose to live with, which is the most charming, witty, or kind. Which the perfect woman.
One guinea is the prize. Send your letters to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C.—and do not write on both sides of the paper nor allow yourself more than 200 words.

BABIES.

These little people have received a great deal of attention from admiring relatives in the past week.
We could tell you of distracted prize editors almost buried under a mountain of honeyed words written by worshipping mammas and papas, and of hours spent in trying to reduce the mountains to hillocks, and the hillocks to the six or seven letters we may eventually publish.

THE PRIZE LETTER.

What's the use of Baby? Baby of the soft brown curls just flecked with gold, of the grave blue eyes that have not yet lost the wonder of the Great Unknown, the thin flutey voice that has not completely learned the troublesome speech of mortals, the few unsteady steps, the little clinging fingers.
Only a bundle of smiles and tears, little gusts of passion and sobbing repentances; only a tear-stained face pressed close against your shoulder; only warm arms clasped tight around your neck.
Baby is the one great treasure not denied the poor; just a bit of Heaven imprisoned on earth, a link with the stars, a silver cord to draw the faltering soul of man nearer to God.

spells are infrequent and short-living; but her brightness and energy are her accompanying distinction.
"Mummy!" she has just called from a neighbouring children's back garden (two back plots down) to where she suspects I sit and sew. "Mummy!"
I thrust my head out of the smoke-room window. "What, dear?" I ask.
She is in rosy possession of Olive's dolly's pram, with her own pet bear safely tucked inside. "Mummy, I've something to tell you."
" What is it? I am listening."
"Mummie, I'm over here," she articulates, obvious darling!
The other day I discovered my foundling in muddy garden shoes on top of a morocco leather chair, having a perambol in the side-board "silver" drawer. With a guilty pinkness of countenance, she nevertheless picked out and wagged in my face a pair of nutcrackers (unused for a hundredfold, but three months), ejaculating, quite hot-temperedly, "What's the use of having nutcrackers in London, Mummie, when there's nothing to crack!"

West Hampstead.
Acquired.
My baby isn't a common or garden baby to be properly described by those everyday terms which may describe ordinary babies. She's just herself, and my table these last three months, ejaculating, quite hot-temperedly, "What's the use of having nutcrackers in London, Mummie, when there's nothing to crack!"
The blessing of our baby—the comfort she is to our hearts—our otherwise childless hearts! If all childless women would only look about and do likewise—find a baby—the cost bred of the first year or two's unremitting care, time and attention would return after not so very many days a hundred fold, in solid blocks of sheer delight.

Paris.
NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.
"IN THE PARK":
A Story-Sketch by
RICHARD WHITEING
"SEX OR CLASS?"
A View of the Suffrage Question by
CICELY HAMILTON.

A Bachelor's Story.
I may be a "mere man" and a "bachelor," but I claim to know something about babies, and in spite of your slighting reference to my sex, I venture to offer you a common sense opinion on the subject.
I am not going to rhapsodise over their little "pink fists," their "soft downy heads," their "dimpled arms" and "dainty toes." These are mere physical attributes; and yet it must be that women love babies for these. Examine them morally, and what do you find?

First—however innocent and engaging the young creature may appear—he is really faulty from the beginning. He is born selfish, with a determination to get what he wants, whether it be right or comfortable for anyone else or not.
Some babies (I have heard) lie still for hours! And for this (if it be true) the little humbugs receive praise a hundredfold. Why? Do they lie still from a sense of duty—or a desire to give their parents comfort? No, simply because they feel inclined, and for this they are lauded and commended publicly on every possible occasion by their much-duped mothers.

A very "engaging little way" among babies is that of rousing the household in the middle of the night by their screams—for no reason at all so far as anyone can ascertain, except that they feel like it. Don't tell me they do not realise what they are doing. Why do the majority of babies act alike in this respect?
There is a deep-lying principle in them all—a realisation of their power and an unworthy determination to make the most of it while it lasts. A baby helpless, forsooth! Give him a good pair of lungs, and a strong man in his might is as a reed before him.

What impresses me most about baby is the length and strength of his dissentient note.
There are no two opinions about that. Try to battle with him, and, unless your enduring powers are abnormally developed, you stand to lose every time. If he is your own, you predict a "future" for him in using his one trick so cleverly; if he belong to your neighbour, you rail at the jerry-builder who makes you, perforce, share his woes.

But, dear me! What I think about the baby in a hundred words. Impossible! A whole volume would not contain "What I think about the baby."
(Mrs.) C. SMITH,
Bury.
The three-year-old little girl abandoned recently on Hampstead Heath has been adopted from the guardians by two rich English ladies at Florence, who offered not only to bring her up but to make ample provision for her future. She has been named "Agnes Heath."

The Case of Emma Wicks.

By A. Neil Lyons.

I was riding on the Blowfield Mercury, a pair-horsed conveyance which has been travelling between the railway station at Mill Gate and the Bell at Blowfield for one hundred and fifty years, and which is still able to cover the distance that separates these landmarks at the mercurial speed of two miles in forty-five minutes. I would not mention the Blowfield Mercury at all except that this express conveyance was the scene of my meeting with Emma Wicks.

The Blowfield Mercury is driven by Amos Pranklin, and conducted by his nephew, a stout young gentleman with a deep complexion, whom the masculine passengers address as "Will" and the ladies as "Dearie."

I had always supposed that William's ample figure and rich colouring arose from his way of living, that they were, in fact, a physical tribute to the generosity of a grateful public. But Amos Pranklin, his uncle, with whom I am fairly intimate, one day confided in me the painful truth. "'Tis a sad thing, this, about young William," he said.

"What thing?" I asked.

"Ain't you 'eard, then?" returned old Amos. "'Tis a public affair in Blowfield, though sad and private in its nature. Young William, 'e 'ave got a strange complaint: 'e 'ave got but one safety-valve to 'is 'eart. The doctors they put that down to a surfeit o' green gooseberries what 'is mo'er she eat. The upshot o' the matter be that young William 'e be liable to go off, off at any minute, same as a biler what's valves be wrong. If you was to talk to William sudden, or to shoot off gun be'nt of 'im, or argue with 'im, or cross 'im, 'e would like as not fall dead in a minute—'im 'avin' but one safety-valve to 'is 'eart, which is liable to blow up with excitement."

This alarming intelligence not only explained poor William's figure and complexion; it also explained the affectionate attitude of his lady passengers, and the consideration and deference which is shown to him even by grown men. "Onderstand my meanin', now," explained his uncle; "there be no fear o' accidents so long as the lad be handled gentle; 'tis on'y a sudden shock as could destroy him. He be otherwise 'ealthy—three an' twenty years last birthday, and stood be'nd this 'bus yere for nigh on ten year. Properly 'andled 'e may last a lifetime; but any sudden shock, that would destroy 'im, 'im 'avin' but one safety-valve to 'is 'eart."

I would not mention William and his sad affliction in this place at all but for the fact that they exercised an important influence upon my meeting with Emma Wicks.

On the occasion of which I write, I had been fortunate enough, by exercising the virtues of punctuality and prompt endeavour, to secure one of the two coveted places on the Blowfield Mercury's box-seat. Here I was comfortably established when, within a minute of the scheduled starting time, William appeared and politely requested me to climb down.

"Our vicar," he explained, "is wishful to travel, and he allus 'ave that seat. Plenty o' room inside."

The occupant of the other box-seat was a lady; I looked at her and perceived that she was looking at William. There was in her eyes an expression of affectionate, maternal, sympathy. It suddenly occurred to me that William was short of a safety-valve. One must not cross him; if crossed, he would fall down dead. I hastily descended from my lofty perch, and made room for the vicar, who offered me a condescending nod.

Thus it was that entering the old-world interior of the Blowfield Mercury, I became acquainted with Emma—and not only with Emma, but with mo'er and god-aunt as well.

The latter ladies looked at me sourly when I came in. One of them—who was even more middle-aged and ugly than the other—tugged at her bonnet strings and spoke.

"Talk about hovens!" she said.

The other middle-aged lady at once addressed herself to the girl at her side. "D'year that, Emma? Ye're god-aunt say 'tis close."

"Yes, mo'er," responded Emma.

"Then open a window, ye dolt," commanded mo'er.

Emma again said, "Yes, mo'er," and did as she was told, with the result that we were immediately joined by the pungent, dust-laden breath of a passing motor-car. The older ladies at once performed a duet of coughing. Emma's mother, sweeping her daughter aside, charged into the window and shut it again. "Always in sich 'aste, you be," cried Emma's mother. "Couldn't wait a minute, I suppose, till the motor pass? Of course you couldn't. Mercy as god-aunt ain't choke 'erself."

"Better now, dear?" murmured Emma's mother, with tenderness, seating herself by god-aunt's side. God-aunt offered no response. She had fastened her gaze upon Emma—she was regarding that young woman with an air of stern distaste. Mo'er followed her eyes, and a look of displeasure and impatience immediately appeared on mo'er's face. "Emma Wicks," she demanded, shrilly, "what be you readin'?"

Emma started and eyed her mother with a guilty blush. "Nothin' much, mo'er," she said; "on'y what the buns was wrapped in."

"Put it away!" commanded mo'er. "You know ye're god-aunt can't abear to see folk readin'."

"I should 'a' thought," observed the lady in question, "as 'er brother Thomas would 'a' been a warning to her. It be on'y this readin' what sent poor Thomas into gaol."

"That an' mixing them milk accounts," assented mo'er. "But there! 'Tis in the blood. Their father be ant no better. The way 'e do read an' read! That man, 'e spend a fourpence on the football papers every week of 'is life."

"Huh!" commented god-aunt, "and 'im supposed to be so ill! Whatever be that Emma fiddlin' over now? You

wouldn't think a fool like she be could own a sister same as Fanny."

"That you wouldn't," assented mo'er. "There be more sense in Fanny's li'l finger than that girl got in all 'er big, fat 'ead."

"Fanny got a better 'eart, too," asserted god-aunt.

"R!" said mo'er, "and a more nat'ral figger. She be comin' on fine wi' the zither-playin', too!"

God-aunt nodded sagely. "I shall send you some money for more lessons," she said. "Li'l Fanny shall not go in want so long as ever 'er pore ole god-mo'er be alive. There's a future in front of Fanny, so soon as she get 'er 'air up."

"Meaning young W.?" suggested mo'er.

"Now then!" commanded god-aunt, erecting a massive forefinger and smiling fatly. "No tales!"

"Bless you," responded mo'er, "I do not wish to make no little-tattle. Though I will say this of Fanny—she be on'y her god-mo'er over again. What? Do you remember that Jevins boy, Nell? And young 'Erbert? And the gentleman what—?"

"Hee, hee! Give over now!" cried god-aunt, once more establishing the forefinger. "Let bye-gones be bye-gones, Kate. If Fanny do take after poor ole god-mo'er, the dear li'l thing shan't suffer for it. You shall 'ave the money for them zither lessons, Kate. As for that Emma there, with 'er solemn ways and 'er politeness and 'er independence and what not, why—"

A shrug of the shoulder suggested those sentiments which a native delicacy prevented god-aunt from expressing in speech. "Be you decided what to make of 'er?"

"To tell you the truth," responded mo'er, "I be. I come to a conclusion this very morning, when she spill the teapot over father's 'at—the clumsy howl! That girl be no manner o' good in the 'ouse. No good at all."

"No good at all," repeated god-aunt. "Too stupid."

"An' too wilful," said mo'er. "She be that clumsy, too. And so quiet. No life in 'er. An' so careless. No more to be depended on than—than that cushion!"

"R!" sighed god-aunt.

"She don't remember 'bove a 'arf o' what you tell her. She don't appear to take no pride in anything. That seem as if the spirit be washed out of 'er. Same as if anybody knocked 'er about."

"R!" repeated god-aunt.

"She be that careless, too! Break nigh everything she touch. And she be that disobedient. A liar also. No use in the 'ouse at all. She can't cook nor she can't sew; and she be so lazy an' that dirty. No use in the 'ouse at all. And so—"

"And so?" queried god-aunt.

"And so," concluded Emma's mo'er, "I be sending 'er into service."

Trade unionism is powerless; charity only accentuates the evil. There is a clear obligation upon the State to step in, and, in the interests of the whole nation, of the workers in all industries, and of the victims themselves, to protect these white slaves of the sweating industries from employers and consumers alike.—"Northern Echo."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

A Boy Who Never Did.

"What the children want is Moral Instruction."

"I—I am afraid they don't," I stammered feebly.

For really Mr. Holdemite (my latest adviser as to what to say to you, dears) is such an imposing person that contradicting him seems like "lèse majesté," or "contempt of court," or some dreadful crime for which one expects death on the scaffold, or at the least life-long imprisonment in the Tower.

"You are afraid—what?" he said.

"That they don't want—Moral Instruction."

"Children are not the best judges of what is good for them," he said severely. "Instead of giving them what you think they like—fairies and such nonsense—you should take advantage of your position to impart to them what they need, though unhappily, they may not desire it."

"Throw Physic to the Dogs."

But—I think of the Long-Ago, when I was a child.

I fear Mr. Holdemite would have thought me dreadfully naughty. Where I was trained we were so overdosed with Moral Instruction that—as I have said before—I thought of it as I thought of codliver oil and Gregory powder. I never took these if I could by any means avoid doing so; and if, glancing at the end of a story-book, I saw "The moral of this story is—," I promptly shut it up.

Pillars and Pillows.

But I am—only "Peg." And Mr. Holdemite is an "Important Person," who speaks very loudly and positively, and uses long words.

Perhaps he does know best. And perhaps if I had taken my Moral Instruction and codliver oil and things in proper quantities, as good little girls should, I might to-day have been a pillar—Dear, dear! I mean a *Pillar* of Society, with a "desirable mansion," and a motor-car, and a wardrobe full of gorgeous gowns—and all you children would have been afraid to call me "Peg."

Yet—I do not think I wish to correct that mistake after all.

I would rather be a pillow than a pillar. Pillars are hard and cold and stony, and sometimes they fall and crush people, like those that Samson pulled down on the Philistines. But a pillow is nice and soft and "comfy" for tired heads to rest upon.

Bubble, Bubble, Toil and Trouble!

As for "desirable mansions," those who live in them are not always to be envied, my dears.

And motors are smelly, noisy things, aren't they? And we may travel quite long distances for a penny on the top of a tram-car.

Fine clothes, too—Well, I think you will all know the story of the king who, to cure his mental ailments, was advised to sleep in the shirt of a happy man.

His courtiers rushed hither and

thither, helter-skelter, hurry-flurry, and fell over one another, and got tangled up.

And after all this "rampaging" around, my dears, losing their heads in their anxiety to keep them firmly fixed on their shoulders, when they did at last discover a man who declared himself happy, the king's cure was as far-off as ever.

Happy though Shirtless.

For the jovial gentleman did not possess a shirt.

And if there is "Moral Instruction" hidden in that story, don't blame me.

Still, as I have said, a highly-respected "Superior Person" like Mr. Holdemite ought to know better than a poor little "Peg." So—just please stand round, my dears, put your hands behind you, and draw a deep breath: Now—one—two—three—

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I did not mean you to be "off!" Come back, every one of you. What is the use of giving "Moral Instruction" to a class which is not there?

Now—ready! One—two—three—I'm off—on the "Moral Instruction" canter.

The Boy Who Never Did.

Come, children, gather round me, while I in dulcet tones
Make just a few remarks upon John Thomas Johnson-Jones;
And don't say, "Who're you getting at?" or worse, "Come, now, no kid,"
Casting doubt upon my story of "The Boy Who Never Did."

Then, later, we'll consider whether you with him should vie,
Or flee from such example—and the "Why Not?" and the "Why."

He ne'er went tearing through the house with hideous bawl and yell,
Banged doors or let a cracker off when mother was not well.
He never contradicted Dad, he never told a lie.

Nor saved his pence for cigarettes to smoke them on the sly.
He never "whacked" his sister, and this surely should surprise;
He never spoilt her pretty dolls by poking out their eyes.
He never said impatiently, "Oh, dash it,"
"You go hang,"

And he never dropped his h's, dears, nor used ungraceful slang.

A paragon? Alack! Too oft things are not what they seem,
I fear me Johnnie's saintship was a vain, delusive dream.
Should you go amongst his schoolmates and mention Johnnie's name,
Would they begin in unison his virtues to acclaim?

No! They'd either shrug their shoulders, in difference to display,
Or say, "Johnnie Jones! That fellow!" in a slighting sort of way;
And if you—experimentally—described him as a saint,
Of grammar quite regardless they'd chorus,
"That he ain't."

"What's in a Name?"

Should you say, "John's not a favourite, that's very plain to see:
Well—if you had to name him, boys, what would his title be?"

They would gaze in wide-eyed wonder, and murmur, "Well, I'm blest!
It's queer we've never given him a nickname like the rest."

But—we couldn't call him 'bully,' he's neither rude nor rough;
He isn't 'soft' or 'girly,' so he can't be labelled 'muff.'

He's certainly not greedy, like the boy who's known as 'pig,'
Nor conceited and 'superior,' like Billy Smith, the 'prig.'

Thus an interesting catalogue in swift review they'd pass—
"The Skelinton" and "Patty," "Tiddly-winks," and "Balaam's Ass,"
"Pretty Pet" and "Molly-coddle," "Wearly Willie," "Prairie Scout"—

And ere you asked the reason why John only was left out,
Their list to its conclusion they'd disconsolately bring.

With, "What can you call a boy, you know, who isn't anything?"
To his teacher, then, should you remark, "A perfect pattern boy
John Thomas Johnson-Jones must be, pure gold without alloy!"

He'd say: "What! Jones a pattern! He may viceless seem, no doubt;
But if he's any virtues, why, they haven't yet come out."

Then he'd add—himself most virtuous and circumspect of men—
"I wish he would do something—even naughty—now and then!"

Thus schoolmates who deride him, and teacher who bemoans,
Will help to solve the myst'ry of John Thomas Johnson-Jones.

No Hope of Johnnie.

Note the reason why our Johnnie hath not saintship's halo won—

He never does the bad thing, but the good, too, leaves undone.

No grief for his wrong-doing his mother's heart must bear,
But when other griefs oppress her he does naught to ease her care.

He never makes her head ache with a racketing and riot,

But whate'er her pain he never strives to keep the youngsters quiet.

He ne'er the help refuses which his father may demand,

Yet never thinks of offering, unasked, a helping hand.

He does not tease his sister, nor break her toys, 'tis true

(The kind of thing that off for fun will thoughtless brothers do),

But if she wept o'er shattered doll when accident befell,

He'd never try his mending skill her sadness to dispel.

That's what's amiss with Johnnie, he neither sinks nor soars—

He refrains from doing evil, but well-doing, too, ignores.

Take warning by his story, then, each listening lass and lad,

You never can be good, my dears, by just not being bad—

By leaving wrong things undone, if the right be undone, too—

For Duty's voice is not all "Don't," but strong, insistent "Do."

So here's the lesson I would teach, dear little maid and man,

"Be something, and do something, and the very best you can!"

The Snark Again.

"H'm!" says the Snark at my elbow,

"Do you call that Moral Instruction? You do? Well, after a fashion I suppose it is. But do you suppose Mr. Holdemite would approve of the way it is given?"

Dear, dear! There is no satisfying a Snark.

But I think you all kept awake, my dears. And I have known Mr. Holdemite's way of giving "Moral Instruction" act as a sleeping draught.

PEG.

A starving ex-soldier, who had stolen fowls and wished to give himself up, walked last week into a Leicester police station so weak that, when given a meal, he ate ravenously and died.

PIONEER NOTES.

The echoes of our recent great meeting still agitate the public mind. Under the scum of questions that float upon the face of the waters this profound one is stirring the deeps, "How to get that hundred thousand?" It troubles the mind of the Midlands, it murmurs in the mills of the great Rose counties, over the Border! Over the Border, is it? Listen to this:

Dear Friend,—May I join the Pioneers? I am related to six newsagents, and I've written to them to-night that they must push the "W.W." I feel that we ought to sell one hundred thousand in Glasgow alone. I've sent free copies lately to three friends, all of whom are going to buy in future. Send me instructions what to do, and I'm your man.
JOHN CAEMICHAEL.

That's the spirit. Why can't more readers get related to newsagents? Then there's an Edinburgh girl who is going to devote three days of her holidays to canvassing, and Fred Bailey, of Kilmarnock, who pledges himself to secure a local display of contents bills. What a breed these Baileys are! But Scotland hasn't it all her own way. Room for a Newcastle miss. THE WOMAN WORKER, says Adele Gregory, is the best paper I've ever read, and I'm telling all the girls at my school to buy it. Father says I'm too young now, but when I grow up I'll join the Pioneers and work hard. Adele must grow up as diligently as possible during the next two months. She's worth waiting for, but Christmas is very near.

From Mrs. Twibell, of Sheffield, comes a demand for contents bills and a suggestion of a Sheffield branch. These splendid, impatient provinces! But for once London keeps time with them. Here ancient Twickenham responds as readily as that young giant of Norbury. Gaunt Poplar and Haggerston take their resolute places cheek by jowl with opulent Kensington and happy, well-fed Hampstead. Peckham and Netting Hill have lost nothing of their old spirit. Not only do these letters promise help, they enclose money—money unasked for, but very welcome—to cover pioneer expenses.

Meanwhile, plans mature. Greta Park and Harry Perry go about with grave and puckered faces. Arrangements for the great social are in hand. Possess your souls in patience, people of the towns, people of the open spaces. In a little ye shall hear glad tidings.
JACOBUS.

A POSY FOR A RING.

I thee advise
If thou were wise
To keep thy wit
Though it be small:
'Tis rare to get,
And far to fet(ch),
'Twas ever yit
Dear'st ware of all.
GEORGE TURBERVILLE.

Boys have been taught the cruelty and stupidity of killing every bird they see; collectors have been discouraged from destroying rare species. It would be a foul sin to set back the clock before it has been shown that farmers have been ruined, or, indeed, suffered any loss whatever.—"Saturday Review."

A WOMAN PAINTER.

Miss Maud Earl, who is a famous painter of dogs, has given an amusing account of her difficulties to the "Windsor Magazine." She has had many very troublesome sitters—terriers convinced that rats were hidden in her studio; contentious cynics that have shown their teeth "and, like most cynics, done no harm"; friendly mannered spaniels, sycophants, which have illustrated Shakespeare's remark, "When he fawns he bites"; and born flirts of all breeds which, from the moment of their introduction, "assure her by the most grovelling that she is quite the most charming person it has ever been their good fortune to meet, and that, in comparison to her attractions, those of their several owners are as nothing; carneying, cavorting, delightful toadies, whose lives of luxurious ease, it is charity to suppose, may be responsible for having dulled the moral sense."

"Other dogs, 'yielding to the occasion's call, modest and straightforward, come to her fully realising that their object is to have their portraits painted. Occasionally—this is usually a fox-terrier—the model sets himself to circumvent all endeavours of the artist by pretending an unworthiness of such distinction. Another—almost invariably a pug—has proved too demonstratively grateful, by anticipation, for the flattering result."

But, when all is said, "an objection to coercion, a timid shrinking from publicity, and a suspiciousness inherited from many a wary forbear, are, as a rule, their characteristics."

TEA AND WISDOM.

Lord Londonderry has been taking tea with the Primrose League, and giving of his wisdom for the benefit of the nation. The word Socialism was mentioned. Great consternation and flutterings round the tea-table until his lordship poured oil on the troubled waters—or should it be the troubled tea? Socialism, said he, if properly recognised, would never be tolerated by any serious number of people in this country.

General satisfaction was expressed by cheers, for who ever heard of Socialism wearing a disguise or hiding itself beneath a bushel? And if we are not a serious people where can one be found? But smiles faded, for, continued his lordship, Socialists not only proposed to attack the capitalists, but proposed taking the savings of the working classes in the Post Office, friendly societies, trade unions, and other societies.

Had not Mr. Chiozza Money, M.P., estimated that the working men of this country owned £800,000,000? Were working men going to be such fools as to be deluded by the false doctrines of the Socialists, and allow all their hard-earned savings to be confiscated? He was sure they were not.
And we hope his lordship is right!

One thing here is worth a great deal, to pass thy life in truth and justice, with a benevolent disposition even to liars and unjust men.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

HEALTH IN THE MEAL BAG

The diet cure is more than ever recognised as the most reasonable and hopeful method of dealing with digestive troubles. The first lesson in diet is to take

food that does not clog

the system. White flour not only clogs but starves the body. A very finely ground wholemeal keeps every organ in good working order and the whole body well nourished. It is therefore

THE FOOD FOR WOMEN WORKERS,

who need the best at the least cost, and should be used *always* in place of white flour.

Thousands are finding health and strength in

"ARTOX"

PURE WHOLEMEAL,

which is made from the finest whole wheat, and is so finely ground by old-fashioned stone mills that it can be digested by the most delicate. It makes the most delicious Bread, Cakes, Biscuits, and Pastry. It is strongly recommended by the "Lancet," and by Mrs. C. Leigh Hunt Wallace ("Herald of Health").

A "CLARION" reader writes:

"We tried it first of all on a bit o' 't'owd sort—a YORKSHIRE PUDDING, you know—and it was SIMPLY SCRUMPTIOUS. All are agreed as to the really fine quality of the bread, in fact, barely after a fortnight's trial we have about LOST THE TASTE FOR WHITE BREAD."

Constipation is unknown where Artox is in regular use. What this means need not be said. Cures that sound almost miraculous are reported by those who have had the courage to live exclusively upon wholemeal food and fruit.

SEND TO-DAY

for our handsome booklet,

"Grains of Common Sense," post free, if you mention WOMAN WORKER. It contains a host of delightful recipes that will make your table a board of health and delight.



INSIST upon having "ARTOX." Eat only "ARTOX" Bread, and have all your puddings, pies, cakes, &c., made of "ARTOX" Wholemeal. You may safely banish white flour, for all you make with it can be made better with "ARTOX."

Sold in 3lb, 7lb, and 14lb sealed linen bags; or 28lb will be sent direct, carriage paid, for 4s. 6d.

IMPORTANT—"ARTOX" is only retailed in our sealed bags, and is not sold loose.

APPLEYARDS, Ltd. (Dep. N), Millers.....ROTHERHAM.

HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

Come hither, dears, and hearken to a tale I have to tell—or you may lose five bright shillings! When you write a letter with your "Home Notes," *always* remember to repeat your name and address on the said "Note." For, you must know, I

Love Your Letters,

and when one pleases me very specially I just take it away and put it in a safe place at once, far, far away from the "Home Note" marked down merely for the printer. Then when the momentous time comes to decide who's to have the prize, and the Notes are all spread before my adoring eyes, what happens when I pick out the best, and find no name or address?

The truth is too sad for words, and so I'll not tell it.

But this little bit of advice, to *write on one side of the paper only*, and put your name and address clearly at the bottom, will be better worth following, and of more real importance, than you think.

It will enable you to put yourself in my place as you write.

You will say as you fold your precious missive to fit its envelope: "What happens when Mrs. Worrall takes it out? Either it gets laid aside for further use, or it is sent off to the printer with a royal crown (the 5s. prize) on its head. In any case it has to appear in the "Home Page" of THE WOMAN WORKER properly dressed as befits its dignity."

Then you look to see in what fashion others have appeared, and write yours out in the same style. This saves me a lot of writing, and gives you a wee taste of

Experience in Press Work,

in addition to the comfort of knowing that you have helped somebody by looking outside yourself.

So, when next the little girl comes to "do" your door-step, misses the corners, doesn't wring her cloth dry, and slops her water all over the place: or when the washerwoman as the day goes on shows signs of having refreshed herself

Not Wisely but Too Well

(isn't re-freshed a good word misunderstood?), or your little girl comes home from school after having fallen in the mud and soiled her clean pinafore, you will not be angry or scold or chide, but just put yourself in their places, and realise nine times out of ten that, given the same conditions, you would have done exactly the same things.

This putting ourselves into other folks' places is grand for filling up the empty

corners in our Characters.

I happened on an old Lancashire housewife the other day just as she was preparing her "man's meal." She was bending over the stove and violently agitating a pan of potatoes. "Ah," she said, as I entered, "potatoes is nothing unless they're shook."

No, thought I, as I remembered the hard rocks on which the frail vessel of her dear life had so often been dashed—and one or two of my own troubles—neither are we.

Human nature is sometimes like a beef-steak—requiring much beating to make it tender. So, my beloved women workers, all take your

Shakes and Shocks

bravely; they are all for the general good.

But, by my ten finger-bones, I shall get into trouble at headquarters if I preach sermons instead of attending to my business.

Cheer O! our "Home Note" business is so big that it is almost impossible to exceed its scope, and it takes a real clever brain to tell whether we are attending to it or not!

Lest I should find your editor tearing down the road in a new tartan (first time I saw her she wore a tartan in the wind and rain, and flew to catch a train in two minutes that would take most folk ten) to call me over the coals, I think I'll *whack* in this letter which has just reached my heart:

Dear Mrs. Worrall—I feel impelled to send a whole-hearted, if somewhat belated, word of welcome to THE WOMAN WORKER in its weekly dress. The talented Editress will overlook this particular congratulation being addressed to the writer of the "Home Notes," for I write on behalf of the home women—the housekeepers who will have such a broadened view of life given to them by your page. For years I have felt as you do, only more so! Anyhow, I am in

Full Tide of Rebellion

against the "slabby" (it really is a good word) lives of so many house-keepers lead and some even seem content to lead. I have edited women's pages in more than one paper, and alas! did I ever ask assistance from my readers as to what they would like best in their columns the answer was sure to come with pathetic monotony, "more cooking recipes!" Alas, and yet alas! But here, at any rate, in our WOMAN WORKER we are started on a better way. If the wheels of our house-keeping wagon go lumberly, as indeed they must, in many of these jerry built "contraptions" a greedy capitalistic system gives us, to turn into British homes if we can, at least let us

Hitch Our Waggon to a Star

and cultivate our imagination more. No longer must the house-keeping (nor will it if we read your page) be bounded by the frying pan on the east and the wash tub on the west. We shall grow thoroughly discontented with things as they are and next set our wits to work to think out things as they might be. I think I will give this to my fellow readers as a home note for the week:—*Cultivate your imagination more.* (N.B.—It is not a cooking recipe.)—With all good wishes, sincerely yours,
MABEL HORNER THOMPSON.

Poor Mrs. Thompson! What a dreadful task to have to write to women not one of whom had a

Soul Above a Saucepan.

I don't know how she did it. On the staff of THE WOMAN WORKER we are lucky beggars—all!

I thank her for her generous appreciation of our paper, and hope it may continue to find favour in her eyes and yours for ever and ever. Selah!

Now for the practical part. The

Prize of 5s.

goes to Mrs. Flatman, 41, Farnham Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, for her very useful hint on—

CHEAP HOUSE-WARMING (sounds like giving a party!).—Get an ordinary, flat, hollow, terra-cotta brick. Plunge it in kerosene for a few seconds, put in the grate and ignite, and it will burn for three-quarters of an hour, throwing out great heat at infinitesimal cost.

If you are careful with the kerosene, which is highly inflammable, I can conceive the comfort of such a plan when evenings are chilly in September and October, and you don't want the bother of a fire, with its dust and dirt to clear up next morning.

And—as I love luxuries, which I do dearly—I fancy I see many a bedroom grate aglow this winter when we go to bed or our children have to be undressed and dressed again for a "party" after the shades of night are fallen.

I have seen my own daughter well-nigh freeze during such an operation when her chimney smoked and her fire wouldn't burn, and she had to go to a cold room to change a warm woollen winter dress for a flimsy gown of chiffon.

I like particularly these elderberry recipes, too. They really deserve a prize; but what can one do?

As a Socialist (do you know anything about Socialism, by the way?) I cling fondly to anything good that we may

Claim in Common.

So few things are left now that are not "owned" by somebody. We have got the sea, stars, sky, the wind and rain, the cold and heat, which nobody can buy very well and sell at a profit, and that's about all, except elderberries, blackberries, and crabs. (No mushrooms now!)

We have had crab recipes, and now elderberries. Who has got a first-rate idea for conserving blackberries? Blackberry jelly is a dream of delight. But, strange to say, nobody has sent a single blackberry recipe.

Let this be an instruction, then, to readers of THE WOMAN WORKER to be Socialists in so far as they come out to claim their own. Blackberries, crabs, and elderberries are left us—up to now, though we don't know how long they will be. Let us use them without money and without price so long as we may.

ELDERBERRY SYRUP.—Stew ripe berries in a little water till all the juice is extracted. Then strain through a piece of muslin. To each pint of juice add 1lb leaf sugar, 3 cloves, and half a stick of cinnamon; boil until it is syrupy; when cold bottle and keep well corked. 2 tablespoonfuls with a little juice of lemon to a glass of hot water is very good for a cold before going to bed, and is a very nice drink with soda water or lemonade. For outward application, sores, bruises, burns, or scalds, the juice of ripe berries blended with olive oil, equal parts; strain through a cloth and bottle.—(MRS.) ELLEN A. HUNTLEY, Ipswich.

Don't forget, a

Prize of 5s.

is awarded each week to the reader who sends the best "Home Note" to Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, London, E.C.

A Motorist's apology: "Very sorry, don't you know, and all that sort of thing, for the poor beggar who was hurt, but of course we are insured against all claims."—"Yorkshire Weekly Post."

Talks with the Doctor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOSDYKE.—You ought, if possible, to avoid doing your own washing, and in any case be very careful about not keeping damp clothes or boots on a moment longer than necessary. Take this mixture for a week, one tablespoonful after your meals, and mixed with the same quantity of water:—R., Potas Iodid, zj , grs; Potas Bicarbon, ziii ; Sodii Bicarb, ziii . Water to 12 ounces. You must, of course, get this made up at a chemist.

SUFFERER.—The condition you mention is not dangerous to life, but causes very great weakness and nervous disturbances. It can be cured by a plain diet without tea, coffee, alcohol, or stimulating and highly seasoned foods, general care of the health in the way of fresh air and exercise, and a common-sense determination to make an end of a very common, but very weakening, disease.

A. B. C.—There is no reason for you to take any further treatment. The condition existing now is quite compatible with perfect health. Keep on with what you are now doing, but otherwise banish all thoughts of the subject from your mind. Go in for some form of athletics. You don't need medicine.

Mrs. K. M. (Southsea).—Thorough cleansing of the skin and a daily cold bath are not the same thing. The cold douche is a mystical rite. Cleanliness is a laborious process. And you do not suggest that the patient is not now clean. The explanation in this case is that the cold water, and perhaps the soap, caused irritation.

EXERCISE.—Can you sing? Practice singing ordinary conversational sentences in your own room, and gradually get into the habit of using your own singing voice in ordinary talk without noticeable rise and fall of tone.

W. M. P.—Thanks for suggestions. I am always glad to hear of new remedies, or old ones revived.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—See that the patient has an empty bladder on going to bed. Let no liquid be taken for two hours before this time, and let her be awakened up as early as possible in the morning. It is useful to practice holding the water for several hours in the day. If you cannot get the habit right, you must consult a doctor.

PICA QUAD.—Take part of the bread toasted, and substitute dry biscuits for paste. At dinner take more meat or fish. You mention neither eggs nor cheese, both excellent foods.

FELISE.—Apply the following ointment to the skin when softened by hot water:—R., Ung. Ichthyol, 2 drachms; Ung. Zinci, 6 drachms.

NEMO (London).—Apply this ointment before going away and use it daily:—R., Ung. Hyd. Nit., dil. 2 drachms; Vaseline, 6 drachms.

L. M. C.—Eat slowly, drink very little fluid at meals. Take not more than two cups of tea a day. Leave off corsets. Get some Cascara Sagrada tablets, and take them regularly for ten days.

HER BOY.—Will adopt your suggestion as soon as space permits.

X.Y.Z.

Congress and Pensions.

Next week will be a stirring one for Nottingham, for then the Trade Union Congress meets.

The Parliamentary Committee held a private meeting on Monday under the chairmanship of Mr. Shackleton, M.P., when a resolution was passed urging the labour organisations throughout the country to take advantage of the regulations issued by the Local Government Board for carrying out the Old Age Pensions Act by getting representatives of labour co-opted on the pensions committees to be formed to administer the Act.

Complaints & the Law.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GAS-MONEY.—I am afraid the deductions for gas-money are not illegal, provided that written particulars of the charges are given to the girls. But I am reporting the case to the proper authorities in case there is anything wrong. The employer is justified legally (though not morally) in not allowing you to make your own tea, so that I am afraid there is nothing to be done, unless you can get all the girls to join the National Federation of Women Workers (apply to Miss Hedges, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.).

W. A. D. (Uxbridge Road).—The hours named are illegal, if it is the dressmaking *workroom* where the girl is employed. I am reporting the matter. Please let me know what happens.

SANDYLANDS.—You do not say how the trust was created. If the will or settlement creating the trust does not state who can appoint a new trustee, the surviving trustee can appoint a new trustee or more than one new trustee in place of the deceased trustee (Trustee Act, 1893, Section 10). You will require a lawyer to draw the necessary deed. If you send me a copy of the will or settlement and full particulars of the estate, I can advise you as to the probable cost.

P. C. D.—Yes, you should take proceedings to recover the rest of the sum due in payment for the business, if the evidence that more than the £16 was promised is good. Your winning the case or not would merely depend upon your being able to prove to the judge's satisfaction that the promise was made.

A. B. C.—I do not quite understand from your letter whether the second sister has paid her share of the funeral expenses or not. And is it the *receipt* she will not give up? I will write on receiving your reply.

PORTIA.

THE BOXMAKERS' STRIKE.

The Board of Trade Intervenes.

Letters and Gifts from Sympathisers.

As reported last week, application was made to the Board of Trade for intervention in the Summerstown dispute.

The Board of Trade has now secured the consent of the firm to conciliation. Mr. W. B. Yates is acting as conciliator, and Miss Sophy Sanger, secretary of the Legal Advice Department of the Women's Trade Union League, will assist the three delegates chosen by the strikers to represent them in the conciliation proceedings.

On Tuesday morning a conference was held at the offices of the Board of Trade, and on Wednesday the conciliator visited the factory at Earlsfield.

Up to the time of going to press (Wednesday, noon) no settlement had been arrived at.

CHEERING LETTERS.

From a host of letters which have accompanied the gifts notified below, and others, we select the following as typical in spirit of the rest:

A Unique Gift.

Dear Madam,—Will you please accept the enclosed Kruger sovereign for your strike fund of the girl box-workers in Summerstown?

I brought it from the Transvaal about four years ago, intending to buy a gold watch-chain, hang this on it, and wear it for myself. But I am learning things from such acts of devotion to others as Miss Williams and yourself are showing in this latest instance of the horrible un-Christlikeness of sweating and competition.

I see that the power to earn money is given for a better purpose than to exhibit it on one's person.

At present I am unable to send anything but this, and hope that it can in some way be made to help in a struggle for the bare justice of being allowed to work at a wage on which existence is possible.

Please don't put my name in the list of helpers. If only this were the final victory we had to win over those who oppress and slave-drive the poor working girls and lads of this Christian (?) Britain.—Yours sincerely,
A STONEMASON.

From Other Boxmakers.

Dear Madam,—Being a box-maker myself I took my copy of THE WOMAN WORKER to the factory and read it to my mates, and they were deeply moved.

We know how hard it is to make a living wage, and we realise that it is our battle the girls are fighting as well as theirs. So we made a collection amongst us, because we think it is our duty to help one another as much as lies in our power.

Will you tell the girls on strike that our sympathy is with them, and we wish them a sure and speedy victory?

Will you let me know where there is a branch of the Boxmakers' Union in Manchester? I should like to join, and I am sure there are others that would also.—Yours faithfully,
SYMPATHISER.

[Eleven names follow, with the amounts of their modest subscriptions, 5s. in all, and a request that they should not be published.—Ed.]

From a House Party.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I enclose a small cheque collected from a house-party in Scotland who are all in sympathy with the Corrigan girls. They include three M.P.s. I hope soon to hear the trouble is at an end.—Yours very sincerely,
ADELE MEYER.

Shortgrove, Newport, August 26.

Diverted to the Cause.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—You will find a P. O., value 5s., enclosed in aid of the girl strikers at Tooting. It is sent by the members of my Sunday school men's class, from a small fund we have for the relief of local

distress or sickness. They considered the Tooting case such a flagrant abuse of common justice, no less than a menace to the girls' purity of character, that they felt they must give what they could.—Yours faithfully,
J. CHAMBERS.
Bredbury, near Stockport, August 26.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Already acknowledged, £159 16s. 11d.
Mrs. De Quincey, £1; Miss Casselles, 5s.; the Bishop of Southwark, £1; "A Sympathetic Friend," 5s.; Miss O. Tripp, 2s., and friend, 1s., 3s.; A Working Woman, 2s.; Mr. H. J. Hadrill, £1; Miss M. De Quincey, 10s. 6d.; "Also Sweated," 1s.; A. S. E. Willeston, Jun., £1; "An Old Factory Girl," 3s.; Bredbury Sunday School, 5s.; London Society of Compositors, £2 2s.; the Typographical Association, £3 3s.; Mrs. Carl Meyer and friend, £2 2s.; Box Makers, 5s.; Mr. G. A. Rigby, 6d.; Mrs. Harold Margerson, 10s.; Miss A. MacFarlane, £2 2s.; A. S. L. M., 2s. 6d.; M. A. H. (collected), 5s.; Bristol T. L. P., 1s.; Miss P. Sawham, 2s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser," 1s.; W. Edwards "W.", 3s.; Balham, 2s. 6d.; Gateshead-on-Tyne, 2s. 6d.; Three Friends, £2 2s.; L.C.T.U. (Wandsworth branch), 5s.; T. M., 2s.; A. F. B. (Islington), 1s.; "Sympathy for the Cause" (Dewsbury), 2s. 6d.; Warwick, 2s. 6d.; H. Chambers, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Seymour Hare, 2s. 6d.; Rishton Weavers' Association, £1; G. H., 1s.; H. D., 2s.; Two Women Workers (Liverpool), 5s.; A. E. Dennis, 2s.; W. T. A., 5s.; E. A., 2s. 6d.; Junior Clerk, 2s.; H. Weston Wells, 2s. 6d.; E. J., 2s. 6d.; Muriel T. Hodge, 5s.; Agnes Bain, 1s.; A. and E. Warren, 7s. 6d.; Printers, Warehousemen, and Cutters, 10s.; Edith M. Hughesdon, 10s.; Albert Hodges, 2s. 6d.; Margaret Hale, 5s.; Col. Hale, £1 1s.; Southport Trades Council, 2s. 6d.; Newport Trades Council, 5s.; Mr. H. Law and friends, 6s.; E. M. J. and J. E. D., 5s.; A. E. A., 2s. 6d.; Miss Llewelyn Davies, £5; Mr. T. Cassey, 1s.; Soldier, 10s.; Miss E. Lord, £5; Miss E. B. Smith (second weekly donation), 10s.; D. M. H., 1s.; Raunton Railway Women's Guild, 5s.; Miss Mary Aves, 1s.; Collection at Earlsfield, £2 0s. 1d.; R. S. (Purley), £1; Z. Y. X., 2s. 6d.; D. Michael Rees, 2s.; D. Jackson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Agnes Pritchard, £1; Miss Clyde, 10s.; Miss Adelaide Goyder, 5s.; L. H. T., 2s. 6d.; Readers of "Christian Commonwealth," 3s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; N. B. E. L., 6s.; C. K., 2s. 6d.; M. Reid, £1; C. Davies, £1 1s.; D. Carmichael, 5s.; Manchester Boxmakers "who know the firm," 5s.; A. J. Woodruff, 1s.; J. Kinsman, 2s.; The London and Provincial Clothiers and Cutters' Trade Union, £1 11s. 6d.; Miss Thornton, £2 2s.; F. Tiarks, £5.
Total, £215 2s. 21d.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

These schools are a great institution. If we ever had doubts as to their greatness we saw the error of our ways on Saturday last. All the London schools met together for a day's delight at the Alexandra Palace. There must have been nearly 1,000 children there, and how they did enjoy themselves! They played, and sang, and danced. They rode on the roundabouts and switch-back, and clapped their hands with glee at the marionettes. It was a great day. These children know what Socialism means. The joy of living. They are clever little people, too. Their folk songs and dances are beautiful. We congratulate the lady who has taught them, as we do Mr. Askell, who is apparently the father to whom they all look for good things, and he does not disappoint them. "Thank you so much, comrade, for a happy day," we heard one wee maiden say to him, and we envied him the smile she gave, for we knew he had earned it.

Dr. ALLINSON'S FOOD for Babies.

No other food can equal it. THE ONLY KNOWN ROYAL TWINS—viz., those of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse, who are nephews to King Edward VII.—were reared on it. FOR SUFFERERS from Stomach Troubles, such as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastric Catarrh, Ulcer of the Stomach, and Wasting Diseases, it is the best and cheapest known. It has been the means of many thousands being restored to health, strength, and ability to work. A baby's digestive powers are very limited, and it is therefore one of the primary essentials of robust growth and development that the child should take food which is capable of easy assimilation. The ignorance of this fact is the chief reason for the alarming mortality amongst young children. A long and special study of this great question resulted in the introduction of DR. ALLINSON'S NATURAL FOOD. The great food specialist designed this preparation with a view to imparting the maximum amount of nutrition to children at a minimum expenditure of digestive energy. It is NOURISHING and SUSTAINING in the HIGHEST DEGREE. Makes flesh, muscle, bone and brain.

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CHEMISTS, GROCERS, BAKERS, CORN DEALERS, CO-OPERATIVE STORES
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THE GIRLS IN PROCESSION.

Twelve different picture postcards of the Summerstown strikers and of the Trafalgar Square Demonstration can be had at 2d. each from Messrs. Park, press photographers, Fleet Street, who supply the above picture, or from the National Federation of Women Workers, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.

THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

Telephone Troubles.

After a long, uneventful period of peace there are signs of unrest among the telephone operators in the National Telephone Service. The conduct of a clerk in charge on the Manchester night staff is responsible for a good deal of dissatisfaction. This "lady" is said to be in the habit of addressing the operators under her charge as "clod-hoppers, idiots, duffers, and fools." It is complained that the night operators are harassed and confused when putting a call through by incessant interruptions, with the result that the girls are sometimes so bewildered that they hardly know what they are doing. They say that she requires them to act as her personal attendants. In the middle of the night the junior operator has to go downstairs and cook her supper, set the table, clear up afterwards, and wash the pots out! Though the girls would willingly do this for anyone who treated them with consideration, they resent being commanded to do it, and they point out in a memorial which they have addressed to the chief superintendent that such services were not included in the contract they signed on entering the employment of the Company.

Crisis in Manchester.

Matters came to a crisis last week, when an operator was suspended for the heinous offence of addressing a perfectly civil question to the clerk in charge.

Indeed, the position for a time was so serious that the Manchester Exchanges might very easily have followed the historic example of Holborn, whose successful strike some years ago was the foundation of the Operators' Association. Fortunately, wiser counsels prevailed. The matter has been referred to the head office in London, and the assistant general manager has promised to see that the whole circumstances are properly investigated.

Edmonton Reduction Withdrawn.

The ammunition workers at Edmonton have once again reason to congratulate themselves upon their connection with the National Federation of Women Workers. In the bullet-nicking department it was announced that prices were to be cut from 2½d. to 1½d. a thousand. With the confidence which comes from organisation, the workers refused to accept the reduction, and after a good deal of excitement, some delay, and many consultations, it was finally withdrawn.

Concession at Hoxton.

Cheering news comes from our youngest Federation Branch at Hoxton. This branch came into being as a result of a curious practice adopted by a local firm of box makers. They persuaded all their workers to agree to a temporary levy of 5 per cent. weekly on wages in order to assist them in a financial crisis. As this deduction, however, extended over many months, the workers grew tired of it, and recently they formed a branch of the Federation. The employers have now agreed to discontinue the deduction. *Verb. sap.*

A Dire Threat.

Enthusiastic local support is being given to the twenty-six Norwich tailoresses, employed by Messrs. Chamberlain and Son, who are on strike against a reduction of 16½ per cent. in the prices paid for making khaki trousers. A local bard—Mr. Fred Easton—has immortalised the dispute in a production entitled "The Song of the Britches."

One verse contains a dire threat. It runs:—"We'll wave the word of Labour high, and strike it to the hilt. We'll fight the 'Chamberlain' or die, or else we'll wear a kilt."

Copies are being sold at a penny each for the benefit of the strikers.

Progress in Liverpool.

Miss Jessie M. Findlay, the Hon. Secretary of the Liverpool Café Workers' Union, sends me a most interesting letter reporting the progress of organisation. She tells me that with the help of Mrs. Billinge and Miss McConnell a successful social gathering of dressmakers and waitresses was held last week, and adds: "There is not a doubt that women in Liverpool are waking up to see the benefits of Trade Unionism, and our numbers are slowly but surely increasing." "We are all looking forward to the big demonstration of women workers in November." Such letters are very welcome, and I shall be glad to receive reports from other trade union secretaries for insertion in this column.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

Progress at Middleton.

The secretary of the Middleton Branch, Mrs. Hilton (Homestead, Hollin Lane, Middleton, Lancs.), reports that the members are doing their best to make the branch a success and their influence felt. For the present they hold their meetings on the first Sunday in each month. Last month Mrs. Hilton herself gave a paper on "Why Women Need Socialism," and at the next meeting (next Sunday) the president, Mrs. Howard, will read a paper. In October they hope to get one of the Manchester I.L.P. women to give an address.

Practical Nursing.

Our Middleton branch of the I.L.P. is putting up two candidates for the November elections, and we women of the League have made ourselves responsible for the women voters in the two wards. We have paired ourselves, and intend making house-to-house visits and kind of nursing the constituency between now and the 1st of November—by distributing WOMAN WORKERS, using moral suasion, and trying all in our power to spread the gospel of Socialism.

"The Woman Worker."

All our members take in THE WOMAN WORKER. We are saving all our back numbers and buying as many extra ones as we can afford, and have also sent to Miss Macarthur (please note, Editress) to see if we can have another bundle of specimen copies. She has already sent one, which I wrote for, so that we could distribute them at the open-air I.L.P. meetings.

We have only one I.L.P. member of the Town Council—no other Labour representative at all—and we are hoping that our League may in many ways help the cause of the workers.

We trust all our branches are setting to work in as practical a manner as this for the November elections. It is a tremendous help when the preparing of the ground and the canvassing are not all left to the last week or two.

Norwegian Women in the Movement.

I have just returned from a visit to Norway. (It was Mrs. Nodin who undertook this column while I was on the jaunt. It is nice to have such amiable executive members.) We were at a meeting at the Folketshus, or People's House, in Christiania, the headquarters of the Trade Union and Socialist movement, where almost all the societies connected with the Labour Party have their offices, where one of their Socialist daily papers is printed, and where they also have halls of different sizes to let for meetings and socials.

The women take an active part in the movement there, and have a Socialist Women's League of their own, which includes Trade Union work in its activities. Women have had municipal rights as citizens for some time, and two of the Socialist representatives on the Christiania

City Council are women. Now, however, the Parliamentary vote has been extended to them—not on quite such a wide basis as to the men, for a property qualification has been put in for women which does not exist for the other sex. They are also eligible as members of the Storting, as their Parliament is called.

How Will the Women Vote?

We were asking the leader of the Labour Party in Parliament whether they hoped to increase their number of members (ten at present) at the next election, and he replied, "We ought to double it, and we hope to do so. But there is a new factor now—the women's vote—and we can't quite tell how that will affect us."

The necessity for educating the women in Labour politics comes home very strongly when they are enfranchised. It will be specially difficult to reach the women peasants in Norway, for they are in little farms dotted about among the mountains wherever there is a tiny patch of grass.

In many places we passed it looked as if they must really "teether the babies" to prevent their tumbling over the precipices where the little homesteads were perched. During the summer the cows and goats are driven up still further to their "saeters," or summer quarters, and it is the women members of the household especially who go up with them and live on the high grounds for three or four months, doing dairy work and tending the herds. As we passed through the country we could see that the women did much of the outside work in the fields too, and as I suppose the burden of house work and looking after the children falls on them, they cannot have much time to go to political meetings.

Even the travelling (often many miles) to a polling booth on the election day will be difficult for the working women. But difficulties only help to stir the enthusiasm in our movement, and the Norwegians worked very hard for the women's vote and are confident that they will get the women on their side, and that the marvellous growth of their Party will be maintained.

The Socialist Congress in Chicago

The Socialist Congress at Chicago this year was marked by an energetic agitation of the women. The men were roused to see the need for the co-operation of women on equal terms with themselves in the fight for the emancipation of the workers.

The women were determined to show their readiness to take part in this fight. They formed a Women's Socialist Committee, whose principal object was to carry on educational work amongst women.

The Socialist Party as a whole is supporting the committee financially; but as the Presidential campaign will be a great drain on the resources of the party, the committee has decided not to ask for any money until the campaign is over. In their agitation great emphasis is to be laid on the enfranchisement of women.

A Strange Coincidence.

On Sunday a woman threw herself from the summit of the Eiffel Tower.

More than 10,000 miles away, at Chicago, an insane father attempted, about the same time of day, to throw his grown-up daughter from the tower of the Auditorium. She kept up a terrible struggle till help arrived from below.

A lady pastor of the Leicester Free Christian Church, the "Reverend" Gertrude von Petzold, has gone by invitation to the Unitarian Church at Streator, near Chicago. She had also been invited to Longsight.

Women using benzine and other spirits to clean clothes are warned by the inspectors of explosives, in their annual report, that these catch fire at a distance from flame, and that many deaths are thus caused.

The Suffrage Campaign.

Notes on Coming Events.

Sunday was a busy day in the suffragist week. The Women's Social and Political Union demonstrated at Boulter's Lock, and the Women's Freedom League held the first of their at-homes for business girls in the Holborn Town Hall.

The object of these at-homes is to interest girls engaged in shops, offices, hospitals, &c., who are usually too tired, even if they are not worked too long, to attend evening meetings.

Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Kenningdale Cooke (Mabel Collins) will publish a novel this month entitled "Outlawed," which deals with the suffrage question, and the injustice of the law concerning women.

Miss Mary Phillips, one of the five prisoners still in Holloway, has forfeited two days of the remission allowed to all prisoners of good behaviour, by an infringement of discipline. The four other ladies—Miss Haig, Miss Joachim, Miss Howey, and Miss Wentworth—will be released on the 16th.

Scores of ladies have volunteered to draw a carriage containing the prisoners from Holloway to the Queen's Hall, where a breakfast will be served.

The Men's League.

To-morrow afternoon, in front of St. George's Hall and at the Wellington column, the Men's League of Women's Suffrage will hold a demonstration from four platforms at half-past three.

The speakers include Miss Margaret Ashton, Mrs. Swanwick, M.A., Mr. J. Malcolm Mitchell (National Hon. Sec. M.L.W.S.), Professor Alexander (Manchester University), Miss Eleanor F. Ratibone, Pastor George Wise, the Rev. J. Mathieson Forson, Mr. Allan Tracy, Mr. Mark Howarth, jun., and the Rev. H. D. Roberts.

Anti-Sweating Demonstration.

A big anti-sweating demonstration will be held in Trafalgar Square on September 6, at 3 p.m. The main procession will start from the Embankment at 2.45.

The alleged "sweating" at the Hanbury Street Works of the Salvation Army was discussed at the last Trade Union Congress, and a central committee was formed from the London branches of trade unions and Socialist societies, with ten local committees, and these committees are responsible for Sunday's demonstration.

A Brave Woman.

Mrs. Sarah Rooke, a telephone clerk near Poison, New Mexico, has been drowned by a cloud-burst. She might have saved herself, but stayed to warn the town, calling up forty families.

These and the other inhabitants found safety; but, as she finished her splendid act of duty, a wall of water swept upon her cabin. Mrs. Rooke's body, mutilated, was found twelve miles away.

"Honeymoon" Round the World on Tramp.

A novel "honeymoon" tour has been carried out by M. and Mme. Eugene Gruard, a young Paris couple. They started on their wedding day, in 1896, to walk round the world. During twelve years they have toured through Europe, Siberia, Japan, North and South America, and North Africa, and have walked 60,000 miles.

Treasure Seekers.

A telephone operator at the General Post Office in Genoa has just won £12,280 in a lottery. She is besieged with offers of marriage from countless unknown admirers.

Last week a Miss Winifred Spiers, of Tooting, was blown over the cliffs of Beachy Head, but rolled uninjured to a ledge, 100ft below, and was rescued after a night's exposure.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS ORGANISE

A Branch Formed in Birmingham.

(By a Special Correspondent.)

They came quietly—almost timidly, as though not quite sure whether it was safe to do as proposed; they went away hopeful, if not rejoicing. They came, a weak, disorganised body of servant girls; they went away—at least the majority of them did—enrolled as members of the Domestic Servants' Branch of the National Federation of Women Workers, strong with the strength which organisation gives to resist oppression and to fight for improved conditions.

By the formation of this new branch of the N.F.W.W., which took place last Friday night at Birmingham, servant girls have a distinct banner under which to fight. Hitherto membership of the Federation has been open to them, but they had not a branch formed specially to look after their interests.

The meeting, it should be explained, was the outcome of a local newspaper correspondence, in which mistresses and maids ventilated their grievances with considerable freedom. The girls complained—but there is no necessity to enumerate their grievances. They are known only too well. The mistresses retorted with allegations of—well, we are equally familiar with their line of defence.

One public man at least thought that the balance of sympathy should incline to the maids. He elected to champion the cause of the weak against the strong. The gentleman who thus came to their rescue was the Rev. Arnold Pinchard, and the meeting held in the schoolroom attached to his church was presided over by himself.

Mr. Pinchard made a capital opening speech. It was eminently judicious in tone. "The real fact of the case is," he said, "that there are grievances on both sides, and there are likely to be grievances so long as persons are brought into the relation of employer and employed without proper rules to govern them, everything being done in a happy-go-lucky, haphazard fashion."

In cases where they had employers trying to get the last ounce out of their servants, the latter were thrown upon their own resources to defend themselves. The inevitable results of such a state of things was chaos, friction, bad temper, and bad work on both sides. Unorganised, however, girls were powerless, or at a disadvantage. Each one had, in fact, to take what she could get, and how she could get it.

He was confident that the formation of a union would not only improve enormously the position of domestic servants, but also smooth and make more easy the way of mistresses and masters.

The resolution forming the branch was moved by Mr. J. Wain and seconded by Miss Stevens in excellent speeches that had an enheartening effect upon the girls.

Even more stimulating was the speech of Miss Ellen Smyth, the local organiser of the Federation, who explained that it was intended to divide membership into three classes:

There are to be three classes of members. In Class A the subscription will be one penny a week, entitling members to the usual benefits and the help of a bureau which will investigate the characters of prospective mistresses.

Members of Classes B and C, with subscriptions of 3d. and 6d. each respectively, will receive out of work and sickness pay.

Lady guardians at Hampstead, hearing of a deserving old couple who, by no fault of their own, had been forced into the workhouse, found the man suitable work outside, and provided among themselves the furniture "to set up house" for them again.

Women as Local Officers.

More educated women should be employed in Poor Law administration.

Women are admirably qualified to act as relieving officers in a very large proportion of the cases which come before the Poor Law authorities. It is true that they could not deal single-handed with cases of drunken or mad paupers who resist removal to the workhouse. But neither, I venture to believe, can a man enter adequately into the difficulties of a young widow left with a large family to support.

Women, it is generally admitted, make admirable sanitary inspectors. They are commonly employed as administrators of private charity. Why, then, should it be the very rare exception which it is at present to find them occupied in the public relief of the poor?

Educated women might find a satisfactory career in other divisions of the Poor Law work. The matrons of workhouses or of Poor Law schools are at present competent in a rough and ready way, but they are by no means trained or sympathetic administrators.—Mabel Atkinson in the "Daily News."

Holiday Schools for Slum Children

These schools must be a boon and a blessing to some of our slum children.

Six hundred of Walworth's poorest children have shared a fortnight's joy at the Royal Hill School, Greenwich, thanks to the authorities of the Browning Settlement and the Ragged School Union. For five days in the week each batch of youngsters was taken by tram to "school."

Dinner was provided by two L.C.C. cooking centres, and the afternoon passed in open-air games. At 3.45 buns and milk were given to each child, and then back they went to Walworth.

The work was carried on for a month, 600 children being made into two parties. The cost of the experiment was 3s. 6d. per child.

Spanking Grown Daughters.

The old theory of paternal control was avowed last week with astonishing cynicism by a father who wrote to the "Chronicle." He thought it would be a simple duty, if a daughter of 17 disobeyed him (by wearing corsets), to give her "a sound spanking."

Ever since there has been a brisk interchange of letters. "Has this exacting parent," another father asks, "no idea of any consideration beyond bodily health, no regard for the deadly injury inflicted on character by such wounds to the self-respect of a young growing woman, no reverence for those sentiments of pride and modesty that accompany a girl's realisation of the sacredness and mystery of budding womanhood? Sentiments which will have some place in the silliest girl's heart unless her whole nature is belied."

The Widow's Mite.

A middle-aged widow has received what might be termed an "Irish" wedding present.

Charged with having absconded from Fulwood Workhouse, she explained to the Preston Bench that she had received an offer of marriage by letter. The prospective husband renewed his offer in the court.

The Bench, as their marriage contribution, fined her 5s. and wished her luck.

Pensions for 140 Women.

Under the will of the late Mr. Wilkinson Smith, a Nottingham lace manufacturer, 140 widows and spinsters will receive pensions for life. Mr. Smith left nearly £250,000 for the purpose. Seventy pensions have just been allotted among 1,700 women who put in claims, and 70 more will be granted in a week or two.

A wedding party at Melilla, a Spanish village, fell victims to a brigands' raid. The men, who fought, were all killed, and twenty young women carried off.



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**"Nugget"
Furniture
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The "NUGGET" POLISHES

"STILL STICKING TO THE BEST"

The advertisement features a central illustration of a man with a long white beard, wearing a dark uniform and a peaked cap. He is standing on a cylindrical tin of 'Nugget Furniture Polish'. The tin has the brand name and 'The "NUGGET" POLISHES' printed on it. The man is pointing his right hand towards the text 'NOW I USE' and the product name. The product name is written in a large, stylized, bold font. Below the illustration is a rectangular box containing the slogan 'STILL STICKING TO THE BEST'.