

# THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

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## THE WORKERS' PROCESSION TO PARLIAMENT, JULY 20th. THE LONG MARCH FROM THE EAST END.

The people are working late in the East End now in the factories where Government work is done, and all the workers find that they must toil longer and harder than ever before to keep the wolf from the door. The sweated women homeworkers who make soldiers' clothes and other things in the crowded little East End houses, can scarcely spare the time from their work to run to the corner to do their shopping.

But on Tuesday night, July 20th, the Old Ford Road was alive with hurrying people when the E.L.F.S. Procession was forming up. The workers were coming straight from the factory to march with the

cause of the strong wind, but the women carried them with pride. The colours shone out finely in the evening sunshine, and everyone there cared deeply and intensely for the vital needs that we were marching for.

One woman told us that she had gone to join the Saturday procession, but she had bought a DREADNOUGHT from someone selling on the Embankment, and on reading it, had left those ranks, feeling that her place was in the workers' march on Tuesday night. She told us that she worked at Dingwall's making packing cases from 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m. for 12s. a week, on work that was pre-

## LETTERS FROM MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

**Mr. SNOWDEN writes:**

I have long appreciated the energy with which you have put forward the claim that the cost of living should be taken into account in considering wages.

I am very glad to send a word of encouragement to the brave women who are doing such splendid work under such difficulties. The fight is awfully hard I know, but you are doing magnificent service.

**Mr. J. R. CLYNES writes:**

Dear Miss Pankhurst,—I attach great importance to the subject of your letter, and shall be glad if you can advance the claim by means of a deputation.

**Mr. R. W. OUTHWAITE writes:**

I wish your organisation success in any endeavour to combat the growth of Prussianism in our midst. A state of war is the reactionary's opportunity as he can cloak his attack on liberty so as to make it appear inspired by patriotic zeal. The first fruit of our war for freedom in the Transvaal was the establishment of a slave system there, and the process may be repeated here with women as the slave gang.

The City has taken good care to extort satisfactory terms for its cash, and to avoid compulsion in the shape of a levy. I do not see why the flesh and blood of further East should not demand equal consideration.

I am, yours faithfully,

R. W. OUTHWAITE.

P.S.—It occurs to me to add that I write in the assurance that the Kaiser is not furthering your democratic endeavours, nor the Sultan of Turkey inspiring your efforts for the maintenance of the status of women.

**Mr. T. RICHARDSON writes:**

I will go up to the city and look out for your deputation to the House of Commons. Should the House have risen I will come over to Westminster Hall as suggested. There is great urgency and justice in your case and I wish you success.

**Mr. J. W. PRATT writes:**

I am in full sympathy with the objects you set forth in your letter, and I am sure that you are doing a great service to the women's cause by pointedly drawing attention to them at this juncture.

**Mr. R. G. LAMBERT writes:**

Dear Miss Pankhurst,—I am in receipt of your letter of yesterday's date, and I am very glad to find that you are prepared to protest against this policy of compulsion which so many people want to see put in force by the Government.

As you are aware, I have long been in favour of granting women the vote, although I fear it is impossible for private members to press this while the War lasts.

It seems that the Government pledge of non-controversial measures being barred is only to apply where the proposals are inconvenient. They do not object to introducing Bills like the National Register Bill, however controversial they may be, and anyone who raises his voice in protest is howled down and described as a pro-German!

The strike in S. Wales shows how utterly futile it is to try to force people in this country. Our whole tradition is in favour of voluntary work, and you will never defeat Prussianism by adopting Prussian methods.

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Donations to be sent to Hon. Treasurer, Dr. Tchaykovsky, Langham House, Harrow, or Hon. Financial Sec., Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

### THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Friday, July 23rd, 8 p.m.—Piggott St.—Mr. Mackinlay.  
8 p.m.—Chrisp St. and Grundy St.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.  
8 p.m.—Beckton Rd.—Miss Somers.  
8 p.m.—Poplar Women's Hall.  
Sunday, July 25th, 11 a.m.—"Salmon & Ball."  
3-30 p.m.—Victoria Park—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Bouvier.  
8 p.m.—Dock Gates—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.  
Monday, July 26th, 8 p.m.—Lesbia Road.  
8 p.m.—"Peacock"—Chair, Mr. J. C. Rowe.  
8 p.m.—Dock Gates—Mr. Everett.  
Tuesday, July 27th, 8 p.m.—Salmon Lane—Mrs. Davies.  
8 p.m.—Poplar Women's Hall—Mr. C. Gray.  
3 p.m.—175 Dalston Lane.  
Wednesday, July 28th, 8 p.m.—Chrisp St.—Miss Feek.  
3 p.m.—Ford Road—Mr. Everett.  
Thursday, July 29th, 8 p.m.—175 Dalston Lane—Rev. C. A. Wills.  
8 p.m.—124 Barking Rd.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, Mrs. Walshe.  
9 p.m.—Beckton Road—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.  
8 p.m.—53 St. Leonard's St.  
Friday, July 30th, 8 p.m.—Piggott St.  
8 p.m.—Ford Rd.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.  
8 p.m.—Beckton Road.  
3 p.m.—Poplar Women's Hall—Mrs. Thompson.

**SUFFRAGE CLUBS.** Poplar, 20 Railway St., 8 to 10 p.m., Wednesdays and Fridays.  
Bow, 400 Old Ford Road, Mondays and Fridays 8 to 10 p.m.

To reach Old Ford Road take an Old Ford bus (No. 8), which goes via the arble Arch, Oxford St., the Bank and Liverpool St., or look to Old Ford Station on the North London Railway.

### MOTHERS AND BABIES.

The season of infantile diarrhoea will soon be upon us, when babies, especially babies of necessitous mothers, who are themselves undernourished, and cannot afford to buy good fresh milk, will be falling dangerously ill.

The calls on our four mother and baby centres, for milk, eggs, medicines, and doctoring and nursing care, will become more frequent and more urgent as the summer advances. Will you help by sending us some money for this work?

Will you send us new laid eggs, arrowroot, barley, glaxo or virol?

Will you send us a maternity outfit? We want:—For baby, four gowns, four barrows, two flannel bands, twelve napkins, three vests, and a cot blanket; for mother, two nightgowns, woollen shawl, three towels, two sheets, and a pair of pillow cases.

### COST-PRICE RESTAURANTS.

High prices increase the need for our restaurants. At the same time the high prices make it harder and harder for us to pay our bills. Will you help?

### OUR FACTORY.

Always buy your toys and shoes from the E.L.F.S., because we pay a living wage. Latest price lists may be had on application to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.

### CLOTHING STALLS.

Our stock of clothing is getting low. Will friends send us some more?

Mothers and children should make a point of attending the weekly consultations with nurse and doctor at:—

400 Old Ford Road, Bow, Mondays 2.30 p.m.; 20 Railway Street, Poplar, Tuesdays 3 p.m.; 53 St. Leonard's Street, Thursdays 2.30 p.m.; 55 Fife Road, Canning Town,



Procession beginning to assemble in Old Ford Road, Bow.

deputation, or to give the marchers a cheer. They were going to the House of Commons to demand safeguards for the workers, equal pay for men and women, in order that women may not be forced in to blackleg the men and bring the wages down for all; to say that food and fuel prices must be kept down, or that wages and prices shall rise together; to declare against forced labour for private employers; and to urge that working women must have the protection of the vote.

Promptly at 8.30 the Procession started marching, with cheering, and waving, and enthusiasm.

"I would go with you if I could," many women called to us. "I wish I could go, but I am too old, I am tired walking even this far to see you off."

But thousands came, some in the six-deep ranks, others hurrying on the pavement, or filling up the roadway between "because my boots are so bad and the stones in the road hurt my feet," or because past remembrances of detectives make us like best to keep altogether in a crowd.

Many of the women were carrying babies, some had children in perambulators. The colour bearer took us along so fast that many could not keep up and were left behind.

Already wearied after a long factory day, that began at 7 or 8 a.m., many had come straight from their work, to face the long march, without getting a bite of food. Too many of the married women had swollen feet and poor health to contend with, but they had made up their minds to march right on to the very end.

There were many banners, and some were very hard to manage, be-

viously done by a man for 35s.

Another said that she got only 3d. for sewing 54 buttons on men's trousers, and that she had little children to maintain.

These tales made the objects of the Procession very vivid; it was not as though the crowd was urging a point that they had heard of—no, it was the sweated woman protesting by her live presence that there should be an end of sweating, and all the evils that are caused by it. She has no representative in Parliament to know, or want to know, how she lives, so now she was on her way there, to exhibit both herself and her wrongs to the world that knows so little of the sweated workers' life.

In Green Street a small detachment of the Bow Procession, accompanied by a cow boys' shrill drum and fife band, attracted great attention. Many people in the street, hearing the object of the Procession, joined in, and by the time Mile End Road was reached quite a large crowd had massed together. There, whilst waiting to meet the Bow branch, the leaders addressed a large crowd, who cheered them loudly, and then joined, to march on to Parliament, as the splendid line of marchers from Old Ford Road loomed in the distance, its banners looking remarkably imposing in the dimly-lighted streets.

It was a long way, and some of us were very tired; and the roads seemed very hard.

It was dark before we got to Gardiner's Corner, where the Poplar section of the Procession was waiting to fall in behind. Here there were great crowds assembled—girls from



