

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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THE FACTORY AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

By Florence T. Ring.

BETWEEN five and six o'clock it was quite dark outside, because the time was a few weeks before Christmas. But here, in one of the "special wards" in the great hospital, the light was screened from the only occupied bed.

A woman was kneeling beside it. She was ragged and dirty; for this woman had no time for mending clothes. And just now she was particularly dirty, having been sent for from her work in the factory. All day she had been "braising" metal, and her hands and arms were black, while the metal dust lay thick on her neck and in her hair.

Something lay on the bed, something wrapped in cotton wool, that quivered from time to time, and moaned ceaselessly.

"How did yer do it, Nellie? Tell me, dear," said the woman, stroking the sheet helplessly. She dare not touch the little writhing form in the cotton wool. "I putted on coal," wailed the little voice.

"But yer should ha' let Minnie do it." "Minnie was 'oldin' baby, and I seed the fire 'ud go out afore yer comed 'ome." The doctor came up with a ward sister, who gently poured a few drops of something between the little scorched lips. The doctor bent over the child a moment. Then he and the sister exchanged glances. The mother noticed it, and she turned to the house surgeon and wrung her hands.

"Oh, sir, save her," she cried. "My little un! My little un!" He looked away.

"Why don't you people have fire-guards?" he asked, in a pained voice. The mother did not reply. There was little furniture of any kind in her house, and a fire-guard would have been no use here, as the child must have removed it to put the coal on.

"Must you leave these young children alone all day?" asked the Coroner at the inquest.

Nellie's mother was very quiet now, and very white. She was decently dressed in borrowed black, and she answered the Coroner respectfully, in a voice that was toneless and very tired.

"Please, sir, my 'usbud were a tube-drawer, but 'e ain't 'ad no work since last May—'e only does a bit of tatin'. ("Tatin'" is rag and bone picking.) The children ud starve if I didn't go out to work."

The Coroner had children of his own, and he said kindly: "But what will you do—in a little while?"

The woman understood.

"Please, sir, I shall work up to the last," she said, "and p'r'aps save a bit for the nurse."

"Save out of what?"

"Some weeks I gets 8s., some 10s.," she answered; "it's all accordin'."

It was August, and the air was sultry and hot; the heat seemed to beat up from the pavement and suffocate a little woman who was standing outside the Children's Hospital in a long queue, waiting, patiently waiting, with a child in her arms wrapped in an old shawl.

"I wishes I could sit down, Minnie," she said to a girl of eight, who was standing beside her. "I feel all fainty like." "They're a'goin' in now, mother, and it'll be a lot cooler inside," answered the little girl. "It's cos yer 'ave been up so many nights and a'work all day."

When the mother removed the shawl from the baby's face to show him to the doctor, the nurse gave an exclamation of dismay.

The doctor only looked quietly at the woman. And then he lifted the child out of her arms.

"How long has this baby been like this?" he asked. "When did you last hear it cry?"

"'E cried as I were a-carrying of him 'ere, but arter a while 'e went asleep; 'e's been bad all the week, and, and—" Very gently the nurse explained that the baby was dead.

"You went out to work at a factory, you say," the doctor said, "and put the child out to nurse every day?"

"Yes," the stupefied mother told him—"to a neighbour, and I paid for cow's milk for 'im, and all."

"Ah, you should have stayed at home and nursed him yourself."

The doctor sent her home in a cab, hugging close to her the little dead body. She was saying over and over again:

"Dear Lord, last Christmas it was our Nellie, and now it's 'im—what shall I do, what shall I do?"

TWILIGHT.

THE heavenly tints fast fading
Elude the yearning gaze;
The copse's deeper shading
Is lost in purple haze.

Forth now the conies gambol,
Secure from murderous hand;
Dew falls upon the bramble,
A silence on the land.

DOUGLAS HURN.

NOT NICE.

A Railway Station Incident.

By G. Maidstone.

I HAD driven up to a big railway station, in a hansom, very sleepy and tired, and had alighted with bag in hand, when a porter came forward: "What train, sir, please?"

"Bother the man," thought I, "I can find my own train, and carry my own bag." But—I let him take the bag. Why? I don't know. I suppose I felt that he wanted it.

As we stood on the platform waiting for the train, the porter began to talk. I am a reserved and rather stern-looking person; but nobody seems afraid of me.

When the porter, who was a lean, grey man with a sad eye, had remarked that it had been a fine day, and I had languidly agreed, he said: "Things are very quiet, sir."

"Are they?" I asked. "Do you mean here, on the railway?"

"Yes, sir."
"How's that, then?"
"Well, sir; trams, motor-buses, and such like. Keen opposition, sir."

"Ah! I see."
"Yes, sir. Makes it very bad for us chaps. Especially us outside men."

"You don't get so many jobs, I suppose?"

"No, sir. And that's hard on us. We get no wages, you see, sir; not a penny. And we have to be here at six in the morning, and have to clean windows, and sweep the floors and stairs for the company without pay."

"No wages at all?"

"No, sir; none. And have to find our own uniform."

"Why, what do you live on?"

"Tips, sir; when we get any."
"I see."

"Yes, sir; things are very quiet. Yesterday my mate was here from six in the morning till nine at night and only took elevenpence. Elevenpence for a day's work; and he's got a wife and two children."

"But that must be a very exceptional case?"

"No, sir. It's bad in the winter. Last winter I had very bad luck. One day I only took twopence. That was my worst."

"I should think so."

"But the average is poor, sir. Often get less than a shilling. Not very nice, sir, to go home at eleven o'clock at night with a shilling. Don't know whether it's worse for the man or for the wife, sir."

"I had no idea things were so bad."

"No, sir. I think the company might pay us a few shillings a week in the winter. If a man could be sure of making up fifteen shillings a week, even, it would be better."

"But, surely, you could get other work?"

"Not so easy, sir. We just hold on to our job. It's better than nothing. My mate was out of work for two years. He won't risk it again, sir."

"It's very hard lines."

"Yes, sir. But there's thousands unemployed. Ten shillings a week's better than that. Rather than join the unemployed, sir, I'd poison myself, or steal something, and get locked up. Here's your train, sir."

Sixteen hours on duty for elevenpence! And afraid to risk losing that. What do you think of such a situation, women and men?

It is not "nice" to go home to your wife with elevenpence.

And these men are not unemployed. They are employed. Think of it.

I will never carry my own bag again. I shall never again see a porter climbing the station steps with a bag in each hand and a basket under his arm but I shall say to myself, "It is not nice to go home to your wife with elevenpence."

This is no fancy sketch. I have given you a real conversation; almost word for word. Comment is unnecessary.

How are you going to stop this kind of thing? I should suggest Socialism. Is there any alternative scheme? Do you think Mr. Asquith will stop it; or Mr. Lloyd George?

Ah. I wonder whether that porter voted for a Tariff Reformer or for a Liberal.

A BORN STORY-TELLER.

By Helen Simpson.

His yellow head lay back on the cot pillows, and his eyes were awake and shining. Outside the rain came swishing down and the wind battered at the casements.

"Well, sonny, I'll read you just one tale, though it's past peeper-closing time, and the dustman is going to be along soon. Shall we have Peter Rabbit or Squirrel Nutkin? No? Well perhaps the 'stute fish and Mr. Splivens?"

He shook his head, his eyes gleaming in the candlelight.

"No, mother; I'll tell you a tale. A tale about my piggie. You know the one at the Willows, with the ink splash, that eated up father's cigar when he dropped it the day he wasn't to his office."

"Once upon a time ago there was a large pig and his Currishen name was James. He went on board his ship without his umbrella. He went back a-cos umbrellas is mose useful to shipmen, and engine drivers, and firemen, and lamp-lighters, an' rough blusty people. They look redicleous without their umbrellas."

"But you've never seen any of them with umbrellas, sonny."

"Well, mother; now *you're* interrucking me. I tell you they always have umbrellas when it rains so drummy as this."

"He went back and foun' his famblies, not aspeckting him, walking on the tables, an' chairs, an' trays, an' gen'elly behaving mose bad and wicked."

"So he talked to them in a large, big way—same as father does when he finds a coal in his slippers—an' made them feel dreffel 'shamed an' sorry for the selves for havin' such a good kind father. But when he went to his shop for his umbrella, he was mose 'menjously angry with his famblies."

"A-cos the pig children had eated up all the pat-a-cakes, an' starch, an' tea, an' mustard, an' acorns, an' conquers, an' sugar—an' everything in his shop."

"So he took them on his ship in a wheelbarrow, a-cos their stummicks was feeling dreffel low down an' paining them in a large way. An' so he put up his umbrella and the ship sailed to the Over-the-Hills Country where they keep the winds."

"An' they were very sick an' never came back, 'cept it was as bacum. An' father piggie he came back with his umbrella an' went to live at the Willows."

"An' it's all true, I tell you, mother; an' his Currishen name was James. An' perhaps you'll write it out for me, a-cos I makes a 'menjous lot of tales, an' they all run away after staying one night."

"An' I think the dustman's got into my eyes. Good-night, mother."

OUT OF MY WINDOW.

Out of my window looking on the road,
I see Life wander by in varied guise;
The human drama rolls before mine eyes,
With all its changing act and episode.

The noisy school-boy with his merry jest,
The sweet girl-faces like the morning flowers,
The aged who have reached the restful hours,
Bring each a different message to my breast.

My heart goes out in songs of hope and prayer
To lovers who beneath yon hedgerow meet;
I see them on the marriage morning sweet,
When Life and Love and Youth are very fair.

I watch them wander homeward through the dusk,
And see the love-light shine upon each face;
They make this earth a very gracious place—
A scented plot of lavender and musk.

I see his true and manly tenderness,
I mark her turn to him her radiant smile;
They pass along Life's highway mile by mile,
Nor know their love has such a power to bless.

Then in the sunlight on a merry morn,
A soft white burden down the pathway goes,
And from my heart inaudibly there flows
A blessing on the little life new-born.

And thus the dear completed tale I see
From out the window of my dwelling-place,
I hold an inner friendship with the race,
And feel for all a broadened sympathy.

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

A NATION OF SAVAGES.

By Robert Blatchford.

WE are a nation of savages. In last week's WOMAN WORKER is an appeal for fair play for unemployed women. Fair play for hungry women! Fair play! Not fraternity, not reverence, not chivalry; but fair play. It is still necessary at this time of day to plead for fair play for English women; in England.

We are a nation of savages. A few days ago I was talking to a fine old crusted Tory. We began to talk about wealth, and I suggested that £5,000 a year ought to be enough for any man. To my surprise my Tory friend said coolly, "Any man who wants more than £2,000 a year ought to be shot."

Mr. Lloyd George says he knows twelve men whose income would equal the wages of 50,000 working men.

If you spoke to one of those men about poverty and unemployment he would say: "What can I do? How am I to find deserving cases? And will not charity corrupt the poor?"

Is that sense, or nonsense?

Charity Useless.

There is a lot of truth in it. Charity is no good. Individual charity is no good. A man with ten thousand a year has nine thousand more than any man ought to need.

But if he gave it away, it would do no good. To give it to the unemployed would be to take it from the workers who earned it and give it to others who had no chance to earn it.

But suppose all the men with incomes over £1,000 a year gave up the surplus to the nation. That would be a very different thing.

Suppose all those superfluous millions were taken as taxes, and used for the good of the nation! How would that be?

But if no man were allowed more than £1,000 a year the men of genius would all leave the country. Let them. They are hogs. We can spare them.

"How are you going to make a start with Socialism?" I am often asked. I do not know. It will come in its own way. But suppose we began with a few new laws:

Civilisation.

1. All children to be fed and taught at the national expense.

2. The nation to find work for every man willing and able to do it.

3. Every worker to be paid, as a minimum, a living wage.

4. The aged and infirm to be pensioned by the nation.

5. All incomes over £2,000 a year to be taxed at 20s. in the pound over the £2,000.

6. All land to be the property of the nation.

These laws would not constitute Socialism; but they would abolish poverty, they would abolish ignorance, and they would injure nobody.

The man who wants more than £2,000 a year, my Tory friend says, ought to be shot. I do not believe in shooting people; but I do not believe, either, in allowing people to starve.

We are a nation of fools; we must be. The country would yield wealth for all; and we have a million unemployed, and twenty millions poor. And we allow this because it would be wicked to stop a few greedy and vain-glorious men from taking a thousand times more than they need.

I believe in providing a living wage for all before one single man is allowed to become rich.

I believe in doing that in the way I have suggested; by taxing the rich and by employing and paying the workers.

If we did this there need be no more appeals for fair play for women.

And if we did this there would very soon be Socialism; for Socialism is the organisation of labour for the general good.

REVELATION.

AFTER having devoted the morning to various duties, that I fulfilled with pleasure, because I could have put them off to another time, I hastened to dine, that I might escape from importunate people, and insure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even on the hottest days, I started in the heat of the sun with my faithful Achates, hastening my steps in the fear that some one would take possession of me before I could escape; but when once I could turn a certain corner, with what a beating heart, with what a flutter of joy, I began to breathe, as I felt that I was safe; and I said, Here now am I my own master for the rest of the day!

I went on then at a more tranquil pace to seek some wild spot in the forest, some desert place, where nothing indicating the hand of man announced slavery and power—some refuge to which I could believe I was the first to penetrate, and where no wearying third could step in to interpose between Nature and me. It was there that she seemed to display before my eyes an ever-new magnificence. The gold of the broom, and the purple of the heath, struck my sight with a splendour that touched my heart. The majesty of the trees that covered me with their shadow, the delicacy of the shrubs that flourished around me, the astonishing variety of the herbs and flowers that I crushed beneath my feet, kept my mind in a continued alternation of observing and of admiring. No, "even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The spot thus adorned could not long remain a desert to my imagination; I soon peopled it with beings after my own heart; and dismissing opinion, prejudice, and all factitious passions, I brought to these sanctuaries of Nature men worthy of inhabiting them. I formed with these a charming society, of which I did not feel myself unworthy. I made a golden age according to my fancy, and, filling up these bright days with all the scenes of my life that had left the tenderest recollections, and with all that my heart still longed for, I affected myself to tears over the true pleasures of humanity—pleasures so delicious, so pure, and yet so far from men!

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

FROM A ROSE TO THE SUN.

Closed, and cold,
Lived my heart;
Nor dreamed it could unfold,
Until the dart
Of thy keen glance
Made it, quivering, pulse and dance
In pain-tossed ecstasy.

Wide and warm
Burns my heart,
Flings fragrance to the storm
That thrills the smart
Of waken'd love,
Bidding every petal move
In shiv'ring sympathy.

EDITH MERRYWEATHER.

THE NEW SPIRIT.

We are in the presence of new forces of incalculable portent: apart from all dogma, and without as well as within the Churches, there is a strong and wonderful idealism animating human life. It is not that people are more religious in the old sense of the word, but we are dreaming great dreams. Men are too busy constructing a new society, in which individual life will be more safeguarded and more joyful, to think so much of God. Yet these principles of humanity, this love of humanity, proves their unconscious spirituality.—REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

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THE HERRING WORKERS.

By John Nicolson.

HAVE you heard of the degrading and unwomanly work done by women in connection with the herring fisheries?

Just now there are large numbers employed at Yarmouth, brought there from the north for the season. They work in bitter weather. But this industry is so scandalously managed that I think it enough to tell you how they work in early autumn in pleasant Shetland.

Let it be a beautiful afternoon: an ideal Shetland afternoon in the early autumn.

A Shetland Scene.

The blue sky is almost cloudless, and the bright sun shines on land and sea. The large fishing boats lie idly in the haven and out to seaward. At the curing stations, steam winches revolve merrily as basket after basket of herring is landed to be carried by bronzed, brown-jerseyed fishermen and emptied in a silvery stream into long boxes.

Round these boxes stand the women—the herring gutters.

Women of all ages but the very old. Some have reached the sunless autumn of a life of toil and hardship, and their faces bear unmistakable signs of what that life has meant. Others are entering gaily upon the same life.

They have come from the outlying isles and districts of Shetland; from Ireland, from towns and villages on the East Coast of Scotland, and from the Hebrides. The strangers have been brought in steamers; hundreds of them herded together like sheep in pens.

There they stand arrayed in oilskins and Wellingtons, and as their bodies move up and down like automatic figures, their fingers busily ply the knife. Their only relaxation from this wearisome position is the moment when they carry the baskets of herring which they have gutted to the women whose duty it is to pack these in barrels.

Sisters?

A beautiful white yacht has anchored in the harbour, and a party of pleasure-seekers has just come ashore in a neat motor-launch.

There are ladies in the party, attired in white and carrying parasols; and they stop to watch the women working. They watch from a distance, for the station is not very inviting. But you may be sure they do not regard the toilers as their sisters. Herring workers are only women—and a holiday sight. The onlookers are ladies.

The sun sinks behind the hill and the twilight deepens, but still the workers toil on. Naphtha lamps are lit. Herring are perishable, and gutting must proceed.

It is midnight before the task is completed; and the women, besmirched with guts and scales, are able at last to straighten stiffened backs, and drag themselves wearily to the rude huts which, for the time, constitute their homes.

No comforts await them. They arrive to find everything bleak and cold; they must light a fire and prepare a meal. The huts have no sanitary conveniences,

and in most cases water must be got from pools along the hillside.

Sleep comes mercifully, even to women who lie huddled on hard and narrow beds.

A Cruel Business.

But the weather is not always fine. Often as not the bad day brings the greatest landing of fish; and they have to work just the same. Very few of the stations have shelters, and they must stand exposed to wind and rain, however furious, and ankle deep in puddles.

Do they always go dry and comfortable to bed on such days? Are their clothes quite dry in the morning? I should like to be sure.

In any case, these women often work in considerable pain. They suffer from frightful sores on the hands, which the salt water keeps smarting. What must this mean now, when the days are so much colder?

It is dirty work; it is degrading and demoralising work; it is not work for women.

Legislation can do, and must be made to do, much to regulate the hours and conditions of this kind of labour. But can it save our women from such occupations?

Ah, there's the rub. There is only one sort of legislation that will ever do this—that which brings us Socialism.

PAN.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan

(Laughed while he sat by the river),
"The only way since gods began

To make sweet music they could succeed."

Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,

He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!

Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon fly
Came back to dream on the river.

E. B. BROWNING.

SUFFRAGE SONGS.

ALICIA ADELAIDE NEEDHAM has got out a spirited series of Suffrage Songs, which may be obtained at 34, King's Avenue, Clapham Park. "It is indignation that first moved me to write these songs,"

Mrs. Needham said to a representative of the "Daily News." "Some months ago, when I heard how women had been treated by the police while attempting to present a petition to Parliament, my Irish blood stirred in me. My interest in the cause was awakened. It grew keener every day; and becoming acquainted with the leaders of the movement, I resolved that I also should do the little I could to help them."

One of the most stirring marches was inspired by an invalid unable to walk—Miss Margaret A. Martin.

A LAME DOG'S DIARY.

"WHAT have you been doing with yourself this afternoon?"

"The minister and Evan Sinclair came up to say good-bye," I said.

"And since then?"

"I took my diary, which still lay on my knee, and hid it under the sofa cushions."

"Since then," I said, "I have been correcting—that is, writing my diary."

"Oh, the diary!" exclaimed Mrs. Fielden, delightedly. "I had forgotten about that!"

"No, you hadn't," I said to myself.

"It is only part of your wilful, incomprehensible, untranslatable charm that makes you pretend sometimes that you have no memory."

"I think I must see the diary," said Mrs. Fielden.

"That you certainly shall not," I said; and I pushed the book still farther under the sofa cushions—just as if it was necessary to fight with Mrs. Fielden for anything, or any use either!

"I thought you promised," said Mrs. Fielden.

"If I did I have changed my mind," I said, firmly.

"You know you mean all the time to let me see it," said Mrs. Fielden.

"I know I do not mean to let you see it for even a minute of time," I replied.

Mrs. Fielden sat still and looked into the fire.

What unexpected thing will she do next, I wonder? Will she suddenly burst out laughing, or will she turn and take every bit of manhood out of me by smiling?

Or shall I find, when I turn and look at her face, simply that she has gone to sleep?

Good heavens! What if she should be crying?

In an agony of compunction I turned and looked at her; and Mrs. Fielden not only smiled, but held out her hand for the book. . . . I rummaged underneath the sofa cushions, and passed it over to her. She bent forward till the freight from the blazing logs fell full on the open page, and she read every one of those corrected lines. She saw where I had one put "affected" I had now put "beautiful," and for "frivolous" I put "a lovely gaiety," and she read till she came to the last correction of all. I had run a line through the words "Mrs. Fielden came to sit with me," and had written over it, "My darling came to see me."

Then Mrs. Fielden closed the book, and left the chair where she had been sitting. She crossed the hearthrug quite slowly till she reached my sofa. And then she knelt down and took both my hands in her dear strong ones, and looked at me with misty blue eyes, like wet forget-me-nots. "But, Hugo, dear," she said, "why did you not tell me long ago?"

S. MACNAUGHTON.

FOUNDERS.

THE "Yorkshire Telegraph" says: "According to THE WOMAN WORKER, the habit of health consists in crying for what you want until you get it. At this rate, the Pankhurst family will soon be able to sit up and take nourishment. Like Romulus and Remus in the old statue. So: and who represents the wolf, please?"

THE CHILDREN'S BILL.

A Scathing Criticism.

By Dr. Haden Guest.

THE Children's Bill as it has passed through the Commons consists of 86 pages of printed matter, the bulk of which is made up of 133 clauses.

It is a typically Liberal Bill—that is to say, a Bill which eminently recommends itself to the employing and administrative classes. Probably it will pass easily through the House of Lords.

Baby farms, brothels, begging, drinking, smoking and punishing are all dealt with in a fairly drastic and comprehensive manner. There are 49 clauses dealing with Industrial and Reformatory schools, and devising various ways in which bad homes may be broken up.

But there is not from end to end of the measure one single suggestion for enabling a good home to be kept together.

A Scent Packet.

You cannot cure poverty by investigating it and by regulating it.

This Bill proposes to add to the legion of impertinent, inspecting women and bullying, inspecting men who infest the homes of the poor. Granted the appalling mass of poverty in our large towns, granted the disease and demoralisation produced; then this Bill will help to preserve children from some of the worst effects of this.

The social problem will be scented. We should insist that the social problem be made healthy.

The two chief factors of the problem are, in fact, left out of consideration in this Bill.

The first of these is that men and women are born into this world as helpless babies, and that the naturally developed instincts of mothers enable those babies to grow up and thrive under constant care.

The instincts concerned are deep-rooted in the evolutionary history of the human race; they are a great part of the instincts by which our race has survived.

What these instincts need is free play. What prevents them is the second factor omitted, poverty.

What would help them is actual additions of scientific knowledge on hygiene, on feeding, and on disease, which instinct has little to do with. This "Children's Charter" has no single section which will help to give those instincts free play; it has no section which will help to remove poverty; it has no section which will attempt to remove ignorance.

Human Nature Left Out.

I am tempted to think that a future age will regard this Bill as typified by the picture of an obese and stertorous policeman, chasing a wizened and rickety lad in rags with the inspiring purpose of confiscating a packet of "Woodbines."

Or, alternatively, by the picture of a hard-featured woman of the middle classes, childless but "efficient" (having been to Oxford, probably), lecturing the slum mother of a large family on the advantages of flannel over flannelette and the superior "good value" of vegetarian cookery over fried fish and chips.

Perhaps it may be put more simply still.

There is a great deal of excellent intention in this Bill; there is left out of it—humanity. The feeling which makes two friends smile and shake hands, which makes a mother hold her baby closely, which makes men and women ready to do disagreeable and arduous work for the sake of others, does not find expression in this House of Commons' document.

The True Method.

The true method of dealing with children's problems is to support the body social and the body individual in its natural and spontaneous tendency to revert to health.

Provide a possibility of every woman having a decent home with enough money for food and clothes for her children, and an enormous percentage of all women will provide for and care for their children properly. The difference between the poor classes and the middle classes in this respect is not a difference of knowledge (many middle-class people are grossly ignorant): it is a difference of money and the things money can buy.

But an organisation of society that creates baby farms and brothels and begging, by sending women out of their homes to work as cleaners and charwomen, as factory hands and flower-sellers, as servants and waitresses, to earn money by every conceivable occupation instead of that of looking after their own children—cannot cure the disorders of that society by providing inspection and investigation of the results. Nor yet by providing penalties for the results.

Farcical Provisions.

I have made my criticism of the Bill on general grounds because the Liberal framers seem to have forgotten some of the most simple and elementary of all human ideas.

How does anyone expect to see all the provisions of the Act carried out? How are all the cases of neglected children to be dealt with? Where are the reformatory and industrial schools to which such an increased number of children may be sent? The answers are—They do not, they cannot be, and they do not exist.

Forty-nine elaborate clauses dealing with sending children to reformatory and industrial schools, all kinds of powers conferred for taking children away from their parents, and no provision for seeing that these schools are provided!

And some of the clauses are so deliciously practical. Clause 121, sub-section (6): "The examination and cleansing of [verminous] girls under this section shall only be effected by a duly qualified medical practitioner or by a woman duly authorised as hereinbefore provided!"

Will readers please add to their stock of thumb-nail sketches the view of a top-hatted and excessively neat medical practitioner "cleansing" a verminous girl of six under Clause 121 of the Liberal Government's "Children's Charter"?

AN OLD WOMAN'S HANDS.

HANDS, I would kiss you passionate and fond;

Lay on the wrinkled brown my youthful lips

In adoration! or would paint you so,
Shaking and old, with the worn ring that slips

Forward on the thin finger: men have limed

Subjects less noble with a world of care.
What tasks you have performed with patient skill

Since the dear days when you were young and fair

And fluttering in a lover's tender clasp
Like wild birds caught! You have lain cool as eve

On aching, fevered brows; and cradles swung

To melodies that grown men cherish still,
Somewhere in the wide world, no longer young;

And with what pleasant haste washed the best cups

When some old neighbour called to take her tea,
Within a spotless room; and you have dodged

Old bonnets up like new ones—merrily!
To me you are more sweet than softer ones

Trembling o'er letters full of Love and Spring

And life untried—dear, shaking, year-creased hand

Where shines the almost breaking wedding-ring!

A few more tasks left you to perform,
A wee, wee trembling more—then long, sweet rest,

And couched on lace and satin you will lie,
Your history folded on the quiet breast.

But we shall sigh to think you did not hold
The flowers of life before we crossed them so:

You should have had more roses years ago,
'Tis late to give them when you will not know.

ETHEL CARNIE.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND's demand for a Minister of Arts and Science, urged in his presidential address to the Birmingham and Midland Institute, was based on Socialistic grounds. He said:

"There is a larger mass of unemployed now than has ever been known before, skilled as well as unskilled workmen. Yet it is claimed for machinery—a fact which I personally very much doubt—that through it the entire level of the working classes has been raised. Perhaps a proportion of them have been ruined. If there is no demand for hand work, if it is all transferred to machinery, what remains for the highly-trained students of our technical schools to do, students of whom neither the State nor the municipalities take much cognisance after having specialised their training?"

Material pursuits, Sir William insisted, cannot be divorced from the ideal without consequences disastrous to a nation.

The greed of man is the greatest enemy to the beauty of the world.—SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

THE MOTHER SPIRIT.

THE bushes rustled a little in the thicket, and Father Wolf dropped with his haunches under him, ready for his leap. "Man!" he snapped. "A man's cub. Look!"

Directly in front of him, holding on by a low branch, stood a naked brown baby who could just walk—as soft and as dimpled a little atom as ever came to a wolf's cave at night. He looked up into Father Wolf's face and laughed.

"Is that a man's cub?" said Mother Wolf. "I have never seen one. Bring it here."

A wolf accustomed to moving his own cubs can, if necessary, mouth an egg without breaking it, and though Father Wolf's jaws closed right on the child's back not a tooth even scratched the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs.

"How little! How naked, and—how bold!" said Mother Wolf, softly. The baby was pushing his way between the cubs to get close to the warm hide. "Aha! He is taking his meal with the others. And so this is a man's cub. Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?"

The moonlight was blocked out of the mouth of the cave, for Shere Khan's great square head and shoulders were thrust into the entrance.

"Shere Khan does us great honour," said Father Wolf, but his eyes were very angry. "What does Shere Khan need?"

"My quarry. A man's cub went this way," said Shere Khan. "Its parents have run off. Give it to me."

"The Wolves are a free people," said

Father Wolf. "They take orders from the Head of the Pack, and not from any striped cattle-killer. The man's cub is ours—to kill if we choose."

"Ye choose and ye do not choose! What talk is this of choosing? By the bull that I killed, am I to stand nosing into your dog's den for my fair dues? It is I, Shere Khan, who speak!"

The tiger's roar filled the cave with thunder. Mother Wolf shook herself free of the cubs and sprang forward; her eyes, like two green moons in the darkness, facing the blazing eyes of Shere Khan.

"And it is I, Raksha (The Demon), who answer. The man's cub is mine, Lungri—mine to me! He shall not be killed. He shall live to run with the Pack and to hunt with the Pack; and in the end, look you, hunter of little naked cubs—frog-eater—fish-killer—he shall hunt thee! Now get hence, or by the Sambhur that I killed (I eat no starved cattle), back thou goest to thy mother, burned beast of the jungle, lammer than ever thou camest into the world! Go!"

Shere Khan might have faced Father Wolf, but he could not stand up against Mother Wolf, for he knew that where he was she had all the advantage of the ground, and would fight to the death. So he backed out of the cave-mouth, growling.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Of 20,000 children emigrated by the Barnardo Homes—children of criminals, ne'er-do-wells, and the destitute generally—the proportion who have gone wrong is not larger than would be found if 20,000 children were emigrated from almost any class in the community.—SIR ROBERT ANDERSON.

A BRIDE OF THE DALE-FOLK.

As for the young woman that was in by Iron-face, she was the betrothed of Face-of-god, and her name was the Bride. She looked with such eyes of love on him when she saw him in the hall, as though she had never seen him before but once, nor loved him but since yesterday; though in truth they had grown up together and had seen each other most days of the year for many years. She was of the kindred with whom the chiefs and great men of the Face mostly wedded, which was, indeed, far away kindred of them. She was a fair woman, and strong: not easily daunted amidst perils: she was hardy and handy and light-foot; she could swim as well as any, and shoot well in the bow, and wield sword and spear: yet she was kind and compassionate, and of great courtesy, and the very dogs and kine trusted in her and loved her. Her hair was dark red of hue, long and fine and plenteous, her brow broad and very fair, her lips fine and red; her cheek not ruddy, yet nowise sallow, but clear and bright: tall she was, and of excellent fashion, but well-knit and well-measured rather than slender and wavering as the willow-bough. Her voice was sweet and soft, her words few, but exceeding dear to the listener. In short, she was a woman born to be the ransom of her Folk.—MORRIS.

I pity the men who fly from joy (as your splenetic and morose souls do) as if it were an evil.—STERNE.

WOMEN CLERKS.

Remarks by One Who Knows.

THE "lady typist" has become a target for all sneers and sarcasms levied at working women. For a long time I have noticed this, and have simply fumed at it.

Does anyone want to write a cheap novelette? Make the heroine a lady typist, beautiful, good, innocent, capable of all sorts of impossibilities in the way of rising to high favour in an incredibly short time, securing the most impossibly lucrative positions plus ideal employers. Of course, an employer-lover appears in the second or third chapter, and all ends happily.

Or, she is a reduced gentlewoman, compelled to turn out and work for her living (and, of course, she turns to type-writing!), hiding herself from the lover of more prosperous days, who, as might be expected, traces her in the crowded city, and—the rest we know.

This is what the lady typist has come to. Read an article on the decay of home life, the independence of women, or some such topic, and I shall be very much surprised if you do not find a more or less sarcastic reference to the lady typist. Three examples of this in three days was a recent experience of mine.

How often is the object of ridicule a lady dispenser or a lady gardener, a lady teacher or a woman-telegraphist?

Can't Spell.

There is no doubt that there are too many of us. But a much more serious evil is that there are too many inefficient.

I once heard a teacher of typewriting lamenting the fact that it was not typewriting she had to teach, but—spelling! I can believe it. And surely the work requires a good education if anything does.

Good spelling, good writing, a good knowledge of composition, ability to put together a decent letter correctly punctuated and properly set out—these are the minimum qualifications on which to build a clerk.

Of course, most employers dictate their letters; but the typist should be able to write one if necessary. Some employers, moreover, are not always very particular about their composition, and their letters need slight corrections.

It is just these young, half-educated girls who bring the trade into such difficulties with regard not only to wages, but to general standing.

Wages and Qualifications.

The wages are not all they might be. I am afraid a beginner can hardly ever command more than 15s. a week, if that. Very many do not receive so much. It is no uncommon thing to see an advertisement in a daily paper for a lady shorthand writer and typist at 12s. 6d. or even 10s. a week. But I do not think any girl, even a beginner, should work for less than 15s.

Even this is not a living wage. It is only allowable for the sake of obtaining a little of that very valuable asset called experience, without which a girl is badly handicapped. With twelve months' ex-

perience the 15s. weekly should be a thing of the past.

I am not a very strong advocate of paper qualifications. Speaking from my own experience, I do not think they are often asked for—at least, in commercial life: they may sometimes be demanded in connection with a teaching or municipal appointment. I am the holder of certificates from one of the highest examining bodies in England, but I cannot say that they have ever been of any very great service to me. But the number of situations I have missed through want of experience I am afraid to calculate.

Still, paper qualifications do, I think, give a little higher tone, and the practice and work necessary to gain them are certainly not valueless.

"Larking with the Men."

It is very hard for good reliable girls to look on and see their trade becoming more and more overcrowded by senseless, frivolous incompetents. This brings me to another point. Some girls are far too light to make good workers—those, I mean, who are never happier than when, to use their own expression, "larking with the men."

Let me advise girls who think of entering the ranks of shorthand-typists either to make themselves absolutely proficient and attend to their general education, or—keep out. There is no room for either the happy-go-lucky or the illiterate.

I am not saying that girls should stay at school until they are twenty years old, as I know very well that we working girls cannot afford that; but when schooldays are over, do not turn, for reading, to the trashy tales and novelettes which it is so easy to get hold of. Read something more solid. If fiction, let it be good fiction. Careful reading will improve the spelling and grammar if these are not all they might be.

A good weekly paper is an excellent thing for improving one's general knowledge.

Special Subjects.

Then as to the special subjects, do not be satisfied with anything less than 100 words a minute in shorthand, and rise to 120 as soon as you can; taking care, of course, that you are able to read it when you have written it.

In almost every large town, I should think, there are evening schools where tuition is within the reach of all; there is very little excuse nowadays for ignorance.

Of the ordinary day schools I am rather doubtful, and inclined to think that the education embraces too many subjects and is rather shallow than deep. I was educated at the old Board Schools; and I often think that I received a more thorough grounding in the every-day subjects of life than the generation I see growing up around me will ever have.

It is nothing short of wicked that a girl should undersell another because she knows that she is not obliged to keep herself.

LORNA'S LIFE-THOUGHT.

MANY people living here, as I am forced to do, would, perhaps, be very happy, and perhaps I ought to be so. We have a beautiful valley, sheltered from the cold of winter and the power of the summer sun, untroubled by the storms and mists that veil the mountains; although I must acknowledge that it is apt to rain too often. The grass, moreover, is so fresh, and the brook so bright and lively, and flowers of so many hues come after one another, that no one need be dull if only left alone with them.

And so, in the early day, perhaps, when morning breathes around me, and the sun is going upward and the light is playing everywhere, I am not so far beside them all as to live in shadow. But when the evening gathers down, and the sky is spread with sadness, and the day has spent itself, then a cloud of lonely trouble falls, like night, upon me. I cannot see the things I quest for of a world beyond me; I cannot join the peace and quiet of the depth above me; neither have I any pleasure in the brightness of the stars.

What I want to know is something none of them can tell me—what am I, and why set here, and when shall I be with them? I see that you are surprised a little at this my curiosity. Perhaps such questions never spring in any wholesome spirit. But they are in the depths of mine, and I cannot be quit of them.

Meantime, all around me is violence and robbery, coarse delight and savage pain, reckless joke and hopeless death. Is it any wonder that I cannot sink with these, that I cannot so forget my soul as to live the life of brutes and die the death more horrible because it dreams of waking?

R. D. BLACKMORE.

AWAKENING.

BLACK nightmare-like shall seem
These days when misery walked guarded
on the street

Like old-time gangs of slaves
Not heeded—

The while we interceded
Vainly with fools and coward-
honoured knaves

For woes that were extreme.
Oh, songs now speeded

Of misery made strong to need no
paraclete,

How true shall freemen deem
With joy one day, ye chimed-like voices
sweet

That break a dream!

MARIANNE LAD.



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THE MORAL SENSE.

A Sixpenny Piece.

By A. Neil Lyons.

"Good morning, Mrs. Budd," said Doctor Brink, meeting that lady in his waiting-room. "I suppose you've called round for the medicine."

"Well, sir," responded Mrs. Budd, turning up a red nose and two very swollen eyes, "I 'ave and I 'aven't. Could I see you privit?"

Dr. Brink led the way into his consulting-room, lit a cigar, took a seat, and addressing himself to his visitor said:

"Now then, Mrs. Budd, let's have it!" Mrs. Budd began to cry.

"That isn't what I asked for," explained the Doctor.

"I—I 'ardly know 'ow to—tell you," sobbed Mrs. Budd. "It's so disgraceful."

"I am always hearing disgraceful things," the Doctor said. "You needn't consider my feelings: they are hardened."

"Well, Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Budd, "the truth is that what I 'ad yisterday and the Dark Brown to-day makes eightpence and I can't pay you."

"And?" repeated the Doctor, sternly.

"And—and—I 'ardly know 'ow to tell you, Doctor: it is sich a disgraceful thing—my man has stole a 'am and a policeman come for 'im and they have locked his up."

"I will book the eightpence," said Doctor Brink.

"Thank you, Doctor: you are a gentleman," said Mrs. Budd.

"Take a chair, ma'am," said Doctor Brink.

"Not at all, sir," said Mrs. Budd. "I don't know what you'll think of us, I'm sure I don't. And 'im so respectable up to now."

"How did it happen?" inquired the Doctor.

"Well," said Mrs. Budd, "I don't exactly know the ins and outs of it; but 'e see the 'am in Mr. Biggs's shop and Mr. Biggs was spinning shillings with another gentleman, what was a Guardian same as 'isself and Mr. Biggs's back was turned and Mine 'e see the 'am and took it."

"The devil!" exclaimed Dr. Brink.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Budd. "And 'im ben allus so respectable. And mind you, Doctor—I will say this for 'im: I don't believe it would 'ave 'appened only for the little gel bein' so porely. I told 'im what you said about givin' 'er nourishing food, and 'e seems, as you might say, to 'ave got it on the brain. The job went 'e went after yesterday morning, 'e never got it after all: and in the evening 'e took this 'am."

"Disgraceful!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"I'm sure we all agree with you," said Mrs. Budd. "'Im to 'ave bin a uniformed porter for all these years and now to turn thief."

"The Ingrate," observed my friend. "How is it that he has ceased to wear the uniform of a porter?"

"Well, sir, you see, sir," explained his patient, "the company's trade been so bad they was forced to reduce. Mine, 'e on'y went with the last 'underd and if

'e'd been a younger man they would 'a kep' him on. They give 'im a splendid reference; and now—if it wasn't for the children, Doctor, I could do away with meself, to think 'e should so disgrace 'isself. It was a big 'am, sir; they say 'e will git three months. But if any gentleman, same as you, sir, was to say a wod for 'im, perhaps they would make it lighter. It won't make the disgrace no lighter, sir; but perhaps it would come easier for Budd. Though I'm sure 'e don't deserve no pity."

"I should think not," assented Doctor Brink. "After being a uniformed porter for all those years. And a big ham, too."

"And the best quality, also," said Mrs. Budd.

"And from a Poor Law Guardian," added Doctor Brink.

"They tell me," continued Mrs. Budd, "that 'e never offered no resistance. I 'ope you will think of that, Doctor, when you are considering it over. 'Is father was an ironmonger, once, in a good way of business; but 'e took to drink and women, and the 'ome was broke up. Mine, 'e had to go out and shift for 'isself as a lad of twelve. It's no excuse for stealin' 'ams, of course; but—you never know. Perhaps this wouldn't never 'ave 'appened if 'is bringin' up was different. 'E's allus bin a sober man 'isself; but when a person is brought up rough it is bound to show itself some'ow. I am sorry to say we eat the 'am; for 'e brought it 'ome and never said nothing to nobody, and we was all of us glad of the food. The little girl, she 'ad enjoy it, pore lamb. She don't never said nothing to nobody, and we was honest meat. They come and fetched 'im away from 'ome this morning when I was out to sell some bottles. I 'ardly like to tell the children, for they won't 'ardly believe that their pore dad could be so wicked; only I s'pose the neighbours will tell 'em, if I don't. The neighbours is so friendly with my children. It's a shameful thing for a man to do; to turn thief at 'is age and bring disgrace on everybody."

"Damned shameful!" said the Doctor. "I often wonder," Mrs. Budd ran on, "whether that dizziness what you treated 'im for is at the back of all this. 'E 'as seemed a little 'strange since then; not much different, you know; only a little altered, same as anybody wouldn't notice except they was about with him a lot, like I am. *Something* must 'ave 'appened, don't you think, Doctor, to make a respectable man like 'e was turn thief?"

"The dizziness may have been indirectly connected with it," admitted the doctor. "He was suffering from a complaint which doctors call malnutrition."

"He has sent a message," stated Mrs. Budd, "to say he hopes I won't think none the worse of him. He says he knows he has done wrong—"

The Doctor interrupted her with a profane explanation.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Mrs. Budd.

"I say," said the Doctor, "that this surprises me."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Budd, "'e ain't what anybody would call a bad man at 'eart; really 'e ain't, sir. 'Tis something strange what's come ove 'im as made 'im turn thief. I was tellin' you, Doctor, about this message. I sent one back to say I will think it over. 'I can forgive,' I says, 'but I can't forget.' I mean to stand by 'im, really, if it's only for the children's sake. Besides, he ain't never treated me so bad—considering. He ain't always bin a thief. And he knows he had done wrong. He admits that, Doctor. Perhaps he'll try to do better in future. Don't you think so?"

"I can think anything of these thieves," said Doctor Brink.

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Budd. "I admit 'e don't deserve no pity. And poor Mr. Biggs is sich a respectable gentleman, too."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and, surely, never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! What a revolution! And what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers.

EDMUND BURKE.

MANCHESTER CLARION CAFÉ.

OPENING CEREMONY.

The work of decorating, fitting, and furnishing the Manchester Clarion Cafe has now been completed, and the directors are able to announce that the premises will be opened on October 31. The opening ceremony will be performed at 3 p.m. by Mr. Robert Blatchford, and tickets, to include light refreshments, which will be served from 4 to 7 p.m., may now be obtained, price 1s. each. In order to avoid the discomfort of overcrowding, these tickets will be limited to 500, and will be issued strictly in order of application, but preference will first be given to shareholders who apply. All applications by post must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. For the information of those who wish to ensure being present it may be mentioned that a few shares are still available, payable 10s. on application and 10s. on allotment, and copies of the prospectus with application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, 3, Brown Street, Market Street, Manchester.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

About Old Times.*

The part played by women in very early times—early, I mean, as we in these islands reckon—interests every lover of folk-tales. I have been fascinated especially with Lady Gregory's translation of the Ulster legends; and, as it is not yet so well-known as Morris and Magnusen's book of the Norse and Icelandic sagas, you may like to hear about it. Mr. W. B. Yeats, who knows, thinks it the best book that has come out of Ireland in his time.

The stories Lady Gregory strings like pearls upon a necklace are older than the sagas even. They all belong to a time before Christianity came to Ireland.

And they are fairy stories: that is to say, though real people are the subjects of them, they make these people do wonderful and impossible things, and give them wonderful powers and qualities, as early Christianity did with its own heroes. Therefore the women they tell about are to be taken with a pinch of salt.

What strikes a modern reader at once, however, is that there are heroines just as great as heroes, and that the degradation of women which we are fighting to redress must have been a later thing.

Of course, both heroes and heroines of old Irish story are often savage and blood-thirsty. (Another pinch of salt, please.) So love in those days was just the love of men for women and women for men: there was no brotherhood and no sisterhood. The heroisms that appealed to popular imagination and so created such tales were deeds of love and war—sometimes beautiful, but as often terrible. In this the great women of those days were like them.

But look at the wooing of that greatest of Irish heroes, Cuchulain.

It was not like "The Nuptials of Attila" in George Meredith's poem—which I myself do not believe to be meant as a fair picture of another race. You must set against it the Nibelungenlied. However, there seems to have been less of that sort of thing among the Celts than among the Goths. They did not consider women as rightful spoil of war.

Cuchulain, who is a prince of the house of Connor, goes to woo Emer because he thinks her the worthiest as well as the most beautiful girl of his acquaintance.

He set out in his chariot, that all the chariots of Ulster could not follow by reason of its swiftness, and of the chariot chief who sat in it. And he found the young girl on her playing field, with her companions about her, daughters of the landowners that lived near Forcall's dun, and they learning needlework and fine embroidery from Emer. And of all the young girls of Ireland, she was the only one Cuchulain thought worth courting; for she had the six gifts—the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom, the gift of chastity. And Cuchulain had said that no woman should marry him but one that was his equal in age, in appearance, in race, and in skill and handiness.

*"Cuchulain of Muirthemne: the Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster." Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. London: John Murray.

More than that, what form do you think their conversation took? It was an exchange of dark sayings that alluded to ancient history. Emer was learned in such things.

Then there is a strange and significant story of Cuchulain's going to a woman warrior named Scathach. Forcall said that "if Cuchulain would go to Scathach, the woman warrior that lived in the east of Alban (our own country), his skill would be more wonderful still, for he could not have perfect knowledge of the feats of a warrior without that."

She had other "scholars," it seems; and a rival named Aoife, "queen of the tribes that were round about her." And was there not Boadicea, too?

Strong, and wise, and beautiful women have had their sway even in the rudest ages, of course; but what appears from these Irish stories is that there was a kind of unprofessed chivalry. That is to say, men's love for women made them more or less do what women wished, and live to deserve their favour. It was so among the Celts of Wales; Tennyson only put a Christian gloss upon the legends of the Round Table, already glossed by Sir Thomas Malory.

Nowadays, what women demand instead of idealisation is justice; as democracy demands justice instead of benevolence. And there is certainly not much trace of this idea of justice in Celtic story.

But I like to keep it in mind that these good things cannot destroy one another; there will always be both. Indeed, the juster the world grows the purer its idealisations and its kindness should become; because injustice mars them with insincerities.

Let that alone awhile, and dream of a romantic time, full of beauty as the story-tellers thought of it and felt it. Where can you find a more beautiful picture of its kind than this, from "The High King of Ireland?"

There was a king over Ireland before this time whose name was Eochaid Feidlech, and it is he was grandfather to Conaire the Great.

He was going one time over the fair green of Bri Leith, and he saw at the side of the well a woman, with a bright comb of silver and gold, and she washing in a silver basin having four golden birds on it, and little bright purple stones set in the rim. A beautiful purple cloak she had, and silver fringes to it, and a gold brooch; and she had on her a dress of green silk with a long hood, embroidered in red gold, and wonderful clasps of gold and silver on her breasts and on her shoulders. The sunlight was falling on her, so that the gold and the green silk were shining out. Two plaits of hair she had, four locks in each plait, and a bead at the point of every lock; and the colour of her hair was like yellow flags in summer, or like red gold after it is rubbed.

There she was, letting down her hair to wash it, and her arms out through the sleeve-holes of her shift. Her soft hands were as white as the snow of a single night, and her eyes as blue as any blue flower, and her lips as red as the berries of the rowan tree, and her body as white as the foam of a wave. The bright light of the moon was in her face, the highness of pride in her eyebrows, a dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, the light of wooing in her eyes; and when she walked she

had a step that was steady and even, like the walk of a queen.

It is a triumph of art, in these days, to attain such simplicity in a description, and keep it so beautiful.

There must have been fine music, too. How striking this passage about Maeve's harpers is:

Then Ailell said: "Let your harpers play for us while the feast is being made ready." "Let them play, indeed," said Fraech.

So the harpers began to play, and it was much that the people of the house did not die with crying and with sadness. And the music with crying and with sadness. And the music with crying was the "Three Cries of Uaithe." They played was the harp of the Dagda, that first played these cries the time Boann's sons were born. The first was a song of sorrow for the hardness of her pains, and the second was a song of smiling and joy for the birth of her sons, and the third was a sleeping song after the birth.

What a subject for a woman composer!

And with the music of the harpers, and with the light that shone from the precious stones in the house, they did not know the night was on them: till at last Maeve started up, and she said, "We have done a great deed to keep these young men without food!"

It was the women of Ireland who made those wonderful "laments"—poetic rhapsodies of grief like David's for Jonathan, but more eloquent.

Deirdre's laments for the sons of Usnach are splendid. One of the sons of Usnach was her husband and lover, and his two brothers were always his companions in adventure. They were all killed together under her eyes, and Deirdre said she would not go on living. Here is the last of her laments:

Make keeping for the heroes that were killed on their coming to Ireland; stately they used to be, coming to the house, the three great sons of Usnach.

The sons of Usnach fell in the fight like three branches that were growing straight and nice, and they destroyed in a heavy storm that left neither bud nor twig of them.

Naoise, my gentle, well-learned comrade, make no delay in crying him with me; cry for Ardan that killed the wild boars, cry for Ainnle whose strength was great.

It was Naoise that would kiss my lips, my first man and my first sweetheart; it was Ainnle would pour out my drink, and it was Ardan would lay my pillow.

Though sweet to you is the mead that is drunk by the soft-living son of Ness, the food of the sons of Usnach was sweeter to me all through my lifetime.

Whenever Naoise would go out to hunt through the woods or the wide plains, all the meat he would bring back was better to me than honey.

Delightful to Connor the King are pipes and trumpets; but the singing of the sons of Usnach was more delightful to me.

It was Naoise had the deep sound of waves in his voice; it was the song of Ardan that was good, and the voice of Ainnle towards their green dwelling-place.

Their birth was beautiful, and their blossoming, as they grew to the strength of manhood; said is the end to-day, the sons of Usnach to be cut down.

Dear were their pleasant words, dear their young, high strength; in their going through the plains of Ireland there was a welcome before the coming of their strength.

Dear their grey eyes that were loved by women; many looked on them as they went.

I do not sleep at any time, and the colour is going from my face; there is no sound that can give me delight since the sons of Usnach do not come.

Och, it is I will be lying to-night on the strand like the beautiful sons of Usnach.

Beautiful sorrow. And yet—who would exchange for it the poems in this one number of THE WOMAN WORKER?

KEIGHTLEY SNOWDEN.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued).

A House of Cowardice.

ONLY the last house of the terrace, Number 5, hiding under the lofty wall of a warehouse that ignores it, makes any smug pretence to differ from its neighbours. Or it still did so in 1881.

There were majolica flowerpots on its window-sills for plants to perish in; a double ring of oyster shells and a square border of the same made apology for vanished vegetation; while the door had a knob and a drooping bell-pull of polished brass. When, under cover of darkness, the other houses commonly grew noisy, this was quiet; their windows would be all aglow, in these the gas burned dim. But it still burned when they at last were darkened. Number 5 was the gruesomest house in a gruesome row.

You might have kept watch for weeks and yet learned nothing of its mystery. Visitors it had, but at long intervals; by chance some girl emerged, and she would not return, or a girl approached and entered who did not reappear. And always the door was open for these entrances and exits after nightfall. Hidden alike were the bridled terror in the eyes of her who came and the pallid face of her who went away.

But, with the other houses, it was to be observed that this one had no dealings. The show of respectability corresponded to some odd sense of it in the tenant's notions.

Mostly the visitors were girls whom otherwise the terrace would have scared, because of the shame that belongs to it—a shame which they themselves, desiring to escape it, thought less endurable than the obscene machinations of a strange woman and the risk of death in her hands.

The shame of the houses was public, hopeless, daily multiplied by common use. Their own was not yet known to more than a few fellow-creatures.

To some of them, indeed, it had only come as a black mischance which they had lightly braved, not knowing until now how much they had to dread; others it had stolen upon in the cruel guise of a great happiness they could not put away; but, wronged less or more, they were all in one case, and such is our society that the shame was greater against them than they dared to brave. Death rather.

In all the sorrow of the world, is there any tragedy like the tragedy of a sweet English girl brought at unawares to this pass?

Give me leave to say "At unawares." The thing is possible.

She may reach this pass by imperceptible backward steps, her eyes looking forward upon a dawn of rosy promise. Or she may walk very warily, and still be taken by surprise. Nature is kindly resolute; the situation of such a girl is only dire because the man is without honour and all the world stands ready to hound her with stones. Pity her at least for the deadly fright, and for a woeful knowledge gained of the worthlessness of her seducer.

Nay, for the sake of Christian charity,

consider if we ought not to keep our stones, as a good rule, for those among us who are readiest to fling them. At least we are sure that if there were sin in the mere course of Nature—which, with regard to this matter, is a supposition most impious—none of us is "without sin," none has the right to lift a finger.

It is not "by results" that we may judge. It can seldom happen in a lifetime that we have, in a single case, the knowledge requisite for wise judging at all; and it is then precisely that none of us dares to judge.

The smooth-faced hag of Number 5 in that evil terrace may be considered as a product of society's fixed uncharitableness. This creates her trade.

Into her felonious hands our prudent, lovable, and simple-minded Barbara was committed in the following March, frantic with trouble and dread.

Against Mr. Prince Varley, who proposed this hideous way of escape to her, she had raged like another woman, surprising him with a force of character immensely greater than his own. Mr. Varley was married, which Barbara did not know. Horribly afraid for himself of what distracted her, he had to hear her talk in a wild way, which cowed him because he did not suppose she would "listen to reason."

Lest worse should come of it—her voluntary death, perhaps, or an action in the courts for seduction, or an attempt to make him marry her—he put on a face of pathetic injury meant to simulate remorse, and made a virtue of hearing her patiently. His white-livered anxiety was to catch a hint of what she was likely to do, so that he might take his precautions. He soothed her with terms of endearment which refused to sound natural.

He was browbeaten and complained to, until, if he had had any courage, Mr. Varley would have shot himself indeed.

His continual assurance that it could be "put right" she treated as if he had not spoken; she would give no thought to what should be done, or let him think that anything could be done. Her constant wail was of her music; she could not practise, she would have to cancel her engagements, it was impossible to receive pupils in such a state as her nerves were in. If he talked of "seeing her through it," she cried out that no one could see her through it, her connection was ruined—just when she was doing so well; it was too bad, it was cruel.

Stronger words she had no command of, but the repetition of these sufficed. They gave him an abiding sense of meanness, callous when he understood at length that her chiding obstinacy, which never changed its note, threatened nothing tragical. It could not last for ever, and he was capable of crawling upon his belly as long as she could trample him.

But in all this Barbara had not realised her trouble. She had not consciously abandoned hope.

A thing so monstrous in her eyes, so disproportionate and crushing, so fatal to her schemes and terrible in the shame with which it menaced her, was not

realised. She talked on a dreadful "if"; hardening her heart to punish him by concealment of the hope to which, when alone, she clung with all the energy of her stubborn mind. As to her music, he would have heard as much if they had been man and wife. She fought for the hope, clutching at every wonted idea of her life and at the daily look of things, as we battle in sleep against impending nightmare.

She saw her trouble as a punishment, and argued that God could not be "so cruelly unjust" as to punish her in that way for failing to be "good"; she had tried so hard and said so many prayers, and the punishment, as she called it, was so much greater than her reluctant sin. Barbara prayed now that it might "be all right"! There were moments of excitement when she had to pray, or she must have screamed. She would rise from her knees and pretend that all was from, and try to smile again.

Indoors she could not stay. The busy habit of her mind, accustomed to occupy itself with her own concerns only, would not be turned away from this one horrible thing. She said to herself, "That's the way people go mad," and went out in eager search of somebody to talk to—anybody.

She talked with great vivacity, fearing they would see some indefinable change in her looks and know what it meant; and when she had deceived them, that showed, she made believe to herself, that there was nothing different; her mirror hung in a bad light. Those dull apartments! They were unbearable. She shuddered, saying aloud, "Mustn't fink about ven."

It cheered her curiously to frame a sentence of the baby-talk.

"Of course," she thought boldly, "there is nothing wrong with me, really. I've got the dysmials. I shall look at some pretty shops."

She went home cheerfully, with the old complacent carriage of her head, entered her bedroom, and climbed upon the bed to cry. For in any case she was undone. To all her fears, no talk of marriage now—not a hint of it—and fear becoming deadly sure.

She told her Prince at last, with flaming cheeks, that "if it was so" he would have to marry her; and in the last ditch of his villainy Varley turned to bay.

Ah, it was too late now, he said: and he swore with ravings that she had spoiled his life. He had been jockeyed into marrying another woman, curse her!

"Yes, and not fit to black your pretty boots, my cruel pet. . . . But she shall never faint! I'd shoot her first."

Barbara fainted. . . . But there came a day when he found her ready to "hear sense." She went up to him with fright leaping from her eyes and took him by the lapels of his coat, pulling at them.

"What shall I do, Prin?" she said, rapidly. "I must do something. It is so; I know it is, and I can't, I can't! Tell me what I must do. The shame—oh! it is horrible. If you don't help me I shall go wild. What shall I do? I'll do whatever you tell me if you think it isn't wrong. I've been awful, haven't I? It was not knowing, I think; do forgive me, dear, and—and—oh, it's impossible! To-day I daren't go out; I look ill—dreadful. You said—something—didn't you?"

She was scarlet, and he drew her head to his manly shoulder, calling her a brave little woman.

"Of course I said something, my pet! . . . It's arranged, you puss," he smiled. "Think it's worth fifty pounds?" "Oh, so much! I shall pay you back half then. Yes, yes, I shall, because it's fair."

"Pooh! Lots more where that came from," he said.

"It doesn't matter, I shall pay it," she gravely insisted.

"What a silly little independent girl it is!" he murmured. "She knows I don't care what I spend on her."

"Still, I shall pay it," said Barbara, disengaging herself. "You'll offend me very much if you object."

"What rot!"

"You'll see. I always keep my word."

And Mr. Prince Varley was equally sure that she should not have the opportunity of doing so—the little vixen! He meant to have this affair squared off. Darned good thing for her it wasn't some fellows.

Thinking so, and having recovered his craven dignity, he was once again a man of the world. He said, "What a fuss you make!" and other comfortable things, with the indulgent smile of frank enjoyment.

She understood, not so much that her railing was forgiven, as that he had never taken account of it! She told him he was "noble."

He said at length, "Well, little woman?" and rose to go. "Got it all in your head? *Hanover Terrace, Mrs. Moss—last house; the case Mr. Riley saw her about.* Now, don't forget that name or you're done, you know."

He was lighting a cigar without apology, by way of showing that there was nothing queer in the arrangement.

"Better not get the cab nearer than the Park," he added casually. "And your linen, my dear; excuse my mentioning it, but if you have any not marked—these women are always a bit curious."

Barbara's look betrayed, not shamefacedness, but fear.

"Oh, Prin, you are sure there isn't any danger?" she said quickly.

Apparently she hurt his feelings. "Now, should I allow it?" he replied. "Is it likely?"

She withdrew her eyes, dropping them aside, but remained thoughtful with a face of trouble.

"Of course," he said. "I wouldn't hurt a hair of your pretty head. You mustn't think you're the only one. Why, it's as common as common."

"Won't you come with me, Prin? I mean, to introduce me?"

"My dear, I— That's all right; you'll be at home in two minutes, 'pon honour you will. You see for yourself I've got to be off straight away."

"But another day. It would look so much better, Prin. Don't you think so?"

"My dear, don't be silly. Really! You can't lose any more time."

"But I didn't think you meant by myself," she pleaded. . . . "I can't, Prin!"

"Well, by shots!" said Mr. Varley, and hastily covered that impatient exclamation with "Nonsense! Of course you can. You're expected. . . . So now good-bye, my pet; I really must be off, or the governor'll miss his train and be as cross as a bear with a sore head."

One kiss. . . . How long is it since the last? Too bad! Too awful!"

He put the cigar in his mouth and picked up his hat and stick with one movement; and Barbara, to gain time, hurried to the door before him. He was checked by seeing her hold the handle a moment after turning it, while her eyes pleaded with him over a nervous smile of conventional parting.

"You'll come to see me as usual, won't you, dear?" she said in a matter-of-course tone. "Then I sha'n't be so velly lonely."

"To see you? Oh, of course," he answered. "Now I must go;" and a moment later he had startled her by saying, in his most affected voice, for the benefit of Mrs. Shuttlewell:

"Good afternoon, Miss West! Awfully kind of you. No, don't come into the old air. Good-bye; good-bye."

In the street, stamping off with affected haste, he pulled himself together and threw the cigar away. You might have now remarked more than usually that forward slouch of the body and neck, which lends an air of unpretending use and went to the wearing of good clothes. He swore softly. It is possible to conceive an ideal society in which he would have been shot at sight; but Mr. Prince Varley is a product of his age.

Barbara was left to dree her weird, with what courage she could summon from an awful curiosity.

Walk by the side of this terrified girl with the child's heart as she quits her lodgings with the useless violin in its case, carried for a blind to the woman of the house, and with a little bag of travelling necessities.

Her "Good-bye for a fortnight" is prettily spoken. She has an ingenious little errand to her dressmaker, with whom, quite casually, she leaves her violin, saying, "Will you take care of this, Miss Earnshaw, till I call for it? Don't send it home; it's on the way to repairs, but I haven't time to take it now."

If she never does call, thinks Barbara—but only as a side thought, part of her habit of planning things—the violin will pay her bill and be a present too. Now she sets forth briskly, going towards the Park. Keep her company upon the dark road, through occasional streaming light from small shop windows and under the lamps.

Consult your heart to speak the right word of human kinship to her.

The task is, to turn her back and reconcile her to maternity; to Nature's most honourable estate, appealing to all that is best in woman, bravest, tenderest, of highest emotional delight, and awaking the poetry of sane and simple life.

What will you say?

Suppose you point out—it should convince her as soon as the plain facts are stated—that mothers in wedlock are only more esteemed than she will be because they have had the discernment to choose honourable mates. Say that the reproach upon her is mainly one of weakness, imprudent compliance, a bending to kindly Nature in forgetfulness of Nature's purpose. Tell her that, seeing her left alone, seeing her braver to fend for the wonderful new life than mated women have commonly need to be, they at least, understanding, will hold out sisterly arms to her. As for the cowardly deserter, add that men will know how to brand him

for a common felon; they have the honour of their sex to care for, their reverence, too, for the sex that bore with heavy pangs and nursed them.

Will she not be convinced? Say, then, that the innocent new life must make appeal for her to all the world, crying to be received on fair terms among us—with a little special gentleness, indeed, for the sake of our sad necessity to keep a hard heart against mothers of doubtful antecedents.

It calls for a confident eloquence, this plea. You are evoking the courage of an ordinary English Girl, not instructed to admire maternity in the abstract, just acutely sensible of her own predicament. Satisfy yourself that the plea is not illusive, and urge it fearlessly, the case being desperate.

You have to deal with a spirit strong as martyrdom. The girl we know and have some liking for goes to what may be her death, and is not ignorant of this. Horrible to Barbara's thought, if she dies there can be no tracing her; she will be a dead body without a name, like one of Burke's. Or—there was a barber somewhere, with a trap door that shot men down into a cellar, Sweeney Todd! . . . Help!—with your persuasions.

Someone coming towards her on the same causeway turns her aside to look into one of the windows.

Her face is white and soberly dulled. From head to foot Barbara is ice cold, the contest of fear with fear going privily on, like an ague of the mind within her; and she has glanced at the passer-by and gone forward.

Her walking presently past the cab-rank is a taking of breath because she dare not trust her voice; she returns, has spoken to a driver, is hurried away to her chosen fate.

You shall imagine a little of the shuddering horror with which her delicacy is to make acquaintance with the smooth woman.

Barbara West came again to her lodgings like a changeling. Mr. Prince Varley had not called to see her; and she had been coarsely laughed at, and still more coarsely condoled with, for expecting him to do so.

With the strength that remained to her she wrote to this fashionable rascal a reassuring letter; which, as it contained no reproach nor any mention of her trouble, but even ended with a touch of penitence in respect of her cross behaviour to him, she counted on to please him. (It is not easy to understand the baseness of one for whom so much has been suffered.)

"I hope," she wrote, "to be quite strong soon, and then the summer season begins and I can pay you my share."

But she had no answer. And then, explain her folly how she might, Barbara knew at length to what manner of man she had given herself.

(To be continued.)

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Anty Drudge Saves Gussie's Moustache.

Mrs. Bride—"It's no use talking, Augustus, your moustache will have to come off. I cannot possibly get these coffee stains out of the napkins without scrubbing the skin off my fingers."

Augustus—"What! Take off my moustache!!! Why you used to say you'd hate to be kissed by a man without a moustache."

Mrs. Bride—"Well—I'd rather do without kisses than go without fingers."

Anty Drudge—"You foolish dovelets! I'll wash the stains out for you in no time. Fels-Naptha soap and lukewarm water, and Gussie's moustache is saved! The napkins will be whiter than they ever have been since they came from the shop."

Boiling clothes makes them tender. There is a scientific reason for it. You take advantage of this natural law every time you boil a piece of tough beef. It becomes tender because water at a high temperature weakens the fibre. The same thing occurs with clothes when they are scalded or boiled week after week. Clothes that are washed the Fels-Naptha way last twice as long as those that are scalded or boiled. Then there isn't much washboard rubbing—and that too is harder on clothes than the roughest wear.

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

THE WOMAN WORKER. OCTOBER 28, 1908.

The Last Word.

Mr. Asquith's plan to deal with the unemployed crisis has been hailed with delight by the Liberal and Tory Press. The latter, indeed, has not been able to disguise its relief at the moderate character of the Government proposals.

No one will deny that—like the historic egg—they are good in parts. The promised administrative concessions, the removal of certain disqualifications from applicants for work, are all very well as far as they go. But—

Denuded of its dressings, what does the Premier's statement amount to?—a miserly inadequate grant which would not provide one week's wages for half the men who are out of work at the present time—even were it certain that all the money would be expended. And, to judge by past experience, this is extremely unlikely, especially as Mr. John Burns is to be a member of the Committee of the Cabinet which is to administer the fund.

Nothing for Women. As for the women who are workless, absolutely nothing has been promised to them. Our readers know how the efforts of the Women's Committee of the Central

Unemployed Body for London have been discouraged and misrepresented by the President of the Local Government Board.

Mr. Asquith gives us no hint of an alteration in this policy—no promise of more workrooms or of opportunities for farm colony training.

The Irony of Unemployment.

As I write, thousands of half-clad little children are shivering with cold, and starving women, with eager fingers that might be fashioning the little warm garments so sorely needed, are denied the opportunity.

In one town alone—Leicester—an army of skilled shoemakers are tramping the streets because no factory owner can make a profit out of their labour; and yet they might be so usefully employed producing shoes for the thousands who badly want them, yet, being workless, lack the money to buy.

The Real Problem.

To-day the spinner, the weaver, the shoemaker, and the baker are idle, and their children lack bread and clothing. The real problem which calls for solution is to organise industry so that the baker may produce bread, the spinner yarn, the weaver cloth, the shoemaker shoes, and that the children of all shall lack none of these things.

The Permanent Causes.

Mr. Asquith's promise that next session "a blow shall be struck at the permanent causes of unemployment" sounds all right. We shall await with interest the explanation of how it is to be done. One thing is certain—the permanent causes of unemployment cannot be removed so long as the landowner and the factory owner remain.

The Labour Party's Stand.

Meantime there is the present crisis, and temporary alleviation of distress is necessary. The Labour Party have put down an uncompromising amendment to the resolution of Mr. Percy Alden (How are the mighty fallen!) welcoming the Government proposals.

I write before the debate, but I know that the Labour Party will make a bold fight for the workless man, and I do not believe it will allow the plight of the workless woman to be forgotten.

The Cotton Dispute.

The gloom cast by the unprecedented misery of unemployment is added to by the apparently hopeless position into which the cotton dispute has fallen. The last concession of the operatives, at present happily united, having been summarily neglected, the workers in their turn have become uncompromising, and at present both parties seem sullen and determined.

Live to Fight Another Day.

I, of course, have no sympathy with the employers. I cannot see any shadow of justification for their high-handed insistence on a reduction in wages so closely following a time of trade boom out of which mill-owning Lancashire made colossal gains. But equally I feel dubious of the wisdom of the policy of a prolonged resistance.

THE GO-BY TO WORKLESS WOMEN.

By Mrs. Annot E. Robinson.

SINCE I wrote last week, things have moved in Manchester. Public opinion has been roused by the publicity given to the neglect of the unemployed women workers, and on Monday fifty women are to make a beginning at relief work.

This is good so far as it goes; but only as a beginning—as a promise of bigger things to follow.

As I pointed out last week, it is difficult to find work for the middle-aged woman, particularly if she is burdened with children. Plain sewing and charring are well within her scope, and the Manchester scheme of employing middle-aged women in remodelling garments for necessitous children is a good one. Under the direction of a couple of experienced forewomen the work should prove suitable and educative. The hours—from half-past eight to half-past four—will allow mothers to get their children ready for school in the morning and to be at home to meet them in the afternoon. A hot dinner is provided, and the workers are to receive 2s. a day.

But, even although the women only work three days a week, as is suggested, many necessitous people will be left out; and it is doubtful if enough garments will be collected to give the women work and keep the scheme going.

I suggest that those women who show skill and aptitude at remodelling garments should be formed into a mending brigade. The mending bureau should be well advertised, and a van sent round the city to collect garments requiring attention from persons who have invited the van to call, and to distribute the renovated articles. Such a mending would not interfere with any other industry, and would supply a long-felt want.

This scheme should and must in the long run develop further.

The Manchester Corporation employs a great number of men who wear uniforms. There are the police, the tramwaymen, the attendance officers, the lamplighters, the cleansing department employees, and many others. Why should the Corporation not manufacture the uniforms of its employees?

If the Corporation made its uniforms, as it makes its gas, I believe that after the initial outlay for premises, machinery, etc., a saving would be effected; and anyway, the community would have the satisfaction of knowing that a living wage was given to the women employed.

A good standard wage for women in the tailoring trade would thus be set up, and would militate against the lowering of women's wages by private employers.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

"The Woman Worker" is this week published for the first time on a

WEDNESDAY.

This in future will be our day of issue; and readers should see that their news-agents have the paper on sale on that day

EVERY WEEK.

Their view, which is, of course, entitled to all respect, has been expounded many times at various conferences in the Labour papers and—perhaps most fully and frequently—in the quarterly reviews. Mr. MacDonald has, I believe, an article on the subject in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century," which any of our readers can obtain for half-a-crown.

Arbitrament of Experience.

Now that the House of Commons has unanimously passed the second reading of our Sweated Industries Bill, and a Select Parliamentary Committee endorsed the principle, we are on the eve of legislation; and it seems to me there is little purpose to be served in continuing the controversy.

The main point in dispute—the possibility of successful administration—can only be settled by experience, for whose infallible verdict I am content to wait.

A Mare's Nest.

Miss G. A. Looker, Hon. Secretary of the Women's Sanitary Inspectors' Association, has written to the Press in reply to the Legal Committee of the Women's Industrial Council, a summary of whose criticism on the eighth recommendation of the Home Work Committee's report appeared in our columns last week.

It is true that, owing to a printer's error, the report refers to Section 9 instead of to Section 91 of the Public Health Act, but, nevertheless, I am afraid this discovery of an "extraordinary blunder" on the part of the Select Committee can only be characterised as a "mare's nest."

Miss Looker points out the necessity for a more definite right of entry in certain cases, and welcomes the Committee's recommendations that Section 91 of the Public Health Act, 1875, should be applied to those places in which work is done, now outside the definition of a workshop or a workplace.

No Time to Lose.

Next week will be a crowded one for many of our readers. There is, of course, our WOMAN

WORKER Social and Reunion in the Holborn Town Hall on Wednesday. A delightful programme has been arranged by Mrs. Georgia Pearce, and the catering is in the capable hands of the Central London Branch of the Women's Labour League. A most enjoyable evening is assured. Tickets, including refreshments, can be had for 1s.; but I believe there are only a few left. So—Be in time!

A Lively Debate.

Then the following evening (Thursday, November 5), at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Miss Margaret Bondfield will debate with Miss Murrell Marris, Unionist and Tariff Reformer, on the proposition "That the Full Development of Women is possible only under Socialism."

Lady Frances Balfour will be in the chair. The debate, which will certainly be a lively one, has been organised by the Women's Labour League for educational purposes, and also, incidentally, to add grist to the mill.

Tickets, from 6d. to 5s., can be had from Mrs. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, or Caxton Hall.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

It is admitted that the closing of the mills for six weeks or more is exactly what the employers desired. A strike in such circumstances could only succeed after a prolonged and exhausting battle, and could have only a very poor chance of succeeding at all.

There is an old proverb about the wisdom of him "who fights and runs away," which, I think, should not be forgotten in the present struggle.

The Imprisonment of "Portia."

If a plebescite of the people of these islands could be taken at this moment to determine the most popular of their number, there is no manner of doubt that Miss Christabel Pankhurst would be returned at the head of the poll—for Miss Pankhurst is not only a young woman of exceptional ability, but she knows her British Public well.

Her masterly conduct of last week's police-court proceedings, and her delightfully-ardacious examination of two of His Majesty's most prominent Ministers, have won unwilling tribute even from the most unfriendly section of the Press, and will be remembered long after some of her adventures which have been more open to criticism have been forgotten.

Nothing could be more calculated to help the "militant movement" than the sentences passed on the heroine of the moment and her mother by Mr. Curtis Bennett last Saturday.

Who is there to-day—even amongst those of us who are opposed to the limited character of the Bill which is the charter of the Women's Social and Political Union—who would not prefer the prison cell of Christabel, with all its indignities, to the high place and power of her judges?

Wages Boards last week on the Wages Again.

In reply to my comments last week on the Wages Boards debate at the Annual Conference of the National Union of Women Workers, Mrs. J. R. MacDonald sends me a copy of a leaflet summarising the reasons for her opposition to our proposals for the establishment of a legal minimum wage in sweated industries, which, in her unavoidable absence, were circulated at the Aberdeen Conference.

Ibsen's Strong Man.

The opinions of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. MacDonald on this subject are, as is well known, directly opposed to those of every section of the Socialist, Labour, and Co-operative movements.

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

During November thousands of Trade Union, Labour and Socialist speeches will be delivered.

Each speaker, organiser, and propagandist is likely to deal at least once with the

WOMEN'S SIDE OF THE LABOUR MOVEMENT.

In doing so, speakers would help us greatly by making reference to the one journal that gives expression to every aspect of the women's case, which is now especially urgent.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

Letters are most likely to obtain publication when brief.

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

J. E. R.—Thanks in any case.
J. F. D.—Sorry we had not the space.
R. R. L.—Please read the notice at the head of this column. Regret your letter was so long.

G. W.—Bravo! Nearly good enough. If you send a witty one again, it may really win the prize.

"FREDIWIEN."—Yes, for articles. By all means try what you can do.

F. P.—Tell your story in full to Pandora. She knows about all kinds of women's employment.

CLARA.—Why not? "Faint heart," you know.

MINNIE S.—We shall certainly take that subject up. And lots of others!

A. T. S.—Letters like yours make everything and anything seem worth while. Bless you!

SELINA.—Yes, on Wednesdays. But you must wake up your newsgent. These people have so many papers!

Women and Conservatism.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—To me it appears that the disabilities imposed upon woman as a sex are greater than those imposed upon her as a worker.

We are told that votes for women would swell the Conservative element in politics. This does not necessarily follow. There are many women in the middle and working classes ratepayers, and in future there will be more through the influx of so many women into the business world. It is by no means proved that the Conservative tendency is greater in woman than in man.

Once woman shakes off the barnacle conception of herself as having less brains than man, she will naturally be more progressive. On the other hand, the most elementary justice demands, even for women Conservatives, that those who "pay the piper" should "call the tune."

It seems to me that we working women would be wise to rally to the Women's Freedom League. This body does so much that we could never do ourselves: so many of us have been hurt too much in the struggle of life ever to have the necessary courage, enthusiasm, hopefulness, and total disregard of fossilised members of all classes of society.—Very truly yours,
DELIA MACDERMOTT,
73, Calabria Road, Highbury, N.

From the "Heroine in Real Life."

Dear Madam,—Kindly permit me to describe my dietary for the benefit of those fellow-workers who may wish to follow my plan.

We make or mar ourselves by our diet, so I am careful to eat only those foods that agree with me, and never to drink at meal-times. Two small meals a day—always vegetarian. Good wholemeal bread (preferably unfermented) toasted, and pine kernels, are my staple diet, varied with fruit, fresh and dried, vegetables and salads—as much uncooked as possible.

I abstain strictly from all but the simplest and plainest foods and drinks, from all drugs and doctors, but religiously adhere to absolute personal cleanliness, internally and externally.

I work hard during all my working hours (I have to, to keep my end up and several others); I practise deep breathing always; and take as much walking exercise as I can possibly squeeze into the day in all weathers. Indeed, I regard fresh air as an essential part of my diet. It is food.

The "simple life" is the clue, and it is cheap.—Yours affectionately,
ONLY A WORKER.

Dressmakers' Hours and Wages.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—In the article on women clerks Pandora stated that the hours are very long—9 till 5 or 6 o'clock—considering the wages they are paid.

I would like to point out that women and girls working at dressmaking and other trades work far longer hours than the average woman clerk does. Take for instance dressmakers. They start work at 8 or 8.30 in the morning, and do not finish till 7.30 or 8 in the evening; and, when what we call the season is on, they sometimes do not go home till 9.30 or 10 o'clock.

How would the woman clerk like these hours, I wonder? These facts can be proved by going to any dressmaking house in Manchester. I myself have worked them many a time. And as to wages, I think the woman clerk is far better off, her wages being regular. Apprentices generally give two years of their time to learn the trade without any wages at all.

I would also like to know if there is a union for dressmakers in Manchester.—Yours truly,
M. A. YATES.

Miles Platting, October 20.

An Unknown Heroine.

Dear Madam,—Before Socialism can become the noble philosophy of life that some of its most eloquent advocates proclaim it, it must include vegetarianism, temperance, and such personal and social hygiene as will ensure a greater amount of physical health than is possible while many of our usual habits of eating, drinking, and smoking are indulged in.

To preach vegetarianism to the poor on account of its cheapness will arouse the indignation of an ardent Socialist; but to teach it as a means by which they may obtain stronger bodies and clearer minds should be the aim of all who are sincere in their efforts to promote social or personal well-being.

When it is clearly understood that cheapest foods are also the most wholesome and nutritious, while flesh meat, fish, and game are not only expensive, but unnatural and injurious, common sense will overcome prejudice.

Those who are interested in the ethical and humanitarian aspects of vegetarianism, and its influence upon the moral nature, should read the little book entitled "The Morals of Diet: or The First Step," by L. Tolstoy.—Yours truly,
B. SPENCER.

Women Clerks.

Dear Madam,—I can fully endorse all that your correspondent writes about women clerks in last week's issue. The work is exceedingly underpaid and monotonous; and if one is unfortunate enough to be placed under a narrow-minded, ill-bred manager, it is torture.

I wish your paper every success, which it certainly deserves. There are very few periodicals for women which possess its charm, popularity and sympathy—none at all, in my opinion.—Yours sincerely,
"FREDIWIEN."

Hereditary.

[From the Prize Page.]

There died about 1776 a wise and pious old clergyman, who was at least 100 years in advance of his time. He was very rich and a large landowner, and he exercised a patriarchal control over his people. He built three churches in a radius of some miles to serve the scattered villages. He encouraged his people in a love of music, and they actually attempted oratorios. People came from great distances to hear these wonderful performances, which were unique at that time.

In course of time he died, leaving a wonderful and complicated will. A cathedral was to be built among other things, and certain lands were portioned out for one charity and moneys for another, and so on. But the complications were so great that it was all taken over by the Commissioners and administered as they thought best.

The country people declared that the Founder, as he was called, would never rest while his will was not carried out. The carters and ploughmen would take their horses round three-quarters of a mile in the dark winter evenings rather than pass along the lane he was said to frequent.

Nearly 130 years later a little boy of four went to stay with his grandfather at the Vicarage. In the dining-room was an engraved portrait of the Founder in his gown and bands. Coming in from his walk one morning, he ran into the room where his mother and aunt were; and while they were taking off his coat he looked up at the picture, and, nodding his head at it, said, "I met that old man this morning."

His aunt was delighted. She said later to her sister-in-law, "There! He has appeared to his great-great-grandson."

Some 16 or 17 years after that, the father of the little boy having died before his father, and while the boy was quite young, the succession was broken; and the old home passed to another branch. But one of the younger aunts remained in the village and still performed the duties of organist at one of the churches.

One March evening, she was walking back from the church, accompanied by her little dog, who always went to practise with her, when suddenly the dogstiffened and stood still—shivering, and his hair all standing up.

She looked down the road and saw a big carriage approaching, and she thought, "What an odd time for a funeral!" It came on and passed her, and she saw within an old man who looked at her as he passed. She stared after it, and it suddenly disappeared.

When she got back she told her landlady, and asked whose funeral it could be.

"Law, Miss!" was the reply, "that ain't no funeral. That's your great-great-grandfather. He often drives about in his carriage, and none of the men will bring their horses by that road after dark."

Miss — had never heard the legend, and knew nothing of such an occurrence. She said afterwards she did not feel frightened, although the dog seemed so. Writing to her sister-in-law an account of the whole thing, she said, "I wonder why I saw him that night," as nothing had ever happened before in this road, which she traversed regularly for her practice. Her sister-in-law looked up dates, and found it was the night the Founder died. (True story.)—MARY HAMILTON SCOTT, 40, Foley Street, W.

THE PIONEERS' OPENING NIGHT.

TO LONDON READERS.

The First Annual

"Woman Worker" Reunion

WILL BE HELD AT

HOLBORN TOWN HALL

Wednesday, November 4, 1908,

ROBERT BLATCHFORD in the Chair

SUPPORTED BY

Victor Grayson, M.P., Mary R. Macarthur, Winnie Blatchford, Ethel Carnie, Margaret Bondfield, A. Neil Lyons, J. J. Mallon, W. C. Anderson, and many friends.

SONGS, SPEECHES, RECITATIONS, and FELLOWSHIP.

TICKETS (including light refreshments), 1s. from local I.L.P., S.D.P., and all Women's and Labour organisations, or from

HENRY G. PERRY,
108, Storks Road,
Bermondsey, S.E.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

ANIMAL STORIES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOME people—who should know better—still contend that animals, horses, dogs, cats, and (to bring in the feathered tribe) even parrots, do not think. Which is absurd!

Surely dogs are the hardest thinkers on record. A dog thinks with his eyes and nose and ears, not to mention his tail. His brain apparently runs through his body as a stream runs through a meadow, and does its duty by each separate limb and hair.

But this is not to be a discussion. We are not going to open our columns for controversy. We merely want true stories, facts, about animals you have known.

Stories to show that some of them, at least, possess a brain and use it.

The stories must not contain more than 200 words. The prize for the best will be one guinea. Send them to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, not later than Tuesday morning.

GHOST STORIES.

I do not know what I should have done if some of them had not been funny, and most of the others had not had cheerful endings, for the rest were very dreadful, and I actually read them all just before going to bed! I was very glad the really dreadful ones were few. Gruesome ghosts ought to be discouraged!

The prize goes this week to the lot of Mrs. Jones, though I wanted to give it to A. Fay Macmillan. Why did she make that pretty story so long?

THE PRIZE LETTER.

This incident occurred to my mother, then maid to Lady F., of — Hall, Norfolk, which is said to be haunted.

Her ladyship, having heard my mother express her contempt for ghosts, asked her to occupy a room which had not been used for years, owing to its reputation. Her courage at first wavered, but she consented if a companion were allowed.

The room having been comfortably furnished my mother and her bed-fellow, Miss H., who was quite ignorant of the ghost story, retired to rest.

Well, no sooner had the second one put out the light and jumped into bed than everything in the room moved, including the bedstead, which went up one side and down the other, accompanied by a clanking of chains.

Miss H. sprang out of bed, taking with her the bedclothes, and ran screaming down to the kitchen, mother following minus clothes. There they passed the night.

The morning's light revealed a leg of the bedstead several inches down a rat-hole, having dragged with it the carpet and all that stood thereon. The despairing efforts of a rat to escape from its iron trap accounted for the "chains," which were included in the story as told by the villagers.—(Mrs.) ALICE JONES, 39, St. Mary's Road, Harlesden, N.W.

A Familiar Spirit.

A cosy, cheerful-looking kitchen, with a glowing fire, and bright cooking utensils shining in the gaslight. Two happy, healthy-looking girls about twenty or so, one with white sleeves and apron on, busily making cakes, the other idly looking on.

Ever and anon, peals of laughter burst from them, as they chatted away about the doings

of the week, of business, pleasures, lovers, etc. They were quite alone in the house.

Suddenly laughter and cheerfulness ceased, their faces blanched, they gazed with terror-stricken eyes at each other. Weird, uncanny music was issuing from the adjoining room, now loud, now soft, and through the whole, a jarring discord, as if it were the souls of spirits wailing!

It went on for some minutes—minutes that seemed like hours: then suddenly ceased.

Both girls were trembling in every limb. For they knew there was no other human being in the house.

For a time neither could move; but, gradually recovering themselves, they made up their minds to find out what it was. Tremblingly they clasped hands, and started on their quest.

They reached the door; but again the horrible music pealed forth.

"Come on," the stronger nerved of the two managed to gasp out. "We'll have to find out what it is."

They turned the handle of the door, and somehow found themselves inside the room. For a second they stood there, then burst into hysterical laughter.

Puss had been taking a stroll on the piano.—BELLA KENNETT, 111, Lollard Street, S.E.

"Our Helen" in Wonderland.

"Our Helen" went creeping up the long stairs to the nursery in the dark of the evening, full of thrills and delightful shivers. She had stolen quietly from the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where Mother was telling fairy stories to her "babies" and "Our Helen," in all the dignity of 5½ years, though she was old enough to be past book-learning.

And so she determined to have a personal experience of the supernatural.

Step by step, trembling and eager, she made her way upstairs. A fly buzzing past her nose opened up vistas of thunderstorms in haunted caves. The solemn ticking of the grandfather clock in the hall assumed a new significance—what could it be but the footsteps of the sentinel guarding the outer gate?

"Our Helen" was a spy in an unknown land, and the sudden fear of discovery gave her a new shiver of fearful joy. A sharp tug at her pinafore almost made her scream, and brought tears of disappointment to her eyes when she found it was nothing more than the lace being caught on a stair-rod.

The stair-head reached at last, she glanced down the corridor to the nursery door; and her heart gave a bound and her eyes grew round with terror to see two baleful, glaring green eyes fixed on her own. Unable to move, in a sheer ecstasy of terror, she gazed and gazed.

It may be that the kitten recognised her at last. Anyway, those eyes made a sudden rush for her, and "Our Helen," with a loud scream, went rolling and bumping to the foot of the stairs.

"Do you know," whispered "Our Helen" as Mother bathed a large lump on her forehead, "it was a perfectly awfully splendid time!"—A. FAY MACMILLAN, Dundee.

Souls True.

Joe, an African negro, was born physically and mentally on the night side of Nature. He always slept with his head under the clothes; inanimate objects seemed, in the dark, to possess life.

One night he was roused by someone snatching him by the toes; and in the darkness he discerned a fearful form and two weird lights where the eyes ought to be. The bed rattled under him; his crisp wool straightened.

"Is you a ghost?" said he when he got breath. "Oh, Mr. Ghost—Mr. Ghost!" In his agony he heard the apparition sing:

"Sambo 'e am black as coal,
Ole Nick am his massa:
'E come back from de bury'ole,
'Ope him no trespasser."

Joe felt for the long bedroom brush, and striking the ghost on the face said, "If you is a ghost you can't feel dis."

The apparition evaporated—through the door. The next morning Joe met his fellow-lodger Sam. Naturally Sam's face was black, but now one of his eyes was a very dark green.

"Dis yer 'ouse is snauted," said Joe.

"Oh, 'twas awful last night."

"It was terrible," said Sam. "I got de wurst—I was de ghost."—EM. HASTINGS, Liverpool.

Hidden Treasure.

When a little girl, about nine years of age, I used to sleep with my mother, who was a widow.

One night I awoke, and saw what appeared to be the figure of a woman, clad in white, searching for something. In great terror mother cried out "Who is that?" but without reply the figure glided away. Next evening the figure was observed in the passage by all the members of our family.

Nothing startling occurred until a week later, when an awful crash caused us all to rush upstairs. A large picture had fallen from the wall, and there was our mysterious visitor gliding round the room!

After this, we could no longer remain in the house. Strange to relate, the new tenants experienced the same visitations; and, what is stranger still, when, one summer day, in the absence of the family, the house was burnt to the ground, a large number of coins, so discoloured by heat and smoke that it was impossible to tell whether they were ancient or modern, were discovered in the ruins.

Local gossips said that the house was haunted by the spirit of a very unhappy lady, who had formerly owned the property.—(Mrs.) E. L. TURNER, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

On the Honeymoon.

"I wouldn't go into that house for the world, my girl." This from an old woman as we went to our new home on our wedding day!

There was nothing happened for a night or two, except doors opening and closing without hands, and knockings on the walls. At last, however, about "the witching hour," "Hush!" says Hal. "What's that over there in the corner?"—and, slowly rising in the light of the street lamp, was a shape fit to make your eyes turn inwards.

With a shriek, under the bedclothes I went. "A shadow," says Hal, in a voice which tried to be steady. "There are no ghosts." Then in the dark he goes downstairs to find an explanation of the knocking on the walls, whilst I lay shivering with fright.

"Draught from the pantry window opens both doors, and the back current bangs them to again! Haunted house be blowed!" he says, "wind and shadows, that's all."

Returning from a stroll next night at dark, we hear a scuffle. Hal suddenly strikes a match—when, lo! an army of beetles race-a Derby handicap to the fireplace.

"The blessed place is haunted," says Hal. "We'll find another house."—(Mrs.) FLORENCE M. ISON, Coalville.

MISS BALKWILL AND HAMPSTEAD.

THE Hampstead polling on Saturday resulted in the defeat of Miss Balkwill by 1,745 votes. Her poll was, however, 2,203—a sufficiently fine first effort.

Miss Balkwill belongs to an old Quaker family, and her grandmother was a cousin of Elizabeth Fry. Throughout her life she has been closely engaged in philanthropic and social work. For seventeen years she has worked as a school manager, first under the School Board, and then under the County Council, and she has had a long connection with the Institute for Working Men and Women in Stanhope Street.

Her candidature has been supported by Dr. Sophie Bryant and Mrs. S. A. Barnett.

A Miss Levitt has announced her intention of entering for the French prize for the first woman aeroplanist to fly a kilometre.

The Employment Bureau.

Conducted by Pandora.

Answering Advertisements.

The other day the head of a large business firm invited me to look at some of the answers he had received to an advertisement in one of the daily papers.

The conditions were not especially favourable, nor the salary sufficiently high, one would have thought, to make the situation particularly attractive; nevertheless, over 2,000 letters were received, and of these at least two-thirds had absolutely no chance. At a first glance they were deposited in the waste-paper basket.

I confess that this somewhat astonished me in these days of universal female education, as it implied a condition of things that I had not thought possible. And even the remainder of the letters had defects of a kind that one would not expect—defects showing the want of any business training of the most elementary kind.

It seems to me, therefore, very desirable that every girl or woman who applies for a situation should know how to write a proper business-like letter, keeping to the point, excluding all that is extraneous and irrelevant and "private," and conveyed in as few words as possible.

What Not To Do.

First, let me tell you what *not* to do. Do not use ornamental, tinted letter paper with your pet name, "Dot" or "Tiny," printed on the top. Use plain cream notepaper, and, if you can possibly manage it, paper of good texture. The very thin, common, dead-white variety crumbles up and does not show up hand-writing advantageously.

Then avoid, as you would the Evil One, *perfumed* notepaper. This is wholly out of place in the business world.

Use good ink; write legibly, employing neither a monstrously-big hand-writing nor an unduly diminutive one; and be careful your blotting paper does not blur your paper. It is really surprising how careless many women are in these small matters—small, yet of infinite significance in betraying the writer's habits.

Next, let the pages of your letter follow an orderly sequence. One letter instantly, of course, disqualified: for who would employ a woman with so disorderly a mind?—jumped about anyhow, the first and third pages being used first, then the last sheet, and finally the second; and, as the pages were not numbered, the recipient had to puzzle out the intentions of the writer—which a young man in love might think worth while, but not a would-be employer.

What a Business Letter Should Say.

Now, let us come to the letter itself. These are the points to be borne in mind:

First, to give any information required by the advertiser. For instance, if experience is necessary, the amount and nature that the applicant has had should be indicated. It is not, however, necessary that she should go into great detail at this preliminary stage about her former situations. This must come later.

What the applicant must aim at is to supply the employer with sufficient information upon the various points named in the advertisement to justify him in

entering into further relations with her. Just enough, neither more nor less—and to reach this happy medium means the exercise of a little art. For the person who reads your letter, being a complete stranger to you, must necessarily judge of your qualities of mind and character by what is *unsaid* as well as what is said.

It is quite easy for the experienced person to judge, even without anything definite being said, whether an applicant has sense, cautiousness, accuracy of mind, tidiness—has, in short, workmanlike qualities.

Do not, in this first letter, give the names and addresses of your references. If stress is laid on this in the advertisement, indicate the quarter in which these will be forthcoming; but do not part with names to a perfect stranger unless you have some likelihood of their being usefully and properly utilised.

In another article I will give you one or two "model" replies.

(Correspondents answered next week.)

Complaints and the Law.

ONE of life's little ironies is the dinner "hour," which is only fifty minutes, and tidying up to be done in that, too!

And yet the law is not broken unless the tidying up takes more than twenty minutes. For there is nothing in the law to prevent employers reckoning as if the period of employment began with a mealtime, thus: Mealtime, 8 to 8.30; work, 8.30 to 1.30; dinner, 1.30 to 2; and so on. There is the one hour "for meals" required by law to be allowed before 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the employment has not been carried on for more than five hours without half an hour's break.

This kind of thing puzzles women workers sometimes. Some say they like it, as they need not get to work for half an hour later than would otherwise be expected; but others, in reply, assert that this is poor consolation when their trains insist upon bringing them to town by 8 o'clock whether they have to begin work or not.

I have heard various opinions expressed, and should like to hear more.

Is it better to have only half an hour for dinner and come to work half an hour later or leave work half an hour earlier in consequence; or is it better to have a whole hour for dinner?

I should say the best of all would be both the short hours and the long dinner hour together, because hours are altogether too long. But if we cannot have both, it is rather a question for the trade unionists of each workroom to try to get settled to their satisfaction, taking trains and all the rest of it into consideration. It would be difficult for the law to satisfy everybody on such a point.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOOK-WORM (Stockport).—It is so extremely unreasonable of them to insist on your having the books after you have announced that you cannot pay for them, that the County Court Judge, if they summon you, is sure to take a fair view of the case, and to order the payment to be made in small instalments. I should not think they would be so foolish as to deliver the books at all, unless they have already done so. You had better stick to your point that you cannot pay for them, and please let me know what happens.

G. Y.—You should be very cautious about going in for any such scheme. You will not

benefit, at all in the end by having something done "free," provided that you agree to buy something or other. Because the price of the "free" service, whatever it is. This is not law: it is common sense! I know how alluring some of these schemes are. I should be glad to know more about this one.

SHORT-SIGHTED.—It is certainly breaking the law to post up the "Abstract" where only very long-sighted people can read it. It ought to be affixed "at the entrance of every factory and workshop, and in such other parts thereof as an inspector . . . directs, and be kept constantly so affixed . . . in such a position as to be easily read by the persons employed." Please send address of the place, so that I can report it. PORTIA.

2s. 10d. A Week for Five.

FIVE in a room, with 2s. 10d. per week to live on, were the conditions under which Mrs. Julia Rothery, 55, a Hoxton widow, had lived for the last 18 months.

A son stated at the inquest on this poor woman that he earned about 7s. 4d. per week, but had to pay 4s. 6d. rent, and support the others, who were out of work.

Another witness found Mrs. Rothery lying in the room nude and very ill on a heap of dirty rags. Steps were then taken for her removal to the infirmary, where death followed from kidney disease, hastened by poverty and neglect.

A verdict to this effect was returned.

What Women Vote On.

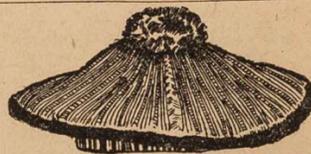
ONCE heard a remark made by a woman who had had, I should say, quite unrivalled opportunities of judging how, at any rate, the mass of women voted in New Zealand. The mass, of course, belong to the working-class. She said what influenced their votes was prospects of employment for their husbands. And she knew.—CONSTANCE BARNICOAT in the "Westminster Gazette."

Sir C. Furness's Scheme.

THE scheme of co-partnership propounded by Sir C. Furness to the employees of Furness, Withy, and Company has been accepted for twelve months' trial by the trade union leaders, and a ballot of members is to be taken on it.

Mr. W. C. Anderson deals with the scheme on another page.

The new Parliamentary register at Chatham contains the name of Mrs. Emmeline Jury, of Salisbury Road. She will, consequently, be entitled to vote!



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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Peg Interviews a Spider.

"Oh, you *must* see the Common," said those who had but recently come to live near it from a smoke-veiled city.

"Only a common! What is there to see?" said the natives.

What I did see on first approaching it from the lane seemed a gorgeous tapestry, with curious, irregular designs and splashes in dark green and gold, pink and purple, russet and crimson, on a greyish-green background. Nearer, one saw that the green and golden patches were gorse bushes aglow with myriad tongues of yellow flame; that the pinks and purples and reds and russets were heather in various stages of "going back"; and that the groundwork showed dim and grey only by contrast with the brilliance of its broidery.

Rabbits or Brownies.

Oh, yes! There was plenty to see! And the Imp ran excitedly hither and thither, tangling himself in the prickly gorse, or now and again tumbling in various unexpected and unbelievable attitudes, with one of his matchy little arms or legs down a rabbit-hole.

Well, the Artist said they were rabbit-holes. But Lulu and I looked at each other. We *knew*.

We peeped down one, and saw galleries branching from it, along which, could we, like Alice, have grown littler and littler, we might have travelled. And, had we gone uninvited and without the fairy talisman, we might have wandered for a hundred years, which would have seemed to us but as one day; and then, returning to the earth's surface old and grey and wrinkled, like Rip Van Winkle, have found only strangely-changed places and unfamiliar faces around us.

But, with the talisman, we should take unconsciously the right direction. We should arrive at a courtyard, with a gateway appearing but a curtain of gossamer, yet so strong that Samson himself, without the charm, could not break through. With it you would just float through, my dears. And oh, the things you would see!

But there, my thought-train is bearing me away from the Common!

A Silk Factory.

"H'm!" says my constant companion and much too faithful friend, "thought-trains! I should say aerial flights of foolish fancy." Which just shows how foolish he is. I ask you, my dears. Can we take "aerial flights" down rabbit-holes?

However, I did not set out intending to visit the underground workshop of the Brownies to-day, so we will pop out of the hole on to the Common again to inspect the silk factory.

I hear you say, "O—oh! a factory! On a Common! No wonder there were no fairies about!"

Ah, yes, my dears! To those of us who live in towns the word factory brings a picture of an ugly square building full of whirring machinery, tended by people whom long hours of deadening toil make like machines themselves.

But the factory on the Common was not that kind. It was a thick, wide-spreading

gorse bush, with not one single jet of golden flame upon its spiky branches, though other bushes near were all aglow.

Around it, spread over the tips of the grass like fairy canopies, were patches of filmy lace of a curious, irregular design, and all over the bush, gleaming silky in the sunlight, were webs of quite another pattern—slender threads wound spirally round other threads, radiating star-like from a centre.

Our spinners and weavers must have complicated machinery of spindles and looms and material for warp and weft supplied by silkworms and sheep, or from the vegetable kingdom, before they can produce silk or cloth, or linen or lace. But the worker in the gorse bush factory is spinner and spindle, weaver and loom in one. As for warp and weft—you may have seen a spider suspended from a branch by a very fine thread. That thread is composed of thousands of filaments so minute that, separately, they would have been invisible to you; and all those filaments are produced from the spider's own body.

When, in the corner of a cellar window, I see crab-like objects enwrapped in grimy webs, I shrink and shiver, and say, "Ugh! I can *not* like spiders!" But on the gorse bush the silken stars and spirals, gleaming diamond-sprinkled in the sunlight, were so beautiful that I lost my distaste for the worker in admiration of her skill.

Minerva and Arachne.

To one of her, sitting motionless in the centre of her web, I addressed myself:

"You are, I believe, descended from a princess, who was changed into the form you now bear as a punishment for daring to compete with a goddess?"

Have you heard the story, dears? How the Goddess of Wisdom, Minerva, named also Ergatis, or The Workwoman, for her excellence in spinning and weaving, was challenged to contest by the Lybian Princess Arachne?

I do not think Minerva's wisdom shines in this story. "To err is human, to forgive divine." One would suppose that, if the human Arachne erred, the divine Minerva, secure in her superiority, would have forgiven. But we are told that, enraged by the presumption of the mortal weaver, the goddess struck her on the forehead with her spindle, and, on the poor Princess attempting to hang herself, changed her into a spider.

I had thought that *my* spider would have been glad to be reminded of her descent from a princess. Our Superior Persons are intensely proud of royal or noble ancestors, who in many cases won their titles by fraud and force. But my Arachne seemed quite annoyed.

Manners.

"I do not know what you humans consider good manners," she said, "but we should not think it at all polite to enter into conversation with strangers for the purpose of recalling unpleasant stories about their ancestors. If your great-great-grandmother had hanged herself, would you like everyone you came

across to be continually reminding you of it?"

Really, my dears, there is nothing so likely to take the conceit out of one as interviewing those upon whom we look down as "lower animals" or "inferior species." They certainly do not think much of us.

The other week a pig found fault with our manners; now it is a spider. And before I could apologise she said:

"If you *must* refer to ancestors, you need not have gone quite so far to find one of whom we have reason to be proud. I suppose you have heard of King Bruce of Scotland and the noble example set him by a member of my family?"

An Immortal Spider.

Had Arachne asked me that question when I was a schoolgirl she would have had reason to complain of my manners. I fear I should have answered her quite rudely.

If you are sure there are no grown-ups listening I will tell you a secret, dears. When I was a child I *hated* Bruce's spider. At the half-yearly prize-giving, when the headmistress made her speech, unsuccessful pupils were always pointed to the example of Bruce's spider. If one of us within hearing of a teacher said "Can't," she was bidden to write out three times the story of "Bruce and the Spider." And if the Vicar, on one of his visits, found us in the garden, and he spied a weaver at work on the clematis or jessamine which draped graciously our prison-house, he would say, "Ah, my de-ah young ladies, *what* an example of patience and perseverance is this wonderful little creature! I *hope* you have all committed to memory the story of 'Bruce and the Spider'!"

Once our prize-giver was an Important Person from whom we expected something quite new. But he dangled before us the same old spider, and we felt ourselves twenty wretched little flies enmeshed for ever in an ancient web.

I do not hate Bruce's spider now. I pity him, poor dear. Fancy having to live up to such a character. To be compelled to "try, try, try again," whatever one had started—not because the thing itself was particularly good, but because one had been widely advertised as never giving up. The virtue of perseverance depends upon its object. I know very persevering people whom I would not set before you as models, dears.

But I really *was* admiring my Arachne, who of the silken filaments from her spinnerets can weave a cradle for her babies, or go ballooning by sending out a few threads and waiting for a current of air strong enough to waft her upward.

An Ogress.

Then—a *dreadful* thing happened, and I beheld no longer the wonderful weaver, the fairy lace-maker, the shining example of patience and perseverance, but an ogress, a cannibal, a treacherous Circe lying in wait with her poisoned bowl for unwary guests!

"To be continued in our next," my dears. For I see a pencil ready to be poked through *this* web if I do not stop weaving. PEG.

So wise a man as Plato could not but foresee that the setting all upon a level was the only way to make a nation happy.—SIR THOMAS MORE.

HOME NOTES.

By Dorothy Worrall.

I do not know how it was, but Madame seemed to know one's likes and dislikes by instinct, so that when she said to me, "I'm going to make the dinner now, would you like to come, too?" I was not a bit surprised to find that she had guessed my hobby so quickly. Perhaps she saw it in the gleam of my eye as I passed her kitchen door.

But, really, I defy anyone—at any rate, any sensible-minded woman with a grain of

Good-Natured Curiosity—

not to have been interested in that kitchen, or, indeed, in most of the French kitchens.

Let me try to describe it to you.

The kitchen and scullery are in one, for when you live in a flat you have to economise over space as well as other things. But, although the sink is in the kitchen, it looks perfectly cosy and comfortable, for there are no black pans spoiling the shelves.

I wonder how it is that Englishwomen nearly always use black iron pans. When you come to think about it, one can hardly imagine dainty food coming out of these dark receptacles, which never really look clean. They are quite suitable for a

Witch's Cauldron

to be used in the Dark and Middle Ages, but surely not for these days of enlightenment.

Anyhow, that is what Madame thinks, as can be seen by her copper pans, which shine both inside and out, and those of earthenware, which are rough outside but of a gleaming whiteness within. You can tell that *those* are clean the minute you look at them.

The stove was the next object of my consideration. It was quite a light one, standing on legs, closed on the top, with seemingly no other flues than a tap in the middle, which you used to bring up the heat in the way it should go.

The oven was such a splendid one that it was ready to roast a chicken ten minutes after the fire was lit. Not many of our monsters will do that.

Standing on one side of the stove was a little movable gas-cooker, which was fine. It just had two rings—one large and one small—so that you could cook a little dinner without bothering to light the fire at all.

All round the kitchen there was a low shelf, with covered jars containing rice, lentils, beans, and all the different things that are needed in cooking. But I was very much surprised to see a box of Quaker Oats standing in the corner: for had I not just heard Madame condemning our English breakfasts with scorn? I had tried to put in a word for the wholesomeness of

Bacon and Eggs and Porridge,

but it was no use: I was absolutely swept away by a torrent of French eloquence. So what were the oats doing there?

I soon found that out. They put them in soups nearly always; and it is a very good idea, too, as I learnt afterwards.

Then I helped to get the dinner ready.

Even the vegetables were different. You never saw such sweet little white onions as she had; and the turnips, too, were quite white—not like our round ones, but long, nearly like a carrot, and very sweet.

And have you ever tasted sorrel cooked? It is simply delicious. Sorrel is the cheapest vegetable you can buy in France, and, to my mind, the nicest. Why do we not cultivate it here?

I brought a root home with me, and am watching it with a jealous eye. (Yesterday the gardener came. Suddenly I remembered the sorrel! Out I dashed, just in time to rescue it. He looked as if he thought I had gone mad; but that did not matter.)

And, talking of bringing sorrel home with me, you should just have seen my box.

You would never have dreamt that it was a trunk belonging to a young lady from Paris. Oh, dear, no! That idea conjures up visions of

Delicate Chiffons

and all sorts of dainty dresses; while my box was a cross between a greengrocer's and a chandler's shop.

For I brought back all kinds of vegetables that we do not have here, and some pans, too, so that there was very little room for my clothes. I do not know how on earth I packed them all. I started in the afternoon and did it most systematically, while Madame stood by handing me white turnips wrapped in paper ready to stick in the corners.

Pans—filled, some with beans and others with onions—were placed in the middle and tucked lovingly round with dresses to prevent them breaking; and so I went on till the box was full. On top of all I had put my one Parisian frivolity—a hat so big that it would hardly go in the box.

Then I strapped all up triumphantly, and turned round to find that there were still a pile of things on the bed. So I put them in a cardboard box.

It vexed me sorely to do so, for it does so annoy me to see people carting dozens of parcels about. You cannot be happy while you have to look after "baggages" unless that is your little way of enjoying yourself. It is not mine. However, I filled the box and went to bed.

But I could not rest because of

That Beloved Hat.

Had I cracked the brim as I shut down the lid? Up I got to see, undid the box, and found it was not *much* bent—certainly not half so bad as I had expected. Also, the things had sunk down a little with their own weight; so I put more things out of the cardboard box into my trunk, strapped it up again, put the remainder in a neat little bag, and went to bed happy.

On wakening, the first thing that struck my eye—metaphorically speaking—was that little bag. It was then 6.30 a.m., and I was to leave at 7; but where there's a will there's a way. The box was once more undone, the bag put determinedly in one corner, and I began my homeward journey with a trunk and a sunshade.

Madame said that if I had stayed another hour I should have done away with the trunk—but that is as it may be.

And now I want to tell you what we cooked that day for dinner, and how we did it. French dishes are very nice, but not, as a rule, very satisfying or economical. The French go in more for the airy-fairy style, which is all very well for people who put seven eggs in their puddings; but it will not do for us. However, this dish is not one of that sort, but is delicious, easily made, and most nourishing and economical, as the poorest parts of meat are made tender for it.

Now, she that hath ears to hear let her hear:

MEAT DONE IN A FRENCH WAY.—Ingredients: Meat, carrots, turnips, onions, parsley seasoning, dripping. Put a little dripping in a deep pan, let it boil, then put in the meat and brown on both sides. When brown add the vegetables cut up small, putting a little parsley and seasoning on top. Do not use any water. Cover tightly, and let simmer very slowly for 2 hours or a little longer: 1½ lb of meat takes about 2 hours. Then serve; and I am sure you will like your dinner. This way of doing meat saves having a vegetable pan to wash.—DOROTHY.

General Hints and Recipes.

I am giving the 5s. prize this week to Mrs. E. M. Belshaw, 13, Leinster Street, Farnworth, S.O., for the three recipes she has sent. As she says, it is nice to have some little cakes ready for any chance callers, and these seem very good indeed—and very economical, as the three sorts of cakes can be made with two eggs:

MAIDS OF HONOUR.—Pastry, 8oz flour, 3oz lard, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch of salt. Make the pastry and line a dozen small tins. Put a little raspberry jam in each. Beat the white of 1 egg to a froth, add to it 2oz castor sugar, 2oz ground almonds. Mix well together. Put a teaspoonful of this mixture in each tin on top of the jam. Cut some thin strips of pastry, putting two pieces on each tin in the form of a cross. Bake until nicely browned.

FAIRY CAKES.—4oz butter, 4oz castor sugar, 4oz flour, yolks of 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½lb currants, tablespoonful milk. Beat the butter with a fork until creamy, add the sugar, and beat well again. Beat up the yolks of the eggs with a tablespoonful milk, and add gradually to the butter and sugar. Whisk well and sift in the flour, to which add the baking powder. When the flour is very well mixed in, add the currants; stir well, put a teaspoonful into small tins which have been well greased, and bake 15 minutes in moderate oven.

COCONUT MACAROONS.—Whisk the white of an egg to a froth, add 2oz castor sugar, and whisk well together; then stir into it 4oz desiccated coconut, mix well, grease a square piece of butter paper, and put on a cake tin. Make the coconut mixture into balls, and put on the greased paper. Bake slowly until evenly browned.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. M. STERLING.—I am so glad you like the recipes. Now about these apples. Perhaps you cook them in an iron pan; that would make them go a bad colour. Try my way, and tell me how you like it. Peel and slice the apples. Have ready a white enamel pan. Put in a little water and sugar to taste, let it dissolve. Add the apples and let them cook slowly, till soft, but not broken. When done the slices should be nearly transparent. Do not put a lid on the pan. I will give another recipe for stewed apples soon.

E. HUTLEY.—If your copper pots are lacquered, and the lacquer has come off, there is no way of getting them right again except by having them re-lacquered. If you take the plants out of the pots to water them, and let them drain before putting them back, so that no water falls on the copper, the pots will keep bright themselves, and only need dusting.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

By Bessie Smallman.

A few months ago I was talking to one of those ultra-respectable women, an immaculate housekeeper and an orthodox manager of house and home.

I was saying to her that servants were human beings, and naturally wanted to walk out sometimes, perhaps with one of the other sex; that it would be only natural if a woman felt a desire to talk to a tradesman at the kitchen door; and that she might possibly desire a male companion on a wet winter's evening indoors when walking was not very pleasant.

Their "Place."

I suggested that a servant might sit at the same table as her employers, and enjoy the same comfort; also that the cap and apron might not always be a certificate of worth.

"Oh, but you must keep them in their place," said this petty tyrant, this gentle(?) woman, this representative of motherhood.

Now, what is their place? I venture to suggest that it is not good for any nation that many hundreds of its people should be practically slaves to the whims and caprices of their employers.

Why should not the American idea of "help" be taught and practised in England?

To help one woman to keep her house clean, to help one woman to nurse her children, to help a woman to dress for a concert or a reception—surely that would be more womanly, more sisterly, than for one to command and the other slavishly to obey.

How often does a mistress consult her servant as to the housework?

Either all is left to her and she is praised or blamed accordingly, or she must never express an opinion on any method her mistress favours.

Machines or Minds?

Fancy the distress, the annoyance, an educated woman must suffer when she is so treated—when her opinion is never asked, when she is considered not as a mind, but as a machine, as a broom, or a duster!

In my opinion, no woman can hold the position of nurse or cook or lady's maid

in ordinary households and be a free woman—that is, a woman free to think and express her thoughts occasionally, even on matters pertaining to her daily duties. She is not often free to read the books she likes best, especially if she be unorthodox in any sense. She must conform to the ways of the other woman, who pays her a paltry few pounds a year for all the service of her health and capabilities.

A Slavery Question.

To say that many women lead happy lives in the homes of others does not prove their freedom from restraint. To say that many are content does not remove their chains.

Many slaves were content at the time of the slave agitation in the United States; but their position, even the position of the best-cared-for, was abhorrent to the mind of a Wilberforce, a Channing—in fact, to the minds of all lovers of liberty.

So, although we may know many kind and considerate women, although we may know many happy and contented serving women, there is surely something wrong with the present mistress and maid problem when work in factory, shop, or office is preferred to work in one of "the stately homes of England."

One of our most pressing reforms, one of our earliest tasks, must be to set free those thousands of women who toil in other women's homes, who obey other women's minds, who must think other women's thoughts until they have nothing of their own left; no health, no individuality, nothing but a barren old age in the workhouse or in some lonely rural almshouse—subject still to the rules of those who have all their lives lived on the health and wealth and happiness of their slaves, the lower classes.

For Womanhood.

Can this be a woman's place?

To give all to other women—all her health, all her thoughts? And in return for what? For sisterly affection, child-like gratitude in old age?

Oh, no. The reward in most cases is a month's notice, unwomanly neglect, brutal indifference, and heart-breaking ingratitude.

Readers of THE WOMAN WORKER, let us arise and kill, not only house-builders, as our friend Mr. Suthers recommends, but house-tyrants. Let us exterminate the type of woman that loves to dominate the women who make her life easy—who give her the roses while they enjoy the thorns.

CANVASSING AT HAMPSTEAD.

At the next house I was ushered by a footman of abnormal size into the presence of a dear old lady with white hair, who reclined on a sofa. The air was heavy with the scent of roses and carnations, she was reading a book of French memoirs, and her pretty white hands were covered with lovely rings. "I wanted to see what a Suffragette was like," she said, softly extending her hand. Disclaiming the honour which she wished to thrust upon me, I explained that my business at that moment was only the municipal vote. "Vote!" and a little ripple of laughter followed the word. "Do you really think it is nice or womanly to fight around a ballot-box with a lot of rough men?"

I explained that it was not necessary to fight, and that there was nothing inherently disgraceful in putting a paper in a box.

"Ah! my dear young lady, times are changed, women are no longer what they were; this," patting the book of French memoirs, "is the only kind of influence they should exercise. In my young days men respected women, now—where are the chivalry and deference of the past?"

I wondered, as the haughty and supercilious John Thomas let me out, whether that chivalry was as great as it appears to have been when seen with the glamour of the past upon it.—CONSTANCE WILLIAMS in the "Daily News."

Each day the world is born anew

For him who takes it rightly;
Not fresher that which Adam knew,
Not sweeter that whose moonlit dew
Entranced Arcadia nightly.

LOWELL.

Miss Helen Keller, the blind and deaf author, says she can tell the characters of people from the hands she touches. "I have," she says, "met a bishop with a jocosely hand, a humorist with a hand of leaden gravity, a man of pretentious valour with a timorous hand, and a quiet apologetic man with a fist of iron."

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THE BURKED SUFFRAGE CASE.

Liberty and a Bad Dream.

By Keighley Snowden.

By the time this article is printed, Mr. Curtis Bennett's decision on the Hand-hill Case may, for anything one knows, be *sub judice*. In that case comment on it will be a contempt of court, punishable at a judge's pleasure.

Least any judge feeling it his duty to suppress discussion of that decision in public prints or public meetings should be minded to pass over my own offence as undeliberate, it is fair to say that I hope he will not do so.

Contempt of court is what I wish to convey in the clearest possible manner.

For, if Mr. Curtis Bennett, who is a magistrate, can do the things he did on Saturday without fear of heavy penalties for misdemeanour, I beg to say, as just one English citizen who until now has taken no part in politics, that I have no respect for courts. And I look around in vain for the political party to which I should belong.

What was Done.

Saturday's proceedings were like a bad dream. Would they were a dream! But the situation is that three English-women engaged in political agitation—in an eminently English fight for liberty—have been sent to gaol without fair trial.

Without fair trial; there is nothing but to say it boldly.

For note well: Mr. Bennett's refusal to hear more evidence was not a refusal to hear irrelevant evidence only. He did not know what the evidence to be called would be. He declined to adjourn and let the nature of the evidence be ascertained. He said in effect, and explicitly, to the gallant girl conducting her defence:

"As you cannot now tell me what these many witnesses would say, I will hear no more witnesses. I decide that they will be irrelevant."

No fair trial. And in England. One must face the facts or be a sort of dastard.

First, these ladies are prosecuted, in a political campaign, under a section of law that denies to prisoners a jury of their peers, female or male; and then the magistrate whose duty it is to do justice burks their defence. (Whether it was a good or a bad defence is beside the point.) When they apply for a necessary adjournment to complete it, he will not listen. When they ask him to suspend judgment, so that they may seek advice about the ordinary means to make him do his duty, he declines. To gaol they must go.

I do not know whether Mr. Curtis Bennett abused his powers. I am not a lawyer. I only say that this was not a fair trial, as we who are not lawyers understand a fair trial in England.

A Blow to Political Freedom.

Further, Mr. Bennett, among a variety of *obiter dicta*, that strike me as impertinent and offensive as addressed to sincere politicians, is reported to have said this about the right of public meeting:

"If people wanted to hold meetings,

they should do so with the consent of the authorities having jurisdiction in the matter."

So it comes to this according to Mr. Curtis Bennett—that, in England, while magistrates deny full opportunities of defence to the prisoners haled before them by policemen, "the authorities having jurisdiction in the matter," who are policemen, may prevent public meetings—if these appear to them likely to "lead to a breach of the peace."

Again I do not question Mr. Bennett's law. But if it is correct, and other magistrates and the police will enforce it, and there is no redress to be had instantly and sharply, I, for one, can take no pride at all in being an Englishman. Frankly, I do not care to live on these terms.

For I am not a free man in the sense I had supposed.

I have understood amiss the history of my country; have taken too much for granted, not being a lawyer. And, looking round for a party to which one should belong in such a case, a party vowed, first and last, to freedom, and professing to define it, a party disillusioned of law and government as we know them, I do not find one.

But I think I see one coming.

Anarchy the Answer.

There must be many another Englishman who feels as I do; for I am no firebrand. Not even a politician. If this be law and government, the only hopeful doctrines I know of are those of the philosophic Anarchists; and after so many centuries of baffled effort and lost lives, one begins to ask oneself questions.

It will be possible to read Bakunin with an open mind.

I repeat, for myself, that I do not care to live on such terms—unless the law will do me the great honour to put me in gaol with those wronged women. There, for awhile, one might recover a little sense of manliness and liberty.

There is an old man of 76 there—or there lately was—who, being very poor, took some apples in an orchard—his first offence. There are people dying daily for want of food, because they fear to go there. Daisy Lord is there. There are thousands of our brothers and sisters there who have never, as law and government are ordered, had a fair chance to profit by our fine freedom.

I see no shame in gaol. I see great shame outside it.

NEW CAREERS FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

The Royal College of Surgeons the other day declared in favour of women's admission, as the Royal College of Physicians had previously done. It is now stated that at the last meeting of the Chemical Society Sir William Ramsay, the president, announced that 1,758 voting papers had been received on the question of the admission of women as Fellows of the Society. There were 1,094 in favour of the admission of women and 742 against.

The matter has still to come before the Council, but the women may "bide their time" in confidence.

FIRST LADY MAYOR.

Girton Graduate's New Dignity.

THE first Lady Mayor (the office was opened to women last year) will begin her duties at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, on November 9.

Miss Dove is the daughter of a Lincolnshire clergyman, and was the first student to enter at Girton College, Cambridge. She holds the degree of M.A. Her life has been devoted to the cause of education. From 1882 to 1896 she was head-mistress of a girls' school at St. Leonard's, and in 1896 she started a school at Wycombe Abbey.

She was at the head of the poll in the last municipal contest, having as a member of the Hospital and Health Committee earned general popularity.

Notwithstanding objections by some of her fellow members who professed themselves averse from "petticoat government," her choice as Mayor is generally approved in the town.

Wycombe Abbey School now numbers 240 pupils. The lines on which it has been worked have been similar to those followed in boys' public schools. The constant supervision of the old boarding-school has been replaced by a system which relies on the honour of the girls.

Miss Dove has herself expressed her aim: "The great work our schools are doing is the raising of the whole moral tone of women's lives; honesty, fairplay, and *esprit de corps* are taking the place of petty meanness and jealousy. If only every girl would go to school and stay there long enough to learn the corporate virtues, in two or three generations we should realise Utopia."

HOME WORK AFTER SHOP WORK.

A London Prosecution.

At the Guildhall last week William George Varcoe (trading as G. Walker and Company), furrier, Bradford Avenue, E.C., was summoned for having employed young women beyond the specified working hours; and for failing to furnish to certain women workers particulars concerning the rate of wages to be paid them.

Mr. C. F. Wright, factory inspector, said it was contrary to the Act of 1901 for women employed in a factory or workshop for a whole working day to be also employed as out-workers.

From the evidence of the girls it appeared that they had asked to be allowed to take work home.

Defendant said there was great distress among the families of his workgirls, and his intention was that they should give the home work to their mothers or sisters.

Fines were inflicted which, together with the costs, amounted to £4.

Shorter hours and more workers is the policy which has been assented to very readily by the employees of Brunner, Mond, and Company, the salt and chemical manufacturers at Northwich.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner

THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

THE BOW STREET SCANDAL.

Suppression of Evidence.

WHEN the case against the Suffragist leaders was resumed on Saturday, Mr. Curtis Bennett took a course which, in our opinion, raises bigger questions than he or any Englishman can face.

He refused evidence for the defence. He refused it without knowing whether it was relevant or not.

He refused to hear the witnesses who would have tendered it, on the novel ground that they had told nobody what they were going to say; and he refused an adjournment asked for by the defendants with a view to ascertain what they would say.

In a word, he closed the course of justice: "Are you going to address me now in your defence?" he asked Miss Pankhurst. "You must either address me now or not at all."

He also refused to state a case for the High Court on the question as to what fair construction or constructions might be put upon the word "rush" in the handbill. This was not a point of law.

He refused, finally, to suspend the operation of the sentence in order to allow a writ of *certiorari* to be taken out, by which he might, on other grounds perhaps, have been compelled to state a case.

The case of the Suffragist leaders thus became a national matter indeed. It became the case of Mr. Curtis Bennett against the common rights of British subjects.

A writ of *certiorari* can, we believe, and in that case no doubt will, be taken out on the defendants' behalf.

Emotional Scenes.

In the circumstances, it was no wonder that even the sunny good temper of Christabel Pankhurst was broken. In an eloquent speech of an hour's duration, she had to pause more than once, sobbing; and when it was ended she sat quietly crying.

Mrs. Pankhurst, who on the opening day was depressed, rose to this occasion with all her wonted spirit. But she, too, was deeply moved. She spoke for thirty minutes, saying that she and her friends held it to be their duty to make this country a better place for women than it is, and that to keep them in prison for the term of their natural lives would not quell the agitation.

Mrs. Drummond briefly assured the magistrate that she had arranged for the agitation to go on.

When the defendants had been "bound over" and were going below—the senior ladies for three months, their advocate for ten weeks—Mrs. Pankhurst called out defiantly, "We are going to prison, sir," and the Court rang with loud and continued cheering.

Handkerchiefs were waved; there were many cheeks wet with tears. Nobody heeded or heard the Court officials crying "Order" and "Silence."

But when silence came, Mrs. Pankhurst flung a last word at Mr. Curtis Bennett.

"The Government," she said, "is to be congratulated on having another servant who has done its work so well."

INTERVIEWED AT LAST.

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Gladstone at Bow Street.

THERE was great fun last week when Christabel Pankhurst had Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Gladstone at her mercy—after all their evasions and escapes. And brilliantly she handled them.

It was a very difficult position, because neither a barrister nor the party to a case may cross-examine a friendly witness—that is to say, a witness not called by the other side. And there was an evident disposition on the part of Mr. Lloyd George to shine, if possible, at her expense. Quite hopeless! Neither he nor Mr. Gladstone scored a point against the brilliant young advocate.

In the crowded court there were many notable people. The Home Secretary, who was accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, occupied a seat in the box reserved for counsel. The Chancellor of the Exchequer sat next to him, and Mr. Waller, of the Home Office, was also in attendance. The Earl and Countess Russell sat near by, and among the front row of the Suffragists, next to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, were the Earl of Lytton and his sister, Lady Constance Lytton. Mr. Max Beerbohm stood among a crowd of ladies.

The full reports in the daily Press have no doubt been seen by every reader of THE WOMAN WORKER; but no one who was not in court can quite appreciate the patience, resource, pertinacity, and unflinching good temper of Christabel Pankhurst, under every sort of check and handicap.

Good Points.

From Mr. Gladstone she got the valuable admission that he was responsible to Parliament for the prosecutions; and her quotation from the sympathetic speech in which he once declared that "a time came when political dynamics were far more important than political argument," was very effective.

"I think it was a most excellent speech," Mr. Gladstone said hardily.

"I agree," flashed Miss Pankhurst. "Why don't you give us the vote?"

Mr. Gladstone's reply—if there was one—was lost in the chorus of laughter.

Mrs. Pankhurst put several questions to the Home Secretary, which the magistrate would not allow, and finally, with strong emotion, said: "Is he aware that if we are bound over the consequences will be that we shall go to prison and be searched, stripped, and put into cells just as if we were drunkards or thieves?"

On his leaving the box Miss Pankhurst shook hands, so to speak, after the friendly encounter; that is to say, she tendered the warm thanks of the defendants to the two Cabinet Ministers for coming to give evidence. From Miss Brackenbury, too, she got on oath the statement that Mr. Horace Smith, who sentenced her to six weeks' imprisonment, said to her afterwards that he "was only doing what he was told."

A Painful Incident.

Towards the end of the day, Mrs. Pankhurst was evidently suffering from great fatigue, and several times nearly broke down when she followed her daughter in examining the witnesses.

Speaking with great emotion, she asked Mr. Cameron Grant what he knew of her own character and work, and whether he regarded her and her fellow-prisoners as common criminals.

Mr. Grant's testimony was that she had belonged to a suffrage society for thirty years,

that for ten years she had been a Government official, that she had done good work as a citizen, and was not likely to incite a riot.

In further answer he said that he knew that 423 members of Parliament, including Cabinet Ministers, were pledged to the principles of women's suffrage.

The Magistrate Beaten.

Evidently Mr. Curtis Bennett hoped to finish the case out of hand. In spite of Mrs. Pankhurst's fatigue, and of applications for adjournment, he sat so late that the policemen in court privately groaned and grumbled.

No; he would adjourn for ten minutes, that was the utmost concession. Ten minutes allows a magistrate to get a cup of tea, but nobody else. However, the ladies in court sent out for light refreshments, and ate them while the case went on.

At 7.30 Miss Pankhurst had her revenge. This is probably Mr. Curtis Bennett's dinner hour, or thereabouts; and he seemed to weary of her unflagging way with the witnesses. Looking at the dock, he asked casually: "How many more witnesses have you to call?"

Her sunny smile as she quietly answered "Fifty" is good to remember. There was a gasp of surprise and a ripple of laughter.

Mr. Bennett consented to adjourn till Saturday.

A Grandfatherly Magistrate.

MR. CURTIS BENNETT, in binding over the first of seventeen other prisoners to give behaviour, lectured her in the style of the magistrate in the story, who said: "You have been brought up in a pious home by kind parents, instead of which you go and steal apples."

Said Mr. Bennett: "One was brought up with the idea that the female sex was everything that was tender and kind and good. Unfortunately, we have found lately that that course has been departed from."

The women bound over were:

Miss L. A. Floyd.	Mrs. M. Brindley.
Miss E. Billing.	Miss F. Williams.
Miss J. Coates.	Miss G. H. Boutelle.
Mrs. Mary Leigh.	Miss Mary Mitchell.
Miss Amy Shallard.	Miss Ellen Smith.
Miss G. M. Ansell.	Miss Ada Flatman.
Mrs. Jane Grey.	Miss K. Browne.
Miss G. Llewelyn.	Miss Wallace Dunlop.
Miss W. Bray.	

Nearly all chose prison. Mrs. Leigh was curtly told, "In default three months"; and the others, with the exception of Miss Browne, Miss Coates, and Miss Shallard, were committed for a month; these three for 21 days.

Miss Pankhurst Sanguine.

At the W.S.P.U. meeting, on Thursday, more than £100 was collected.

Mrs. Pankhurst appealed to women of title, or women who had made names for themselves in literature or art, to come forward and go to prison.

Miss Pankhurst spoke with great spirit. "We are going to win," she said. "The man in the street thinks so, the woman in the home thinks so, the Government knows it."

"This going to prison is nearly over. The country will not stand it very much longer. When the women who are now in prison are released we shall meet them at the gates with a copy of the Act of Parliament giving them the vote in our hands."

Mrs. Lawrence brought their messages: "Tell them how proud and happy we are. Tell them we would not have anything different for anything in the world. We are glad to go to prison, because we know that we are playing our part in the greatest movement in the world. Tell them to march on and to keep the flag flying until we come back again."

GOVERNMENT & UNEMPLOYMENT.

Nothing Still for Women.

MR. ASQUITH'S much-advertised statement in the House on Wednesday last as to what the Government are prepared to do for the unemployed disappointed the Labour Party, who had negotiated with him patiently, and realised our own expectation that it would say nothing of the urgent and special necessity of making provision for workless women.

Even the 8,000 extra Post Office workers to be employed at Christmas will apparently be all men. "8,000 men" are Mr. Asquith's words.

The removal of the pauper disqualification from those who accept relief does not affect women, because they are not voters.

As to the makeshift nature of the various grants and arrangements, Mr. Asquith was candid. He said:

"Like all expedients of the kind, our proposals are little better than anodynes to produce temporary relief, but which do not go down to the root of the matter.

"We submit them merely as such with confidence, and in the hope and in the intention that before this Parliament ends its days we shall be able to strike a real and effective blow at the permanent causes of unemployment."

Labour Party Manifesto.

Following the announcement made by the Prime Minister, the Labour Party held a special meeting and passed the following resolution:

"That, having heard the statement of the Prime Minister on the unemployed crisis, and whilst welcoming his promise of legislation early next year, and recognising the value of the administrative concessions made, the Party declares these to be quite inadequate to meet the pressing needs of the situation; inasmuch as, whilst enlarging the responsibilities of the distress committees by removing the disabilities of paupers, and those who have received assistance under the Unemployed Workmen Act within two years, nothing has been suggested for enlarging the opportunities for providing work now within the reach of those bodies.

"It appoints a committee of the Party to arrange immediately with the Government for an early day for discussing the statement, and to formulate further proposals temporarily to tide the country over the present winter.

"It also resolves that a special meeting of the Party be held to consider this report."

The committee appointed consists of Mr. Henderson, Mr. G. N. Barnes, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. G. H. Roberts, Mr. C. Duncan, Mr. Summerbell, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Clynes, and Mr. Crooks.

The Debate.

Monday was appointed, at the request of the Labour members, for a special debate on the Ministerial proposals. As we go to press at noon on that day, all that can be stated here is that Mr. Keir Hardie was to move an amendment in the sense of the Labour Party's resolution.

To Find More Kinds of Work.

For the present, says Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Labour Party will concentrate upon efforts to secure greater elasticity in administrative work. The attitude of the Local Government Board has been quite negative; it has not initiated any experiments, and, save for a few distress committees, the position as regards the unemployed is the same now as in 1905.

A national conference is being convened by

Labour members in conjunction with the Right to Work Committee. All organisations interested in the question will be invited to send representatives. The two objects of the Conference will be:

(1) The consideration of immediate measures, and

(2) The lines that should be insisted on with regard to the legislation promised for next session.

MR. GRAYSON ON DISORDER.

At Nottingham last week, Mr. Grayson, addressing a crowded meeting in the Mechanics' Hall, took up Mr. Lloyd George's comparison of the Unemployment Act to a motor car without petrol, and applied it to the Government.

The Liberal Government had been in office three years, and there was the poor old motor car still, stranded high and dry, with the rain beating down upon it, and no petrol. The Liberal Party had had the chance to give it the petrol if they wished.

As to the unemployed, there were many scoundrels among them. He had met scoundrels in Parliament. He had met men who would not work; he had also seen the House of Lords. It was only a matter of class.

Mr. Grayson proceeded: "I say, feed the starving men, women, and children first; discuss your Licensing Bill afterwards. That is my cry. I have seen men, women, and children waiting behind the restaurants in the Strand and stuffing in their pockets the filth scraped off a million plates. Will you tell me to sit quiet in the House of Commons while that is going on?" (Cries of "No.")

"It is a crisis, comrades. We are not living in a drawing-room; we are facing a tragedy. I am not saying to the crowd, 'Disorder.' I am saying to the Government, 'Prevent disorder. If you make a crowd hungry they will not need me to urge them to disorder.'"

Mr. Will Thorne's Case.

At Bow Street, on Friday last, Mr. Will Thorne was bound over with two sureties—Mr. Pete Curran and Mr. O'Grady—to use no more "incitements" to unemployed men or women in public speeches for twelve months.

Although Mr. Thorne attributed his prosecution to Miss Pankhurst (who said in court that he had been worse than the celebrated handbill), he did not elect to go to gaol.

The magistrate expressed, in the course of this case, the remarkable opinion that a constable who could not write verbatim shorthand was "a very competent man."

This was the constable who said he took down Mr. Thorne's "tit-bits," and who omitted the context of his argument.

WORKLESS WEAVER'S SAD END.

"DEATH from natural causes, accelerated by starvation and exposure," was the verdict returned at an inquest at Preston on William Walsh, 46, a weaver, of Blackburn, who died in a mission shelter.

He had walked from Clitheroe, and had had nothing except dry bread and water in the casual wards for several days. His bones were almost protruding through the skin.

Throwing sulphuretted hydrogen into public meetings should be made an offence. At Woking, last week, this gas caused a fight at the doors for exit which might have had very serious consequences.

A witness at Southwark County Court said that a debtor had no encumbrances. Judge Willis (sharply): "Don't say that, sir! You mean children; but I don't regard them as encumbrances. They are blessings, and the joy of the home."

STARVING CHILDREN.

The London Moderates Give Way.

THE Moderates of the London County Council are understood to admit, after all, that they will have to carry out the Necessitous Children Act, and provide some of those free meals they think so "demoralising." Present arrangements for the winter are quite inadequate.

At the meeting of the Education Committee last week, Mr. Sidney Webb said that the arrangements for the feeding of children last winter were an absolute disgrace to the County Council. In some cases there had been no cloth provided and no flowers on the table.

"This work," he added, "should have a humanising and civilising influence on the children."

TREATMENT OF SUFFRAGETTES IN PRISON.

MR. GLADSTONE'S list of the new comforts for second-class female prisoners at Holloway includes:

Chair, with a back, instead of a stool.

Warm water to wash in.

Visitors received in special room.

Work carried on in company.

Books changed more frequently.

The Suffragette prisoners work in company about five hours, go to chapel 25 minutes a day and 2½ hours on Sunday, take one hour's exercise a day, and may read at any time up to 8 p.m. when not at work.

They are searched on reception, but not stripped, and are given underclothing and outer clothing which has been worn only by previous Suffragette prisoners.

Nothing From This Government.

Miss Kenney and Mr. Birrell.

IMPATIENCE on the Suffrage question was completely justified on Friday last, when Miss Annie Kenney was plainly answered at Bristol by Mr. Birrell that he could promise nothing from the present Government.

Miss Kenney headed a deputation to ask four definite questions: (1) Is the Government going to carry a Woman's Suffrage Bill into law this session or to give facilities for the third reading of Mr. Stanger's Bill; (2) if not this session, will it do so next session; (3) if not, why not; (4) in what year may we expect to have the vote?

Mr. Birrell said that a considerable number of members of the Government were strongly opposed to women's suffrage at all. Others desired to confine the vote to women who had never been married or whose husbands had departed. The view taken by the Prime Minister was that this matter could only be treated in connection with a general enfranchisement-question.

Miss Kenney: You really do not promise anything from the present Liberal Government?

Mr. Birrell: No, I cannot.

Miss Kenney declared herself dissatisfied with the reply, and said: "Woman must continue her fight."

Mr. Asquith has acknowledged a strong memorial from the Men's League—without committing himself.

Montenegrin women, headed by the Princesses Zenia and Vera, have joined in the national agitation, and may be seen in processions that carry banners and sing war-songs.

The Rev. T. Rhondda Williams, at the assembly of the Congregational Union, said that Nonconformity ought to have no stigma and no cold shoulder for Socialists. The issues of the age were too grave for partisanship.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

"BOUND TO WIN."

CROOK (Durham) Women's Labour League made its first attempt at public work on October 21, when, in conjunction with the local L.L.P., a public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall. The Rev. W. E. Moll and Mrs. Simm were the speakers, and the League members turned up in good force. Mr. Moll warmly congratulated the women on having organised themselves to work definitely with the Labour Party, and urged them to fight on in a cause that is "bound to win." Leaflets were distributed, and one or two new members made.

Benwell and Gateshead branches are working very hard in support of the Labour candidates for municipal elections. In Gateshead the women have had, and still have, a bitter struggle over the feeding of school children. The Council have again and again refused to put the Act into operation, and conditions among the poor children are very bad indeed.

If this should meet the eye of Miss W. F. Pledger, formerly of Durham, now of Newcastle, will she kindly send her address to Mrs. Simm, 15, Oakfield Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle?

Joint Action.

The Hull branch is arranging a big meeting for Thursday evening, October 29, in conjunction with the local Women's Co-operative Guild and Railway Women's Guild, at which Miss Margaret Bondfield, Miss Llewelyn Davies, and others will speak.

London Pensions Sub-Committee.

The Central London branch, having been defeated in its effort to get Mrs. Fenton Macpherson as a member of the London Old Age Pensions Committee, tried to get representatives on the local sub-committees which will be in charge of the administration of the Act.

Members of the branch were nominated for 11 out of the 13 areas, and sent both to the Borough Councils, which had some power of nominating members, and to the Old Age Pensions Committee, which had the final decision. Only one of our nominees has, however, been appointed.

We are glad to say that this one is Mrs. Will Crooks. The Whips of the orthodox Parties had everything cut and dried, and the old people run the risk of being treated to a good dose of C.O.S. supervision. Our members, both in London and elsewhere, should keep an eye on the administration of this Act, and make complaint if they find it being unduly limited in scope.

The Portsmouth Conference.

Our National Secretary, Mrs. Middleton, has been visiting the Portsmouth branch to make arrangements, with their help, for halls, etc., for our Conference on Tuesday, January 26. The local League is helping with a "Social," which the Portsmouth comrades are giving to all the Labour Party delegates on Wednesday evening, January 27; so on the Tuesday we are arranging to have a big meeting of our own in the Town Hall, at which Mrs. Bruce Glasier, Miss Bondfield, and perhaps some other members of our Executive will speak, and at which we shall also hope to have the help of some of our Labour M.P.'s. The Portsmouth women are preparing to

welcome the delegates most heartily, and we may look forward to a happy and inspiring Conference and demonstration.

Have the Liberals been Overlooked?

We are circulating notices of the Caxton Hall debate between Miss Bondfield and Miss Marris (Thursday, November 5, at 8 p.m.) as widely as possible among those who differ from us politically. But the secretary of one Liberal organisation, from whom we had asked a list of the names and addresses of the Executive, asks us to excuse compliance with the request, on the ground "that the Liberal Party appears to have no defined place in the public debate between the lady who represents Labour and the other lady who represents Unionism and Tariff Reform. The Liberal Party seems to have been overlooked, or to be regarded as of no account."

We have hastened to assure this official that the League is quite as prepared to debate with a member of his Party as with a Unionist. Indeed, we invited a leading Liberal speaker to meet Miss Bondfield, and were much disappointed that she did not accept. We also suggested another leading Liberal to take the chair, to make up the trio of parties when we had secured Miss Marris as opponent, but they preferred our proposal to ask Lady Frances Balfour, who has kindly accepted.

If any Liberal woman cares to challenge us we shall be delighted to pick up the gauntlet.

REGISTRATION OF NURSES.

Mrs. BARR, of Eford, South Devon, writes to the papers pointing out that the Central Hospitals Council, which opposes State registration for nurses, is composed of members of the committees of the London hospitals, the employers of nurses, and, incidentally, of the matrons of nurse-training schools.

On the other hand, the Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses has a membership of 2,000 independent nurses. Mrs. Burr says:

"All the self-governing Leagues of Nurses support the Bill, and the Irish matrons and nurses are unanimous in their support, as their action in regard to their being left out of it shows.

"The majority of the medical men are in favour, and last, but not least, the Committee of the House of Commons appointed by Mr. Balfour in 1904 were unanimous in their recommendation of registration."

Women Money-Lenders.

THE Liverpool money-lending scandal is prominent again. Last week a man who acted as a sort of bully for one of the 500 women money-lenders who flourish in the city slums was sent to gaol for two months.

He had "given a good hiding" to a poor woman who could not repay a loan, and then had thrown her downstairs.

A navy who had been out of work for six weeks died at Hammersmith last week of heart failure, on the first morning that he got a job. Heart weakness is one of the commonest effects of under-feeding.

Offering to adopt a friendless little Lambeth girl, over 300 people have come forward. Many are very poor. The child lived with a Mrs. Shire in Wandsworth Road, and the Lambeth Guardians refused to admit her to the workhouse when Mrs. Shire became an inmate.

A MAN CHILD.

BORN of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms, with lips upon life's drifted font, blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wide and startled eyes at common things of life and day. Taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes—lured by light and flame, and charmed by colour's wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech—releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbled and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves—puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth—and so through years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wood and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams, like cool and shadowy vales, divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of a birth—the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome, and the cradle-song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe.

And then the sense of obligation and of wrong; pity for those who toil and weep; tears for the imprisoned and despised; love for the generous dead; and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put upon its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men and eyes that see behind the smiling eyes of craft, flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed, knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold; of honour bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect; of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing, at last, the unstudied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high as hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of a wife and child and friend.

Then locks of grey, and growing love of other days and half-remembered things; then holding withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest.

And so, locking in marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughter's babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to grey, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshipped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss. INGERSOLL.

To make work cheerful, music is played in some Chicago factories. But the other conditions are no better than elsewhere.

The National Federation of Women Workers.

Do you want Higher Wages ?

Do you want Shorter Hours and
Better Conditions of Work ?

Then Join the Federation.

UNION is STRENGTH

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

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

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

WHAT THE FEDERATION WILL DO FOR YOU.

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

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

Help you to find a new situation.

The Federation is managed and controlled by Work-girls chosen by the Members.

JOIN THE FEDERATION!

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS TO—

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