

The Woman Worker

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CONTENTS.

THE CASE OF DAISY LORD:

An Inspiration and a Moral
ROBERT BLATCHFORD.

The Last Word
MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

The Great Lock-out
WM. C. ANDERSON.

The Distressful City—Manchester Pictures.
DAISY HALLING.

The Young Idea—
Mothers and the Moral Education Congress
K. SNOWDEN.

A Bard at the Braes
MARGARET McMILLAN.

Female Slavery in Canada
ROBINA FORBES-CHISHOLM.

The Suffragette—A Sketch from Life
NORMA.

A Book of the Hour—"Arthur's"
K. SNOWDEN.

Home Notes
Mrs. D. J. M. WORRALL.

Story Sketch—"George's Mother"
A. NEIL LYONS.

Serial Story—"Barbara West"
KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Readings—
Lady Hemingway - Mrs. Cragie.
Besom Ben - Edwin Waugh.
What Faces Mean - William Sharp.
The Strength of Women The Zend-Avesta.
Juliet's City - Anon.

Verse—
A Dream Garden - ETHEL CARNIE.
Men's Gratitude - MARIANNE LAD.
A Singer - ALFRED AUSTIN.
Autumn - ROSE E. SHARLAND.
The Flower - Tennyson.

The Children's Page
PEG.

The Prize Page—Real Life Heroines

The Employment Bureau—New Feature
PANDORA.

Talks with the Doctor
Dr. X.Y.Z.

Complaints and the Law
PORTIA.

Women's Labour League Notes
Mrs. J. R. MacDONALD.

Correspondence—The Suffrage and Women
Workers; Amateur Clerks.

News of the Week—The New Peterloo; Un-
employment; Teachers and the Moral
Education Congress.

THE "SUFFRAGETTE."

It is so entirely different from what one had expected.

The speaker is there; the usual street-corner loafers are there; and the lorry is there—blest engine of decorous revolution; its bulk is extreme, and its driver is smiling, phlegmatic, and very black. Hastily pressed into the service on his way home to the coal-sheds, he is quite prepared to earn an honest penny, and to see the fun of the fair at the same time.

What had one expected? Militant tactics, certainly; speech, hasty and intemperate; methods, unparliamentary; denunciations, general and particular, of Cabinet Ministers and other outcasts of society.

None of these are used.

The speaker is young, and not comely. Her hat is pushed back from her curly hair; her skin is a little roughened from constant exposure to all weathers, her voice a little husky with exhausting outdoor speaking. But there is a living fire in her eye; a heroism in her dauntless attitude, ready for all comers; a certain gallantry of bearing that is far from being unwomanly.

The crowd upon the piece of waste ground gathers and thickens.

Some working men, out for an evening smoke and saunter, pause and join it; several youths and girls, homeward bound from tennis, stop and listen, until, with these and others, there is a goodly multitude. The speaker sweeps an eager, searching glance around; then, holding up her hand for silence, she begins her speech. There are a few mild cat-calls and attempted boonings; she wins her audiences with a laughing word of rally, and interruptions cease.

Then, supported by approving cheers, she forges ahead.

It is an amazingly forcible speech, not in the least rhetorical or florid. Her logic is unassailable, her appeal to the general sense of justice beyond all denial. She is unfailingly good-tempered, unexpectedly witty and apt. She launches no diatribes against individuals, makes no personal appeal. Standing as she does for a great cause, her absolute sureness of its justness gives to her words a lightning force which carries conviction. She is neither an angel nor a monster; just an ordinary woman of the middle class, earnest, practical, intuitive, born to be

FOR EDUCATED WOMEN WORKERS

A writer versed in the whole subject of the Employments open to Educated Women Workers begins this week (see page 453) a

NEW COLUMN OF ADVICE.

a helpmeet to man in the truest sense, if he will only allow her to stand by him and help him to the fullest extent of which she is capable.

It is this point, ably dwelt on, which makes the strongest appeal to her audience; and she is cheered and cheered again.

In her we have no striving, self-seeking creature, fighting for her own hand. In this strenuous campaign she stands to gain little, and to lose much. Daughter of a Liberal household, reared in the strongest traditions of Liberalism, it is pain indeed to her to fight against a Government with whose policy in other matters she is in such accord. Standing amid the crowd in Albert Square one sorrowful night in April, she could not restrain her tears when the news of Liberal defeat went forth. And yet, under binding instructions, she had worked hard, if not successfully, to compass that defeat.

Question her policy as we may, it is idle to question her sincerity or her power.

Her oratory is full of freshness and vivid interest. One hears whispers among the audience: "I never thought of that." "Oh, fancy!" "My, but she's a good plucked 'un!"

The policeman on the outskirts shakes with good-humoured laughter, as she pays a heartfelt tribute to the man in blue, whose firm but not unfriendly arm has escorted her forth from so many meetings. A tribute, too, she is honest enough to pay to a courteous Member of Parliament who has actually allowed her, undisturbed, to question him at a meeting. She is also honest enough to admit that these particular questions were put in due season, and that the oratory of the Minister was not unconstitutionally damned in mid-stream.

Question after question is shouted up to her: she has a swift and ready answer for each and all. She parries no awkward thrusts, shirks no unfavourable conclusions: straight, clear, undeniable truth is her only weapon. The appreciation of the crowd grows.

Her little sheaf of publications is sold out long before the eager buyers are satisfied; her voice, now very tired, has fallen into silence long before they are weary of listening to it.

"Goodnight, friends, goodnight!" she cries at last. "Thank you, and thank you again, for hearing me. I'm coming again, soon, and we'll have a bigger crowd, and just such another pleasant evening.

She pulls off her hat, and waves it gaily as the lorry drives off.

The crowd pursues her a little way, laughing and cheering. Then its units straggle homewards thoughtfully.

NORMA.

A Bard at the Braes.

By Margaret McMillan.

Mairi sat in the tiny room which was the cottage, her chair perched on two hillocks of the earth floor, her head below the topmost rafter, on which a black drop gathered slowly and fell. The peat fire threw its warm light on her face and head (from which the hood fell back), leaving in shadow the dark mourner who sat leaning her black head near the wheel.

In the doorway the children were gathered, their bare feet crowding the entrance, their hair blowing wildly about their faces. Only one girl, Kirsty of Eriskay, ventured to enter. (Kirsty had a voice of music—low and with a throb in it very sweet to hear.)

"A story! A story!" said the children, shy but eager. "O Mairi an Orain, tell us a tale."

People tell fairy tales to children on the mainland, but they don't really believe in the fairies. They make believe just to please the children. But at Braes the people do not make believe in this way.

Ian Ruadh is a tall, handsome young man with a chest full of books, and so clever with horses that he can drive in the darkest nights over dreadful places. But Ian has heard the music of the Good Folk rising and falling like a wave from the Sìthein (fairy dwelling) at the Pretty Hill. Angus Dubh is sixty years old and very wise, but he has seen the fairies dancing on the green slope above Sionner, and with his own ears he has heard them calling the fairy cattle that come all the way from Portree to pasture at the Braes.

As for Mairi an Orain, it is certain that she is not more blind or deaf than others. Mairi is a bard. And she does not pretend to believe things when she is with children—or at any time. And this makes a difference.

So very still is the group of children as Mairi begins to speak. And by and by, and before long, a kind of change comes over them all.

Silently their bare feet move over the threshold, and then appear as if incapable of movement. Brighter and stiller grow the listening faces, and more beautiful, as though One had entered and thrown a new light on them all. The black-haired mourner raises her head. Her face, too, begins to shine like a flower over the idle wheel. On the floor falls the heap of wool she was spinning. All sleep from Care. All wake to Joy and Beauty.

And in the midst of the silence Mairi's voice rises and falls, and one lovely little hand—Mairi's matchless hand—is raised, and moves like a magic wand.

Outside, the wind rises and goes sobbing past the open door. At the foot of the rocks the waves thunder and the curlew cries above the darkened sands. A great Arctic gull mingles his hoarse voice with the tumult of the native sea-fowl, and a pale arch, like a spectral rainbow, quivers and flits between the gathering clouds. But the little group in the peat-flame shadows heed neither ghostly sky nor moaning sea.

Far, far are they from the life and tumult of the modern world, so far that

its news will be stale all round the globe ere it reaches them; so far that its voices of love and of hatred are as nothing, and they, tossed on the extreme reaches of Western Europe, and broken apart even there by the raging seas, are left to live their lives alone. But within them the Spirit that Creates—the wonderful spirit that weaves beautiful dreams and makes them realities—moves freely like Fingal alone on the hills.

"Now it is Kirsty's turn," says Mairi at last. "Sing, my darling."

So Kirsty sings, like one dreaming. But she sings a wild, sweet song.

It was not, at that time, in any music book. Since then people have been in Eriskay collecting songs, and have published them in America; and Kirsty's song is sung in many lands. But in 1882 no one cared to know much of Eriskay. Just as people did not go much to hear the musical sands of Eigg, which make such strange sweet noises when one walks on them, so they did not think of listening to the island-maidens' singing.

It flowed out here like a stream from the rocks. And the children turned—as it were in the Sleep of Joy—and dreamed a new dream, and the dark mourner smiled, and a tear fell on her thin hand. And in the refrain all the listeners joined, and the cottage throbbed with music like a bird's breast.

But Sorrow was close all the while. Its black wing was over them. When the children went away, their mothers came and sat together. And some of them wept—for the fathers and sons who were far away to-night in Inverness Gaol.

And why they were sent to gaol I will try to tell you next.

THE STRENGTH OF WOMEN.

If men have gathered together gold and silver, or any other goodly thing, do they not love a woman which is comely in favour and beauty? And letting all those things go, do they not gape, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her; and have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever?

By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you; do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to the woman?

Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and to steal, to sail upon the sea and upon rivers; and looketh upon a lion, and goeth in the darkness; and when he hath stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he bringeth it to his love.

Many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes.

Many also have perished, have erred and sinned for women.

O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?—"Zend-Avesta."

A DREAM GARDEN.

Had I a garden it should be a-blow
With poppies scarlet red,
Have hedges high, a place where I
might go
When all seemed grey and dead—
A blaze of colouring gorgeous as the
glow
Of sunsets overhead.

There should be sunflowers tall with
crowns of gold,
And spikes of lilies rare;
The mosses green from hill, and field,
and wold
Should richly nestle there;
There should be silvery margurites,
quaint and old,
And roses blightless fair.

Love-in-a-mist should droop its heads of
blue
O'er ladslove smelling sweet:
Carnations plenty bloom there, dashed
with dew,
And the rich "Tweet! tweet! tweet!"
Come from a nestling bird, with the
faint sigh
Of all soft airs and fleet.

Flowers for all moods: the lilies pure
and white
For when the soul turned saint;
Roses to fill the heart with glad delight
For love that knows no taint:
To droop with, soar with, red, and blue,
and white—
And love without restraint.

ETHEL CARNIE.

CHECK TO UNEMPLOYMENT.

When Lord Penrhyn reduced the output of Bethesda Quarry by 55,300 tons a year, when he threw thousands of families into poverty, he was encouraged by a reduction of £14,686 in the assessment of the quarry for county rates. No example can illustrate more clearly the false relationship that exists between the State and the individual. In the matter of unemployment, the first indispensable step is to provide for the separate valuation of land and improvements, to make it possible for the community to exact the value of land from individual holders, and thus to keep a constant pressure or stimulus on them to use that land to its fullest capacity.—JOSEPH FELS and JOHN ORR in "The Socialist Review."

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

The relation between the underpayment of women and sex-immorality is close and certain. Some few women may be born with vicious tendencies, or depraved by bad associations, but the greater number of the unfortunate women who live by the sale of their womanhood have been driven to this unholy trade by want. This one curse alone—the most potent cause of dishonour and disease that the world has ever known—is sufficient condemnation for industrial oppression.—TERESA BILLINGTON-GREIG.

No man at bottom means injustice; it is always for some obscure, distorted image of a right that he contends.—CARLYLE.

THE DAISY LORD CASE. An Inspiration and a Moral.

By Robert Blatchford.

May I say to the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER what I tried to say at the Daisy Lord demonstration in Liverpool?

The magnificent response to the petition for the release of this poor girl proves my oft-repeated declaration that the great heart of the British people is sound.

How many signatures there may be we shall possibly never know; how many there might be if the whole nation could be canvassed who dare say?

Judging from the actual response, I venture to think we could have got many millions of women and men to sign a petition for the release of this one unhappy woman.

Compassion, then, is general; the love of justice is general. The great heart of England, when it is not perplexed by sectarian or party issues, is kind and true.

Could we, as in this case, put aside the prejudices and jealousies of party and sect we might depend upon the people of Britain to act justly and mercifully on all occasions.

In response to this appeal for Daisy Lord, we have had thousands of signatures of Liberals, Tories, Socialists, Catholics, Anglicans, and Nonconformists. Because one woman was wronged and wounded these kind folks have come forward to her succour and defence. They have not acted like sectarians or partisans, but like women and men.

A strange fact. In answer to an appeal in a Socialist paper like the "Clarion," men of all religions and all parties have hastened to the relief of one unhappy and unfortunate girl.

Now, Daisy Lord is not the only woman who is unhappy. There are millions of women and of children existing in misery: living wretchedly and without hope or help.

There is not one reason for help and mercy in Daisy Lord's case that does not exist in these other cases.

I ask you, then, Woman Workers, why, if millions can pity and defend Daisy Lord, the same millions cannot, or will not, pity and assist other sufferers?

If millions will answer the appeal of a Socialist like Julia Dawson in one case, why will they deny the appeal of a Socialist in other cases?

These millions have a sense of justice and a sense of pity: they have proved that. They can lay aside their political and religious jealousies to save a girl who is in trouble; why cannot they do so much for the millions of other girls and men and children who are in trouble?

Why should this mass of kindly folks, united by a common compassion, lifted by that compassion above their sects and parties, break up into hostile camps of Liberals and Tories, Catholics and Protestants, when they are asked to

help the hungry children or the unemployed?

What is the good of religions which divide men, which set them by the ears, which harden their hearts, and render them impotent to do good deeds?

Could we persuade the British people to lay aside their party and sectarian prejudices and act like citizens and human beings, the unemployed problem could be solved in a few weeks.

The people are kindly, just, humane. It is only party and sectarian prejudices that divide them.

Since it has been possible in the case of Daisy Lord for so many women and men to rise above such prejudices, is it too much to hope that now, in the desperate distress of the unemployed, this beautiful and all-powerful unanimity of purpose may be repeated?

We have a million unemployed. We have hundreds of thousands of children hungry. We have awful numbers of women struggling in a losing fight against famine and dishonour. Cannot those who united to help Daisy Lord unite to help these?

I ask the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER to consider this question, and to help us to win an answer in the affirmative.

The thought is terrible that millions should suffer when help is possible; and that the help should be refused by millions more who have shown themselves both merciful and just.

May I ask the women workers of Britain to assist us?

PRISON HORRORS.

Miss Vera Wentworth, who has recently served three months' imprisonment in Holloway Gaol for the part she took in the Women's Suffrage agitation, writes in the "Christian Commonwealth":

One morning in chapel, to our astonishment, a red curtain was placed in the gallery, and many of the prisoners were taken out of chapel crying bitterly, to the indignation of the wardresses, who probably wondered what right these cattle had to cry. Behind this curtain was Daisy Lord, then under sentence of death.

Miss Wentworth adds: Surely it is a blot on our civilisation to put girls of sixteen and seventeen in prison, and let the cruel system canker enter into their hearts. Sometimes the awful stillness of the prison would be broken by shrieks of agony, which the wardresses took care to explain was "only a woman in a nightmare." Nightmares seem to be frequent in Holloway; a poor creature who had almost ceased to be human was hauled out of chapel crying hysterically. "This is a nightmare in reality," said one woman. The Suffragettes heartily agreed with her.

... NEW FEATURE ...
Educated Women Workers, to whom Accurate Information on Openings, Salaries, and Conditions is so necessary, should constantly consult
THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

See Page 453.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

Mr. Gladstone's letter to a Manchester correspondent on the course he proposes to take with Daisy Lord should not affect the signing of petitions. These, of course, will strengthen his hands to recommend the exercise of mercy, and, we trust, to introduce at once, with every prospect of success, the measure which he "hopes may be possible" to amend the law of murder.

As to this amendment, it is demanded by opinion on both sides of the House. The "Pall Mall Gazette" says, for example: "It would be infinitely better if the framing of the charge and of the nominal sentence alike in these trials were radically altered, for insincere formalities diminish respect for the law."

Mr. Gladstone says it is his intention to follow "the practice" in such cases:

The prisoner undergoes a longer or shorter period of detention in a convict prison under discipline, and with the best training and guidance which can be given by humane officers with special experience of such cases. In the prison there is also a committee of ladies, who, without holding any official position, take a keen interest in the prisoners, and give valuable assistance in the work of their reformation.

The term of detention varies, but it now, save in exceptional circumstances, rarely exceeds three years. And it may be shorter if the prisoner is of previous good character, or if she responds readily to wholesome influences, and if she has friends who can undertake the responsible care of her on her release, or a home can be found where she can be received and cared for. As soon as these conditions are fulfilled she is released conditionally to her friends or to the home, her further progress is carefully watched, and as soon as it is seen to be to her advantage the conditions of her release are cancelled and she is restored to complete freedom.

The "guidance and training" given by prison officers is condemned as inappropriate by the "Daily News," which remarks: "One may 'guide and train' a person who is moving about some ordinary avocation in freedom. But in the monotony and aimlessness of prison life there is no scope for the moral schoolmaster. These remarks apply in some degree to every prisoner. They are specially applicable to an offender whose crime was an act rather of madness than premeditation, and a consequence of friendliness rather than ill-will."

"We hope that there will be no delay in allowing the prisoner to go to the ladies who have offered to give her the 'guidance and training' which male gaolers are not the natural persons to bestow."

THE AGITATION:

Our renewed applications for petition forms continue, correspondents saying that signatures are very rarely refused. On Tuesday, the signatures on petitions returned to us numbered 26,275, but at least half the forms sent out were still in circulation. Further donations to the Expenses Fund had been received as follows:—

Already acknowledged, £28 14s. 5d.
Helen, 2s.; Aintree, 4s.; T. Carter, 1s.; Miss N. Taylor, 6d.; Helen E. Paters, 2s. 6d.; A. Broadheath Sympathiser, 1s. 6d.; M. E. Bilsbury, 10s.; Agnes Macalister, 5s.; L. A. Downe, 2s.; S. A. B., 6d.; Edith Bennett, 2s. 6d.; Ethel Barnard, 2s. 6d.; A. Few Cheadle Sympathisers, 2s.; Skipton, 1s.; L. J. Bullock, 2s.; Anon., 4s.; Emily Payne, 6d. Total, £30 17s. 11d.

WOMEN AND SOCIAL CHANGE.

The Case of Mrs. Derry.

We were considering the confessions of Mrs. B. H. Derry, a middle-class type of woman; and I had been driven to confess, for my part, that I would rather be a sinner and a Socialist than such a quiet and decent person as she proclaimed herself—rather a driveller with the Humanists of all time than so sensible. For Mrs. Derry's confessions included the following:

That she esteems knowledge to be a bad thing, since it brings only "more unhappiness."

That, as she herself wants to know everything, "and can see no sense or justice in anything," she is (or would be, but for self-restraint) "one of the unhappiest of people."

That she has no hope for women; they are "either vicious or fools."

That she wonders, nevertheless, "if anyone is fool enough to think that Blatchford and all these creatures have never been responsible for throwing a waif on the world"; believes, being a sensible person, that the children of "all these men and women prigs" are "left to others to look after"; and generally thinks worse of her ordinary fellow-creatures than *THE WOMAN WORKER* or any sort of Socialism does. They are only, in her own words, one degree better than Socialists themselves.

Finally, that *THE WOMAN WORKER* ignores human nature, and is "Drivel from beginning to end."

Human Nature.

Well, there is human nature in Mrs. Derry. We are not ignoring her, at all events; and I suggest to Mrs. Derry that she is not the quite exceptional woman her censure of other women implies.

Her idea of human nature is not uncommon. She herself alleges that all sensible people entertain it. Mrs. Derry only entertains it with a more energetic and logical sincerity than others, and declares it more hardily. The remaining ideas in her letter all belong to it. So, for once in a way, let us take account of human nature—as it is revealed in Mrs. Derry's confessions.

To begin with, there is nothing strange in them.

Mrs. Derry has no hope of women, and does not say she has any of men. There would only be something strange if, holding these ideas sincerely, she had. Mrs. Derry is disposed to be unhappy. It would be stranger if she were not. Mrs. Derry feels that the more she knows the more unhappy she must be. It would be stranger of all if this feeling did not follow from the miserable kind of knowledge that betrayed her into the indiscretion of such a letter.

Next, it is part of the drivel of Socialism not to blame her.

She did not create her ideas; they are such as her inherited personality and her environment have fashioned or preserved.

And, to end with, they would not have been Mrs. Derry's ideas in another environment.

If she had never heard anything like

them, she would have had others. In short, human nature is what the past has made it. The ignorant past.

Blame or Understanding.

The main difference, in fact, between Mrs. Derry and good reformers is that where she blames they try to understand. But this is not to "ignore human nature."

It is to take account of human nature for the first time charitably. It is to find grounds for the hope which Mrs. Derry, with her old ideas, cannot admit; caring more for what men and women may become than for what they are. It is to rely upon human nature, not to despise it and vilify it. It is to be happy, and to behave with dignity.

Though Mrs. Derry and others accuse us of a double dose of original sin, we are not careful to answer them. Nor do we "pose as sanctimonious saints." We are not so greatly interested in the distinction between saints and sinners, except to point out the cruelty of its consequences to the world, and what bad manners it is—when made with an energetic and logical sincerity. Mrs. Derry has us on the hip.

"I particularly want to know," she asks—drives home her poisoned lance with great dexterity—"why you don't insist that to bring a little life into the world unwanted and unprovided for is the deadliest sin that anyone can be guilty of?"

And the horrible answer is, because we don't think it so. We think the world should want little lives, and provide for them. We want them. We are such deadly sinners that we would not care to live without them.

"Ben," said Betty, as she filled up the tea-pot, "wilt'ha' loaf-brade, or thae'll have on-cake?"

Sense and Justice.

Ah, Mrs. Derry, you who "try to be a friend," but see no sense or justice in anything, let me beg you to risk a little more unhappiness, and try with better knowledge to understand. There is no sense or justice as things are.

"What do Socialists propose to do with the drunkard and the vicious, lazy man or woman? What are they going to do with harlots and brothel keepers?"

They are going to do away with the conditions that make men and women drunken, and vicious, and lazy, and dissolute, and vile. "I never see anything about that," you say. Why not? You may see all about it when you will, extant in excellent cheap books. It is part of the business that concerns us most.

"How can you help people who won't help themselves?"

Well, there is a way of doing even that. But why not help yourself to the knowledge? Do you presume to think yourself happier without *this* knowledge? Then help yourself for the sake of others, and as a matter of sense and justice. K. S.

Virtue may be its own reward, but when you consider the trouble you are put to, the payment seems inadequate. —Mr. F. H. Power.

BESOM BEN.

He was seated in the arm-chair by the hob, with little Billy on his knee, croodling to the happy lad, whilst Betty scattered little bits of endearing chatterment upon them as she fluttered to and fro at her housework. The youngest child was asleep in the cradle, and Ben, forgetful of all the storms that ever blew, was up to the eyes in pleasant business with Billy—now clipping him to his breast, now dancing him upon his knee to the measure of some old song, now rocking him upon one foot for a cock-horse, now tossing him aloft until his curly locks brushed the herbs that hung from the ceiling, and the little fellow screamed with delight and cried out for his dad to do it again and again.

Betty watched them with glowing eyes, as she went to and fro, and she hardly knew what to say, she was so pleased with the picture. They were as fair to see one another as if half a lifetime had intervened since their last meeting; and as they sat around their simple board that evening, heaven saw with a smile the unconscious play of unaffected tenderness that marked their little attentions to one another. There was the essential element of all true politeness gushing from the fountain heart in these untrained children of Nature.

Meanwhile, the blue heavens, suffused with the hues of sunset, looked in at the rain-dropped lattice, filling the cottage with a quiet grandeur which touched the hearts of those within till they unconsciously subdued their voices, as if there was something too sacred in its solemn charm to be disturbed by a too boisterous joy. Pleasant odours came in with the evening wind, and the bunches of herbs hanging about the ceiling made the place "as sweet as Bucklersbury at simple time."

"Ben," said Betty, as she filled up the tea-pot, "wilt'ha' loaf-brade, or thae'll have on-cake?"

"Oon-cake for me," replied Ben, clipping Billy again. "Oon-cake for me."

"I thought so," answered she, glancing at Ben and Billy. "I thought so. Eh, yo are some thick, yo two."

"Thick! We're as thick as owd reawsty inkle-weyvers! Aren't we, Billy? I say, lass, thae'd better do a bit of bacon."

"Sitho, mon," replied Betty, opening the oven door and showing him a plateful of fried collops. "I thought thae'd ha' smelled 'em afore neaw."

"I've bin too busy wi' this little pouise to smell aught at o'. Thae likes thi dad, doesn't tha, Billy?"

"Yigh," lisped the little fellow; "an' my mam an' o'."

"God bless that little face!" cried Betty, setting the tea-pot down, and seizing the child round the neck. "It's worth a million, just this minute, it is! I'll have a kussin', if I live!"

EDWIN WAUGH.

The Past is a good nurse, but we must be weaned from her sooner or later, even though, like Plotinus, we should run home from school to ask the breast after we are tolerably well-grown. It will not do to hide our faces in her lap whenever the strange future holds out her arms.—RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE GREAT LOCK-OUT.

By William C. Anderson.

Over 500 cotton mills have closed; some 50,000,000 spindles have stopped. Already 120,000 textile workers, 20,000 of them being women, have been locked out. Should the dispute last, it must rapidly spread to the weavers; and there would then be 300,000 operatives engaged in the battle, women being the majority.

In three weeks from now 3,000,000 people—men, women, and children—may be directly affected by the contest.

I do not believe employers ever entered a fray with less justice. They have but lately emerged from a period of prosperity, heavily laden with profit. During that time they sternly resisted every request for the slightest increase in wages. Did they now wish merely to tide over a depression for which our methods of wealth production and distribution, not the operatives, are responsible, it would have been just to do so at the expense of accumulated reserves, not of workpeople's earnings, already whittled down by short time, shortages, and unemployment.

The masters were itching for a fight, and forced it. Some of them have been frank enough to say that a short strike would do them good. Orders can be executed out of stock, and the markets given a chance to right and clear themselves; and if the Unions should waste their funds in this winter of their discontent, they would be impotent when the summer of prosperity justifies demand for better wages.

So the masters did not hesitate to loose over industrial Lancashire the dogs of war.

Odds and the Cost.

Lock-out and strikes are a resort to brute force. They are not decided by justice and reason and right. Victory too often gives her laurels to the big battalions. How, then, do the opposing parties stand?

The Federated Employers involved in this dispute represent an aggregate capital of £60,000,000. The Spinners' Organisation has £500,000; the Card-room Workers £250,000; and in their struggle they will, of course, be supported by the General Federation of Trade Unions.

The weekly cost in strike pay will be £52,000, of which £11,000 will come from the General Federation.

Already there is a loss in wages equal to £140,000 a week; should the weavers be dragged in this loss will be increased to £300,000. Not only so, but many other trades will be crippled. Two-thirds of the coal mined in Lancashire by 50,000 men is used in the cotton trade; the Nottingham lace and hosiery trade, which employs 30,000 workers, will also suffer; and the lessened spending power of so many operatives will make the unemployed problem even more acute. Many small shopkeepers will be driven into bankruptcy. The hunger-wolf will enter at many a door.

Is all this not too great a price to pay, in order to determine the question of a shilling reduction in weekly wages? Why should a few stubborn and determined employers, spurning mediation, regardless of the public weal, speaking

only of their private gain, be allowed to dislocate industry, to lock out thousands of workers, to inflict untold hardship on great numbers not directly concerned?

Remember how strong employers are, how comparatively weak are workers.

To the proprietary classes belongs all. Land and mines, shipping and railways, forges and factories, shops and houses, cloth from the looms, coal from the earth, sheep on a thousand hills—all are theirs. To them a strike brings no fear of want.

But the workers—what do they possess? They are serfs—landless, propertyless. To countless workers, especially to those unprotected by strike benefits, a strike means a table without food, a fireplace without fire, a home dreary and desolate, starvation for their women and children.

And then, a strike settles nothing. Suppose after a hard-fought fight the operatives should be beaten, as I pray they may not be. What would defeat have proved? That they were wrong in resisting the reduction? The masters morally right? Or merely that the masters had once more used the strong hunger-weapon to beat down Labour, rightly struggling to be free?

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A Greater Strike.

Every sympathy I have is with the workers. If equity could be assured by an appeal to the Cæsar of force, they would triumph.

But is it not time they were debating whether lock-outs and strikes be the only way—the best way? I know the textile operatives dislike and distrust the idea of compulsory arbitration and conciliation. Very well. Have they any other alternative to a method of settling disputes which offer famished children as hostages of war?

May we look to Parliament, where capitalism and the vested interests are entrenched so strongly?

Certain it is that if we permit employers to direct State policy they will beat us in the industrial field. Where in your hour of need are the Liberal and Tory rich men, whom so many of you worship, and whom you sent to speak for you at St. Stephen's?

But there is possible a new form of strike and lock-out—successful, militant, far-reaching. Let us strike at landlordism by means of the ballot-box; let us lock-out employers from the House of Commons.

Ah, splendid courage of humanity, not to be dismayed though beaten at every turn and moment of the battle! Valour too common, unprized—scorned by the few whose fight is easy; trampled on and practised on!—"The Life Class."

NEW COLUMN (See Page 452).

This week *THE WOMAN WORKER* starts an Employment Bureau of Accurate Information about Employments

FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

AUTUMN.

Autumn has borrowed from the sunset

sky
A myriad colours for his tapestry,
And wrought them through the woods
all gloriously,
And flung them glowing o'er the hedges
high.

A sweep of purple on the windy hill,
And here and there amid the
amethyst,
A blaze of gold by playful sunbeams
kissed,
Where furze and bracken hide the rip-
pling rill.

And in the morn he hangs grey gossamer
Like finest lace-work 'broidered o'er
with pearls
Across the hedgerow where the brown
leaf curls,
Before earth's early risers are astrir.

And when all-beauteous glows each
glade and steep,
His magic hand sweeps over hill and
down

And turns their glory into sombre
brown,
Lest men should hold his master-craft
too cheap!

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

WHAT FACES MEAN.

If all the Fair Women of Picture-world were brought together it would be made quite clear that the one thing which in a thousand instances escapes the painter is expression. Expression is the morning glory of beauty. A few men in all ages have understood this, Leonardo and the great Italians pre-eminently. It is to the credit of many of the most eccentric "impressionists" that they have wearied of conventional similitude, and striven to give something of the real self of the person whose likeness is being transferred to canvas. These, with Bastien Lepage, have realised that "we must change our ways if any of our work is to live." "We must try," adds that notable artist of whom Mrs. Julia Cartwright has recently given us so excellent a biography, "we must try to see and reproduce that inmost radiance which lies at the heart of things, and is the only true beauty, because it is the life." That inmost radiance! To discern it, to apprehend it, to reveal it to others, that is indeed the quintessential thing in all art.

But the spectator must not only make allowances for the painter of a portrait; he must himself exercise a certain effort. In a word, he must bring the glow of imagination into play, he must let his mental atmosphere be nimble and keenly receptive. He must remember that while portraiture may have verisimilitude of a kind, it can very rarely simulate that loveliest thing in a woman's beauty—expression. He must discern in the canvas a light that is not there. He must see the colour come and go upon the face, must see the eyes darken or gleam, the lips move, the smile just about to come forth, and, if possible, the inner radiance that, in many vivid and fine natures, seems to dwell upon the forehead, though too fugitive ever to be caught, save as it were for a moment unawares.

WILLIAM SHARP.

LADY HEMINGWAY.

"There's a good deal of human nature in him all the same," put in George.

Lady Hemingway looked suspicious. She was not at all sure that human nature was proper: she was certain it was not well-bred: in connection with the artistic temperament it was even alarming.

"Does he write things one could have on one's drawing-room table?" she said. "I consider that it is the true test of a book—would one wish to have it in one's drawing-room?"

"His article in last month's 'Waverley' was beautiful," said her daughter, who blushed painfully after she had spoken.

"Grace reads all the learned Reviews," explained Lady Hemingway; "she goes in for Higher Education, you know. But," she went on, "does Godfrey make much by his writing? That is the point. I know he has his mother's two hundred and fifty, but no one could call that an income. He'll have to marry money—so far as I can see."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't do that," said Mrs. Golightly; "he has very peculiar views about marriage. You see, Constance brought him up almost entirely herself. I think he would marry a girl without a penny, if he took a fancy to her."

"How wrong to bring a boy up with such notions," said Lady Hemingway, "and after her own bitter experience."

"She lived very happily with her husband, you know," said Mrs. Go-

lightly. "I really think they were attached to each other—quite to the end. Don't you find that artists, and musicians, and literary people seem to feel more than those with more—well, more every-day pursuits?"

"Their feelings are always getting them into trouble, I know that," said Lady Hemingway, "and they are generally dreadfully poor. Look at Constance!"

"She never seemed to mind her poverty," said Mrs. Golightly; "she bore it quite happily. Sometimes—it sounds ridiculous—I almost envied her, although I can assure you—but pray don't let it go further—it was very seldom they could afford a joint for dinner."

"She brought it all on herself," said Lady Hemingway; "with her figure she might have married very well indeed. By the bye, does Godfrey resemble his mother?"

The Captain shook his head mournfully. "He's an ugly chap," he said, "but you get used to him—I'll say that."

"Ah!" said Lady Hemingway. "Grace never told me that. She has met him several times at 'at homes,' and at one thing and another. All I could get out of her was that he had a nice voice and looked powerful—which, of course, would apply to a coal-heaver."

"SOME EMOTIONS AND A MORAL."

At fourteen out of the nineteen London theatres now open, the plays are about rich people.

THE FLOWER.

Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed.

To and fro they went
Thro' my garden-bower,
And muttering discontent,
Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light;
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

Sowed it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
"Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable:
He that runs may read,
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed.

TENNYSON.

Labour is at present a gigantic but half-blinkered and rather fumbling power. Speedily this will alter—let there be no misconception as to that; rapidly the improved education of the public elementary schools will tell on future trade union leaders, nay, is telling already.—"Schoolmaster."

THE YOUNG IDEA.
IS IT NOTHING TO MOTHERS?

By Keighley Snowden.

Do you care to know, mothers, what the world's wise men are saying about the right way to shape our children's minds—"to teach the young idea how to shoot?"

Because this week, in London, there has been a Moral Education Congress of all the nations, and a wonderful show of ideas young and old there—ideas tangled like the strong shoots and undergrowth in a forest, and ideas like perishing trees whose "high tops, bald with dry antiquity," will soon lie prone to let the sunlight in.

In our news page there is a little about this congress for the eyes of teachers. But it concerns mothers too. You who are Socialists, at any rate, will want to know what these men's wisdom was; for Socialism expects great things of you.

Well, the wise men are not perfectly agreed. They are not agreed on the way to teach morals, or on the morals that should be taught. They are only agreed that it will not do to teach all the old creeds, or to teach anything in the old ways.

This is what brought them together from the ends of the earth.

Wanted, a Religion.

The fact is that these wise men are in search of a religion.

If once they had one clear, like a revelation, they would, of course, know better what to do. But they are looking for it half-unconsciously; and there is so much wise mistrust of religions (in the plural) that the fact can only be named among them with great caution.

The President of the Congress was Professor Sadler, and he mentioned it in this way:

"You will not, I venture to hope, regard me as passing beyond the limits of my duty if I feel it right to state—with deep respect for the convictions of those who differ from me, and with an earnest belief that we have all much to learn from the practice and criticism of those who hold a view conflicting with our own—that, in my personal judgment, there are certain parts of moral education, necessary to the good life, which are inseparable from one or other form of religious belief."

That is how a wise man puts it. He never rides like John Gilpin, because he carries more weight. But he does not gaze at his horse's ears: he looks along the road.

However, there are wise men who cannot see as far as Professor Sadler. They do not know that it is necessary to have what they are making for.

These hope it may be possible to do without religion altogether. They are trying to agree upon what they call a system of ethics. Ethics is the science of right conduct and character. But when any system of ethics is alive, when it has its own living energy, it is called a religion.

Socialism is such a system, of course. A system of practical ethics.

Now, the plainest sign that these wise men are coming towards it, slowly

but surely, was to be seen in something said by Dr. Foerster, who is Professor of Astronomy in the University of Berlin. He was talking about the greatest truth discovered by modern science.

Science and the Soul.

What is the greatest truth discovered by modern science?

It is not, says Dr. Foerster, that the animal or the plant fittest for any surroundings outlives the others in those surroundings: not "the survival of the fittest." It is a fact known as "the conservation of energy."

This sounds deep, but is not so. It means that there is life—some kind of energy—in everything; and that this energy is not perishable—that what perishes is only the form things have. Science considers animal life to embody energy in a higher form than that we see in plant life, or than light, heat, electricity, or chemical action; and science considers human life, and especially human thought and feeling, to show the highest form of all.

We all knew that, you may say. Yes; but what we did not know till science found it out was that the highest form had developed from the lowest.

See what follows from this. What follows is that education ought to work for the free development of the best human thought and feeling, nothing less and nothing else. Out of all the environments—the surrounding conditions—that have been since the world began, the best human thought and feeling have "survived."

The best human thought and feeling are seen to be, finally, what is "fittest."

"The human soul," says Dr. Foerster, "regarded as the apex of biological evolution"—the highest outcome of all life in the world—"has gradually won, even in the scientific scheme of life, a height and dignity which ever more nearly approximate to the deeper convictions of the old world of thought."

Towards Socialism.

Very well, then.

Socialism says that industrial anarchy does not make for the best human thought or the best human feeling. Ruthless competition is evidently not good for what we call "the soul," the noblest conscious energy in man.

Socialism would put an end to that anarchy; and so it can plan an education on clear lines. No other system worth having can. No other cares for the human soul with entire sincerity.

So the Moral Education Congress, whose wise men do not understand Socialism—yet—could by no means agree upon an ideal of education, let alone methods. It had not even occurred to more than a few wise men that there are too many schools for the purpose, and too few homes. There was hardly a mention of motherhood!

But you will bear in mind that wise men carry weight. Give them time. They are evidently moving—with their faces turned our way.

JULIET'S CITY.

I love Verona, in spite of the fact that it is a fortified town with riverside embankments and ugly fortifications, and a superabundance of military men. There are certain aspects that remain unaffected by modern improvements. Countless palazzi arrest your attention as you pass streets that, being out of the centre of activity, are strangely silent. Here Dante mused on Beatrice, and Petrarch wrote in praise of Laura. Bronze and marble are scattered everywhere with lavish hand, telling of riches that have vanished. One sees quaint churches, massive gates, and stately campanili rising to the blue vault. Beyond that river that runs so deep and many-coloured there are cornfields and vineyards, and the gardens of the Giusti with their century-old cypresses. There are beautiful pictures, too, scattered here and there. Do you remember Girolamo dai Libri's "Madonna of the Lemon Tree" in San Stefano, close by the Ponte Pietra? When I hear Gounod's music, and see "Romeo and Juliet" on the stage, I can summon up pictures of the city that lie beyond the realms of the scene-painter, and my thoughts turn to a house in the narrow street beyond the Piazza Erbe, where they tell us Juliet had her home: it serves for a stable to-day.

There, with evening, the din of working hours dies down, the horses find rest in their stalls, the carts are put away. In place of the fresh-washed linen that hid all the windows round the *patio*, one sees only a solitary lamp burning in a far corner, before a wall-shrine of Mary. In the Piazza Erbe the white umbrella-covers that sheltered the stalls of the market-women from an ardent sun are furled like a yacht's sails in a calm. The piazza itself seems to pass from sight, only the Lion of St. Mark stands dimly on his column at the far end of the square. Men and boys pass silently along the Via Cappello, so closely wrapped in their cloaks that the topmost folds seem to meet the soft felt hats pulled down over their eyes. They might be masked men of the house of Montague, proceeding to the Capulet's ball. Far above them all, in the limitless vault of heaven, the white stars that Juliet saw from her balcony look down coldly upon a scene that has changed much, but not altogether for the better, since a Della Scala ruled. The silence is musical. Travel far and wide, you shall find no city that preserves so much of a spirit and sentiment one would not willingly let die.

"MEMORIES AND MUSIC."

The sculptor whose statues adorn our public squares, the writer who has given delight to thousands, the man of science whose researches have changed the whole current of modern life, purchase no estates and found no families. And how inadequate is the support offered to their widows and daughters!—"Blackwood's Magazine."

WORK FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

This week we start a
NEW FEATURE...
Accurate Information on Training, Openings,
Conditions of Work, Salaries, &c.
See Page 453.

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COCOA
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FEMALE SLAVERY IN CANADA.

By Robina Forbes-Chisholm.

I was telling about the huge day's work of a Canadian farmer's wife.

The hired man lays himself out during hay harvest and threshing times to eat as much as he can, and, generally speaking, he will consume just about four times as much at a meal as the ordinary townsman.

At all these meals, in addition to meat, potatoes, vegetables, pickles, and bread and butter, there must be a variety of fruit pies, biscuits, cookies, and "cakes"—all, of course, made at home. And the cakes are not the plain, solid fruit cake that the English farmer's wife puts on the table, but fluffy jam sandwiches, layer cakes with icing on the top, cream cakes, &c. To an Englishwoman it seems the height of absurdity to see these healthy farm hands stuffing themselves with all this confectionery, which a work-ridden woman has sweated over in a sweltering kitchen when she ought to have been having a few minutes' rest.

Under the strain I have described her health breaks down inevitably.

She lives in a healthy climate; but she has no time for outdoor exercise, and for seven months of the year is cooped up in the impure and overheated air of the Canadian unventilated house.

The Children Rebel.

She struggles on without help until her eldest daughter leaves school at thirteen or fourteen, and can assist her.

But, unfortunately, her girls and boys think and talk of nothing but how to get away from the farm. The girls want to "learn the millinery," the boys to get into a store or workshop, and one seldom opens a Canadian paper without being asked in big head-lines, "How to keep the boys and girls on the farm?"

Virtuous indignation and pious impatience are wasted. "Look at mother!" is the girl's answer.

Mother does get time for one recreation—the making of patchwork quilts. She gets time in spare half-hours of the winter afternoons. Every farmhouse contains numbers of these most unpleasant quilts. They are made from dark-coloured patches of old coats, trousers, and dresses, and interlined with wadding.

The top quilt is generally print; but, underneath, these quilts are quite horrible to English tastes, not only by their oppressive weight, but from the unpleasant sense they give of having other people's old clothes upon one.

But mother must be "economical" and waste no time!

Hired Helpmeets.

The Western farmer often acquires a wife much in the same way as he does a cow or a separator.

Men are still very much in the majority over women in Western and North-Western Canada, and consequently it is an everyday occurrence for a Westerner to advertise for a wife, there being several Canadian papers with big circulations that devote a page to free matrimonial advertisements. These are of the following type:

BACHELOR BILL wishes to correspond with girls not over 22. He would like to get one that is a good worker, with blue eyes preferred. Has no use for them that has bad tempers. Has eight head of cattle, four of them milkers, two teams, six pigs, and forty hens. Baptist.

MAPLE LEAF MAME (age 19), dark, height 5ft 6in. Accustomed to all work around a farm. Would expect her man to be kind and considerate. A tall fellow preferred, one that don't drink. Good hand at butter.

So Bill, after some correspondence with half a dozen girls, sends Mame a ticket to bring her West, as he can't leave the stock to come East. If Mame demurs that he ought to come for her, the engagement is "off," and he comes to terms with one of the other half-dozen.

These young people have no illusions and no ideals as to love and marriage, except, indeed, those expressed in their advertisements. Bill's ideal wife is a good worker and good-tempered. Mame's ideal husband must be kind and considerate, and must not drink.

Love of the poets, congenial tastes, love at first sight—these are undreamt of by Bill and Mame. From their earliest years they have been used to the matter-of-fact mating of the animals; also, in Canada, it is the proper thing to be married before you are twenty-one, and Bill wants a house-keeper (euphemism for servant). It is time for him to "settle down" and make money.

Pure Sweating.

A young fellow once told me he was going to get a woman from the East.

"How much wages are you going to give her?" I asked ironically.

"How much? Why, I'm goin' to marry her."

"Yes, I suppose that's cheaper than hiring a girl to do your work," I said. "You'd have to give her \$16.00 (£3) a month and her board, but if you marry her she'll have to do the whole thing—milk, wash, cook, bake, mend, churn, pick berries, feed pigs, tend children, and all the rest—for her board alone, and perhaps \$20 a year from selling her eggs to make her clothes. So you save \$12 or \$13 a month. That's what I call sweating."

"Aw," he said, "women always make a squeal about the few chores they've got to do."

And that was all I got out of him.

It is recorded that in the days of monstrous headgear M. Leonard, Marie Antoinette's hair dresser, used to boast that he had once dressed the head of the Duchess de Luynes with one of her own cambric chemises. As the Duchess was known never to look in the glass, she appeared at court quite unconscious of what was twisted round her hair.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF ONE'S SELF.

By The Rev. J. EDGAR FOSTER, M.A., Will supply a long-felt want, in furnishing instructions and exercises for the cultivation of the senses, the mental faculties, and the emotions. A work on similar lines has not heretofore been published.

Price 4s. per copy, post free, from the Publisher, J. F. SPRIGGS, 21, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. Circulars, descriptive of above, and Mr. Foster's other publications, sent free on application. Name paper.

P. O. P.

"Pass on Pamphlets" is the title of a new series of pamphlets whose object is to explain Socialism in a simple and attractive style. They are issued every Friday Fortnight, Price One Penny. No. 1. "John Bull and Dr. Socialism," by R. B. Suthers, is now on sale, and No. 2. "John Bull and Dr. Free Trade" will be ready next Friday.

Order with your "Woman Worker."

MERRIE ENGLAND.

By R. BLATCHFORD.

3d., by post 4d.

This is the book that made Socialism a power in Great Britain. It has been out of print for some years, but there has been so strong a demand for its republication that the author has been compelled to submit. Nearly a million copies were sold in less than a year, and nearly 50,000 of the new edition have already been ordered.

A SON OF THE FORGE.

By R. BLATCHFORD.

Price 1s., by post 1s. 2d.

Robert Blatchford ran away from brush-making and went on tramp to London, afterwards to take the Queen's shilling. The opening chapters of this novel are based on his adventures on tramp. The latter part of the book takes the reader to the Crimea War. A simple and moving story told with all the force of a man who has suffered and felt, and is able to voice the feelings of the under-dogs.

COMMON OBJECTIONS TO SOCIALISM ANSWERED.

By R. B. SUTHERS.

Cloth, 1s., by post, 1s. 2d.

In this book the commonest arguments against Socialism are answered with a wealth of facts and figures which must convince. A most useful handbook for those new in Socialism.

THE CLARION PRESS.

44, Worship Street, London, E.C.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR. For Nice-Minded Women.*

I heard an undeveloped young lady say, "I don't like Neil Lyons. He's so coarse." And that set me pondering.

For I happen to know this prolific and keen-eyed humorist of ours, and to have been struck by his very subtle refinement. The young lady meant that it is coarse to write frankly about coarse people—without at least a polite disclaimer or a delicate shiver. She believed that a writer who does this must choose to do it if he were not?

The result of my pondering was that this appeared to me a specially feminine mistake, and not at all disgraceful.

A nice-minded woman's dislike of coarseness is part of her sex morality. With that and loyalty she may keep her virtue. It is a far more real element of chastity than prudence is, and it can exist without a trace of prudishness. It is at the source of a great deal of the uplifting charm good women have, of graces innumerable, and of fine taste itself.

Yet this young lady took a prudish view.

Mr. Neil Lyons has published a book of the coffee-stall sketches which have appeared from time to time in the "Clarion." Critics agree that "Arthur's" is a remarkably truthful book, distinguished by rare powers of observation, live sympathy and understanding, fine humour, and other good qualities of literature. Yet it is a frank book about coarse people. It shirks nothing material, blames none of them, and avows no horror of anything. It makes gay fun of almost everything.

I have no doubt that there are many women who cannot like it, because they do not understand Neil Lyons's mind—his way of looking at life and his thoughts of life as he sees it. But I share the opinion of all critics.

There is no other possible opinion of the book as a piece of literary craftsmanship. There is only this difference in taste.

Let us look at a coarse passage. Arthur's son, Trooper Alfred, being crossed in love, is telling about a conversation with his father:

"'T're, dad," I says, "turn on the advice tap," I says. "I need it."
"Woman, o' course," says 'e.
"Bull's-eye," says I.
"Love," says 'e, "cr—or—the other sorter thing?"

"Love," I says, an' looks at the 'earthrugg. Then I 'ears that fat-headed noise like you was makin' just now, and I looks up, an' there's the old man suckin' at 'is ole black cutty, and chucklin' fit to bust 'isself.
"You're a God-beloved nice offspring-of-a-lady of a father, you are," I says.
'E went on chucklin'.

How does a man of refined taste please himself by writing about such talk between a son and a father, or, more sinister, about the talk of abandoned women and bullies? Not aiming to shock us, either; not even feeling shocked himself, but enjoying what he

*"Arthur's," by A. Neil Lyons. (6s. John Lane.)

writes, because—apparently—of the pleasure that is to be found in any craftsmanship whatever!

Is it not degrading? Is it not the way to break down refinement both in his readers and in himself? For what possible purpose does he choose such scenes but to pander to coarse or evil minds?

These are the questions that a nice-minded woman may ask herself, not understanding.

I answer them because it is evidently impossible to have a perfect charity for one's fellow men and women, a charity large enough to embrace the vilest, unless one has the courage to understand them first. You may have this charity in theory, on some principle of Christianity, or Buddhism, or Theosophy, or what not; you may be charitable to all created beings, and think humbly and kindly of abandoned women and of men like Trooper Alfred as your fellow-sinners; but unless you understand them you will blame them, and shudder at them, and find it very difficult to meet them, and impossible to do anything for them wisely.

But must you not still be shocked? Still shudder? Is it possible to understand, and yet to love them? Can you ever go so far as to laugh with them? Would you not, in that strange case, have fallen to their level?

I do not know. Everyone must answer for herself these personal dread questions.

But I know that, if you care enough, it is your duty to understand. You must take the risk. And Neil Lyons's purpose is not to pander to wretches; it is to help us to understand.

He laughs with his people; and he, at any rate, has not "fallen to their level." But he certainly is not aware of being, or of having ever been, on a much higher level than theirs.

Now, why? For this consciousness of levels is what the old-world morality of self-culture has bred in nice-minded women. The lack of it in Neil Lyons is what they are sure to feel most. Such a lack as his looks like indifference; and not to feel assured that one is a better and higher sort of creature than the company at Arthur's must really mean indifference, mustn't it?

Yes, if self-culture were the sole morality the world had still to boast of. But nowadays we know that the conditions of their lives have much to do in making men and women what they are; and there is a higher morality that seeks to change conditions.

Your dainty shiver is selfish.

Read the scene between two women that follows, and mark the contrast between them, one self-cultured in a superficial way, and the other a girl with a soft heart but no culture at all, who is living with this "lady's" drunken son. It is a scene distressing to nice minds:

I was thinkin' things over like I was tellin' you about, when suddenly the door comes

open with a bang, an' in walks a lady. She was an old lady, but dressed, an' painted, an' powdered no end, with her 'air dyed the colour of bad sherry wine.

"Where's my son?" she says, very sharp. Her eyes shone all different colours, like a cat's, and she pulled 'er dress away from the furniture as if she thought it'd got scarlet fever.

"Freddy is out," I said.
"Very good," she says. "I 'oped he would be. It will enable me to settle matters with you. I shall insist on Mr. Devereux comin' away with me directly 'e returns."

"All right," I says; "don't make a song about it. . . . If I thought you really could get 'im to go away, I should laugh—quite heartily," I says.

"How dare you talk like that of the man who 'as ruined 'is life for you?" says she, flarin' up.

"I didn't lose me temper. 'I'm afraid 'e 'as made a bit of a muck of things," I says. "But it isn't all me. I only darn 'is socks an' keep the razors away from him. 'E used to live with a titled lady as cut 'is face open with a champagne bottle before I led 'im astray," I says. "If you ask me what's ruined 'im," I says, "'it's 'is bringin' up. He isn't a bad boy. Sometimes—when 'e's stony an' the whisky's all gone—he sits an' tells me about Oxford with tears in 'is eyes. 'It's 'is bringin' up that's wrong."

"What do you mean?" she says, very white.

"I mean in the way of motherin'," I said. "I mean that the lady of title—yes, an' the French girl before 'er—was more of a mother to 'im than you," I says, "when they was sober," I says.

"You dare to talk to me like this!" she says—"me, who clothed an' fed an' educated 'im!"

"I nursed 'im—when 'e—'e was a baby—meself," she said slowly.

I looked 'er straight in the face. She turned the colour of 'er 'air, an' 'id 'er eyes like a thief. But I didn't tell 'er she lied.

"Then says she: 'I love 'im!'"
"R!" I said. . . . "But 'ave you ever 'eld 'is 'ead when 'e was drunk?"

Then she screamed an' called me a name.

No, you cannot do wrong to trust Neil Lyons. These things must be faced. He may leave you at a loss how to cure them; it is not a story-teller's business to argue; but you will be compelled to feel more kindly than you did to human nature at its worst, and you will learn much about the conditions that bring it low.

Then, indeed, nice-mindedness may help us all.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

MEN'S GRATITUDE.

How poor in love our life must be,
And what ado,
If all eternity
Be due
To recompense its shabby bankruptcy!

Ah, claim of men the heaven you make
For men on earth,
And, for your sweet eyes' sake,
Be worth
The promise eyes have made since first
Love spake.

For earth were heaven indeed if you
But bade men live
As if their love were true,
And give
Their joy in love to glad the earth
anew.

MARIANNE LAD.

A well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses' serpent that swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians.—ADDISON.

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XXVII.
Bridegroom and Best Man.

Jack Darbyshire's wedding was very unlike his droll foreshadowing, though sufficiently merry in its own way. Jack himself was the soberest person who had to do with it, and his friend behaved like a practised master of ceremonies. They set out for Nottingham on Friday afternoon to sleep at an hotel there; for the risk of missing his train had been Darbyshire's one worry. Belying their prognostication, Ireton had "made no bones" of giving them a day off in addition to the bridegroom's summer fortnight, which began with the wedding-day.

The journey had its little diversions. When they were seated in the train, face to face, the best man realised the bridegroom's happiness so keenly that he hit him hard in the chest. The bridegroom, who was looking pensive, rallied with a good deal of spirit, and any strong-minded old lady who had chanced to travel in the same compartment would probably have stopped the train. They ended the mock combat in opposite corners, Enoch with his hat-box, Jack with a new portmanteau.

That sufficed for a time, the day being warm. They let down the windows, put their caps up on the racks, and spread themselves—the bridegroom with a certain elegance that Enoch much admired in him, though in nobody else.

Still the best man was restless. He had to look out of the windows in order not to smile too often at his friend. When their eyes met he always said something—by way of developing the great idea of which their minds were full already. When he remarked, "Tomorrow morning, old man!" or, "We shall remember this!" the smile became a broad grin. Darbyshire smiled back at him, but with a steadiness glistening in his blue eyes that impressed Enoch somehow as pathetic, and went on twirling his wonderful fair moustache.

The carriage filled, and they put on everyday looks. When, at Sheffield, they were left alone again, Darbyshire, as the train started, was betrayed by a sense of relief into kissing his hand to some ladies on the platform. He had a slight blush after it, and said apologetically, "Last time;" nevertheless for the next twenty miles or so they signalled every girl who looked their way.

It was only at Nottingham that Enoch began to think him lukewarm: nervous, of course, the intrepid Darbyshire could never be!

First he did not care to go out after tea and walk about the town; and next he brightened up extravagantly on seeing the bill of a music-hall. They spent a couple of hours listening to depressing songs, music-halls being then at the stupidest; and they went up to bed quite early.

Enoch was thinking, "Ten hours—only ten; and not really more than three, for we sha'n't be awake." But he did not announce the calculation. As they undressed in a double-bedded room he was positively daunted by Darbyshire's quiet mood, and had begun

to wonder what his thoughts were. Was Darbyshire quite sure of being happy? The eve of marriage, he reflected, must be an awful thing to those who were not sure—like the time of summing up in an Assize Court. He pondered on the recent case of a distracted girl, somewhere in Hungary, who was said to have screamed out in strong hysterics at the altar, lost her wits, and died within twenty-four hours!

When the man who jocularly called himself his mother's pride and joy knelt to say his prayers, Enoch's appreciation of his character, as well as of his mood, was rectified with a shock. He had not suspected Darbyshire of prayers; and there he knelt in his nightgown, like a boy who has not left home.

Enoch hurried into bed and tried to make no noise in getting in, so Jack might think that he, too, had been at his devotions, if he had kept them short. But the sudden tax upon his self-possession, and the reminder that, with him, the whole matter of mere beliefs was an open question, startled him like some precipice in a mist.

Darbyshire put out the gas, made himself snug between the sheets, and presently spoke across the darkened room.

"Good night, old man," he said. Enoch would have liked to talk. "Good-night," he answered; and it sounded so bare and poor that he added hardily, "God bless you!"

"Thanks," said Darbyshire. An hour later they were still awake. The street lamps lighted up the window-blinds and made streaks of light along the ceiling. Enoch's cogitations had passed from grave to gay at the recollection of his duties on the morrow as Jack had sketched them, and he chuckled now and then.

"Can't sleep?" Darbyshire asked at last.

"I'm thinking of that halo," he replied; and, rising upon his elbow, he observed with discrimination that this was a great time.

"Night before the execution," said Darbyshire, motionless. "Wonder how the dear little girl feels! . . . Must make her happy."

"Why, you old duffer, she's bound to be happy."

"Think so?"

"Think! I'm sure she will."

What had come over Darbyshire, any way?

"Little tiny house, you know," he said. "No money worth speaking of, though they give me more now Pame's gone. Sha'n't be at home too much, either."

"Jack, you're morbid!" Enoch cried. "It's that ghastly music-hall."

He threw the clothes off and sat up on the edge of the bed, with some notion of making a diversion. Two girls at this juncture would have been in each other's arms; but Enoch could only argue.

"What does it matter," he said, "when you love each other? If you'd a fortune, wouldn't you give it away just to be you, now?"

"Blue it like a lord."

"Very well, then! . . . I'm going to dance;" and he began to execute a slow burlesque of one of the music-hall "turns," moving between the other bed and the windows. Darbyshire sat up instantly; young Watson was enjoying himself, and that was funny.

"I say! New entertainment!" he cried. "Silhouettes, by the Inimitable Watson, Silent Song and Dance Artist."

Enoch took a sheet from the bed and improvised even stranger attitudes. "Ray-ray-ray-ray-ray!"

Darbyshire was the music-hall crowd and drummed with his heels on the mattress. "Hengcore! Brayvo! Whe-e-e-w!" He whistled shrilly with his fingers.

Loud knocking on the floor from below, and angry cries from the next room! It had to cease. But when Enoch's bed had been made again, and they had talked awhile, sleep came at unawares.

They slept without dreams, and healthy sleep in youth is death to care. Darbyshire sprang out of bed as he cried "All right!" to the peremptory loud summons of Boots. The room was softly alight with early sunshine, beams of it and vague reflections playing through the blinds; and Enoch, not so wide awake yet, saw him look at his watch and then stand listening, elate.

"Best man!" he called, "get up and pinch me. Is that a peal of bells, or am I overjoyed?"

Positively there was a confusion of faintly distant bells in the quiet air.

Enoch cried "Hooray!" and leaped from his bed in turn. What bells? The bridegroom shook his head at the best man's joy of quick credulity. No matter; it was Darbyshire's wedding-day. Great omen!

Darbyshire began to dress with alacrity and care. He said: "Of course, you'll do the ringers well. Blow the expense! Noblesse oblige, my boy. Hope you've not been stingy with the evergreens and little flags either. A mean triumphal arch looks bad. How do you like the red silk socks, young Watson?"

The socks were only to be characterised in superlatives.

"Also observe the neat lavender bags with the faint blue stripe."

"Great!" said Enoch. "They're like mine, you know."

"So they are. Good old bells! Local band, I trust; conciliates the populace. What a day, though! Let's have the merry blinds up."

The sky was one arch of blue, and Enoch raised a window to let in the morning air and a little more of that fine clamour.

The critical business of dressing, because it demanded some attention, made him conscious of the day's excitement as if he held his breath. He was ready first, to the flower in his coat; and Darbyshire, still shaving, seemed to him to have been engaged with brush and razor and strop for twenty minutes. Whether or not they had coffee before the cab came, and when or how he paid the bill, were things he could not afterwards remember.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
Great Moments.

They were set down beneath a lofty church; and its austere dignity, the absence of any show of life thereabouts, and the bells that murmured still from

a distance, were sobering things. A shadow from tall enclosing houses covered them, and only spire and pinnacles were bright.

The cavernous church seemed empty. Behind a pillar of the south aisle, however, they surprised a little yellow-skinned man.

This official, whom Enoch of the Non-conformist past identified as a chapel-keeper, and Jack in a whisper called "the curator, the lay curate," wore a high stock, propping up lean and pursy cheeks; a long, old-fashioned coat with a collar still higher at the back; knee breeches, and very flat shoes. Caught fumbling with a big red handkerchief, he nodded quickly—they understood that out of deference he postponed the wiping of his nose—and forthwith waddled round and up the central aisle before them. Enoch saw a dissembled snuff-box in the palm of one of his hands, and warmed to him for Macdonald's sake.

Arrived at the altar-rails, he nodded at the front seat on the right, and waddled away. Nothing could have been more encouraging in such surroundings. It assured them that what was to follow would keep the course of nature.

Now let the rites begin! But his shuffling footfall ceased to whisper echoes, and the musty chill and gloom of the place began to search their cheerfulness.

They did not sit down. Jack took his gloves off, looking pale, and drew himself up in the manner, Enoch thought, of a soldier to be presently shot by a picket. However, he responded to the smile in Enoch's eyes, and said with extreme good cheer, "She must be on the way, dear boy."

However a long silence reigned. The clergyman came hurriedly out into the chancel, and disappeared immediately. Some loiterers clumsily pushed in, attracted by their cab; and curiosity as to the kind of dear little girl his friend had chosen began, in Enoch, to prevail over strange emotions. He forgot to talk.

At last! A rustle of silk trains, and with it the creak of a gentlemanly pair of new boots, divided attention with the priest, who advanced to the altar-rail in a manner to play the principal part; and he stood awaiting his own cue blankly.

Jack was presenting him to the bride. He raised his eyes upon a shining, mystical vision, and caught a smile—sun gleaming in mist—as he made obeisance to it. Two small sisters of the bride beamed and curtsied without affectation in gratitude for fine bouquets he had sent from Merchanton; and then their father shook him by the hand with a respectful cordiality that seemed to exceed his merits.

This gentleman was a stout little man, clean shaven and tightly fitted into his clothes; a gentleman with serious eyes but a certain prim alertness and self-indulgent ease that belied them.

The clergyman softly cleared his throat; the bride and bridegroom faced him; and after a seemly pause they were addressed as "Dearly beloved." The solemnisation was beginning.

It came upon Enoch—heard by him for the first time—with an awful impressiveness.

True, his ear was alert for unconvincing old passages, and caught at words

that begged all questions for him. Yet the greatness of what was done, the excellent merit and delight of it, at one point uplifted him. That was when, after the grave and plain exordium, his friend was directly challenged: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

Dear old Jack and the beautiful unknown girl stood side by side, and the arrest of Enoch's faculties made them seem alone in the church; and Jack listened motionless, and said in an altered voice, "I will."

So, briefly, he vowed his life. Then, with no abatement of terms, but with an added rigour, the question was being put to her while her wreath trembled. Jack did not turn his head, but he let it fall a little. Her answer was faintly clear; somehow it sounded like a bird's inquiring note in the stillness after rain. And the tenison ceased with it.

Enoch caught his breath on a sob. But the bridegroom was looking to him for the ring. He gave it hurriedly, as if by delay he might impair an incantation. First, however, there had to come the surrender of the bride by her father; from which it seemed that the answer "I will" was not taken as a giving of troth. "Wilt thou have?" meant "Art thou minded to have?"

Alas! what it is to be hypercritical. Confused, Enoch saw their hands joined, and heard them prompted with the words that plighted them indeed; and he missed the former sense of solemnity.

Besides, what happened gave him a start. The rubric directs it so, but is not often followed strictly. He saw Jack place upon the priest's book not only the ring, but a half-sovereign and a half-crown. He had them in a little pile, which he deposited without any sound of money passing; and the priest, raising the book, nodded with a countenance unchanged. The ring was returned that Darbyshire might place it upon his wife's finger, but Enoch did not see what became of the money.

It was a trying moment.

(To be continued.)

A SINGER.

How soveranly she sings, as though her voice
Had taken the ether captive, and the air
Lived on the linked enchantment of her tones.

Like to a covert nightingale she nests,
Continuously carolling unseen
Whileas one halts to hearken. All the place

Seems magical with music, and there is
A bland and delicate texture in the air,
Which the unsounding shuttle of the winds
Hath woven into velvet.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

A wilderness is rich, with liberty.—
WORDSWORTH.

THE MODERN PHYSICIAN

By Dr. Andrew Wilson.

The measure of a woman's value is the measure of her health. When health has gone hope has gone; and when hope has gone all has gone. She is therefore a wise woman who regards her own health and the health of those who look up to her as the highest good, and who is determined to understand intelligently all that appertains to a due regard for the body in health, in order to guard against and to relieve the body when its functions are deranged by disease. A good work of reference on Health and Medicine—absolutely up-to-date in its diagnosis and treatment of every troublesome symptom—saves its cost over and over again in doctor's bills before it has been in use for a month. Such a book is

The Modern Physician,

by Doctor Andrew Wilson, who has been assisted by a large staff of men and women physicians. Descriptions of every part of the frame will be found in "The Modern Physician"—the skeleton, muscles, digestive system, heart and lungs, brain and nervous system, organs of sense, skin, kidneys, and the body's microscopic structure will be found duly described and illustrated. The "mankies," or dummies, are especially useful in this regard; in these the organs are made to overlap each other exactly as they occur in the body. These descriptions are written in the very clearest and simplest language. Special attention is devoted to Hygiene, otherwise known as preventive medicine. Such topics as food, beverages, air exercise, clothing, sleep, baths, &c., being treated very fully from a health point of view. First Aid and Ambulance work has a most useful section fully illustrated; and the inquirer can refer herself to this work with confidence on any or every occasion of accident or emergency. It is, above all, practical, and it is absolutely up-to-date. Dr. Andrew Wilson's name is a guarantee of this.

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You can scald or boil a blood-stained handkerchief, using any ordinary soap in the old-fashioned way, and rub on the washboard until the skin's off your knuckles without budging the blood stains.

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will do it. Isn't it worth trying?

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THE WOMAN WORKER,
OCTOBER 2, 1908.

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS, with which stamped addressed envelopes should be enclosed, may be directed to THE EDITOR, THE WOMAN WORKER, UTOPIA PRESS, WORSHIP STREET, E.C. Care will be taken to return declined MSS., but the Editor cannot accept responsibility for their loss or damage.

Letters having reference to Advertisements or other business should be directed to THE MANAGER, at the same address. Cheques and Postal Orders must be crossed.
Telephone, 340 Central.

The Last Word.

The Editor desires to inform numerous correspondents that she is attending a Conference on International Labour Legislation in Switzerland, and will therefore be unable to reply to their letters until her return early this month.

The "Paper Box and Whitewashing, Bag Maker" devotes the leading article in its current issue to the ignoble purpose of whitewashing the notorious Corriganza Works, and of misrepresenting the women workers. In another part of the paper it publishes the inaccurate statements made by the firm concerning the arbitrator's award; but, although I have searched carefully, I cannot find the arbitrator's repudiation of those statements!

It is a practical illustration of the value of a paper like THE WOMAN WORKER. The facts affecting workers which the capitalist Press find it convenient to omit get publicity here.

A timely letter from Mrs. Home Life Annot Robinson appears in the "Manchester Guardian." She points out that there are over 400 women in Manchester registered as unemployed, and from personal investigation she knows that many of them are in a pitiful plight. Some of them are going without food. Some are homeless, driven to find shelter in common lodging-houses when they can get the necessary coppers.

These women have struggled bravely to earn a respectable living by offering their labour-power for sale. Nobody wants to buy it. They will be tempted on all sides to sell their bodies for the price of bread—the uttermost degradation of womanhood.

Yet the Manchester Corporation, with all its keen desire to find work for the unemployed men, has given never a thought to the awful position of these women bread-winners.

Do you want to preserve More Municipal the sanctity of home life, Workrooms. and the purity of our women workers, you respectable city councillors?

Then, in the name of common sense, adopt Mrs. Robinson's suggestion, and open workrooms at once!

Some of these women could be usefully employed making clothing for the

shivering little children. Some could prepare food for the hungry people. Others could wash clothes. There are thousands of men, women, and children in Manchester wearing dirty clothing—so dirty that it must be hurtful to their self-respect. I saw thousands of men in Stevenson Square on Sunday afternoon who have been degraded by dirty clothes—they looked as though they lived in kennels.

Poultry-farming, too, is Why not not only useful, but is Poultry Farms? excellent work for women to do. Go into any farming district and you will find that the women of the farmstead feed the fowls and collect the eggs as an incidental part of their manifold duties. But our administrators are so haphazard!—and so ignorant of, or indifferent to, the powers they possess under existing laws.

To start a poultry-farm it is not sufficient to get the land, stock it, send the women down, and then wait for them to muddle the whole thing till it becomes a public scandal. A certain sum of money would be needed for instruction, and a great deal of intelligent effort would have to be made to find a market for the produce.

That there is an extensive market is proved by the fact that we import £50,000,000 of dairy produce per annum.

The Swiss In Switzerland the Central Government are very Method. much on the alert for indications of local activities, and if they find a group of workers in any particular canton who are capable of producing a greater quantity of commodities than can be sold locally, they arrange that the surplus shall be sent to the Governmental distributing department, and a market is found for it in some other district.

The Central Government also co-operate with the cantons to provide training centres for the workers.

Joy of Work. In the beautiful little village of Meyringen I saw a school for wood-carving; it was fitted up with sets of wood-carving tools, and the youths of the village who showed any aptitude for the work were encouraged to practise. A competent wood-carver was there to give advice.

I saw four little lads at work in a room by themselves. They might have been at play, they looked so eager, so absorbed.

They had just the right sort of wood and the right tools with which to turn out good work, and they had the certain knowledge that if they became competent their work would be not only beautiful, but remunerative.

Canker of Rust. We cannot all do beautiful work. Much of the necessary work of the world cannot be made attractive. But with proper organisation of our labour power we might at least win the assurance that it is worth while learning to be capable, competent workmen and women—that at any rate those who are willing and anxious to work shall not be allowed to rust and starve until they become unemployables or criminals.

The Chairman of the The White Chariton Board of Plague. Guardians gave some appalling facts to the Poor Law Conference last Saturday concerning the great white plague of phthisis, in which he traced its connection with poverty.

He had investigated thirty cases in the Charlton Union Hospital. Eighteen of these cases were directly traceable to poverty. Casual labourers they were—exposed to inclement weather, insufficiently warmed and fed, and with no proper accommodation for either washing themselves or drying their clothing. They "catch colds," and the seeds of this terrible disease are nourished by the very struggle these bread-winners make to obtain employment.

It is horrible when one knows that this misery and disease are preventable. The health authorities have the power to build sanatoria, and to take other steps necessary to assist the unfortunate victims in the incipient stages of the plague when a cure is possible. Instead of which there appears to be a conspiracy of neglect until the victim is past help, and then he is sent to the workhouse to die.

I am glad to know that The W.L.L. the Women's Labour League is giving serious attention to administrative bodies. Capable women can find plenty of useful work to do in stirring up boards of guardians and local councils to use all the powers vested in them against this great poverty problem, the root of every other industrial problem whatever.

The Wise Professor. It seems we do progress in ideas. The great Congress on Moral Education has almost unanimously condemned the system of rewards and punishments in connection with education.

Professor Bayot wisely pointed out that "every system of education which reposes on punishments and rewards, whatever they may be, appeals to fear and vanity. If it sometimes gives good results from the point of view of the scholar, it has disastrous effects from the point of view of morality."

What is Education? The purpose of education should be to draw out—to develop—the latent faculties of the child, and the reward should be the consciousness of progress.

"The will of the child should be enlisted on the side of order and obedience. The 'contrariness' of children is largely the result of unintelligent failure of respect on the part of the teacher for the reasonable desire of children for self-expression."

These words of wisdom may well be taken to heart and applied to "children of a larger growth"—by Trade Union and Socialist propagandists.

MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

Exact instructions as to "How to Get Old Age Pensions" are contained in a penny pamphlet with that title, written by Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and issued by the I.L.P. Publication Department.

The Employment Bureau

Conducted by Pandora.

As on all sides girls and women are rushing into the labour market, it is well that they should have clear ideas and precise knowledge concerning conditions of work, the necessary training, salaries, openings, &c.

It is by no means easy for them to get reliable information in these matters; so many people who offer advice have their own axes to grind. Agents anxious for fees are inclined to take rosy views; training schools and colleges, largely dependent for their existence on the number of their students, are naturally enough not likely to under-estimate the openings in the particular branches of work for which they train their pupils. Those who are seeking for satisfactory employment are often utterly perplexed by the different views taken by different registry offices to which they apply for information.

Accurate Information.

In this column I propose to give accurate information concerning the conditions of educated women's work.

I have studied this subject for many years past, and have been brought into close personal contact with working women of all professions. I have nothing to gain by exaggerating the advantages of one profession or depreciating those of another. I am in the happy position of being able to afford to tell the truth; so my readers may depend on the honesty of my opinions.

I believe that certain employments much praised in certain quarters offer no real livelihood to the working woman, and by this term I mean the woman who is really dependent on her earnings. On the other hand, there are certain branches of women's work which are at present much neglected.

These I shall hope to bring before the notice of my readers.

Scope of the Bureau.

This column will deal with all matters of interest connected with the educated woman worker. I shall tell her how to train, how to save, how to live, how to spend her holidays, how to be nursed, &c. I shall be happy to answer questions of any kind bearing on these and similar points, and I hope my readers will supply me with matters of interest connected with educated women workers all the world over.

TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

IV.

Going home from business, you pass several newsagents' shops. How many show at their doors the contents bill of THE WOMAN WORKER?

Every contents bill, shown for two successive weeks, will on an average bring two new readers. If it is not displayed, ask the newsagent of whom you buy anything to display it, and repeat the request until he does so.

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.

B. E.—Will gladly read your article, but there is no reviewing work to give out.

F. M. G.—Sorry to say "No," but these things are not just what we want.

Mrs. WELDON.—Alas! we cannot help you to fight this one case. There are so many worse tragedies!

COMM. F. E. W. writes to point out an obvious slip in G. Maidstone's article. 24,000 miles "thick" should be read 24,000 miles "round."

E. A. PLATT.—Whether or not Daisy Lord is allowed to receive letters we do not know. But if you write simply to comfort her, making no comment on the course of the law, we cannot think that the letter will be kept back.

Thoughtless Women Clerks.

Dear Editor.—The National Union of Clerks (65 and 66, Wool Exchange, E.C.) is doing grand work in a vigorous campaign against the ever-increasing tendency to cut down the wages of those who depend upon clerical work for a livelihood.

But, apart from the fact that the question of sex rivalry has to be faced, there is also the disturbing attitude of the non-unionist, which, in clerkdom, counts for a great deal.

Every morning train arriving in the City brings with it a bevy of nicely-dressed, bewitching young ladies, who, having mastered the mysteries of type-writing and shorthand, wend their way blithely to all sorts of offices at all kinds of salaries, good, bad, and indifferent.

The reason that these thoughtless damsels take their place so gaily in the labour market, already too overcrowded to be comfortable, is not far to seek. The non-unionist young ladies, one and all, have a great, big hope in their hearts—that their office existence will be brief, and by and by their respective Prince Charmings will claim them. They will then retire into the blissfulness of private life and live happy ever after.

How to arouse women to see that they have duties to the labour world at large, as well as to their own circles, has ever been a huge problem. The younger generation must have it constantly demonstrated that they are either helping or hindering other brothers and sisters, who are perhaps not strong enough to stand up against the terrible strain of an unfair and fierce competition.

However, the National Union of Clerks is valiantly fighting, as its banner says, "with the workers of the world"; and we can but wish it success to cheer it on its by no means easy way.

MIMI.

Daisy Lord—A Moral.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I have signed the petition for Daisy Lord's release, and in a case of this kind I think a girl has the sympathy of every man worthy of the name.

But I want you to look at it broadly. It is impossible to fight against human nature; therefore we must look for the cure, or make a law that it is not illegal for a girl to have a child when unmarried. Honestly, a working man cannot afford to get married in this competitive age. If he does the result is life-long misery in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred. Therefore we have many Daisy Lord cases.

It is the system and the conditions we live under that are responsible for such deeds as hers. Once make it possible for a working man to marry a woman and give to her some of the good things that are enjoyed by the rich only, and they will cease to occur.

Would you think it possible for me to have

200 customers in my shop and the takings be about 30s. in butcher's meat (under 2d. a head)?—Yours sincerely,

W. R. FOWLSTONE.

Sheffield, Sept. 19.

Ladies in Revolt.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—May I, as a reader of THE WOMAN WORKER and a member of the W.S.P.U., suggest that the whole subject should be looked at from a purely business point of view?

At meetings organised by the W.S.P.U. it is only natural to claim a clear field for the sale of the official organ, "Votes for Women," which advertises the objects, meetings, &c., of the Union as no other paper can, however excellent and sympathetic in tone. (Bear in mind that every WOMAN WORKER sold to the general public would mean one less copy of "Votes for Women.")

Reverse the case, and I think you will agree that the organisers of a Women's Labour League meeting would seem somewhat disconcerted if a Suffragette sold "Votes for Women" there to the detriment of the sale of THE WOMAN WORKER. That the leaders of the W.S.P.U. were unduly stringent in this matter is unthinkable. No one realises better than they the need for women of all ranks to unite, if ever our political freedom is to be won.—Yours faithfully,

A. G. HEWITT.

40, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, Sept. 25.

The Thin End of the Wedge.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—It grieves me to see such letters as that of Ray de Jong in THE WOMAN WORKER, breathing bitterness and distrust of her sister women born in happier circumstances than her own.

It is not true that we "fine folk are again working for our own interests against the people." I am confident that the great bulk of women who are working for Women's Suffrage have in view the wrongs of the working woman before any other "interest," and if, in public, we parade the "no taxation without representation" side, and maintain that it is she who pays rates and taxes that should first have the vote, surely it is obvious that this is solely because that point of view appeals to the majority, and is likely to gain us our point.

But it is only the thin edge of the wedge; and I have good authority for saying that the Suffrage, on the same terms as it is now granted to men, would enfranchise 80 per cent. of our working women.

Is that to be counted as nothing? Is it to be called "a political trap"? If so, it is certainly a trap by which Adult Suffrage may eventually be carried through, though it is dangerous to assert this publicly. I can assure her that Conservatives and Liberals alike regard the woman's claim to a vote as a step leading towards a fuller extension of the franchise.

As an ardent Socialist and worker in the woman's cause, I feel hurt at such an unjust, uncharitable, and suspicious letter. I thought women were learning to trust and lean on each other!—Yours faithfully,

MARY L. PENDERED.

The Fold, Belhinge, Herne Bay, Sept. 26. [Our correspondent is mistaken. It has been estimated by the I.L.P. that 80 per cent. of women ratepayers are workers. This is a very different statement.—Ed.]

Votes for Women—as Women.

Madam,—Suppose two adults went into a baker's shop to buy a penny bun each, and the shopkeeper gives the bun to the man,

FOR EDUCATED WOMEN WORKERS

A writer versed in the whole subject of the Employments open to Educated Women Workers begins this week (see page 453) a

NEW COLUMN OF ADVICE.

but takes the penny from the woman—and refuses the bun? This would be robbery. Yet it is done every moment of our day's life.

Women pay rates and taxes, obey the laws of England, and yet are refused the power to make the law—imprisoned if they don't pay—but get no bun! Why? Because women are fools, and men are knaves.

At the foundation of democracy, it is the people who should govern; yet man is the top-dog, while woman is the bottom-dog, and the strife between the sexes is greater than the strife between the classes—for the working man can revolt, as he represents the mass. If the working man would but rise he could sweep the classes from the land, but he won't!

It is but knaves work to ask the women to wait for Votes for all Women. Men only obtained the vote in groups, and as men have it women want it. Votes for some women is equivalent to Votes for all Women, and the real must be secured before the ideal. What we must seek first is Votes for Women as Women.—Yours sincerely,

N. G. BACON.

350, Mansion House Chambers, Sept. 26.

Women Workers and the Movement.

Dear Madam,—May I say a word in answer to the letter signed "Nellie Best" in your issue of September 25? One sentence in it greatly distresses me.

The writer says: "Unless all women workers force themselves into the Suffragist movement," &c. Here, clearly, is some misconception. She little knows how cordial and how cheery is the welcome awaiting her and every woman worker in the land who will come and join us. Let them test it by coming on any Thursday evening at eight o'clock to our weekly meeting at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W. (Dorset Street entrance). I do not think they will be other than pleased with their reception—and I know that by their presence they will be giving real pleasure to us Suffragists.

Mrs. Best asks further, "Do we wish to debar servants and laundresses?" No. Indeed we do not. But they are often debarred themselves by lack of time, and by their own intense weariness, poor things, after their long day's work, from coming to our meetings. Many and many a laundress and factory worker and charwoman is with us in the spirit, though the claims of her daily work make it impossible for her to take any active part in our movement.

Personally, I always think of myself as the delegate of many such women.—Yours faithfully,

AGNES A. KELLY.

(Women's Social and Political Union.) Westminster, S.W.

A New Occupation.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—In this week's number of THE WOMAN WORKER there is mention of "Menderies" in Glasgow, where women out of work may obtain temporary employment.

Perhaps you will allow me to call your attention to a system established in Zurich to deal with old clothing. There are centres to which all old clothes, furniture, &c., is sent. At these centres men and women can obtain work in converting them into really useful articles; tailors, boot repairers, needle-women, and others can be employed in renovation. At the end of the day's work the worker may have his or her earnings in kind or in money.

The articles, properly repaired, can always be sold to people who cannot afford first price.

Our present system of jumble sales is insanitary and demoralising, the garment purchased being often dirty and unfit in every way. Surely we women could organise a similar system to this in Zurich?—Yours very truly,

LOUIE A. DAVIDGE.

Blackheath, S.E., September 27.

Several good-looking young women, wearing long brown holland blouses or overalls and working bareheaded, are employed as an advertisement by a well-known bill-posting firm in Paris.

OUR PRIZE PAGE. SHORT STORIES.

HIDDEN GENIUS.

We are always hearing of the great unrecognised artist. Poet, novelist, painter, or musician. Which are you?

If you "feel in your bones" the fire of genius burning; if you feel you might, could, or should write a short story—on any subject of your own choosing—and if you send that story to us, and it is not more than 200 words in length, the author of the best shall receive one guinea as a prize.

Address to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, 44, Worship Street, E.C., and do not be later than Wednesday.

and dying men. How the haggard faces of the sufferers brighten at her approach!

Softly, with gentle words and smiles, she passes from one to another, moistening the parched lips, smoothing the tumbled pillows, never wearied, never complaining. Rugged men stretch forth their wasted hands to touch her garment as she passes. Boys cling to her as they would to their mother at home. And hoarse voices, more accustomed to cursing, than to praying, murmur, "God bless her."

And God did bless her. If the prayers of countless thousands may be called a blessing, she is blessed indeed.

LILY BELPHOR.

Lady Jane Grey.

My favourite heroine in life has always been Lady Jane Grey. As a child I wept over her fateful history, and I think its influence has never left me. Beautiful and accomplished, in her early life ruled by severe parents, forced into a marriage to which she had an aversion, and to a Crown for which she had no taste, this gentle lady's life was full of sweetness and piety.

Her behaviour during the terrible ordeal of her trial is said to have been worthy of the most unbounded respect and admiration. She heard her doom pronounced with the utmost calmness, and whilst her attendants were overpowered with grief, turned and bade them be of good courage and shed no tears for her sake.

The most persuasive eloquence of the priest could not shake her faith; and, whilst awaiting her own summons to the scaffold, she watched the cart return with her young husband's body, saying, "I shall meet him this day in heaven."

To me she stands alone in English history, and her beautiful and pious influence makes itself felt when reading her life, even after 350 years.

(Mrs.) RUTH STENNING.

Tufnell Park, N.

Julia Dawson.

Who is my real-life heroine? Whom but Julia Dawson? And why? She is my ideal because she is always ready to champion the cause of the "bottom dog," to cheer the lonely, and in fact to help all. No matter in what direction help is wanted, whether it be one or many oppressed, Julia is there carrying all before her.

Such courage she has that nothing daunts her, and it is hard to imagine anything falling that she sets her heart on accomplishing. She is so lovable too, and there is so kindly a tone running through all she writes, that we not only love her, but she arouses love and sympathy in us for all mankind.

Who has done more in our movement to encourage us to make home beautiful and to lessen the labour of our lives, so that we have more rest and leisure to enjoy the beautiful? Long life to her and Love bless her!

It's so hard to say just why one loves her. She is so womanly—that must be the secret. And just to shake her hand some day will be real happiness.

"Love her? Well, I guess I do— Love her mighty fond and true; Love her better every day; Dunno why. It's jest her way."

MAY CRAWLEY.

Hastings.

WORK FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

This week we start a . . . NEW FEATURE . . . Accurate Information on Training, Openings, Conditions of Work, Salaries, &c. See Page 453.

Mother.

There is only one "best." All others take second place.

I think I can see her now, working the fingers to the bone over the wash-tub, or straining her eyes till they smarted with the pain of it all over the "fine sewing" that meant food and shelter to four fatherless bairns. A little old lady, lonely at heart and long past the hey-day of life, yet with the soul of a lioness within her breast, and the industry of a Hercules in her efforts to "make ends meet." A good woman of clean life and simple faith, and a "Great-heart" in her love for the little ones left under her care.

It is good to know there are many such in this weary old world of ours.

Their names are not written in public archives, and their fame is like that of the violet, modestly hiding its head under the green leaves in the mossy bank; but the fragrance of their lives—how the perfume of it clings to the old home even when the place itself is left untenanted and bare!

Need I write more? Conjure up from the tablets of memory the one woman whose name has been imprinted there in indelible ink by loving words and deeds from the day when you first lay in her arms until she left you for the land of morning, and you will discover the greatest real-life heroine one ever knows—the "little mother." (Mrs.) J. PROCTOR.

Stockport.

Marie Spiridonova.

I shall not penetrate into the past for my heroine. I cast my glance at the present time and here I see my heroine. She is Marie Spiridonova.

Her little figure is brimful of vivacity. Her eyes! What determination, courage, tenderness is expressed in them! What deed could be nobler, more human, than hers? In this age of egoism she stands high above her fellows, a rare type.

A daughter of affluent parents, she sacrificed the life of ease and luxury which could have been hers. But to her noble character such a life did not appeal; conscious of the misery and degradation in which so many of her fellow-creatures exist, she gave up her life for their sake.

She stands as the champion of human right, and is ready to suffer, ay! and to die for its realisation.

Yes, she is my heroine. Would that there were more of her kind! I want to see everybody fighting for brotherhood and freedom; then the ideal she so bravely champions could not be far distant.

J. PRESSMAN.

London Fields.

Frances Willard.

It is no single act of heroism which places Frances Willard foremost in the ranks of noble women, but a life-long heroism which she performed with untiring energy, undaunted courage, and unflinching hope.

Born in such a position that her life, if not luxurious, might have been one of sheltered comfort, she chose to face the fierce light of publicity at the call of the poor and the downtrodden, and having once put her hand to the plough never looked back.

Her noble work in the cause of temperance should endear her to all women, whose special mission is to safeguard the interests of the home and the child. The enthusiasm with which she advocated equal political rights for both sexes at a time when the idea was treated more scornfully than is the case now claims for her a peculiar homage from her own sex.

Beautiful, cultured, truly womanly, where could we have found a more fitting advocate? No woman has more cheerfully sacrificed herself; no woman has placed before us a higher ideal of true womanhood; nor has anyone been more absolutely loyal to her sex.

With the inspiring thought of all that her ideals and efforts mean for the uplifting of woman, shall we not gladly subscribe to the opinion that

"None have more truly garnered fame?" (Miss) MARY HULLS.

New Holland.

Talks with the Doctor. Complaints & the Law.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NORA.—The bleeding of your gums may be due to a number of causes. Do you use a toothbrush every day? It is a good thing to brush teeth with camphorated chalk powder in the morning, and with bicarbonate of soda before going to bed. If the teeth are covered with tartar, have them scaled, as the bleeding is very probably due to a little inflammation of the gums set up by deposits. On the other hand, the bleeding may be due to general disease. If you suspect anything wrong, let me have fuller details as to your general health. Probably, however, the trouble is purely local. Glad to hear you are pushing the paper so vigorously.

K. O'SHANE.—It is advisable to engage a doctor now, and put yourself in his hands for examination if necessary. Most of the troubles and dangers of labour can be avoided by a skilful doctor, if he can get at his patient sufficiently soon before labour is expected. Of course, in the ordinary course of events—as is to be expected in your case—there is nothing to go wrong with ordinary care and proper medical cleanliness. Putting yourself in a doctor's hands is, however, an insurance against even the out-of-the-way troubles which may arise. Treat the nipples by scrupulous cleanliness and applications daily, in the evening, of dilute spirit. Whisky will do.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Stomach trouble such as you mention is quite enough to account for the rise of temperature. Possibly your little girl would benefit by leaving out most of the starchy foods in the diet, particularly potatoes. You might tacitly discuss this possibility with the doctor. I regret I cannot advise a book on diet; those which are useful are too technical, and those which are simple unreliable. I am sure if you suggest an annual contract with your doctor, on the basis of his being paid to keep you well, he will consider the matter and probably make a definite proposal.

EDYTHA.—Have your ears been properly examined? If there is no wax in the ears, of which I feel sceptical, it is worth having the ear-drum examined by a specialist, either at a hospital or at his house, according to your means. A small perforation in the ear-drum might account for all your symptoms. If in doubt, do not begin violently syringing the ears, as that might cause injury.

S. H. K.—Your sedentary occupation is evidently very bad for you; but, having got into this condition, the only thing to do is to consult a doctor and insist on a systematic examination.

M. A. F. (West Norwood).—Undoubtedly the disease from which you are recovering has a great deal to do with the condition of scalp and hair. Such frequent washing is not good. Get the chemist to make you up a mildly stimulating lotion with spirit, ammonia and cantharides in it, and use it regularly. I presume your general health is being properly attended to?

A. W.—A hair lotion similar to the one prescribed for M. A. F. would suit you. Wash the hair once a fortnight. Gently but thoroughly rub the head all over every night. Have the hair cut to suit your usual method of wearing the hair. Wear soft hats. Expose the scalp to open air as much as possible. If your general health is below par, attend to that, and get quite well again.

H. A. (Hawley).—Get your spectacles tested by a qualified medical man who makes a speciality of eye work. Eye strain is the probable exciting cause of your headache, the underlying cause being your general run-down condition. Don't worry. Take tepid baths daily. Wear light woollen or cellular underclothing. Don't be satisfied to let things slide unless your appetite and zest in life keep up to the mark. Use a douche of just warm boric acid solution (one teaspoonful of powder to the pint) night and morning.

X.Y.Z.
Dr. Nelson, resident surgeon at the Hull Dispensary, has been dismissed for giving expression to Socialistic views. They were not the views of the Dispensary Board.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ZEALANDIA.—The husband can will his own property away as he likes, but any things of his wife, of course, belong to her, and she is entitled to them. As she left him of her own accord many years ago, I do not see how she can now claim any maintenance against his estate.

TROUBLED.—You do not say whether you have an agreement in writing. If the land is clearly included in the letting of the house, then, so long as your agreement subsists, the man who comes on the land let to you and builds on it is liable to damages; but I fear that the land was not included in the letting to you, and that you only had the house, in which case you have no remedy. If your agreement is a monthly one, and you pay your rent monthly, you should give a month's notice if you wish to remove.

MARATHON.—Your husband cannot bring any proceedings in respect of anything that the judge may have said, or that the solicitor or witness may have said, during the course of the case. It certainly seems very hard that your husband should have had to pay 14s. 6d. when no money was advanced to him, and I do not quite understand the decision.

"Free Speech" in California.

Socialist Women in Gaol.

Four Socialist women of Los Angeles have been spending the warm days of July in the gaol of that city. This, for speaking on the streets of Los Angeles—the City of Angels. All the leading newspapers of the land—ALL—have published accounts of the arrest of the little women and the immunity of the big men, and are commenting on it unreservedly.

In the meantime, the "little women" are doing a good stroke of agitation work for the Socialist movement. They are advertising the Los Angeles movement as it was never advertised before, and are creating sympathy where it never before existed. A daintily gotten-up "At Home" card sent out by them reads as follows:

"Mrs. Dorothea Johns, Mrs. Bertha M. Dailey, Mrs. Alice V. Holloway, Mrs. Helen A. Collins will be 'At Home' in the city gaol, where they are temporarily staying for exercising their right of free speech as guaranteed by the constitution of the United States and of the State of California. Friends will be welcomed Thursdays and Sundays from 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. from July 14 until further notice. No refreshments served. Those unable to attend are requested to send regrets to A. C. Harper, Mayor of Los Angeles, California, or the police commissioners."—"The Socialist Woman."

Two Lady Candidates.

The impending election at Hampstead to fill the vacancy on the London County Council caused by the death of Mr. John T. Taylor will be run on novel lines. It is understood that the Moderates may nominate for the vacancy Miss Susan Lawrence, but, if not, some other lady. The Progressives also propose to run a lady candidate, Miss R. E. Lawrence or Miss Balkwill.

This will be the first by-election since the present Council has been in office, and the nomination of two lady candidates will make it specially interesting. Until the Qualification of Women (County and Borough Councils) Act of 1907 was passed, ladies were disqualified from service on the London County Council.

It is interesting to recall that at the first County Council election in 1889 two ladies were elected—Lady Sandhurst for Brixton and Miss Jane Cobden for Bow. But Sir Walter de Souza and Mr. Beresford Hope put the law in operation and had them removed. Mr. Beresford Hope then secured Lady Sandhurst's seat without a contest, and Miss Cons, who had been elected an "Alderman," retired as a result of the legal difficulty created.

FOR POOR MOTHERS.

II.—New Stockings for Old.

When the feet of a pair of stockings are so worn that they cannot be darned, a poor mother, by looking carefully at the foot of a sound stocking and following the directions below, can make an old pair as good as new.

Cut the worn soles and heels from the stockings (great care must be taken in doing this), leaving the upper part of the foot as perfect as possible.

To make a new heel go on cutting up the leg on each side as far as necessary; the distance can be measured from a sound stocking. Round the heel a little at the back.

Then cut the sole for the stocking from some old leg; round the toe, and stitch in, keeping the seams flat—and you have a comfortable new foot on the stocking.

Of course, in cutting off the soles you should have followed as closely as possible the outline of the join. I am supposing the stockings to be machine-made articles, with seam down the sides, not the centre of the sole; but in the other case you would have had to manage without following any lines.

To keep the seam as flat as possible when stitching, make plenty of use of the thumb to keep it pressed down.

Some fine darning run inside the heels and toes will always prolong the life of a pair of stockings, "holey or unholey." I hope this is plain; but, if not, write to me. I shall be glad to answer any questions.

EDA BERLON.

The courage of women is often of an exalted order. Once let the "weaker" sex face a crisis—I care not what that crisis may be—once let a woman know the worst, and she will be at her best. This courage extends even to the vicious side of female life, for I do not think women ever confess to crimes. Men have done so quite often, but I do not remember to have known or heard of a woman doing so.—Dr. DABBS in "Fry's Magazine."

KNITTING FOR PROFIT.

A PAIR OF SOCKS CAN BE MADE IN

20 MINUTES ON THE AUTOMATIC KNITTER



Knits socks, stockings, and all kinds of garments. We supply you with work to any distance. TUITION FREE. Machines for Cash or Easy Terms. Full particulars and Samples from— W. W. AUTOMATIC KNITTING MACHINE CO., 83, Southwark Street, London; 55, Oxford Street, W.; 192, Upper Street, N.

GEORGE'S MOTHER.

By A. Neil Lyons.

I was hungry. And I went into my favourite depot of the Alphabetical Bun Company, and sat down at a table. And I waited. And I waited.

Presently another waiter came along—a female one. She passed me hurriedly, flicking a duster at the pepper pot and speaking breathlessly. "Glass o' milk?" she said.

Of course, I did not want a glass of milk. Do I write like one who drinketh milk? What I wanted was tea and muffins. And when the waitress whizzed by again I interrupted a non-stop run to tell her so. "Tea and muff, one!" gasped that lady, and with a snap and a whirr she was gone again.

When, finally, my tea appeared, it turned out to be coffee. And the muffin was a crumpet.

"This is wrong," I said. "What you ordered," said the lady. "But—"

"Oh, all right," responded the lady. "We needn't have the hist'ry. Change it if you'll make your mind what you do want. I—why, bless my gracious, it's—it's you!"

"Yes, Phoebe," I answered in a reproachful tone; "it is I!" "Fancy you settin' at this table," said Phoebe. "And all in the dark, too!"

"Funny," mused Phoebe, "that I never knowed you by your voice. Feel sorter stupid to-day. To tell the truth, I got the 'ump." "George again?" I ventured. "What do you know about George?" demanded Phoebe.

"Only what you've told me." "Then," said Phoebe, not exactly with logic, "jest you mind yere own business."

"But it is George, isn't it?" "You think yerself clever, I suppose. Only it isn't George. See? It's George's mother."

"Isn't that the same thing?" I queried mildly. Phoebe pondered. "If anything," she said at last, "it's a little bit worse. It ain't your business. But I'll tell you."

"Before I begin to explain the thing," pursued Phoebe, "I'll get you to answer me a question. Who is the best judge of my corsets, me or George's mother?"

"You," I said decidedly. Phoebe has a charming figure. "That's what I should think," assented Phoebe. "I may be wrong, mind—not belonging to a Ruskin society and all—but that is my opinion. George, he don't agree with me. But did anybody ever get George to agree with anything? He's got a splendid mind and all, we know. But that don't help him to agree with things. Except his mother says them. He agrees with his mother sometimes. I can't help wonderin' sometimes whether he's right in his head."

"Is it a sign of insanity then," I demanded facetiously, "to agree with your mother?"

"Not in particular," admitted Phoebe. "But—but it's a sign of something funny to agree with George's mother. Listen here. We went to the theatre, see? The Court Theatre. It's the theatre we always go to, because

George is learning to be intelligent. Shall I agree with his mother, d'you think, when he's done learnin' me? She believes that England is the lost tribe of Israel, she does. And she believes in red flannel and lettin' your hair curl natural. This going to the theatre and reading Hall Caine and all—will it learn me to agree with George's mother?"

"When we came out of the theatre, George he took me to a restaurant to divide a sandwich and watch the other people have something to eat. And there was two young gentlemen which looked across at me rather moon-faced, same as those sort do when they have had a hair-cut and a coffee. And George, he says to me: 'I do not blame the young gentlemen,' he says.

"And I told him certainly not. 'The one to blame,' I says, 'is the waiter for givin' them real port.'

"Then George says, 'Hem!' which is his signal for bringin' mother into it. 'The matter which I was referring to,' he says, 'when I referred to blame, was the style of your dress. Mother don't approve,' he says. 'You are too elaborate in your dress.'

"I kept me temper. 'Not being a person of brain,' I said, 'nor president of a debating club and all, I am ignorant,' I said. 'But I would like to know how ever anybody was able to do anything right in the world before your mother came into it.' I kept me temper.

"So he told me I was disrespectful, and had ought to feel ashamed. 'My mother and me,' he says, 'we are only trying to improve you for your own good.'

"Where does the good come in?' I asked him. 'In everything,' he says. 'We are making a lady of you.' 'Will it make a lady of me to dress like your mother?' I asked him. 'It will make a less noticeable and vain young person of you,' he says. 'And shall I have to do me hair like your mother?' I said. 'It will be more becoming than your present style,' said George. 'I call it loud the way you do your hair.'

"But I have to do it on me head the best way I can," I said. 'Your mother's got such an advantage,' I says, still keeping my temper. George didn't see my meaning. He's full of mind and that, you know; but he isn't a quick one at seein' things.

"Even to the figger?' I asked him. 'Why not?' says George. 'Mother and me we both have noticed that you wear those abominable things called corsets. My mother strongly objects,' he says. 'She despises such things.' It isn't half amusing, is it, when a feller tells you his mother despises you. But I kept me temper. 'And must I imitate her style of eatin'?' I says. 'And make the same noises?'

"That's how it is," concluded Phoebe, "that I've got the 'ump. Wouldn't you get the 'ump if anybody was to haunt you with their mother like that?'"

"Under such circumstances," I responded, "I would strangle anybody. Didn't you strangle George?"

"I kept me temper," answered Phoebe. "I told him that his mother

might be very refined and all, but there's one thing she made a failure of,' I said, 'and that was her son. Both in looks and manners,' I said, and with that I left him. I'd have lost me temper with him if I'd stopped."

"And what shall you do about it?" I inquired. "Are you—breaking it off?"

Phoebe blushed a little. "Well," she replied, "I don't look on it as so bad as all that. George is all right reely—if it wasn't for his mother. And I'm going to work this little jibe on him, of course. I think he'll have a shock when he sees me, don't you?"

"Why?" I inquired. "Well," responded Phoebe, "just look at me."

I looked. It is quite a pleasure to look at Phoebe.

"WHY?" I reiterated, upon completing this ceremony. "Just look at me figger!" exclaimed Phoebe.

"It is a delightful figure," I said. "Whatever George's mother may say about your cors—"

"Fool!" exclaimed Phoebe. "I haven't got on any corsets. That's the joke. Look at me fringe."

I thought the fringe most pleasing. I said so. "And me mittens!" squeaked Phoebe. My attention being drawn to those objects, I saw at once that she was wearing them.

"How very quaint! How very charming!" I cried in genuine delight. "Quaint!" echoed Phoebe. "Charming! Why, you silly man, I'm supposed to look a fright. I've dressed myself in mother's style on purpose to disgust him. I've even got a fishoo on!"



Food for Health & Beauty

The body is built up out of the food we eat and the air we breathe. This is literally true.

The custom of meat-eating is the cause of many diseases: it is revolting to the higher instincts, and involves cruelty to the beasts and the degradation of those who work in slaughterhouses and in canning factories.

Nuts completely take the place of meat, being more nourishing, and entirely free from disease germs. When ground in the handy nut-mill we supply they are easily digested.

Our 52-page Booklet tells you all about NUTS and how to use them

in making simple, everyday dishes. It also gives details of many other natural health-giving foods. (And health means beauty.)

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Geo. Savage & Sons,

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THE DISTRESSFUL CITY. A Picture of Cottonopolis.

By Daisy Halling.

The atmosphere of the distressful City of Manchester is electric with the cumulative effects of the cotton lock-out and the unemployed riots, and through it, per wireless telegraphy, a message travels to the Government, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Sombre-hued Cottonopolis has colour added to it, the paint-brush of the policeman's baton, the paint the colour that dyes the people's flag. Police batons have been used against defenceless men, women—and children. There is an increase of trade in the infirmary. Nearly thirty persons, good, bad, and indifferent—there is absolute equality of opportunity under the police batons—have already been treated. Trams are held up, windows are smashed, shopkeepers are ordered to close earlier than usual, women, fainting with fright, are in danger of being trampled to death.

No Joke.

Facetious young gentlemen intimidate nervous young ladies by shouting, "Look out, the unemployed are coming."

The unemployed have been a long time coming, but this time the unemployed have come. And society's sewer-lights have ventured out into broad daylight to make history. The wolf of hunger slinks about the streets with sharpened teeth; some of the "mob" carry mysterious pre-historic-looking implements that can hurt, and there are ugly rumours of soldiery afloat.

The police endeavour to keep the devil's army always on the move. Constables adjure them to "get about their business," overlooking the fact that they have no business to get about, which is the whole trouble. Women on strike peer adventurously out from the murky bye-lanes off Oldham Road, vaguely waiting, looking like living symbols of the death's head and cross bones, with their pallid, drawn faces and skinny gawky arms crossed over their breasts.

This is the beginning of winter in a Christian land, where men kneel and pray.

Sops of Charity.

The rusty paraphernalia of charity has been bundled out in alarm, as fire-engines are called out when fire is raging. It is being furnished up by kind-hearted, short-sighted, constitutionally ridiculous persons, who administer philanthropic opiates in the form of dinners, suppers, and beds, and adjure their victims to keep away from "the fuz" like nice good unemployed men.

I see them weep over this unemployment crises. I wish we could make them swear at the cause of it instead.

Exquisite mental callipers draw fine distinctions between the "deserving" and the "undeserving." The aristocrat who owns some orange boxes and potato sacks and such-like handicraft furniture, is favourably compared with the "dossier" whose ranks he will

shortly join. The police know the "dossers" from the—er—ordinary human beings by their smell.

There are unemployed women, too—400 names on the Labour Register. Some of these, rather than submit to the indignities of the casual ward, walk about the streets all night. . . .

The Corporation.

Town's meeting was held on Thursday to consider the problem. In the Town Hall the frescoes and pictures were boarded over in anticipation of a raid; but the deputation of the unemployed, which included Fleetwood, their leader, and McDaren, secretary of the I.L.P., were given a fair hearing, so the raid was averted.

Resolutions were passed in favour of taking a census of the unemployed in Manchester, of finding work for all, and of the Council applying for powers to use the profits from the trading departments in relief of unemployment. In short, the fine old pieces of furniture who constitute the reactionary forces did their best to discover in the present system some undiscoverable means of coping with the situation. The Council is doing its utmost.

Work for a 1,000 in a week. Item, remuneration, 11/3 per week. This is the Council's utmost.

After the Town's meeting, driven by the police from Albert Square, we were borne by the crowd to Stevenson Square. Fleetwood spoke from a lurry. I commandeered a cab for platform. The square was a mass of faces of hungry, angry men, who murmured of such things as "Going to see what Mr. Lipton has to sell."

A Crusade.

The great Anti-Poverty Crusade started on Sunday. Magnificent meetings at the Free Trade Hall and the Regent Theatre, Salford (I'm glad it was in a theatre). Some of our speakers stated that we don't ask our opponents to accept Socialism, we ask them to abolish poverty and unemployment.

What will the answer be to this? Newcastle omnes, "Tariff Reform." N.W. Manchester, omnes, "Tariff Reform." Omnes ad lib., "Tariff Reform."

The Grayson-Hicks debate in Manchester on Socialism aroused enormous interest. Can't we have a national one? Anyone the Tariff Reformers choose to meet one of us in debate on "Socialism versus Tariff Reform as a remedy for Poverty."

And may I suggest to Christian supporters of the Empire who intend to tax their digestions and spend as much on festivities for Christ's birthday as usual, and to send "Happy Christmas" cards all over dismal England in the coming awful winter of 1908-09—ushered in, as they have seen, by starvation and riot—that they should append to these greetings their ideas, if they have any, of what would constitute an "unhappy Christmas"?

HEALTH IN THE MEAL BAG

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

food that does not clog

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

THE FOOD FOR WOMEN WORKERS,

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

Thousands are finding health and strength in

"ARTOX"

PURE WHOLEMEAL,

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

A "CLARION" reader writes:

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

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

SEND TO-DAY

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



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

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

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

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Millers,.....ROTHERHAM.**

HOME NOTES.

Edited by Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

A good thing for you, my few but faithful friends, that daughter of mine is awarding your weekly prizes, for it is one of those inevitable days which come tearing in with a

Wind of Wild Revolt.

You know them. At least, I hope so. A prison-pent day, when a passionate desire for some real beauty to come into life consumes your very senses. A day when you want an aeroplane which, with one long, delicious, airy-fairy flight, will waft you to some distant land where the green earth is glad.

Or any land, so it be distant.

Your soul longs for some enchanted city, where the streets are narrow, the buildings high and steep, roofed or gold-domed; a city in which life teems under a red hot sun, but which has doors to its heart leading to fountain-cooled gardens, where trees throw off purple shadows in whose depths you may rest and sleep while the birds sing your lullaby.

Or, failing that, to some Welsh

Mountain Fastness

like that I lately left. Oh, the hills, wine-warmed with heather and gold with fading bracken. Their tips were aflame where the blue sky bent and the sun pressed his good-night kiss!

For these things on this day I pant, as the hart of the Psalmist did for cooling streams. Instead of which I look up at a row of pots and pans on a paper-covered shelf, and, like the boy who only had one little friend and hated him, I hate them. I do, indeed.

Not that I allow them to worry me much personally. But I see in that row of black pans on paper-covered shelves the prison-pent lives of practically all the good and useful women in the civilised world.

Victor Grayson, the fiery young Socialist M.P., says we have no right to say to anybody "Good morning; it's a nice day," or "a fine day," while girls like Daisy Lord are in prison and starving men and women walk like spectres through the land. We ought to say, "It's a rotten day."

Well, I'm sorry for Daisy Lord, and have tried to do one woman's little bit to help her. I am sorry for the starving and unemployed, and ready to help them as far as one woman can; but I'm sorry also for those women whose horizon is

Bounded by Black Pans,

and who spend their lives, solitary, in kitchens and sculleries, worrying how to make the bare bones of yesterday into minced meat for to-day.

Much as I loathe the factory system, it scores in some respects above sculleries. In factories at any rate women meet with their kind, and have intercourse with many varieties of human nature. But, chained up in sculleries and kitchens, with tether just long enough to reach the stocking to be mended and no longer, their lives are bare and starved as the pickled bones they put in pots.

Do let us revolt, my dears. We ought to, because living like that is right up

against all the best interests and attributes of human nature.

Can any of you tell me how we can begin to make a change? Ought we all to have separate houses to "keep," think you?

It does not seem to be a credit to our intelligence that we have stood so many generations of house-worry and not got ourselves relieved of one single little domestic duty. Or if we have got relieved of two or three, like spinning, weaving, and baking, we have made up for them by adding twenty others.

How Can We Simplify?

How escape? We shall never be emancipated until we do. Never know how to use votes, or read books, or grow flowers, or make music, or paint pictures. Never know how to do any thing as well as men do.

I have purposely said this to bring on my devoted head your righteous wrath—or anything else save those pots and pans.

I want to urge you, with all the urge that is in me, to help me to help you and me to do away with some of our domestic drudgery, so that we can have our lives wine-warmed as well as the hills. Why not?

Room now for Dorothy.

HINTS & RECIPES.

Every week I am going to give one of my own proved recipes in addition to those sent in by readers, and would like to make a new rule that in future all recipes sent in must, if not original, at least have been tried and proved by the sender.

MACARONI CHEESE.—This dish is easily made, and has the advantage of being just as good warmed up: 4oz butter, ½ pint water, 3oz macaroni, 4oz flour, ½ pint milk, 3oz grated cheese, ½ teaspoonful dry mustard, seasoning. Put the water in a pan, and when boiling add the macaroni, broken into short lengths; boil gently till tender. The macaroni should absorb all the liquid. Take out the macaroni, and make a sauce with flour, milk, and seasoning, then add the mustard, half the grated cheese, and the macaroni. Mix well in the pan, turn into a pie dish, sprinkle the rest of the cheese over, brown in front of fire.—Dorothy Worrall.

Preserving time is upon us, and we all know how tiring it is to stand stirring, stirring all the time, while there are a thousand and one things waiting to be done, so the

5/- Prize

goes to Mrs. Whittaker, 33, Charles Street, Nelson, Lancs., for telling us how we can leave the pan for a while without fear of the jam getting burnt.

WHEN PRESERVING FRUIT.—If you rub the preserving pan with a piece of buttered paper it prevents the jam from burning at the bottom, and also helps to clear it.

EGG FOR AN INVALID.—Break the egg into a plate, and stand the plate over a saucepan of boiling water, until the white is set.—Mrs. Francis James.

LEMON MARMALADE.—Put seven lemons in a saucepan of cold water, boil until tender. Take them out, and remove pips; then chop the lemons. Take 1 pint of the water in which the lemons were cooked, and add 2lb of white sugar; boil for half an hour; then put in lemons, and simmer gently for an hour. This will make 4lb of preserve.—S. E. Loftus, Ryde.

SAVOURY HARBICOTS.—Soak ½ pint of beans all night, then boil till soft, adding a small piece of fat. Soak 2 tablespoonfuls of tapioca for ½ hour. Put all into a pie dish with a little parsley, thyme, salt, and pepper, and add the water in which the beans were boiled. Put some bread-crumbs on top, and grate a little cheese over them. Bake till it is nicely browned. American butter beans are much better than even the giant haricots, and are just as cheap.—Ruth Mills.

IRISH PUDDING.—2oz flour, 2oz bread-crumbs, 2oz raisins, 2oz currants, 2oz suet, 2oz sugar, rind of half a lemon, ¼ teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, enough milk to mix it. Steam for three hours.—Mrs. Lister, Leeds.

EXCELLENT PLAIN CAKE.—8oz wheatmeal, 4oz sugar, 3oz butter and lard mixed, 1 teacupful sour milk, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, a little spice and candied peel, pinch of salt. Mix dry ingredients, melt butter and lard, dissolve the carbonate of soda in the milk, and stir all together. Bake in a moderate oven.—E. Brooks, Poulton-le-Fylde.

AFTERNOON-TEA CAKES.—1lb flour, ¼lb dripping, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, ¼lb currants, 2oz fine sugar, 1 egg, a little milk, nutmeg. Make into light dough with the beaten egg and milk. Roll out into thin cakes. Bake ten minutes in brisk oven.—Mrs. Mason, Ardwick.

ONION GRUEL.—Slice four medium-sized onions, boil in one pint of milk. Stir in a little oatmeal and salt, boil till onions are tender. This gruel is excellent for colds.—Mrs. Watson, Glasgow.

NICE FOR BREAKFAST.—If there is any boiled fish left over from a meal, remove all skin and bones, add salt and pepper, moisten with an egg. Beat up the whole well, then make into small patties, dip in bread-crumbs, then fry in boiling fat. Sprinkle chopped parsley over them, and serve.—Helen Henderson, Partick.

FRUIT SOUP.—½lb barley, ½lb prunes, 3 pints cold water. Wash prunes thoroughly, put into water, boil gently for two hours, add a very little salt. This soup should be wine-coloured. Do not use an iron pan.—Helen Henderson, Partick.

A prize of five shillings is given every week to the sender of the best Home Note (not necessarily a recipe) to Dorothy Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Workshop Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. WINTER.—I think you will find this recipe a good one for preserving tomatoes: Skin the tomatoes, put them in a pan, adding a small cup of salt to each peck of tomatoes; let them boil until all the hard pieces are thoroughly cooked, then put into screw-top, air-tight bottles.

NEW READER.—It takes from four to five hours to boil a large ham. DOROTHY.

If you come to think of it, the prospect of a broadening stream of progeny going down into future time illimitably is attractive with a certain splendour.—"The Life Class."

Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., contributes a preface to a book entitled "Women in Industry," to be published by Messrs. Duckworth. The subject is treated from seven points of view by as many writers. Miss Gertrude Tuckwell writes on "The Regulation of Women's Work," Miss Adelaide Anderson on "Factory and Workshop Law," and Miss Clementina Black on "Legislative Proposals."

... NEW FEATURE ...

Educated Women Workers, to whom Accurate Information on Openings, Salaries, and Conditions is so necessary, should constantly consult

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

See Page 453.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Chill October, my chickabiddies! Stern winter close upon us, and the "holiday month," about which you chattered so charmingly, but a golden dream. Back at school—where, as little Jessie McQueen says plaintively, you do so much work—you are, perhaps, like Noel, "thinking mournfully that holidays pass all too quickly."

Ah, yes! Happy times do pass quickly.

But you must remember that Time the Taker, who bears away our joys so swiftly, is also Time the Bringer. He whisks off with your summer holidays, and while you are bewailing his unkindness—whizz-zz-zz! go his chariot wheels, or whirr-rr-rr! his wings (you may picture him as you please), and, hey, presto! before you know where you are, or where he is, he introduces to you Father Christmas, and Santa Claus laden with joys and toys for girls and boys, and you say, "Really, I think the Christmas holidays are the best of all!"

And do you know that all holiday would mean *none*?

Yes! That sounds queer, my dears; but—the people who are not compelled to live a life of service, and are too foolish to choose it, don't find "holidays pass too quickly." Their days drag so slowly that they are always trying to invent new ways of "killing time."

Shadow and sunshine! Night and day! Work and play! "So runs the world away," my dears. And only those of us who work can play truly.

Thought-Trains.

If, in the meantime, there should be dull and dreary days, when you feel very Octoberish or Novemberish, thinking regretfully of bygone "helter-skeltering"—then you may go on excursions to the hills and vales and moorland of your Dreams, and find them still aglow with summer sunshine.

Trains of thought will carry you *anywhere*—though there is always a delightful uncertainty as to the When and the Where being just the Where and the When you intended.

You may think of going round the world, skimming over its surface—and the next moment you are in the very heart of the earth, where gnomes are storing mines with treasure.

Or you may purpose a morning call on the sirens, and a gambol with the sea-babes in Neptune's Realm—and you find yourself travelling on the Milky Way to visit the Man in the Moon; who will be very polite to you, and show you through his marvellous Museum if you show him your excursion ticket.

The Was and the Is-to-be.

Softly and smoothly run these trains on invisible lines over the Himalayan Mountains, across the Great Desert, through mysterious "forbidden cities" of the East, out to the icy stillness of the North Pole.

Backward and forward, too, in Time, as easily as in Space; so that you may visit the "Palaeolithic," or any other of the periods—if you do not find their names too alarming—and accompany the Queen of Sheba to the magnificent Court of Solomon, "where gold was nothing accounted of," or take part with ancient Britons in a Druids' festival, or with Britons of the wonderful

time a-coming in a happier merry-making, unstained by blood of sacrifice, unshadowed by fear.

A Mother's Darling.

Why, not long ago I travelled thousands of miles in space, and more than two thousand years in time, to caress and play with a bonny, brown-skinned baby on the banks of the Nile.

How did I get my ticket for that journey? By looking on a swathed and shrivelled mummy, labelled "Child of three or four. Time of the Ptolemys."

Ah! one could fill many Pages, dears, with what one sees and learns in the train set moving by the sight of that badly-shaped, brown, wooden doll—for so it appears at the first glance—which more than twenty centuries ago was a dainty, dark-eyed darling whom the tender mother-clasp enfolds.

The curious thing about these trains is that you do not catch them—consciously. They catch you; and you suddenly find yourself in one, and wonder how you came there, and what station you entered at.

Why, since I began this Page, I have had a flying trip round the British Isles. I have visited most of the important cities of England, many of the smaller towns, and the seaports. I have journeyed "by Killarney's lakes and fells," to "Glasgie" and "Edinbro'toon," to the "Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon," and to the verdurous vales of winsome Wales.

Biddies and Pats.

And I have just been considering how I got my ticket for that train.

I had glanced on the first sentence, and in it was the word "chickabiddies," set down unthinkingly. And I thought, "But you children are not *all* girls." Some of my most delightful letters come from "boys of to-day" (and of yesterday, and the day before). And my boys are not "self-satisfied and conceited," Miss Maud, and must not be left out in the cold.

So I said to myself, "Now, is the masculine of Chicka-Biddy Chicka-Pat?"

And Myself said to Me, "Even so, you will still be wrong—unless all your letters are from sons and daughters of Erin."

And then the train bumped, having run over a distressful fact. For, while delightful "Women Worker" children have written to me—letters quaint, sweet, or amusing—from all parts of England, from Scotland, and from Wales, not a line have I had from Patsy and Norah!

Arrah, then, my darlins, where are ye! Here am I, a Home Ruler, an adorer from childhood of the bards and heroes of the Emerald Isle, and never a single spray of shamrock in the garland my children weave for me!

Roses and Rue.

"H'm!" says the Snark, in his most irritating way—oh, yes! I am perfectly aware that is not grammar, but only double superlatives can express his unpleasantness—"if the children weave your garland of their national emblems, roses (with thorns), thistles, and leek, it will be surely a painful and malodorous crown."

He is as fond of polysyllables as you are, dears.

But you are sweet and considerate. The English roses have never a thorn; and my Scottish lassies and laddies send me, not thistles, but the bonnie purple heather; and from the sedate and sensible little Welsh damsel came "rosemary for remembrance and pansies for thoughts," while not from one of you have I had a single leaf of rue.

That, I find for myself when I come to award my one prize.

Soothing Syrup.

Do those of you who win neither prize nor publicity feel your labour wasted, I wonder?

It is not so, dear. You may all carol joyously the Village Blacksmith's "something attempted, something done."

Have you not gained something in the trying? Your eyes were observant, your brains alert, through your play-time, as your essays on "The Holiday Month" show. And as for me, why, your letters bring me not flowers only, but rousing tonic, healing balm, soothing syrup, just whatever at the moment I need most. They are much more effectual "Cure-Alls" than Biled Beans, Pallid Pills for Pink People, or any of the widely-advertised panaceas for all human ills.

Helpful little suggestions come to me, loving messages for myself and "the members of the Staff," encouraging commendation. And I would like to print them all, but that pencil-wielding wizard will not give us the whole paper!

Pills.

And then, when you have all gladdened me, I make but one glad while disappointing many.

If I were only like Mr. Holdemite, now!—the gentleman who wishes me to make my Page a pill-box labelled "Moral Instruction Pills. To be taken every Friday," and would not allow even a teeny-weeny spoonful of jam. He would think one happy prize-winner one too many, and would preach the rest a beautiful sermon on "The Discipline of Disappointment."

And if any of you do not know the meaning of "discipline," I will not tell you. You will discover it quite soon enough. How often when I and nineteen other little girls were being painfully shaped after one pattern—how often was that sermon preached to us by teachers who took care that we never lacked such "discipline"!

Jam.

And I thought then, as I think now, what a pleasant place the world might be if as much time and trouble were expended in making people happy as is wasted in trying to make them *good*—through the discipline of specially-manufactured unhappiness.

A-ah! What a bump! The line is blocked, my dears—by a blue pencil. And I have not arrived where I intended. But as the station in sight is "Making Others Happy" we *might* stop at a worse place. PEG.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Interplay," published by Methuen, is a deeply-interesting study of a modern girl breaking away from old-world circles.

THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

THE NEW PETERLOO.

Police Let Loose in Manchester.

In 1819 a great meeting held at Manchester to demand the franchise was dispersed by soldiers, and eight people killed. This is known as the Peterloo massacre.

Last week a company of police with batons charged a quiet crowd on less provocation, and bludgeoned many. There had been rowdy conduct elsewhere by hooligans, taking courage from the unemployed demonstration; and Chief Constable Peacock took it upon himself to order this charge in Stevenson Square. A child and a woman of sixty were among the injured.

A Teacher's Experience.

A Manchester teacher, Mr. Hudson, speaking at the Conference of Assistant Teachers in Manchester on Saturday, gave a personal experience of the baton charge, in which he was struck.

"I was going quietly from the library," he said, "to your meeting in the Town Hall. In a moment it was done. I shall always feel the degradation of that blow. I shall never forget it. I did nothing. I was not one of the unemployed. I was not causing disorder. I felt I had been put under a physical disgrace which I shall never get over."

Denounced by a Magistrate.

Mr. J. Billam, a member of the City Council and a city magistrate describes the scene as follows:

"I had been to the reception at the Town Hall, and I was going through Stevenson Square home about 10.30. There I saw a crowd of a thousand or fifteen hundred people, chiefly, as far as I could judge, sight-seers expecting something to turn up.

"Then from a narrow street adjoining there came up at a full run about sixty policemen with batons drawn. They ran into the middle of the crowd, whom they never called upon to disperse, and belaboured them unmercifully. They struck them on the head, kicked them, and otherwise brutally assaulted them.

"I would try to find an apology for the police if there had been a crowd which necessitated them at all, but what I actually saw was something shocking, and I never witnessed a more brutal thing."

Mr. Blatchford's Comment.

A great meeting of Socialists, held in the Free Trade Hall on Sunday to inaugurate the anti-poverty crusade, passed a resolution demanding an immediate public inquiry by the Government. Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., likened the affair to that "whiff of grape-shot" which Carlyle makes much of in "The French Revolution."

Mr. Blatchford had been asked to go and address a meeting of the unemployed. "I

have," he said, "nothing to say to them. We can't tell them to adopt rough methods; that would only lead to injury and disappointment.

"This rich city of Manchester has reduced itself to the humiliating position of not being able to feed its own poor.

"Who pays Mr. Peacock's wages; who pays the police? Upon whom are all these people living? The police who baton you are your servants. Why don't you sack them? (Loud cheers.)

"I will not go to Stevenson Square and ask a lot of hungry people to go out and fight soldiers. When I told you you ought to learn to use arms I was called a Jingo, and yet here are you 500,000 people in face of your own soldiers and you can do nothing.

"You have allowed the capitalist to monopolise all your forces; you have allowed him to dislocate your industry, to starve your people, and to form a standing army to shoot them down when they object to being starved.

"I look upon you as a lot of children. You listen to these speeches, you go home and say, 'Poor things; we can do nothing.' You have been doing nothing for twenty years to my knowledge."

Two King's Norton paupers, young women, have come in for a legacy of £1,000 each. But one is feeble-minded, and the other an inmate of the asylum.

REASONS WHY ONE SHOULD USE THE

ALLINSON WHOLEMEAL FLOUR

What is ALLINSON Wholemeal Flour?

It is Wholemeal made from well-cleaned and finely-ground wheat. Nothing is taken from the pure Wholemeal. By grinding the entire grain we get the food as nature supplies it; grinding makes it easier to eat and to digest, and so saves the work of the teeth and stomach; such does not irritate the internal organs. Some millers remove much of the fine flour, and pass off the coarse remnant as Wholemeal. Some remove part of the bran, or add white flour. Neither of these is so good as the Entire Wholemeal.

Why is ALLINSON Wholemeal good for Growing Children?

Because the bread made from it supplies the body with bone and flesh-forming matter in a simpler and more easily digested form than any other food. Children fed on ALLINSON Wholemeal Bread will not have rickets, nor be stunted in body nor in mind, for Wholemeal bread contains a large amount of soluble phosphates, so valuable for the brain and nervous system. It also supplies matter for the teeth and bones.

Why is ALLINSON Wholemeal good for Grown-up Persons?

Because the ALLINSON Wholemeal Bread supplies proper nourishment in an easily-digested form. By eating it, one need never take heavy and indigestible foods, for in itself it is a perfect food. Those who eat the ALLINSON Wholemeal Bread regularly will have a sound mind in a healthy body. It is a better regulator of the bowels than any other food. Its regular use aids digestion and helps to keep away many little complaints that make life miserable. It prevents early decay of the teeth.

The ALLINSON Wholemeal Flour

Is sold only in Sealed Bags (bags free) 3½lb size, 6d., and 7½lb size, 1s. each, subject to market fluctuations. See that the name ALLINSON is stamped on each bag. None are genuine without this.

Sole Manufacturers—THE NATURAL FOOD Co., Ltd., Room No. 210, 305, Cambridge Road, Bethnal Green, LONDON, E.

UNEMPLOYMENT.

Mr. Shackleton on Some Causes.

Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., made an important speech at Colne on Monday night, on some causes of unemployment—a mischief more serious to-day than he remembered it ever having been before, except in the cotton famine. Analysing the Board of Trade statistics, which estimate the unemployed at over one million and a quarter, he said:

"One startling thing about the figures was that when we took the ages of the people, we found that no fewer than 1,256 persons applied for work who were under twenty years of age. Between the ages of thirty and forty there were close upon 90 per cent. "Still more serious was the fact that the 'general labourer' or casual class were 53.3 per cent. of the whole number, while the building trade provided 20 per cent.

"The time has come when it will have to be seen how far the State can permit employers to use any person for casual work cheaply until the age of twenty-one, and then cast the young worker aside and bring in another."

In the coming Session, he continued, they must press the Government to give municipalities greater power to provide for the unemployed. Many would be glad to levy a penny rate, and we could not wait for the report of the Poor Law Commission.

Replying to a question, Mr. Shackleton said he believed in the abolition of child-labour.

Police Control at Birmingham.

The Birmingham Watch Committee refuse to permit meetings of the unemployed in Chamberlain Square, fearing that, so near to the Council House, they may rush the Mayor's apartments.

On Monday there was considerable difficulty in clearing the square. Miss Margaret Smith, the coming candidate of the Women's Labour League, was pulled down from the parapet of the fountain in the course of this manoeuvre. A meeting was afterwards held in the Bull Ring, and "The Red Flag" sung.

The Cotton Lock-out.

It is quite impossible to follow the probable moves in the triangular duel of the cotton trade. All that is quite clear is the resolute intention of the North and North-East Lancashire leaders not to support the card-room workers in the present quarrel. There is some talk of a round-table conference.

Speaking at Walkden, Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., said he could not say that the cotton operatives were wise in using their trade union funds now in resisting the proposed reduction of their wages, although he considered the attempt to reduce their earnings after several years of unparalleled prosperity was premature, unfair, and unjust.

At Bradley, near Bilston, William Sellzer, depressed by having been thrown out of work, committed suicide by taking poison.

Charles Peters, of Bute Road, Croydon, an out-of-work compositor, also committed suicide by taking poison.

Two "Lots."

Thomas Cole, a coal-porter, of no home, was charged with neglecting to maintain his wife and children.

Cole left his wife last March, and she did not see him again till last Saturday, when she met him by accident.

"Good morning, Mr. Cole," she said politely.

"I don't know you," was the reply.

"I know you are my husband," said Mrs. Cole.

"I have got a wife and family in the North of England," said Cole, "and I can't keep two lots."

In defence Cole said that his wife wouldn't allow him to support her, and knocked him about with a poker.

Cole got three months. But will that maintain his wife and family? And what about the other "lot"?

SCHOOL AND STATE.

How to Make Good Citizens.

The great modern science of teaching opened its new World Parliament on Friday last in London, and has been sitting since. Professor M. E. Sadler acted as President.

Teachers with modern ideas are most of all impressed by a remarkable paper of Mrs. Bryant's, about the ways in which the unspoiled social instincts of children may point to an ideally governed State. This Moral Education Congress, of whose executive she was chairman, produced nothing more suggestive; and, generally speaking, some of the best papers in English were those of women teachers.

Two Great Instincts.

Mrs. Bryant said: "The school is a crowd of individual children, sensitive, intelligent, and self-willed, which is converted by the process of school government into a community orderly, progressive, and obedient.

"It is by psychological forces in the children themselves that the competitive crowd becomes the co-operative community. What are those forces, and how does their development in organising the community affect the character-building of the individual child?"

"Self-will and sociability are the child's two prime instincts. Children love to go their own way, but they love also to be together, and to get on with one another. Fight and friendship are the great primitive joys, and capacity for them makes the very roots of character, courage, sympathy, duty, and self-devotion."

"Now, sociability is the positive and self-will the negative source of the ordinary child's amenability to order; for this amenability he certainly has, apart from any superior person in government or influence over him.

"A group of children left to themselves discover order as a means to enjoy one another better. In children's free play they invent forms of order and keep them strictly with great delight. Presently they make the further discovery that, in hours when each has his own individual occupation, order preserves freedom by preventing interruption.

The Teacher's Chance, and How to Use it. "It is at this point, more particularly, that the child—like the primitive man—looks about him for a ruler. Thus there is deep in human nature a welcome for that order-keeping officer, the schoolmaster; and always the strongest weapon in his hands is the primitive instinct for order, out of which obedience, on its moral side, springs.

The schoolmaster may, by gifts of personality, appeal to another motive, powerful in some admiration rising into reverence. But if the development of this motive causes he be kept dependent on it, failing to strike roots in the mother-soil of personal character, government by love may be as unproductive of lasting results as government by fear."

Government by fear is, of course, no part of modern scientific teaching, and Mrs. Bryant did not discuss it. As to the government of the school itself, she advanced the following points:—

A Well-Governed School.

"(1) The schoolmaster should not be a patriarch governing by personal decisions given ad hoc. If his personality is merely strong he would thus create many rebels and more slaves, whereas if his personality is attractive he would still create some and would leave the others undeveloped.

"(2) These results are not to be avoided by abstaining from influence, but by using it as subordinate to reason, law, and school tradition. To this the headmaster is himself subject.

"(3) The scope of the law of the school should be such as to leave room for freely initiated action, wrong as well as right. Practice in free choice is essential to growth of character. A field for voluntary service-ability must be left open.

"(4) The scholars themselves should participate in administering the law of the

school. The administration should engage the will of every child. All should feel responsible for keeping order."

Other papers attempted to show how children, growing out of childhood, might be helped to feel, towards the State (with no "ruler"), the responsibility and friendliness they had acquired for each other.

From the mass of counsel we select some passages. The President, in his address, said:

Work as Service to All.

"There is strong reason for thinking that the moral and character-forming influences of a school are strengthened by making constructive, practical work, 'real work,' as boys call it—work done for the needs of the community in a spirit of thoroughness, of science, and of service—a very much more important part of school-training than the sedentary traditions of the revival of learning have so far allowed.

"We have all, I venture to submit, much to learn from the experience of the best industrial schools."

Mrs. Humphry Ward read a paper about the necessity of throwing open poor schools and playgrounds for organised play in the evenings, as counter-attractions to the streets.

Miss Ravenhill put in a claim for the scientific teaching of domestic arts. When a girl received such a training, she had clearly indicated to her a position in the national life as an important element in our social machinery.

Miss Constance Cochrane said that her chief experience of elementary schools in rural districts was the unhappy discrepancy between the precepts taught at school and the home surroundings of the children.

A Word for Parents.

A distinguished foreign scholar, M. Paul de Vuyst, who is vice-president of the Commission Internationale de l'Education Familiale, expressed the view that the school could not suffice for teaching the practice of morality. The parents, who should know the qualities likely to be inherited by their children, could best observe their peculiarities and control the moral region. This, moreover, was governed by physical considerations, such as the dwelling, food and clothing.

Miss Von Wyss said it was the duty of, and especially the privilege of, parents to present the mysteries of life and birth to growing children. The school had a powerful means of helping in the shape of nature-study. It was approaching the problems of life from a purely impersonal point of view. To make that task of parents easier was the function of nature-study. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. F. J. Gould, Leicester Positivist Society, in a paper entitled "A Central Conception for Moral Instruction," said that the central idea of moral education should be that of service. Service he defined as the willing gift of feeling, thought, and energy in the spirit of friendship, respect, and love. The teacher's test, in case of education generally was the answer to the question: "Have I made the children feel that the highest end of their school discipline is to render them effective servants of family, country, and humanity?"

Wives and Servants.

Demand in Australia.

Sixty servant girls leave London for Australia on October 13. They will travel by the ss. Geelong of the Blue Anchor Line.

Nearly one hundred young women depart for New South Wales every month. They are assisted in their passage by the Government.

New South Wales has many attractions for young women. There is a big demand for servants, and there is a big demand for wives.

Servant girls have a good deal of liberty, and not so many restrictions as in England. And their wages are higher.

An ordinary general receives from 10s. to 15s. in addition to board and lodging. Cooks in hotels get from 20s. to 30s. a week, and in private houses from 15s. to 20s. Cook-laundresses earn from 15s. to 20s. a week, and laundresses 17s. 6d. to 20s.

The passage to New South Wales costs about £3.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

Urgent Work.

The local Old Age Pensions Committees are now all appointed, but many of them will now proceed to elect sub-committees upon which there will be a chance of getting women sympathetic with the needs of the aged workers. Many of our branches are nominating women for these positions and whipping up support for the nominations amongst the councillors and other committee members. Let those who have not yet done so set to work at once.

The Town Council elections are also drawing near, and many of our members are arranging to do canvassing, distribution of addresses, &c. In this work they will find our W.L.L. leaflet on "Labour Women and Town Councils" very useful.

These can be obtained from Mrs. J. S. Middleton, 8, Jedburgh Street, Clapham, London, price 4s. per 1,000, post free.

North-Eastern District Council Meeting.

In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, and the North-Eastern branches are strengthening each other in wisdom and in enthusiasm by meeting quarterly in council.

The second of these district gatherings was held last Saturday at Blythe. Delegates from Jarrow, Gateshead, Throckley, and Benwell were also present, and Mrs. J. R. MacDonald was there as an invited guest from the National Executive. Hebburn delegates were unable to come, and the two new Durham branches, Shildon and Crook, were too distant to manage it as yet. Gateshead and Benwell brought five red and white banners with them, and promised to send them to Portsmouth in charge of any delegates they are able to send from the district.

Businesslike Proceedings.

Mrs. Brown, president of the Blyth Guild, took the chair and welcomed the delegates. Mrs. MacDonald conveyed greetings from the Executive, who, she said, were watching with interest and hopefulness this first experiment on a district council of branches.

Each secretary then gave a report of the work of her branch; and though some are quite new to such work, there was no lack of interest or subject matter—and suggestions were given and received which would be mutually helpful.

Six resolutions were on the agenda paper dealing with feeding of school children, schools for defective children, the Right to Work Bill, old age pensions, and local organisation. None of these was passed without some discussion in addition to the speeches of the proposers, and the nervousness from which the delegates had threatened to suffer when they were discussing the agenda beforehand vanished, before the realisation of the importance of the subjects discussed and the need for practical action.

Girdle Cakes and Comradeship.

It is very nice to be able to give hints for one's tea through the columns of THE WOMAN WORKER. The delegates went to an upper room after two hours of business, and there were the "girdle cakes," foreshadowed last week lying on the plates in all their delicious reality.

Some of the I.L.P. men were allowed to share in this part of the day's enjoyment, and visitors from neighbouring branches were fired with a desire to get their women-folk enrolled in Leagues—not for the sake of the cakes, but because of the successful meetings they had organised. A public meeting, at which Mrs. MacDonald spoke on "Home Life and Politics," helped to bring in a balance on the right side for the treasurer and more members to the League; whilst the next night the Jarrow League had the responsibility of arranging a public meeting for the same speaker.

There was competition for the next Council meeting—Jarrow, Gateshead, and Benwell all gave invitations, and that of Jarrow was accepted. Other localities might with advantage follow this example of district reunions, especially if they can secure as hard working, bright, and tactful a secretary as Mrs. Simm.

Wedding Bells.

Congratulation and good wishes to the secretary of the Shildon branch, Miss Florrie Storey, who became, on September 16, Mrs. Harry James. The bridegroom is a Labour Councillor (not to be confused with the husband of our St. Pancras secretary, who bears, curiously enough, the same name and title).

The number of husbands and wives who are working side by side in our movement is increasing steadily, and we hope that many happy years of united devotion to our cause may be before Mr. and Mrs. James.

Birmingham.

The Birmingham branch held a sale of work on Saturday last—the proceeds to be devoted to the expenses of running Miss Margaret Smith as a Labour candidate for the Birmingham City Council.

Mrs. Bruce Glazier gave an excellent address, in the course of which she remarked that this was a historic occasion, for it was the first time that a woman had stood as a Labour candidate for a local Council. She believed that the cause of Labour and the cause of the women were one and indivisible, and in this contest they were united.

The full result of the sale is not yet to hand, but it is expected that, when all expenses are paid, we shall clear a sum which will see us through the election. We are deeply grateful to all who so generously gave their services and helped to make the thing a success.

THE SUFFRAGE.

"Special Effort Week."

The Women's Freedom League is instituting a "Special Effort Week" for raising money—from October 12 to 19—and already members are volunteering to go without all luxuries and some necessities, while enthusiastic men friends are denying themselves tobacco.

Collectors are to stand at railway station entrances, to canvas theatre queues, and to visit houses, workshops, &c.

The women of the League are already arranging street-corner concert parties, suffrage tea-parties at which all the guests will contribute, and sales of home-made goods. Some of them are even securing hawkers' licences in order to sell suffrage colours, picture post-cards and other commodities.

It is hoped that a thousand pounds will be obtained for the session's work.

The Deputation to Mr. Asquith.

At an "At Home" held by the Women's Social and Political Union on Monday, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence asked for volunteers for the deputation which is to go from Caxton Hall on October 13 to wait on the Prime Minister in the House of Commons.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence said that this would be a dangerous expedition. Unless Mr. Asquith graciously extends the sceptre, no one knows what may happen. Whatever happens, the Suffragists are determined to have a crowd in Parliament Square to see what *does* happen.

Nothing Like Confidence.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst thinks that Newcastle bye-election was the most satisfactory yet from the Suffragists' point of view. They have come to the conclusion that they can turn the scale at any election in England, and they are not going to let any more Liberals get into Parliament unless their claims are satisfied.

Perhaps Mr. E. R. Hartley, the Socialist candidate, may have something to say on this matter of turning the scale. We believe he claims to have given the Liberal candidate Shortt wait.

NEW COLUMN (See Page 453).

This week THE WOMAN WORKER starts an Employment Bureau of Accurate Information about Employments.

FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

Music-Hall War.

"Stars" Stand by Tallow Dips.

The music-hall artists mean to win their battle with the agents.

For the last two weeks every member of the Variety Artists' Federation, has refrained from paying any commission whatever to an agent who refuses to sign the Federation contract note.

So far the managers have not taken sides in the dispute, and the attempt of the agents to enlist the help of these powerful instruments in obtaining their excessive commissions appears to have been nipped in the bud by the prompt action of the Federation. They quite properly pointed out to the managers that any deductions from salaries on behalf of third parties would be both unfair and illegal.

Over two hundred meetings were held in various parts of the country on Sunday. The principal meeting in London was crowded and enthusiastic.

The feeling of solidarity among the various grades was notable. Mr. Harry Lauder affirmed his determination to stand by his poorer comrades. "I often think of the days," he said, "when I used to get £3 a week, and out of that had to feed a wife and child, keep up a home, and pay my railway fares. How well, too, I remember that before I was able to touch this small money I had to pay out 10 per cent. commission to an agent."

Miss Victoria Monks took up the same ground. When she first came to London she was treated ungenerally by the agents, but now she was able to earn £100 a week, and show her independence, she was going to stand by her brother and sister artists, "even if it meant hearth-stoning door-steps."

Twenty-eight agents have already come to terms with the Federation, and unless the rest surrender by October 2, and agree to the 5 per cent. commission clause, they will also be compelled to consent to the abolition of the re-engagement clause in existing as well as in future contracts.

Miss Mary Proctor.

Her Work for Astronomy.

Miss Mary Proctor, daughter of the late Mr. R. A. Proctor, the well-known astronomer, is in London on a lecturing tour.

"I have delivered 1,000 lectures in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, and other towns," Miss Proctor told an interviewer, "and in doing so I have travelled many thousands of miles.

"In many ways I am a lucky astronomer. My father tried many times to observe a complete solar eclipse. I think he failed nearly every time; of course from causes over which he had no control. But I have been successful on several occasions in observing the sun's corona—viz. at Bodo, in Norway, on August 9, 1896; at Norfolk, Virginia, on May 28, 1900; and at Burgos, in Spain, in 1905.

"I think I am the only lady who has such a record. I took my own photographs, and shall reproduce them during my tour.

"In my opinion there is a new field open to women in astronomy. They are naturally more observant than men, and what few trained women astronomers there have been have achieved remarkable results.

"During my stay I am to speak to the Society of Women Journalists in London, and Mrs. Humphry Ward will preside."

Motor Cabmen's Grievances.

Women Inspectors.

Motor-cab drivers met at the Fulham Town Hall and aired their grievances. Their tips are in danger, and they avow they have enough troubles to put up with already. They are at the mercy of old women, police, and lady inspectors, says Mr. Sam Michaels.

The other day a cabman was hauled over the coals by a lady inspector for carrying two parcels on the top of his vehicle.

We suppose a mere man would have winked the other eye, if he had happened to see those parcels at all.

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.