

# THE COMMON CAUSE OF HUMANITY.

The Organ of the National Union of  
WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE SOCIETIES.

NON-PARTY.

*Societies and Branches in the Union*  
602.

LAW-ABIDING.

VOL. VI., No. 288.]

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1914.

[PRICE 1d.  
Registered as a Newspaper.

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The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies is a great association of men and women banded together for the single purpose of obtaining the Parliamentary vote for women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men. It was founded in 1867, and now numbers over 52,000 annually-subscribing members, organised into 602 Societies and Branches, under the presidentship of Mrs. Henry Fawcett. The colours of the Union are SCARLET, WHITE, and GREEN. Among its members are people of all parties, and people of none. The cause that unites them is the cause of Women's Suffrage, and they work for victory by peaceful methods only. They utterly repudiate methods of violence and rely on political pressure and the education of public opinion. WILL YOU JOIN?

## Notes and News.

### The N.U.W.S.S. Scottish Women's Hospital.

Dr. Elsie Inglis writes that Professor Sarolea (Belgian Consul in Edinburgh) has received the proposal to send a hospital for service in Belgium, "with the utmost gratitude," and the Servian Relief Committee also welcomes the offer of help in Servia. They add that "there will be plenty of work to do," and it must be the business of the National Union to see that, as Dr. Inglis says, "these N.U. hospitals are not only thoroughly well staffed with efficient women, but also well equipped to supply the need." What is wanted is (1) money, (2) night-shirts, bed-socks, nightingales, hot water bottles and covers, &c.

### Wives and Mothers of Soldiers and Sailors.

We rejoice to see that the demand made by *The Daily Citizen* for more generous treatment of the wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors, is being very widely supported. The demand is for £1 a week for the wives of men on active service; for mothers dependent on soldiers killed; for widows of soldiers killed; for soldiers permanently maimed in the war. We learn that recruiting has rushed up again on the news of the fall of Antwerp. Nothing, since the war began, has been so moving to the spirit as the effect of bad news on the eagerness of men to go to the front. When all seems going well, there is no rush; when danger threatens, the recruiting offices are crowded out. There is a fineness in this which must not and shall not be exploited by those in authority.

Let us do generously by those who are sacrificing and being sacrificed in this terrible struggle. If we make war, let us at least be ready to pay the cost.

### The Case of Soldiers' Widows.

Mr. Will Thorne asserts that, at a meeting of the West Ham Borough War Emergency Committee, he was told that as soon as the widow of a soldier or sailor was notified of her husband's death, her separation allowance was stopped, and she received instead 5s. a week, with 1s. for each child. His authority was the local Secretary of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and the information is perfectly correct. Five shillings a week is the widow's pension. It is our national disgrace if, now that we know how things stand, we do not alter them.

### The Courage of Sanity.

In a moment of panic, the Plymouth Watch Committee has passed a resolution urging the re-enactment of the C.D. Acts. The resolution has, however, been "hung up" for the present, to be moved again after the November elections. It was stated at the discussion that protests had been received from a number of people, notably "women who knew nothing about the matter." We publish in another column a protest issued as long ago as 1870, and signed by some women who will be admitted by all—except, perhaps, the Plymouth Watch Committee—to "know something about it." In our leading article, we deal with the matter at greater length, and quote the opinion of medical experts on the subject.

### What is Wanted.

We suggest that what is wanted is not inhuman treatment of women but a more human treatment of the men. Men in camp are not like horses in a stable—requiring only to be fed and exercised. They are human beings, needing human interests and a human life, all the more that many of them are very young, and all are taken out of the ordinary surroundings of home and work. Voluntary agencies—notably the Young Men's Christian Association—are doing splendid work in providing recreation tents, and opportunities for rest and refreshment. Where they are not able to do this, what remains for the men in camp but to seek interest and amusement elsewhere? They are human beings, and life to them must mean something beyond eating and drilling and sleeping! Some of our best and finest citizens are in these camps, and they are there because they believe it to be their duty to be there. To suggest that these men want to be protected in immorality is an insult to them. To give them something of the interest and variety and common humanity of the life they have left in order to enlist, is to recognise and to meet a real need, and a noble one.

### Women's Associations.

The British Women's Temperance Association and the Young Women's Christian Association are both appealing for funds to help them to do this work. We earnestly commend their appeal to all who can help, either with money or with service. While we oppose any attempt to degrade men and women by legislation for the protection of vice, we are bound ourselves to show a better way, and prove in practice how the nobler is also the wiser method.

## To the German Frontier and Back.

Not many Englishwomen are going to the Continent just now, and when the International Women's Relief Committee send back young German girls, they usually send them in charge of an American or German lady. But in view of the sudden illness of the lady appointed to conduct the last party in September, it became necessary at short notice to find someone with a passport willing and able to go; so, looking upon the trip as a great adventure, I offered, and was accepted.

Our party numbered forty-one, and it was quite a business collecting them all on the platform. Three of those we were expecting did not turn up, while one who had told us she was eighteen and unmarried arrived with two babies. Multitudes of the girls' friends came to see them off, and give them presents of chocolates and flowers, and most were quite depressed at saying "good-bye." One or two even wept.

The most unpleasant part of our journey came at Folkestone, and I wish the zealous people who write to the papers to complain of the lax ways of British officials in regard to aliens could have taken my place there for two hours. Every girl was searched, her luggage was examined most minutely, and every bit of writing read. All newspapers and printed matter except well-known novels and classics were taken from us. One girl, who was among the first to go in, came out almost the last, with a bundle of letters three inches thick in her hand. Every one of these letters had been read. They were all old ones from her mother and friends in Germany; but they were all read.

At last I got all my flock through. The mothers and babies were the last, as they were unable to push in with the crowd. The poor little things were so tired with the long wait that they went to sleep almost at once, and slept the whole way across.

The trip across was perfect, my little flock lying on deck-chairs in the sun and chatting merrily. Several of the other German women on board were known to me. One woman with six young children, whose husband had been made a prisoner of war, was being sent home by the American Embassy. An English lady with two tall, handsome daughters was leaving her native land because she had married a German, so the whole family were technically Germans.

Only one unpleasant incident occurred on board. A strange German woman got hold of three of my girls, and stuck to them all day. At lunch time I told them to follow me, but they did not do so, and as they did not turn up to tea, I went to look for them, and found she had been treating them to champagne, and one had taken too much. That settled it! I spoke to the purser about the woman, collected the girls, and took them off. After this I saw no more of the stranger.

At Flushing we were met by several German fathers, big, jolly business men, who were very glad to get their little daughters back, and thanked me most cordially for looking after them. One father took charge not only of his own girl, but of six others, who were all going to Hamburg, and this was a great relief to me, as we could not get any reliable information as to the trains on the German side. We had no trouble at all at Flushing; the customs inspection was soon over, and I went to find places in the train. At the last moment, as I was rounding up the late ones, I found one young monkey setting off for the telegraph office with a Dutchman. I had to give chase, and we only just caught the train, so I had no time to count them all again. However, I had the youngster of the champagne incident and she of the telegram with me, and I saw another of my special anxieties, a most fascinating young Polish girl, only two carriages off, so I hoped for the best.

It was amusing to watch the growing excitement among the girls as they neared home. At every station they seemed to have a crowd of Dutch soldiers round them as soon as the train stopped. One officer asked a girl what kind of a time she had in England. "Oh, dreadful," said the little wretch, but then repented and said, "no, perfectly lovely. We could not have had a better time. Everyone was good to us." So I forgave her.

A Dutch gentleman in our carriage was very good to us, and fed us with delicious Dutch cakes and fruit. One of the German girls had an endless supply of riddles, both German and English, such as "When is a door not a door?" and the Dutch gentleman enjoyed them very much. In about four hours we came to the frontier, and here I was most strongly urged by the guard, an immensely fat German, not to go on. The Dutchman and the other Germans, fathers of my girls, backed him up, saying that I should undoubtedly find it very difficult to get out again, and even if I did not have to go to prison, it would take several days before the necessary formalities could be gone through. As I

knew that this was the case in England, I thought they were probably right about Germany. The guard promised me to look after them all and put them in the right trains. He assured me that there were through trains now, to Berlin, Hamburg, and other large German cities, and that they left Goch about an hour and a half after our train got in. The inspection of the girls and of their luggage, he said, would keep them safe and busy till the trains started. He himself would return with the boat-train at 6 next morning, and would report to me.

So I, feeling like a hireling shepherd, got cravenly down and said good-bye to all of my flock who were awake, and saw the train depart over the border. Then a very tall Dutch guard took me under his wing, it being close on midnight, and marched me away down a dark, leafy avenue and out into the dark village street. Everyone was long since sound asleep. He stopped at a little house and knocked and rattled and called for about ten minutes, until I began to wish he would take me back to the waiting room and lock me up till the morning. There would at least have been the soldiers to keep me company, for all the Dutch stations are strongly guarded. But presently came an old man, who led us into a large room, like a Belgian *estaminet*, and the guard explained what I wanted. The innkeeper gave the guard a drink, and let him out, and then took me up to a small room, not too clean, and with a tiny attic window in the roof. I wondered if they had done it on purpose, so that I should not escape in the night. Dutchwomen clean house all day long, and far into the evening, so the houses ought to be clean. No doubt this one was an exception. I passed an almost sleepless night. They were rather late calling me, and the perfidious guard had told me the wrong time for the train, hoping to see me again, I suppose. I think I was too lavish in tipping him the night before. Certainly the innkeeper charged me double what I should have had to pay for bed and breakfast in an English village inn. However, I picked up some *zwieback* and a roll, and ran for the train, which was late, luckily. The very fat guard came back according to promise, and described to me the scene at Goch when my forty-one arrived there; they cheered and sang their songs, and everyone crowded round them. You never saw such a fuss.

Soldiers were everywhere. When I looked out of the carriage window, they shouted and waved to me not to open it, because of the frequent bridges. I suppose they thought I was a German, as I was coming from that frontier, and it was that day—Friday—that martial law started on the eastern frontier; but I did not know this till afterwards.

In my carriage was an Irish lady who had just come through from Munich by herself. There had been many delays about granting her a permit, and the trains were very slow, compared to what they used to be before the war; but no one had been rude or unkind to her personally, though they all thought it their duty to tell her what they thought of England. Even the hotel-keeper's wife at Goch had done so as the traveller snatched a hasty breakfast. They all explained to her the baseness of Sir Edward Grey—the sight of his name on a passport infuriates them. They all believe England and her hypocritical ways are responsible for the war, and they all hate England with a kind of cold fury. Belgian soldiers who have been taken prisoners by the Germans and afterwards released, or who have had charge of German prisoners, have often told me the same story of the intense hatred which the Germans have of England.

"How dreadful the riots have been!" said the Irish lady. "What riots?" "Why, when 40,000 desperate men marched to the House of Commons, shouting against the war, and broke all the windows of the House!"

Another tale she had been told was that a whole Russian Army Corps had surrendered in East Prussia—absolutely starving—four days without food. A friend of her landlady had actually seen a German soldier in Munich whose eyes had been gouged out by the Belgians. And the French and Belgian women, and little children even, kill defenceless German soldiers. Why, there was one little French lass of ten who had a revolver under her pinafore, and killed an officer who asked her the way. Everyone says "We did not want war, we did not begin this war" (in the same breath they tell you that they alone were ready), "but now we are going on until we win. We have a hundred new Zeppelins. Let England beware." Such is the feeling, and such the stories current, not only in Prussia, but in South Germany.

I spent a day in Middleburg, and went on to Flushing by the tram next morning. As I spoke chiefly German, and read all the German newspapers I could find in the hotel, I regret to say the Belgian refugees staying there took me for a German, and would not sit in the same room with me. They were not insolent, they simply walked away, and I heard one lady assuring another that I certainly was German, though I was not short and fat.

On the boat next morning were fifteen of our sailors, survivors from the "Cressy," the "Aboukir," and the "Hogue." They were all in new blue suits and new boots, but wore no collars. They were rather apologetic about that, some of them, as they thought they did not look smart enough. One wore his striped red and black handkerchief round his neck. He looked very ill, and was hardly able to stand. His hands were covered with sore places, where pieces of wreckage had knocked him. They were all bruised, and had chilblains on their lips from the cold. All had been in the water over three hours, naked, and when the "Titan" picked them up, they were put in the boiler-room to thaw. They were the first to leave Holland, and they spoke with warm gratitude of the great kindness shown them from the moment they were picked up till they left Flushing. All had addresses of Dutch people, who had invited them to come back again and stay with them.

The sailors told us tales of their wonderful escape. One from the "Cressy" said "one thing I am sorry about, and that is our captain. He was the best captain I ever came across. So cool. 'All right, my lads,' he said, when the first torpedo struck us, 'there's no hurry; she'll keep afloat a good while yet.' And we all slipped off our things, ready to slip overboard, but we were blown off the next minute. You see, we'd sent off all our boats to help the others. And we saw no more of the captain. Nearly all our officers on the 'Cressy' are gone. I'd like to know what happened to the chaplain. He was a real good sort, a volunteer, too, not a regular chaplain. One chaplain was saved, the Dutch told us. I hope it was ours. It's a terrible sight, the most terrible that any man could see, to see three great ships and more than two thousand men go down."

Another said: "Did you hear that just before we were torpedoed, we shot a fishing boat laying mines? Yes, I saw it myself. It was a good shot. The fishing boat was flying the Dutch flag, and when she was shot, she hauled it down and flew the German flag as she went down." This story has appeared from a different source in the English papers, told by men landed in England, who had no opportunity of comparing notes with my friends who came from the Dutch side. They also told us that there were six or seven submarines. There was no doubt whatever about that; the number of torpedoes fired absolutely proves that more than one submarine was engaged, as even the big German submarines only carry four torpedoes. The men from the "Cressy" were perfectly sure they blew up one submarine and shot the conning tower off another—U 11—and after that received three torpedoes themselves. They were interested when I told them one of the German papers, by a slip of the Censor, no doubt, had mentioned "the submarines" (in the plural).

Soon after we left Flushing, two destroyers appeared off the Belgian coast, and came after us very fast. We could not see their flags for the smoke they made, and we passengers, and even the shipwrecked sailors, thought they might be German destroyers, as it had been reported that 200 of our men were crossing. Our sailors said they had never seen a German destroyer—only the submarines which attacked them. So we had an anxious five minutes. The foremost destroyer presently fired a "blank" and our boat, the "Oranje Nassau," stopped at once. The destroyer came near enough for the men to hail. She asked us by semaphore, "Have you any of the survivors on board? How many? We have orders to convoy you across." However, they then disappeared. We would have liked them to promenade across with us, one on each side.

ELLEN WALSH.

## Women and the Wounded: Dr. Ramsay's Experiences.

*Accounts of the escape of the Women's National Service League Hospital staff from Antwerp have been published in the daily press. Our readers will be specially interested in the following extracts from letters written by Dr. Mabel Ramsay, a member of the N.U.W.S.S.:*

Sept. 23rd.—"We arrived . . . to find the site chosen for our hospital charming. It is a large concert hall, with a wide verandah in front, and on each side, rooms. Near to us is the English Field Hospital. Fighting is going on twenty miles from here every day."

Sept. 27th.—"Yesterday, our great excitement was to see a German biplane sailing above us, high in the air. They tried to get her down, but failed. We could see the shrapnel bursting

in the air. They said that it dropped three bombs, but of this I have no confirmation. No one was frightened, but it gave us a queer feeling to see it and to realise that it was an enemy."

"The Director General (medical) of the army came and saw us yesterday, and was very pleased with all he saw, and left, remarking: 'Magnifique, tres bien! tres bien!' All the formalities have been gone through, and now we are accepted as a hospital for receiving wounded direct from the battlefield. I mention these details in order that you may inform sceptics that we are fully recognised and authorised to work as a military hospital."

"Sir Cecil Hertslet is very proud of us. He is the British Vice-Consul, and has given us no end of help. He says we are the best organised hospital in Antwerp. Our men are surprised at the way we have got things into trim. . . . It is rather amusing to me to see how keen the men of the Croix Rouge are to help us, and wish to wear one of our badges with W.N.S.L. on it. They are quite proud of it. . . . The Red Cross have reserved our beds for especially bad cases."

Oct. 2nd.—"You will doubtless have read in the papers of the bombardment of Antwerp. We are about twenty miles distant. It went on all night (Sept. 29th), and it was fairly terrifying to listen to. It gives one some idea what the men of the Allies have to face. . . . Our work here gives us very little time for going out. . . . The British Minister, Sir Francis Villiers, came to visit us to-day. He was charmed with our place."

"In case you hear that we were shelled by an aeroplane, the following is the truth: A German aeroplane came over us, and guns at the fort fired at it. A piece of shell dropped through our roof from our own guns, and made a very small opening. No one was hurt, and a very few knew that anything had occurred. . . . Our water supply is intact."

Later.—"We have had a very strenuous day. About 9 a.m. we received orders to evacuate our hospital, as the Germans were expected in Antwerp. Our orders were to get ready all patients who could be made at all ready to travel, to go to Ostend, and the remainder, too ill to be sent there, were to go to the Military Hospital. We proceeded, therefore, to dress some seventy-five patients, and the rest were made as comfortable as possible, to travel to the hospital. It was wonderful how well the men bore the news that the Germans were expected in Antwerp. Having got them ready, we endeavoured to rescue as much of our equipment as possible, leaving beds and dressings."

"About 1 p.m. a sudden change came over the situation, and we received news from Sir Cecil Hertslet that the Government had decided to hold Antwerp, and not, as at first decided early in the morning, to depart to London. The announcement was greeted with great cheers, and I was very pleased to hear that we were permitted to remain."

"My first inquiry was to see if, in the event of our going, there was need of doctors' services in other hospitals, as from what I hear some of the wounded are very badly attended. This question was being asked, and I had decided to proffer my services elsewhere if the military authorities decided to evacuate. But there was no decision for me to make, because our patients remained on our hands, and no one came to relieve us of their charge, hence the offer of going . . . to England was not to be taken advantage of, as duty held me here. Two or three of the unit decided to go back by the boat, and we have in consequence to rearrange our work. Our decision taken, all our nurses and staff worked like niggers unpacking the stores, and we began to operate again at 3 p.m. We have a lot of bad cases in the hospital, and we are hard at work from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., and often up several times during the night to receive batches of wounded."


Dr. Stoney, in *The Observer* of last Sunday, continues the story:—

"When the bombardment began at midnight on Wednesday, we had 130 patients sleeping in the hospital. The first shell fell in the garden of the hospital. We were in the direct line of fire, there being near us a big ammunition building. We dressed as fast as we could, and when we got across from the convent to the hospital we found the patients already being taken down into the cellars. About sixty of the patients left. The whole staff of lady doctors and orderlies worked splendidly, not one losing her head. We all helped to lift the patients down, and in twenty-five minutes the seventy who were left were safely in the cellars. There the patients remained all night, with a sufficient staff to look after them. The shelling went on all night without more than ten minutes' interval."

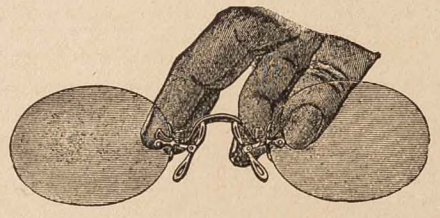
How the remaining patients were disposed of, and how the staff escaped, has already been told in the press.

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**THE QUEEN'S "WORK FOR WOMEN" FUND.**

**Appointment of Treasurer for Scotland.**

The Marchioness of Linlithgow has been appointed Treasurer for Scotland Queen's Work for Women Fund. All Scotch contributions to be sent to her at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry, Linlithgow, and will be forwarded by her to Lady Roxburgh, Acting Treasurer at headquarters of the Fund, 33, Portland Place, London, W., when the Royal receipt from Buckingham Palace will be sent to each contributor.

**Help for Unemployed Women.**

The Central Committee for the Employment of Women, 8, Grosvenor Place, W., has drawn up a number of hints on "How to start a Work-room," which may be valuable to some of our Societies.

**WORK FOR PROFESSIONAL WOMEN.**

We are obliged to hold over an article on "Work for Professional Women," many of whom have been thrown out of employment by the war. The Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries, 12, Buckingham Street, Strand, has started a War Emergency Fund, for the benefit of clerical workers, and the Hon. Treas., Miss Helen C. Gordon, will be glad to receive donations.

**FAIR WAGES UNDER GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.**

The following resolution has been passed by the Executive Council of the National Federation of Women Workers :-

"That this Executive Council of the National Federation of Women Workers, whilst reaffirming its opinion that the lowest minimum wage which they can accept as a Trade Union wage for women of eighteen years and over is 15s. a week, recognises that when the Lancashire textile trades are excluded, the average wage of women workers falls, owing chiefly to lack of organisation, far below this sum, and having in view the desirability, at this time of industrial stress, of avoiding further dislocation of trade, or of attracting workers to relief workshops in cases where ordinary employment might be secured, approves of the minimum wage of 3d. an hour, suggested by the Central Committee on Women's Employment, to be paid on relief work and in training schemes: further, this Committee protests against any Government work being performed in the ordinary course of trade, at a wage lower than 15s. a week, and calls for the strict observance of the Fair Wages Clause in all Government contracts, or sub-contracts, given out in connection with military needs."

**PAWNBROKER'S CHARGES.**

In reply to a criticism in a letter from a "A Pawnbroker's Wife," appearing in our issue of September 25th, the writer of our article on State Recognition of Sailors' Wives, points out that if you ask for accommodation till the end of the month, and on the security of ten shillings are charged two shillings, the interest is *in fact* 2s. on the 10s. per mensem, and not 2d., as her critic suggests. It can only be regarded as 2d. on the quibble that if you choose to leave your security and enjoy the loan for a whole year, the charge would still be 2s. When accommodation for one month is specified, the interest *in fact* is *per mensem*. Twenty per cent. was the interest actually charged on the transaction mentioned in the article, and this repeated every month, as the writer indicated, would bring in the enormous total quoted. Our informant adds :-

"A large majority of pawnbrokers are also moneylenders. They are, in fact, the poor man's moneylenders. It is, of course, the case that interest on articles of direct value when pledged is regulated by Act of Parliament, but there is no regulation to limit the amount of interest charged by the pawnbroker-moneylender. It is open to the more influential classes to bring an action pleading 'extortion,' but this remedy is almost impossible for the poorer class. I think I made it clear in my article that the 'ring paper' was used as 'security' for a 'loan,' and was not itself pledged as a direct article of value."

**"FIRELESS COOKERS."**

Orders are coming in well for the "Fireless Cookers," to which Miss Clementina Black called the attention of our readers in her letter appearing on September 25th. The work has now been transferred to the North Islington Liberal and Radical Association, 734, Holloway Road (corner of Fairbridge Road), where rooms have kindly been lent, the execution of orders having been greatly hindered by lack of space at the Dickson Institute.

These cookers are invaluable for the bachelor woman of small means. They consist of a box stuffed tightly full of hay, and lined, a space being left into which a tin or enamel pot exactly fits. The stew or pudding to be cooked is cooked about five minutes on a stove, an asbestos mat being used to prevent the bottom from getting black, and the pot is then quickly put into the box, a cushion (supplied with the box) stuffed in on top, and the lid of the box is closed and fastened down. It is important to remember that if one looks inside the pot to make sure that the contents have "come to the boil," the lid must be put on and the pot left on the stove a minute or two longer before it is placed in the box. Food cooked in this way takes twice as long as on a stove; but it cannot burp or spoil, and a stew put in the cooker before one goes out to work in the morning is ready to eat, without any further trouble, when one returns in the evening. The cost of these cookers is from 3s. 0d. to 5s. each.

Letters containing cheques and postal orders should be sent to Miss Black's private address, 10, Priory Gardens, Highgate, N.

**Correspondence.**

A large amount of correspondence is unavoidably held over. It is necessary to remind our readers that there is no editorial responsibility for opinions expressed in the correspondence columns.

**A PLEA FOR WOUNDED WOMEN.**

MADAM.—We honour and are proud beyond words of our wounded men, but that must not make us overlook our wounded women, wounded in the battle of life, and for life; we must not forget that responsibility, over-work, insufficient food, and anxiety will increase their usual average of sickness, which is always large during the wet and cold seasons.

The heavy death roll of young and healthy men must seriously affect the coming generation, therefore it becomes a National duty, of more than ordinary importance, to keep the mothers—actual and potential—in a high state of efficiency, physically and mentally, and the children robust; for in them, more than ever, lies our hope for the life of the world to come. Not one woman or child should be denied medical aid and nursing if within human power to give them the help they need; to handicap them in the matter of health, if by any means we can prevent it, would be national suicide. Civilian patients are already suffering severely from shortage of hospital beds, doctors, and nurses. At one hospital alone there are 100 women waiting for admission. Urgent cases have been refused help, and children cannot be sent to Convalescent Homes, because they are being reserved for the soldiers. My knowledge has all been obtained first hand, and I am ready to give full information to anyone who likes to call upon me. It is playing with words to argue that, in this way, the war is entailing no extra suffering, because it is the logical outcome of the situation. Taking hospitals all round, there cannot be as many beds as usual at the disposal of civilians; this must raise the "waiting" average somewhere, and the trouble will get rapidly worse.

I intend to run my house, Brackenhill, Highland Road, Bromley, Kent, as a "sample" of what can be done to alleviate this trouble, hoping that the scheme will take hold of the public conscience. But I cannot run a hospital personally long enough to make the expense worth while unless I can obtain financial support. I propose taking:—

*Maternity cases* (after their dismissal at the end of ten days).  
*Surgical Operation cases* which have to leave the hospital before any real approach to health has been attained.

*Children* who cannot be admitted to the Convalescent Homes. There is no reason why my scheme should not be carried out in other towns, and so relieve the congestion at the London Hospitals, and enable their services so as to encroach upon their time as little as possible, local nurses from Hospitals, Nursing Homes, &c., could take short shifts so that no one would be overtaxed; chemists could supply medicine, &c., at cost price; and local tradesmen could help, at any rate, in kind. All mechanical work, such as washing patients, taking temperature, &c., could be done by those women who have offered their services for wounded men; it would keep them in practice for actual war work.

It would greatly increase the efficiency of the work to have a permanent fully qualified nurse. Will those sympathisers who cannot give any large sum contribute weekly one shilling towards a "Nurses' Fee Fund"? Donations may be paid direct to Lloyd's Bank, Limited, Bromley, for the credit of "Brackenhill Hospital" account, or sent to me personally—and every subscriber of £5 or over will receive a monthly memo. of expenditure.

K. HARVEY.

**VICTIMS OF NATURALISATION LAW.**

MADAM—May I through your paper appeal for assistance for some thirty-six of our countrywomen and their children who are the victims of the naturalisation law which deprives a woman who marries a foreign subject of her nationality? These Welsh women are the wives of Germans who were working in the Welsh mines, and they were born in Wales and have never been out of Wales. Owing to the war, their husbands are now prisoners in England, and they and their families are left destitute. The administrators of the Prince of Wales's Fund have refused to assist them on the ground that they are not British subjects, and they cannot be helped from German funds. We propose, therefore, to raise a special fund for their relief, and feel sure we may rely upon a generous response from your readers. The American Consul at Swansea has most kindly offered his co-operation in the distribution of the fund. Donations will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer.

EDITH R. MANSSELL-MOULLIN, 69, Wimpole Street, London.  
 HELENA GERTRUDE JONES, M.B., D.P.H., Hon. Treasurer  
 to the Fund, 3, Rhodesia Avenue, Halifax, Yorks.

**WOMEN'S PEACE MOVEMENT.**

MADAM.—May I very heartily endorse the letters on the subject of the war in the present issue of THE COMMON CAUSE from Mrs. Richardson, Miss Chapman, and Mr. Arthur Price. It is, I think, highly desirable that the N.U.W.S.S. should emphatically dissociate itself from such individual opinions as Miss O'Shea's, or those of the other lady who has the temerity to declare herself as "For Britain's Greater Welfare." You have admitted these expressions of individual opinion into our organ—the recognised organ of the N.U.W.S.S.—and have also, I grant, admitted the very excellent comments on these. I think, however, you should also most emphatically state that these writs for peace at any price are strictly individual, the utterances of irresponsible members, and that the N.U. is not officially advocating any faddist opinions.

We are, indeed, in grave danger of condemnation by the mere man in the street for uttering immature opinions; we show ourselves unfit for the vote, not so much by differing from him—he can tolerate among his fellows diversity of party politics—but for rushing in with our judgment and advice where angels well might fear to tread. Utterances, that might be permissible over the tea-cups, obtain a certain dignity when printed. The mere man on seeing our paper may well say to himself, "if such thoughtless tomfoolery as 'For Britain's Glorious Welfare' is advocated by women—they show they are not fit for the vote in an Imperial Parliament." I am even tempted to fear so myself! ISOBEL FITZROY HECHT.

[We must courteously remind Mrs. Fitzroy Hecht that all the opinions published in our Correspondence columns are purely individual, including her own.—ED., "C.C."]

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# WOMEN'S WORK IN TIME OF WAR.

## PUBLIC MEETING

ORGANISED BY

The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies,

## KINGSWAY HALL

(KINGSWAY, W.C.)

***Tuesday, Oct. 20th, at 8.30 p.m.***

**Chairman: Mrs. FAWCETT, LL.D.,**

### ***SPEAKERS:***

Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton,  
Miss Margaret Ashton, Mrs. Auerbach, Miss I. O. Ford,  
Mrs. Hills (Miss Margaret Robertson), Miss Mary Macarthur,  
Miss A. Maude Royden,

AND OTHERS.

***Organist: Mrs. MARY LAYTON, F.R.C.O.***

ADMISSION FREE: Reserved and Numbered Seats, 5/- and 2/6, Reserved (unnumbered), 1/-.  
Tickets can be obtained from the N.U.W.S.S., 14, Great Smith Street, Westminster (Tel. 1960 Victoria);  
also at 50, Parliament Street, S.W.; and at the Hall.

***The Proceeds of the Meeting will be divided equally between the  
Queen's Work for Women Fund and The Active Service Fund of the  
National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.***