

# The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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## A DREAM OF TABLES TURNED.\*

The sun was shining cheerily,  
The streets were bright and gay  
With startling bills of red and blue,  
Set out in fair array;  
Nor was this odd, because, in sooth,  
It was Election Day.

Two names were echoed far and wide  
Through one provincial town,  
And men in blue and crimson cabs  
Went riding up and down,  
Some shrieking, "Vote for Tory  
Smith!"  
Some "Plump for Liberal Brown!"

Two voteless maids of learned mind  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Those bills throughout the land.  
"If both were only swept away,"  
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If, for their reasons 'gainst our vote,  
We gave them half a year,  
Do you suppose," Girtonia sighed,  
"That they could make them clear?"  
"I doubt it," murmured Somerville,  
And shed a bitter tear.

The Average Member heard their prayer  
Put up from day to day;  
The Average Member nothing said  
(He'd nothing new to say),  
But he voted 'gainst the Suffrage Bill  
In his old accustomed way.

He held that women were not wise,  
And should not laws enact;  
He thought their claims illogical,  
And hardly based on fact.  
"Go, win men's hearts—nought else,"  
quoth he,  
"By beauty, charm, and tact."

That night, methinks, he dined too well,  
The wine was of the best,  
The turtle soup beyond compare,  
The turbot deftly dressed.  
When sleep he sought, a nightmare came  
And squatted on his chest.

He thought he stood amid a crowd,  
A crowd of low degree,  
Who thronged towards a noble hall  
Right goodly for to see;  
And much he laboured to discern  
What their intent might be.

For in the hall three Forms there sat,  
Three Forms with faces pale;  
Their eyes were sad, their aspect stern,  
Their voices did not quail.  
And all of them were fair to see,  
And none of them were male.

\* The authoress of these verses sends them with a note that they appeared some time ago in the "Owen's College Union Magazine." We think them very well entitled to a larger circulation.—Ed.

And first there came an awful din,  
And then a wild uproar,  
Then silence deep enchained the crowd,  
And spread from roof to floor;  
And through that silence echoed words  
He thought he'd heard before.

"You're strong in reason, law, and right?  
Your claims are based on fact?  
You want to read a little Bill?  
You want to pass an Act?  
Then win your wives to do your will;  
Go, use your charm and tact!"

"Be sure in time you'll bring them round,  
It will not take you long;  
Your interests are the same as theirs  
(You've said so all along).  
Where both agree, they must be right;  
And where they don't you're wrong!"

"You've got to equal Shakespeare's gifts,  
And Mendelssohn's renown,  
And rival every learned don  
Who wears a cap and gown,  
Before you'll vindicate your right  
To vote for Thomas Brown!"

"You've got to prove your moral worth,  
You've got to write your name  
As clearly in the list of saints  
As on the roll of fame  
Before we'll let you place your mark  
By Brown's distinguished name!"

"We'll make you heed our sapient will,  
Our magisterial frown;  
We've got you prone, we've got you flat,  
We mean to keep you down;  
And that's the only reason why  
You shall not vote for Brown!"

"O voteless ones," the rulers said,  
"This is a pleasant joke.  
Will you be trotting home again?"  
But ne'er a mortal spoke—  
And ere the dreadful silence ceased  
That spellbound Member woke!

Right thankfully he left his bed,  
Repentently he swore  
That when the Women's Suffrage Bill  
Again should take the floor,  
Then, veritably, he, for one,  
Would check its course no more.

Next time it came before the House,  
With anger and surprise,  
The doughtiest champion of the Noes  
Was missed by his allies;  
And this was scarcely odd, because  
He'd voted with the Ayes!

NORNA.

### NEW FEATURE

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

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

## A Bard at the Braes.

By Margaret McMillan.

The crofters of the Braes were lying in Inverness gaol in 1882 because they were in revolt against their landlord, just as the Vatersay men were in Edinburgh gaol last June because they revolted against Lady Gordon Cathcart. These events, though separated by twenty-six years, are incidents of one long battle, which has lasted for more than a century, and has broken out furiously more than once in the last sixty years.

Mr. Balfour says that the Scottish Highlanders are the noblest peasantry in the world. But that is no true description of them. For the Highlanders never became peasants at all. They were always fighters, and bards, and (when they cared to study) philosophers and scholars. But they would not be peasants. (I must confess that even to-day the women not only spin and cook and sew, but carry peats and work in the fields, and not long ago they even made roads, and let themselves be yoked like horses.) They had an extraordinary love for their chiefs, who were related to them by ties of blood.

"It is sweet to die for one's country," says a noble people. "It is delicious," thought the Highlanders, "to die for one's chief."

So up till quite modern times—that is to say, till the latter part of the eighteenth century—the chiefs did exactly what they liked. There were no judges or courts needed, for the chief could punish anyone he liked. After the Jacobite Rebellion the great Highland lords were "recompensed" with huge grants of money for losing their life-and-death power over even innocent men. The Duke of Argyll, for example, received an immense sum for "justiciary" rights.

The Highlanders did not, however, give up every human right entirely. They always assumed that they had a certain right to the land—though the chief should, of course, have the best and largest share, and should be able to command the willing service of his devoted clansman. They cast lots for the portions of it that were to be cultivated as theirs, and appointed herdsmen to look after the cattle grazing on the wild hills and amid the unfenced pasture-land.

If you go to-day to the Braes, you may see a young man wandering over the hill or sitting by the wayside, while near him an extraordinarily clever and obedient dog is keeping an eye on the scattered flock. This is the village herdsman. His brother is probably at the University.

In spite of all their blind devotion, the Highlanders held a conviction that their wonderful wild country, with its gorgeous colouring, its dark mountains, and brown, bright rivers belonged to them.

On the wild hills there were patches of most luxuriant verdure, affording the finest grazing ground. "This," they said in their innocence, "is God's gift to us."

So on May Day, though England had long ceased to dance round Maypoles, the Highlanders rose with joy to wel-

come in the summer. Early in the morning the girls and women rose, packed the bedding and food, and dressed the children, wild with joy now that the hour had come to set off for the mountains. The men gathered their horses, sheep, and cattle, and away they all went in procession to build shieling huts on the hills, and live in the open all the summer.

What though the huts were wretched? The air of the hills is like wine—soft and exhilarating, a thing to smell and taste, with its perfumes of bog myrtle and sweetness of moor flowers. It is musical with the rush and murmur of crystal waters, the piping of secret birds, and—shifting, drifting all day long over distant sea and valleys—there are tides of colour such as no painter can dream of putting on any canvas.

The Highlander did not trouble to build a sanitary shieling. He made a crooked spade do duty for a plough. But he loved his island and its mountains. He drank deep of the wells of Beauty and Romance. And he still believed that to serve his chief and love him with exuberant devotion was part of the joy and wonder of living.

Then all happened as might have been foretold.

Just as in Yorkshire two hundred years earlier arable land was formed into sheep farms, so in the Highlands of Scotland in much more recent days—in the memory of our farmers—the land and the hill pasture, and even the right to the rivers and the sea (where the people used to have the right to fish) were taken away.

The lairds and the tacksmen did not fly to keep those things for their followers. They turned the land into sheep farms, and into deer forests; and some of them, finding the poor people very much in the way, forced them to emigrate, promising them all kinds of fine things in the lands beyond the seas.

Mairi nighean Ian Ban was born in Skye; but her father had been urged to go, like many others. Only he would not. He stopped in Glasgow, and, prospering there, he at last came back to the dear "Isle of Mists" where his famous daughter was born.

There is no need to say anything here about the evictions. What I want to make clear is that the Highlanders always thought they had a right to the grazing ground. They said, "The hills are ours! We have always had them in common for our flocks. We will pay rent for the crofts, but who can take away our native hills from us?"

That is what the Braes men said in 1882. They said it so determinedly that they were put in gaol—as you shall hear in the next number.

Not only, as Lagrange points out, is exhaustion the most important predisposing cause of all diseases, but, in the absence of leisure, it is impossible for the human race to develop graces of mind and body.—"Millgate Monthly."

## DAISY LORD.

### 800,000 Signatures.

The two petitions for Daisy Lord's release organised by the "Clarion" and THE WOMAN WORKER have been signed by about 800,000 persons, of whom 90,153 were found by our own readers. What is the importance of the separate petitions to which Mr. Gladstone referred in his recent explanation we do not know.

It is intended that as soon as the lists can be closed our two petitions shall be presented. Meanwhile, there have been additional subscriptions as follows:

Amount already acknowledged, £30 17s. 11d. Mrs. Smith and friends, 5s. 3d.; L. Robinson, 1s.; Two Friends, 5s.; W. K., Leicester, 6d.; S. L. W., Manchester, 1s. 6d.; S. A. Forshaw, 1s.; A. Moulds, 3s. 6d.; Hon. Mrs. T. Vine Spring, 2s. 6d.; J. Dickinson, 3s. 8d.; C. S. Smith, 1s.; G. Dexter, 1s. 6d.; A. M. W., 2s. 6d.; M. G. Noble, 5s.; Mrs. Phillips, 6d.; Mrs. Esplin, Forfar, 2s.

Total, £32 14s. 4d.

### Reply to Mr. Gladstone.

There is not one amongst us who would dare to minimise the sin and horror of infanticide. What we feel is, that the weak and illogical action of our law-makers, who order sentences to be passed that will never be carried out, and who leave the actual settlement of these awful issues to the caprice of individuals, does not tend to make the sin less frequent.

You tell us, sir, that we are not aware of the ordinary practice in these matters, and you proceed to say that unhappy young women in Daisy Lord's position, who have been subject to unspeakable tortures through their physical condition, through bitter anxiety, through the horror of the death sentence and long days of suspense, are committed to the humane treatment dealt out to women in a convict prison.

Those of us who know, from sad experience, the inside of a prison would assure you that humanity, which includes sympathy, courtesy, and patient kindness, has no place in the prison system of England. We happen to know the rules of these institutions. Convict prison life opens with solitary confinement. Hours of enforced solitude are hard even to those who have few painful memories and some mental resources. What they must be to a young woman with remorse and remembered misery and her present shame to fill them, I shudder even to think.

You promise—and this is the only definite item of your letter—that the imprisonment of this deeply-wronged girl shall not exceed three years. Our demand is that she shall immediately be placed in such circumstances as may enable her to start afresh. Three years of a convict prison would, we feel, destroy all hope of her social redemption. The laws under which she has been condemned and sentenced call for alteration.

Finally, we repeat the demand being made by a large body of citizens, that in view of the alterations required in many of the laws of this country which affect women, women themselves shall be admitted to those rights of citizenship which will give them a voice in the legislation of this country.

Mrs. DESPARD.

## WOMEN WHO WON'T.

By Julia Dawson.

Just as I am getting ready to go somewhere, and rest for a fortnight where the postman never comes and only cows and sheep talk, I am asked to write an article for THE WOMAN WORKER.

Such a privilege is not lightly to be thrown away, because already many hundreds of WOMAN WORKER readers have found their way round my heart by writing to me at the "Clarion" office, and saying it is the best woman's paper that ever was. "Clarion" women work for it like Trojans. And when one wrote the other day saying that a supercilious shopkeeper in Buxton not only didn't sell it, but added that he wouldn't even get it to order, I could almost smell sulphur, so furious was that loyal little lady!

Therefore, with a pleasure that passes all understanding, I put away thoughts of packing for a holiday for a little while, and sit down to write to you.

Strange to say, or perhaps not strange, I have been thinking a good deal about working women lately. Not, perhaps, the kind that compose the majority of WOMAN WORKER readers, but those whose literary appetites are fed by quite a different kind of fare.

### To Tame Bottom Dogs.

You know the fare, I am sure. You know the dear, bright, homely, innocent, goody-goody little papers that have huge circulations among the bottom dogs of working women—domestic servants, factory "hands," and such-like. If you don't know them, then I surely ought to be able to tell you about them, since for my sins I spent nine long, weary years of life in helping to bring one of these papers out.

How we used to work to get up our circulation!

Funny isn't the word for it. The thought of making the paper worth its penny did not enter our heads half so often, or please us one-quarter so much, as assuming a Sunday-school-class-teacher air to our readers—all young women—and telling them it was their stern duty, as true believers, to push our paper at fourpence per dozen profit. Also we used to bribe them fearfully in other ways. The girl who would get a hundred victims to buy the paper for a year, say, got a sewing machine; the girl who went some better and got 500 readers, a bicycle, and so on.

In justice to myself, let me say, I rarely wrote in the paper. Twice or thrice, perhaps, in all the nine years. My time was so much more profitably occupied for the proprietors. I used to read the stories and articles submitted, and decide which to accept and which to reject.

Literary merit did not count for much. My eagle eye was there to keep out any suggestion of sin.

If the writer of a story, for instance, allowed a domestic servant to "speak her mind" to a mistress, or a heroine to post a letter on Sunday, or travel by train or 'bus to church, that story was rejected straight away. My instructions

were that only "safe literature" was to be provided; that nothing whatever, for instance, was to creep in which would make a girl discontented with the position in which it had pleased God to place her. Every now and then we had articles against the sins of dancing, card-playing, going to theatres, &c.

### Sin on the Brain.

We had, in fact, sin on our brain. Nearly everything a girl could do was a sin, except to work—preferably at some menial occupation—and be always respectful to her betters! Feathers and flowers in hats were deadly sins, and so was "fringe."

But there! What's the use of going on? I have only said so much to enable you to judge of the difference between a spineless, sanctimonious paper like that and one with the grit and backbone of THE WOMAN WORKER.

Yet that had a circulation of 100,000!!

I want you, also, to do your part by giving copies of THE WOMAN WORKER to readers of the mollusc magazines. It will do them good.

### A New Crusade.

For, whatever sins THE WOMAN WORKER may commit, knowing the Editor as I do, I know that it will never—no, never—be guilty of trying to keep working women in their present down-trodden positions. It will never have the audacity to tell its readers that because they are workers they must consider themselves as inferiors, and make respectful curtsies to the "betters" who employ them.

No; No; NO. THE WOMAN WORKER has come right along to hold up the dignity of labour, or rather the dignity of useful labour, and to insist that if one woman does hold a lower or less dignified position than another, the woman who doesn't work must sit back o' behind her who does. This, if our circulation goes up and up as it ought, will cause tremendous consternation in the goody-goody, go-to-meeting camp.

But I don't think we need worry. They have had their innings pretty well.

### The Goody-Goodies—

You know, perhaps, or some of you know, that there has been a "Clarion" as well as a WOMAN WORKER petition for Daisy Lord.

I wanted badly to have it achieve its purpose: and, with the hope that somehow springs eternal in the human breast under most unlikely circumstances, I canvassed some of the heads of the Christian and temperance organisations who were once my colleagues in goody-goody work. The replies were typical, and came some weeks after my letters.

Here are some:

Dear Mrs. Dawson,—I am so sorry that several things prevented my being able to accede to your request to get our Association to take up the case of Daisy Lord. But I trust the ultimate issue may be what we both of us desire.

That is from a Christian woman whose name is a household word in Eng-

land and America. It was written on a postcard.

The next is from a leading temperance lady (not Lady Henry Somerset, who signed the petition, and would have helped more but for ill-health):

Dear Madam,—I must apologise very much for having accidentally omitted to send you a reply to your letter. I trust I did not cause you inconvenience. . . . A fortnight of emergency work that overtook my daily life caused your request to be unacknowledged by me, which I regret very much.

The next is a perfect jewel from another Christian worker, whose family is as well known in the Christian world as Spurgeon's.

### Found Out.

Dear Mrs. Dawson,—I have received the copy of the petition, and have been consulting several friends about it. While I deeply sympathise with the girl, in the interests of womanhood and girl life, as well as infant life, I feel it would not be right to circulate the petition.

With so many interested in girls, I do not feel it is necessary for any girl to fall into sin. The trouble is that they will not come to those who will give them advice and help. This is the problem we have to solve—how to get them to do this. I know we all wish the best, but some can look more into the future effects than others, and I think you cannot have thought of this.

I have a strong feeling that one must guard the preciousness of human life and let the law take its course, as in the end this will really save many more girls. If once our girls lose the sense of sin, where shall we be? I do think our energies ought to go in making men feel the sin.

I hope you will understand what I mean, and will perhaps look at it now from a different point of view.

You see, these Christians have a "trouble" that Christ never had, and that Socialists haven't felt so far. Girls will not go to them for advice and help.

If this lady saw the daily post-bag of every member of the "Clarion" staff I think and hope she would begin to look at things "from a different point of view." Also, I would like to ask her what in the world is the good of girls in trouble going to herself, or the association she represents, for advice and help?

Didn't Daisy go? The only logical conclusion we can draw is that this Christian organisation and others of its kind are no use for helping girls through great crises.

### "The Woman Worker" Helps!

There, I had better close the article. The truths I could tell would fill pages.

What I would really like to point out is that THE WOMAN WORKER exists not only to interest women, but to help women.

Whether a woman has a sense of her own sin or whether she hasn't doesn't matter a fig to THE WOMAN WORKER. Indeed, a sense of sin is not what THE WOMAN WORKER aims to cultivate. We prefer other and more helpful things.

So! Whatever you want, write to one of us, and we will help you.

The Liberal party will have to trend towards the Socialistic movement. It may become identified with the movement as apart from the theory. Even now it is taking up a great many ideals of the Socialists.—DR. CLIFFORD, in the "Millgate Monthly."

## ARE WOMEN SELFISH?

By Annie C. Tyler.

Why will women who work not band together?

It is difficult to say; there is no apparent reason.

But in very early times, when women were mere chattels and entirely subject to men, they had no right to a mind or opinion of their own. Reverenced and treated, as the ages went on, with more consideration and tenderness, they were sheltered from contact with the world. When at last the fetters have been broken, who can wonder that they have grown constitutionally selfish?

To those whom a woman loves—those nearest and dearest to her—she is often self-denying, though, beneath the cloak of tenderness and care even for them there lurks the love of self. She likes to be kind to those by whom she is believed, but for her sex outside her own circle she has little care or thought.

Sympathy may be expressed for toil-worn, suffering sisters of whom she hears, but she seems unable to realise that it is in her power to ease their lot.

### Unthinking Evil.

A girl with a good home will accept wages as a shop-worker which would not keep a respectable dog on milk and bones.

A trained typist will enter an office for a mere nothing a week because she can "live at home," wholly forgetful that she is spoiling the work for the homeless, penniless girl, or the girl who has to support an invalid or aged parent, or other relative.

A girl will sell her services as a governess, or companion, or lady-help, for a few pounds a year because she has enough money from her father for clothing and wants just a little for her pocket.

Mothers encourage this sort of thing.

### The Worst Offenders.

There is an even worse pocket-money worker—one who, living at home, perhaps occupying part of her time with the domestic arrangements or with parochial affairs (the daughters of clergy are great sinners in this respect), endeavours to earn a small additional income and occupy her spare time.

Perhaps she has a liking for fancy-work, or someone has given her a typewriter, or she goes in for amateur gardening. She advertises in religious and fashionable papers, offering to supply or to undertake work at a price that will not pay for needles and thread, or for the ribbons and pads of a typewriter.

The work may be atrociously bad, but that is beside the question, and a little training would set it right. There is no reason whatever why she should not work. But why she should sweat herself and struggle to ruin other workers is beyond comprehension.

There is another aspect of the question.

When a girl takes, at a lower salary, a post formerly held by a man, and for the weak reason that she "is only a girl," she is not only doing herself a

wrong, her action is more far-reaching. Owing to cheap female labour the man displaced cannot earn sufficient remuneration to marry and have a home of his own.

Therefore, girls have to continue working for themselves, having ousted those men who would gladly have married and supported them.

### Equality.

For equal efficiency, justice demands an equal wage. Justice demands it; but women don't.

This is especially noticeable in the case of teachers: men are paid far better salaries than women, even though the women be more highly qualified. Education authorities do not yet appear to regard women with due respect.

But with all this willingness to undersell men and each other, there is generally an acknowledged and terrible lack of efficiency.

How is it to be cured—except by combination? Employers would demand higher efficiency with the higher wage they were compelled to pay; and if for a brief space the "inefficients" were thrown out they would quickly learn to bestir themselves.

### The Task.

Attempts are being made by thinking women of all classes to organise a better state of things; but it is an almost overwhelming task.

There are the Women's Trades Union League, an Association for Shorthand-writers and Typists, the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants, and some few similar bodies, which are doing their best. But the public opinion of women generally—the women who live quietly at home, who see no harm in buying the very cheapest articles, even if inferior, who will encourage their daughters to give their services "for a start"—has to be aroused and their consciences awakened.

In substance we still repeat the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Where is the woman who will decline underpaid work and suffer even a slight inconvenience upon principle?

No great cause has been won without its martyrs. Those willing to suffer for their toiling sisters are few and far between; but these will have to be forthcoming before the cause is won of justice in regard to women's work.

## MUSIC.

What passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the chorded shell  
His listening brethren stood around,  
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell  
To worship that celestial sound.

Less than a god they thought there  
could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell  
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Musick raise and quell?

DRYDEN.

## THE AGE-LONG STORM.

Wild windy days! Your tumult and unrest  
Play on the heart as on Eolian strings,  
And chords unbidden vibrate, in the breast,  
Chords of our yearning for long-hoped-for things:

For in the heart a secret sympathy  
Exists with Nature in her stormy moods;  
The soul leaps up in kindred mutiny,  
And in its cage no longer dormant broods.

As a great gale goes rushing o'er the world,  
And lashing into fury lake and sea,  
So has an age-long storm unceasing rolled,  
Uprooting in its course all tyranny.

No strong reform, no freedom has been gained  
But had its birth in some upheaving blast:  
With blood and storm-tears must the way be stained  
Ere old-time creeds and systems are o'erpast.

Oh, better far that some wide-blowing wind  
Should cleanse the world with pure and fragrant breath,  
Than deep in hidden crannies of the mind  
Should lurk the noisome germs of hate and death.

The hurricane shall not forever stay:  
Anon shall blow from out the blue above  
A softer breath; and on that gladsome day  
A nobler world shall be—a world of Love!

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

## TROUBLED CONSCIENCES.

We were sitting in the vestry after prayer meeting, looking bored, when one of our gathering said that confession was good for the soul, and suggested that we should each acknowledge that passage in Scripture which troubled his conscience most. We did so, and with interesting results. The magistrate confessed that Christ's command, "Judge not," caused him to pass many sleepless nights. The banker admitted that the homily, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth," was not compatible with his vocation. The reformer acknowledged that the injunction, "Resist not evil," threw him often into deep meditation. An army contractor said that he did not exactly like the beatitude, "Blessed are the peace-makers." The barrister thought that if everybody should "agree with his adversary quickly" he could not continue contributing to the support of his church. The captain of industry was dubious about his chances for heaven; "for what," asked the Nazarene, "is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

W. RESTELL.

## "THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD."

By Keighley Snowden.

The two Suffragettes were received with showers of granite chippings. A stone struck Mrs. Despard on the forehead. Nothing daunted, she mounted a chair and faced the crowd, who pushed her off the chair and smashed it. . . . She and Miss Margaret Sidley barricaded themselves within the van. Deliberate attempts were then made to overthrow the van by letting it run downhill. Its windows were smashed, the tailboard was wrenched off, rotten eggs were flung, fireworks discharged, and the imprisoned ladies kept in a state of terror.—*Daily Paper.*

The only power of wealth a sober, virtuous mind may covet is that which it gives its owner of enjoying "the luxury of doing good."—*Queen.*

Each of these diverse bits of reprint is in the same way like the fabled scorpion, which, having a sting in its tail, was at one time believed to turn this upon its own body in difficult situations.

Why did the Maidstone journalist, who put a shame on record for his country's good, assume that those two gallant ladies were reduced to "a state of terror"?

And how came a writer for the "Queen" to print a drawing-room phrase within quotation marks—as if to disavow it?

### A Test Case.

I knew a tame hedgehog once. He was a friendly and intelligent fellow, as you saw whenever he put up his nose and blinked; and indeed he only left us on occasions when we lit a pipe. Last time I walked over a Yorkshire moor, a gang of shouting, laughing, red-faced boys ran past me in a lane, kicking along a live hedgehog for a football. They wore clogs.

That Maidstone mob enjoyed its woman-baiting in just the same spirit, I believe.

Now, Kent and Yorkshire are in England. There has been a kind of civilisation in England for many centuries; St. Augustine landed here in 597. "And so rapid," says the chronicler, "was his success, that in 602 the Pope made him Archbishop of Canterbury, Kent being the first scene of his labours."

What is likely to be the effect on Kent or Yorkshire of people who talk about "the luxury of doing good"? Will they describe this luxury to a meeting at Maidstone?

Mrs. Despard will not be there. It may be done pleasantly and safely, with the approval of the newspapers.

### What Counts.

Be sure of this: there is only one way of doing good, whether with riches or without them. You must give yourself. And Mrs. Despard will not be there because one never (consciously) gives oneself for a luxury.

The luxury of doing good. I wonder if any corrupt society of past times has produced a phrase so hypocritical and smug. I know of none like it. It could only have appeared where the meaning of doing good had been forgotten; for it assumes, with a success evidenced by its currency, that good may be done from a selfish motive.

And it seems to have revolted nobody. I suppose that, if smart Society talks of doing good on any terms, the thing is

taken as a rather hopeful symptom. There is a bastard Christianity of self-consciousness and self-help, very ancient and reputable, that approves this way of approach to decent conduct. What a mincing sham it is, if you come to think.

"Be" is what is meant. Doing is a different business.

Look at old Mrs. Despard's way. The savagery of English mobs is not unknown to her; three times at least this summer she has had experience of it, and she goes to meet it. Whether you think that what she does is good or you don't, she is doing it in the only spirit that counts.

### Proof.

Brutality in Yorkshire lads, or Maidstone men and youths, or the Manchester police, is proof that we need such martyrs—and need, especially, the civilisation of a free and kindly womanhood.

Not only is all bad that signals inequality of the sexes, but all that separates them, and all that makes for mutual contempt or mistrust between them. I think it inconceivable that, if women had been men's equals and good friends through the centuries, fear and cruelty could have been the chief means of government; and I attribute to fear and cruelty the ruffianism that political women have to face.

These are supposed to be deterrents; and cruelty in mobs is a vicious joy of reaction from their control.

Apparently the Maidstone journalist found it difficult to imagine that, out of sight in the van, Mrs. Despard felt as she did when he saw her. The Yorkshire lads who kicked the hedgehog did not imagine anything.

### The Good to be Done.

So it comes to this, that the habit of sympathy—the plain good feeling which is insight—has not been fostered by a barbarous past. Without sympathy, neither imagination nor understanding can advance more than a step or two.

What sort of sympathy inspires a lackadaisical sigh for "the luxury of doing good"—or, in plain words, the luxury of almsgiving, of being kinder than one's fellow-men and fellow-women have means to be, of saving miserable lives without risk? What quality of imagination belongs to it?

There is one good to be kept in view by Socialists and Suffragists alike; and women of high courage ought not to miss it. Their movement must either humanise or fail.

At the Church Congress, Lady Acland has been denouncing "true" Socialism as anti-Christian. This leaves her friends free to annex any of its principles and say that they are not Socialistic.

### WORK FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

See the

... NEW FEATURE ...

Accurate Information on Training, Openings, Conditions of Work, Salaries, &c.

See Page 480.

## A GENTLEMAN.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and one of the directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. Though bred a Presbyterian and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time.

He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room and another in the shop or at the stall. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it. He revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of female old he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. The roses that had long faded thence still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapton—who, dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had one day been treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. When he ventured to expostulate with her on her coldness, she confessed with her usual frankness that a little before he had commenced his compliments she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time.

And she thought to herself, "As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner), and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman's pride came to my assistance, and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them."

I have sometimes imagined that the uncommon strain of courtesy which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this reasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

CHARLES LAMB.

## ANN.

Another person there was at that time whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. . . . From my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way—a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher; for a philosopher should look upon himself as a catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent.

For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself; she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows

in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers. One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square; thither we went, and we sat down on the steps of a house.

Suddenly I grew much worse; I had been leaning my head against her bosom, and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensation I then had I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that, without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all resuscitation under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion, who had herself met with little but injuries in this world, stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse, at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to

expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.

DE QUINCEY.

## GOOD HOPE.

O weary hearts that languish for the light,  
And souls grown pale and shrunk  
'neath slavish woes,  
Hurried so swiftly on to death's dark brink  
Ye scarce have time to stay and  
pluck love's rose!  
Out of this cloud-like misery of yours,  
Beneath the shower of your fast-falling tears,  
The young May-buds of Freedom shall  
be born,  
To crown with deathless bloom the  
noble, unborn years.

I dreamt the thunder-drops did patter  
thick  
Through the old pear-tree's boughs in  
storm last night;  
Yet there the merry birds will sit and  
sing,  
Sun-circled, on the bough grown full  
and white;  
And not one sigh which leaves your  
pallid lips,  
One stifled sob which tyranny doth  
wring,  
But soar, accusing angels, to the  
heavens—  
Bring near and yet more near fair  
Freedom's balmy spring.

ETHEL CARNIE.

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## INTERNATIONAL LABOUR LAWS.

## At the Lucerne Conference.

By Constance Smith.

Fifty years ago anyone who had suggested that the Governments of Western Europe might agree among themselves to abolish by treaty the nightwork of women employed in industry would have been thought an irresponsible visionary.

Even twenty years ago few social reformers foresaw, in their most sanguine dreams, that in the near future such questions as the employment of boys in glass-works at night, the age at which children should enter the labour market, the wages paid to sweated tailors and shirtmakers, and the dangers involved in the use of lead glazes, would have power to draw, from all parts of the world, a crowd of men and women eminent in a dozen different spheres, eager to spend themselves in finding an international remedy.

To-day the treaty exists; it was signed at Berne two years ago.

In the dignified old Rathaus at Lucerne there gathered last week 130 representatives of eighteen different States, of varying creeds, political and religious—ministers of State and permanent officials, philosophers and social reformers, trained economists and trade union secretaries, men of science and factory inspectors, bent on consideration of the problems just enumerated and of others like them.

## Great Britain Isolated.

All the leading Powers of Europe—Great Britain only excepted—sent specially qualified official delegates to watch the proceedings. And this assembly, made up of such dissimilar elements, found itself able to work in perfect order and harmony, and with abounding goodwill.

It was a great experience.

For it we have to thank the ten years' labour of the International Association for Labour Legislation, its never-resting Central Labour Office at Basle, and the national sections whose labours of inquiry have made it possible for the association to become, as M. Millerand, the president of the French section, once happily called it, "the international laboratory in which treaties are prepared for the consideration of Governments."

Short as has been the life of the association it has already done great things.

## What Has Been Done.

The Convention of Berne, by which Western Europe agreed to abolish the nightwork of women by 1910 in fourteen countries, was its work. That treaty is now being ratified by the national Parliaments, and so far only one country, Sweden, has refused to ratify.

This is not—sad that one should have to confess it!—the fault of the Swedish Government, but is that of a small trade union of women printers, who, by vehement opposition, managed to capture their national representatives in Parliament. By their action they have (temporarily only, let us hope) deprived their sisters in many worse paid and more toilsome trades of an inestimable

boon. Failing to realise the higher spirit of trade unionism which puts the welfare of the whole above that of the individual or the group, they have at the same time failed to serve their own best interests.

Such a meeting as that at Lucerne, could they have been present at it, might have opened their eyes. They would have learned how closely, how indissolubly the future of the workers in all lands is knit together—how hopeless it is to suppose that the lonely furrow can yield fruit to the labourer.

The treaty for the abolition of white phosphorus in match-making is another bit of association work.

In 1906, at Geneva, the British delegates could hardly bear to speak of the treaty, for Great Britain had hung back from signing it. This year Professor Oliver, the president of the British section, was able to present himself before the Lucerne meeting with the Phosphorus Bill in his hand. Other hesitating countries will now, we have reason to hope, follow our example.

## This Year's Work.

We worked hard during our three days, particularly in the committees, of which there were five, dealing respectively with Organisation, Industrial Poisons, Home Work and Child Labour, Maximum Working Day, and International Accident Insurance.

It was in the third of these committees that the most interesting results were reached.

To judge by the progress of international thought on the subject of home work, sweating and wages boards, one might have supposed that twenty years rather than two had elapsed since the Geneva meeting.

The second reading of our Sweated Industries Bill last February has counted for a great deal on the Continent. Copies of the Bill, in French and German, were circulated, and Miss Macarthur's speech explaining its provisions was listened to with deep interest.

Nor is our movement in favour of the abolition of half-time and the raising of the school age unappreciated; it undoubtedly influenced the recommendation of the committee making fourteen the minimum age for employment.

## The Future.

International action is necessarily slow, for the "advanced" countries have to persuade the "backward" countries that in progress is prosperity—not always an easy task.

But if no sensational results were achieved, solid foundations were laid on which to build general agreement for the future.

I am, perhaps, by nature an optimist; but I think that even the least sanguine member of our delegation will be ready to acknowledge that the sight of the International Association at its beneficent work is one to cheer the soul and strengthen the hands of every true worker on behalf of labour.

## SPOONS.

"Hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?" said Mr. Bumble, stirring his tea, and looking up into the matron's face; "are you hard-hearted, Mrs. Corney?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the matron. "What a very curious question from a single man. What can you want to know for, Mr. Bumble?"

The beadle drank his tea to the last drop; finished a piece of toast; whisked the crumbs off his knees; wiped his lips; and deliberately kissed the matron.

"Mr. Bumble!" cried that discreet lady in a whisper, for the fright was so great that she had quite lost her voice, "Mr. Bumble, I shall scream!" Mr. Bumble made no reply; but in a slow and dignified manner put his arm round the matron's waist.

As the lady had stated her intention of screaming, of course she would have screamed at this additional boldness, but that the exertion was rendered unnecessary by a hasty knocking at the door; which was no sooner heard than Mr. Bumble darted, with much agility, to the wine bottles, and began dusting them with great violence, while the matron sharply demanded who was there.

"If you please, mistress," said a withered old female pauper, hideously ugly, putting her head in at the door, "Old Sally is a-going fast."

"Well, what's that to me?" angrily demanded the matron. "I can't keep her alive, can I?"

"No, no, mistress," replied the old woman, "nobody can; she's far beyond the reach of help. I've seen a great many people die; little babes and strong men; and I know when death's a-coming well enough. But she's troubled in her mind, and she'll never die quiet till you come, mistress."

At this intelligence the worthy Mrs. Corney muttered a variety of invectives against old women who couldn't even die without purposely annoying their betters; and, muffling herself in a thick shawl which she hastily caught up, briefly requested Mr. Bumble to stay till she came back, lest anything particular should occur.

Mr. Bumble's conduct on being left to himself was rather inexplicable. He opened the closet, counted the teaspoons, weighed the sugar-tongs, closely inspected a silver milk-pot to ascertain that it was of the genuine metal, and, having satisfied his curiosity on these points, put on his cocked hat cornerwise, and danced with much gravity four distinct times round the table.

"OLIVER TWIST."

## TWENTY WAYS OF INCREASING CIRCULATION.

V.

The Women's Suffrage movement has been prolific of new ideas, some of which are useful. One is that of cheaply announcing the dates of meetings in chalk on the pavement.

There is no reason why those of our readers who are good at lettering should not advertise THE WOMAN WORKER in the same way.

Make the announcement brief—and do not cause an obstruction or the police will object.

## CHILD WAGE-SLAVES.

By Frances E. Milner.

The strike of the plucky box-makers will not be soon forgotten. It served to bring out once more the fact that women's work is never fairly paid. Investigations into all sorts of trades, occupations, and appointments prove that women get from one-half to two-thirds the amount paid to men for the same work.

But are people aware that this difference begins even in the school years? It does; and the facts are striking.

**A Novel Inquiry.**

I recently ascertained the wages and hours of certain school children in a large provincial town. In a small and very poor school, thirty-one boys and seven girls between the ages of eleven and fourteen were wage-earners; and here are the results of my inquiries.

The boys' occupations were diverse, but their hours and wages were, for the most part, fairly proportioned the one to the other. Of course, the largest number delivered or sold newspapers. That would seem to be the commonest, as it is one of the most harmful of occupations for school children. Others worked as errand boys, knife-cleaners, wood-choppers, and gardeners' helpers.

**The Lather Boy.**

One was a barber's latherer, working from 5.30 to 9 every evening, and from 9.30 a.m. to 11 p.m. on Saturdays. Rather long hours for a boy of twelve, you think. Why, yes; but then he earned the princely wage of 2s. a week.

Think of that! It is worth while using up the blood and energy of a growing boy, wearing out the nerves of a future citizen, wasting, for want of sleep, the brain-power that should be acquiring such education as a beneficent country provides for boys of twelve; it is quite worth while, because he may be able to pay perhaps a third of the rent of the place he calls home.

The wages of the other boys were very much the same—rather more than a penny an hour. One newspaper boy earned 2s. 6d. for 38 hours. Taking an average of all the 31 boys, I found that they worked 14½ hours a week for 1s. 4d.

**Boys, 1s. 1d.; Girls, 7½d.**

Now to the point of my story—the girls.

One girl of twelve was employed as a paper deliverer. She worked from 7 to 7.45 each morning, and from 4.30 to 5.30 on two afternoons a week, making a total of ten hours.

Had she been paid at the same average rate as the boys she would have earned 11d.; at the rate of boy paper deliverers, 1s. 1d. But being a girl, she had to be content with 7½d.—roughly two-thirds of the boys' average.

The other girl wage-slaves, six in number, were engaged "minding children and helping about the house."

**Little Drudges.**

You know what a picture of drudgery this conjures up. One sees them staggering under the weight of teething babies, with two or three other imps

to keep in order, responsible for all their mischief; or sent on numerous errands; or made to lift heavy kettles and pails, to wash up, to scrub floors, and, in fact, to undertake all the thankless, arduous jobs that no one else wants to do.

These things are done, mind you, during a child's only recreation time.

A hasty mouthful of food, snatched as soon after twelve o'clock as she can get it, stands instead of dinner; and in ten minutes she is at her place of employment. Back again to school she hurries, without a chance of that game of hopscotch or "tig," or even a cake-walk to the tune of a piano-organ. There is not even a minute to flatten her nose against the pane of the sweet-shop where they keep those lovely hot, pink peppermints with mottoes on them. After tea (ten minutes) it is work again till half-past eight or nine o'clock, when the last refractory child is safe in bed and supper-pots are washed up.

**Aching for Hopscotch.**

Now, at last, she is released to begin that game of hopscotch. She has been aching for it all day. Alas! she aches too much to play now, and misses it after all.

"But, then," it used to be said, "think how nice it is to be able to help them at home with her earnings; how proud she must be when she takes them home on Saturday night."

Well, friends, and how much do you suppose she does take home? What should be the Judas-price for so much flesh and blood?

One of her earns 2d.; another 3d.; and still another 6d.—besides tea every day, and dinner on Saturdays, when she works all day.

**"The Inferior Sex."**

I do not discuss the reason why women's work of equal quality is supposed to be worth less than men's. I do not know it; and I sometimes wonder if there is anyone who does. If there is, I wish very much that he or she would step up and give it.

But if anyone wants to say that the reason is men's responsibility for the support of wives and children, I cite these facts about children.

In particular, I quote the case of my girl paper-boy.

**TO A CHILD.**

Guileless traitor, rebel mild,  
Convict unconscious, culprit child!

Birds shall sing  
For thy delight each May morning,  
And, while thou fill'st thy lap with flowers  
To make amends for wintry hours,  
The breeze, the sunshine, and the place  
Shall from thy tender brow efface  
Each vestige of untimely care  
That sour restraint had graven there:  
And on thy every look impress  
A more excellent childishness.

LAMB.

## THE CHOICE.

Heidelberg, August 21, 1830.

MY BEST OF MASTERS.—It has taken a long time for the tumult of my ideas to quieten down. What an upheaval the reading of those two letters caused! I am just beginning to feel more collected. I at once took courage on reading your letter, and concluded that Atlas was overthrown. In his place stood a child of the Sun, pointing to the east, saying, "Beware of thwarting Nature lest thy good genius take his flight for ever. The road to science lies over ice-clad mountains; the road to art also lies over mountains, but they are tropical, set with flowers, hopes, and dreams." Such was the state of my feelings on first reading your letter and my mother's; but I am much calmer now.

I choose art, and by this decision I will, can, and must abide. I can bid good-bye without a tear to a science which I do not love and barely respect; but it is not without qualms that I look down the long vista leading to the goal I have set myself. I assure you I am modest, as, indeed, I have reason to be; but I am also courageous, patient, trusting, and teachable. I put myself in your hands with entire confidence. Take me as I am, and be patient with me in everything. Reproaches shall not depress me, nor praise make me idle. A few bucketfuls of cold, real cold, theory will not hurt me, and I shall not dodge the wetting. I have carefully read and considered your five "but's"; I have asked myself severely if I can satisfy them; and in each case my reason and my inclination answer: "Yes, without a doubt." Take my hand and lead me, honoured Master, for I will follow you blindly; and never shift the bandage from my eyes, lest they be dazzled by the splendour. If I could show you my inner self at this moment, you would see me at peace in a world bathed with the fragrance of the dawn.

You may rely upon me. Your pupil shall be worthy of the name. Ah, Master, can you tell me why we are sometimes so blissfully happy in this world? I know the secret!

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Nothing that was worthy in the past departs.—CARLYLE.

Books are good enough in their way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.—STEVENSON.

In a highly interesting pamphlet (New Age Press, 1s.), Mr. H. M. Bernard lays down "The Scientific Basis of Socialism." This is that from the point of view of evolution societies or colonies must be considered as organic wholes. To think of men and women as distinct and competing organisms is, Mr. Bernard holds, unscientific.

Amongst some African tribes, when a man professes his love for a woman and asks her in marriage, she invariably refuses him at first, lest it should appear that she had been thinking of him and was eager to become his wife! By so doing she maintains the modesty of her sex, as well as tests the love and abases the pride of her lover.—"Wide World Magazine."

## A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

## For Social Freedom.\*

Beatrice Harraden's new book is a joy.

One knows, of course, that in the realm of manners women have much more courage than men. They rule it. Women will always do so. Therefore its reforms are chiefly women's business, and if there are plucky things to be said about it women say them. The pluck of "Interplay" is tremendous. In our days bleeding sire and son have little to do with freedom's battle, but it changes ground as fast as when they have.

What makes one's pleasure in the book is not mere courage, which some folk put to dubious use, but a gay, convincing wisdom too. Beatrice Harraden's wit is kindly; her wisdom's appeal is to the heart.

"Interplay" is the story of a divorced wife who remarries, and it argues that a woman with what is known as a past has the plain right "to pass on." If she loves again, her past is nobody's business but that of the man to whom she gives herself, and not his more than his is hers.

Harriet Rivers (once Mrs. Blackburn) finds this idea disputed firmly by a droll circle of old-fashioned people, relatives of her bosom friend, Margaret Tresider, or of her new lover, Edward Bending—who, be it said at once, is the finest figure of a modern seaman in fiction. She and her friend and a couple of very engaging youngsters rebel against the elders of their generation, and merrily bring up most of them to date.

From another point of view it is the story of two women's friendship. The title means that, in comradeship, there is always an interplay of benefits; you cannot help another without yourself being helped. But help is help, not patronage; and claims nothing in return. Bending's middle-aged friendship for his blithe niece, Bess, and her lover, Hughie, is of the same complexion, and delightful with rewards.

For my own part, I like to class the book as just a potent, wise, and altogether charming page in the gospel of freedom and happiness. Here are good manners.

How is one to give an idea of the splendid contempt of old shams and stupidities, the sweet generosity, the fetterless good sense, and the hopeful meaning of this novel?

It sets one sighing happily. Certainly the larger day of liberty is coming, and may be near; indeed, it dawned for some of us long since; but, eager that all should share the warm, broad sunlight, one frets at unbeliefs. Oh, for the happy time at last when Ermyntudes and Jorkles cease from troubling! (Ermyntude stands for "culture" and all the unkindly humbug of social "safeguards.") We are still unable to live for thinking how—like the heartless generations of prigs and two-penny dull prudes and cuphuists whose

\*"Interplay." By Beatrice Harraden. (6s. London: Methuen and Co.)

blight is on us. Their day is past, definitely; but they take too much persuading of it, and we tire. In weak moments we do tire.

Beatrice Harraden assails them with a good-tempered ridicule, and shows a more humane and natural life than they have imagined. Perhaps the best thing I can do in a page is to quote Bending's breezy praise of the two women, and then let Harriet speak for herself.

Bending has to cheer the heart of young Hughie because his sweetheart Bess, in the rapture of her escape from a stifling "home influence," seems heedless of his worship. She has been raving about Mrs. Rivers.

"And well she might, my boy, I can tell you," Uncle Ted said proudly. "Harriet is my Queen, as you know, but they are a couple of fine, generous-hearted women, with no pose about them; and when you enter the house you feel that you've come into a place where you can breathe and be at your ease. No strain there, you know. No mountain-tops there. No subtle propitiation necessary there. And Bess probably realised the relief of that, and the relaxing of the tension. You see, she has had—well, to continue being candid—she has had years of the other thing, Hughie—that's the plain truth of it. . . . Give her plenty of rope."

Now for Harriet Rivers when Bending wants to marry her. She is telling about her first husband and the desperate step she took, which the law calls by one ugly name whatever the circumstances:

"I learnt to hate, to loathe him. He was not fit to be entrusted with any decent-minded woman, with any woman. It was an outrage on body and spirit to be his wife. I ask myself sometimes why I stayed with him for four years. And my answer is that I did not know my way in life, could not have come to a definite decision as I could now; hadn't the courage or the common sense to cut myself off for him, couldn't have stood alone. Many women cannot stand alone. I was one of them."

"But one day a man came into my life who understood from the beginning. His name was Robert Stilling. He cared for my music. That was the first bond. He was of my own mental class. That was another bond. We spoke the same language. We called things by the same names. No scoffing at sweet and lovely beliefs. No ruthless tramping down of lingering ideals. Oh, the relief of it! I have not lost the sense of relief to this day. His sympathy lifted me out of the depths of my despair. This alone would have made me love him, would have made me willing to follow him, out of sheer gratitude, to the ends of the world. But I loved him dearly, passionately, for his own sake."

"He was honourable, chivalrous, great-minded, and he had the winning gaiety of a bright spirit."

"So I threw off my bonds of wifehood, and ran away to Florence with him. And though I have had to pay the penalty, as only a woman has to pay—I'm paying it now, Edward; paying it to its utmost farthing—I can never regret what I did. I should be false to myself if I pretended that I regretted it. No, I won joy inexpressible and relief inexpressible. Those eighteen months we were together will remain in my book of life as a beautiful page for which I shall ever gladly give thanks. Of course, we were not married. We could not be married because James Blackburn refused to divorce me. But, for all that, I was an honoured woman; and I lost the miserable sense of degradation which my life with my legal husband had engendered in me."

"My happiness was short-lived. Robert Stilling was suddenly taken ill at Siena, and

died within six or seven days. And then my husband divorced me.

"I held, and still hold, the theory that all have the right to pass on silently—men and women alike. But it has not worked out in my own particular case. I've had no rest about it—I've struggled fearfully over it, and suffered unspeakably. This unburdening of my mind to you, painful in itself, has been the least part of my suffering."

Bending drew his chair a little closer to her.

"And now my history, Harriet," he said quietly.

That passage would serve to show the human spirit of the book. I shall only say this about it—that these two honest people gain very significantly in love-ability and stature as they tell us what they have done and been.

But "Interplay" is very much more than the story of their lives. It is a great protest against hard-heartedness and shoddy-mindedness in many of life's contacts. Bess's story, and Margaret's, and that of a downtrodden poor "companion," are woven in with it; and so are many humorous and well-drawn figures, from Ermyntude, who puzzled and posed over Herbert Spencer, to old Aunt Caroline, a dragon who lost eleven companions more in as many weeks, and fought with Margaret, and came up to date at last with a spirit for aeroplanes.

It is a very full book. No review can do more than dip, and hint, and give inadequate thanks. The world is much the better for it. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

## NO NEW THING.

Just as you find Socialism without a name in old, old writers—there have always been large hearts and sober heads—you may here and there discover an old divine who knew that the earth is beautiful and life good.

Mr. Bertram Dobell has unearthed some quite wonderful manuscripts of Thomas Traherne, a contemporary of Milton, and he publishes them under Traherne's title, "Centuries of Meditations" (77, Charing Cross Road, 5s. net). With barbarous and amazing notions intermixed, such as this—that it was part of the pleasure of good souls in heaven to see the bad souls burn in hell—one finds this antique book rich and exquisite in human feeling. We have quoted sayings from it at the bottom of unfiled columns, and there is a glittering heap of such jewels.

Mr. Dobell asks if in any passage of English the praise of love is chanted more eloquently than in this:

You are as prone to love as the sun is to shine, it being the most natural and delightful employment of the soul of man, without which you are dark and miserable.

Consider, therefore, the extent of Love, its vigour and excellency. For certainly he that delights not in Love makes vain the universe, and is of necessity to himself the greatest burden.

The whole world ministers to you as the theatre of your love. It sustains you and all objects that you may continue to love them. Without which it were better for you to have no being.

Life without objects is sensible emptiness, and that is a greater misery than death or nothing.

Objects without Love are the delusion of life. The objects of Love are its greatest treasures: and without Love it is impossible that they should be treasures.

Eloquent is hardly the word. "Cogent," let us say, and true. This is a book to take the place of St. Augustine's very selfish "Imitation of Christ."

## BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—(continued).

#### Great Moments.

He had an absolute fright, the struggle with an impulse to smile being so doubtful; and was devoutly thankful to kneel and hide his face.

The prayer for sure fidelity and a continuance of love restored him. They would be happy, he thought. Not a doubt of it. How sweetly confident her promise to obey and honour had been! She knew well Jack's gentle nature, he believed.

At long last it was over and everybody smiling.

In the vestry he heard the pompous little man her father congratulate the parson, shaking him briefly by the hand. "Accept my thanks, sir," said Mr. Bolsover. "Most impressive ceremony." Jack affected dismay at the absence of J pens. He said to his wife, "Clumsy forgery, my dear, but best I can do." For her own signature, written carefully with a wonderful white round arm, he patted her on the shoulder; and her quick, shy smile at him gave a glimpse of maiden happiness that Enoch dropped his eyes before. The name was Minnie Bolsover.

Mr. Paul Bolsover put up a gold pinch-nose and signed large.

Enoch, facetious with unusual courage, made the pretty bridesmaids giggle by offering the pen in turn to them also; whereupon Mr. Bolsover said archly, "Another time, Mr. Watson; eh, Clare!" which caused Miss Clara Bolsover to blush provokingly, and Mr. Watson to blush also. But the best man promised himself an agreeable time at breakfast; Mr. Bolsover was going to be funny. He had again to smile as he marched down the aisle with that gentleman, who rolled a lively eye upon him, humming "The Wedding March" of Mendelssohn and strutting on air.

And fun began at the porch. After tossing a shower of rice over the bride, Enoch in some excitement knocked Darbyshire's hat aside with the next handful.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bolsover. "Gimme a handful, quick!"

The plump little figure danced a moment, and the rice was hurled point blank at the grinning face of the cabman holding a door for his daughter!

Mr. Bolsover's distress at such a misadventure was comical. He cried in a mild voice, "Oh, gracious!" and bolted among the lookers-on.

When Enoch joined him in the best man's cab after seeing the bridesmaids disposed, and asked if they were to wait for the clergyman, Mr. Bolsover was found, however, to be holding a handkerchief to his mouth, pink with laughter. He looked out with bleared eyes on hearing the question, and shook his head.

"Parson? No, no!" he said with a gentle cry. "Oh, that's nearly done for me! Did you see me?"

They drove off, and he gave way to his merriment on a high faint note of "Ha-ha-ha's" that seemed to emerge from his fat little person in a strenuous and quiet

rapture. He held out a deprecatory hand to beg no interruption.

"Man was laughing!" he got out, swaying upon the seat. "Went plump—in his mouth."

His own laugh became a musical "Ho-ho-ho," and his eyes were fixed upon Enoch in a wistful stare, as if he implored a hint of what the world was coming to. He protested innocence: "Hadn't the least idea. Whacked it—all my might—down his throat! Oh, crikey!" He leaned forward laying a hand on Enoch's knee, and pulled off his hat, which rolled from the seat without concerning him.

Enoch and he overpowered each other, peal on peal; Enoch trying to pick the hat up.

"Best laugh I've had for twenty years," said Mr. Bolsover, as he wiped his face. "Blest if I don't give him half a crown—wash down the rice."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### Feasting and God-speed.

The cab stopped in a street of the suburbs, where there were trees waving in bright gardens; and the happy father, stroking his hat, stepped out with an air of cheerful gravity and pushed one hand into a high, tight fob. Wearing spats, he had the look of standing on his toes, a cock-robin of a man. His manner of tipping the battered cabman was a lesson in deportment to the neighbourhood.

A pretty scene appeared at the end of the long garden path; Mrs. Bolsover, a slight little woman, aproned, kissing the bride under a porch of clematis, while her sisters and Darbyshire stood about them.

Mr. Bolsover bustled up and kissed his wife.

"Well, Polly? Busy as a big hotel, eh?" he said most airily. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson, my wife. You may leave Mr. Watson to me; we understand each other very well, I believe," and he winked, in the act of hanging up his hat.

Mrs. Bolsover, offering Enoch a thin, cool hand after a frank look of welcome, was a homely and ladylike woman, with full blue eyes and certain marks of care upon her. The colour in her cheeks might be an effect of the day's excitement.

Mr. Bolsover's behaviour when Jack made allusion to the pelting in presence of his younger daughters showed him anxious for paternal dignity. He made big eyes, shaking his head, and with an air benignly prim said to them, "Well, my dears, so you're not going to change the pretty frocks yet." Amid the chatter an elder brother showed himself, who was introduced as "My son Tom, son and heir"—a melancholy, long-nosed youth with a dirty skin and timid manners. Then an uncle and aunt of the bride came in from the church—Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thornley. The husband was a spectacled and very happy-looking man of insignificant appearance; the wife a picture of health on a large scale.

She gave her cheek to Mr. Bolsover, and took Jack by the shoulders to turn him towards the window, with a cry of "Let me have a look at him"; and then she pronounced, "Yes, he'll do. Quite handsome, and very like our John at his age. I'm your Aunt Betty, remember," she said, "so give me a kiss and let's be friends. Where's Minnie? I want to see her before she gets out of her things."

She bustled away, calling up the stairs in a big contralto, "Minnie! Minnie! Don't take your dress off. I must have another look at you." But the breakfast was ready, and the bride came down in her travelling dress.

Also the last guest arrived, in the person of a bosom friend of Mr. Bolsover's.

This was a wine-merchant's well-matured traveller, tall, thin, and bald, with a bright colour and a mellifluous utterance. He took on a shade of Mr. Bolsover's dignity in greeting him, but not so as to check the high-voiced fluency of his disconnected talk; and though it was but the third hour of the day, when, as we have it on authority, men are sober of custom, he brought a wonderful aroma of sweet wines with him. His name, it appeared, was Fox.

"How-dy-do, Paul?" he said.

"Hope I'm not late. How-dy-do, Miss—er—Mrs.—Gad, you look bewitching, don't she, Paul? Wish much happiness, I'm sure. How-dy-do, gentlemen, girls? I say, I'm shocking old reprobate; overslept myself. Momentous occasion, no excuse; never mind, my dears. Wedding go off all right? Ah, well! . . . Paul, I'm getting an old man; we're both getting old men; 's no use."

"Nonsense, John," pooched Mr. Bolsover firmly, and so with affection pushed him toward the dining-room.

Thither all the company moved without order, waiting for each other politely at the doors with smiles and murmured "After you's," and little protests and disputes. Mr. Fox, on a sudden, blocked the passage, insisting that the bride and bridegroom should go first.

"No," they heard him say; "no, Paul. You allow John Fox. Mr. Darbyshire, bring your good lady. . . . Charming! . . . Paul, I'm forlorn old bachelor, ain't I?"

"Pooch!" said Mr. Bolsover again. "I don't think so."

And indeed John Fox sat down to table with a cheerful air, looking, at worst, a little cold and shaky. Besides, he was dressed carefully. He wore a wisp of black hair carried over the top of his head, a very large white tie with a gold clasp, a flowered yellow waistcoat, and the black frock coat of a blameless life.

Order, please! For Mr. Bolsover stood before a large pie, glanced round the table (like a man who puffs his cheeks before jumping off a diving-board), looked grave, and said to Mr. Fox, with a nice blend of urbanity and unction:

"John, will you say grace?"

Mr. Fox did so as if it were a fashionable accomplishment.

He even hummed a snatch of music after it, filling himself dexterously a glass of sherry, and another glass for his friend. Mrs. Thornley, who sat at his elbow, was distinctly seen to smile at Mrs. Bolsover. But she turned to

Enoch on the other side of her, and whispered that Mr. Fox was the vicar's warden, an invaluable man.

A merry chatter began at once. While Darbyshire opened the champagne, Mrs. Bolsover poured coffee and Mr. Thornley carved the chickens. Enoch had Miss Clara Bolsover on his right; but Mrs. Thornley's voice prevailed over hers, rallying poor John Fox upon his bachelorhood.

"I'm afraid you are hopeless, Mr. Fox."

"Eh? I beg pardon. How d'ye mean, madam?"

"Oh, to oversleep yourself at a wedding. Have you given up all hope?"

"Bless my soul, my dear Mrs.—er—Take a glass of sherry!"

Mr. Fox appeared to realise, with a certain flurry of the mind, what he had to face.

"You know very well I never drink sherry; and I think I shall give you my opinion of bachelors."

"Spare me, pray!" he cried with a start. "Paul, defend me. You know what I suffer, old friend; life blighted. I believe Mrs.—your esteemed sister—'n-law—I believe, 'pon my soul, she'd have me marry my landlady to-morrow—woman that comes 'n' talks to me like a wet blanket when I want to eat anything."

"Turn her out," said Mr. Bolsover, promptly engaged with the pie.

"My dear Paul, 's much as my life's worth."

Mrs. Thornley laughed out. "You've been deceiving the poor thing," she said.

"Mrs. Thornley, I 'sure you I never said—I assure you I daren't ask that woman darn a pair socks; sh—shows such unne'ss'ry satisfaction. I have to leave 'm in railway carriages and places."

"Oh, you artful person!"

"Mrs. Thornley, you've no idea. She bought me a foot-warmer. 'Pon my soul, there seventeen antim'cassars in my lil room, some on buffets."

Jack Darbyshire laughed loudest, remembering his musical-box.

"And yet you don't marry her!" said the lady. "But it's tragical!"

"Tragical! It's a depraved nature, Paul; you've seen it. Paul has to take me home from club—if we're a lil later than usual—to prevent her crying."

Mrs. Thornley cried "Oh!" at the revelation, pretending to hide her face; and Mr. Bolsover paused with a piece of pie crust between the knife and fork, and looked at his friend wisely.

"John," he said, "I fancy you're not quite *savreau fair* this morning. Have some pie."

"Eh? Yes, to be sure, Paul." The vicar's warden sat up, with a submissive look of quick anxiety. "Of course Mrs.—er—understands me; Christmas, and times like that, once a year. Club fellows have what they call smoking concerts."

Enoch was half absolved from the duty of attention to Miss Bolsover by this entertaining old gentleman. And he watched the bride.

He saw her now with undazzled and tranquil eyes, and was so glad of her love of his friend that she gave him a delight as high as any he had felt in Barbara. She blushed a little for the old man's artlessness, taking courage to smile from Jack, who had begun to abet Mrs. Thornley; and her clear and pretty features were animated by this

diversion. But in every lull of the merriment they softened with a quiet pride of happiness, which drew her eyes to meet her husband's.

When Enoch saw that softer look, all the joviality sounded in his ears with no more meaning than the wind has. Love glowed so purely that he had a thrill of reverence; in his mind's ear the miraculous voice whispered, "Draw not nigh hither. Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

He had quailed more or less at the prospect of making a speech, and he had nothing in mind to say; but now he took his courage in hand. They should know how glad he was of their happiness—though his own was ended.

Mr. Bolsover was laughing in a most infectious manner at nothing apparent but the piece of bread beside his plate; and the ruddy and whimsical face of his crony expressed a pathetic wish to share the fun. He lifted the piece of bread and hit the table with it.

"If I'd shied piece o' crummy loaf," he said, between two crows—"might have killed him!"

He sat back in his chair and laughed on the steady falsetto note of the Merry, little, fat, grey Man. Everybody wondered. So long as he did not try to interrupt this good laugh with speech, it seemed to come as easy as breathing, and he kept a look of fresh surprise all through it.

Mr. Fox cast an anxious glance about him to see if anyone understood it, and, overlooking Enoch, returned to his champagne rather mournfully. If Paul was laughing at him, he seemed to muse, it was bad taste and not very friendly. Perhaps, even, he began to reckon up bitterly the times he had seen his friend "right," and to wilt a little in the wintry wind of man's ingratitude. His thin fingers played with the stem of his glass; and when Mr. Bolsover hit him on the back he had a shock of evident pain. Paul was laughing in his face.

"Laugh, you old sinner!" crowed Mr. Bolsover. "No—nobody knows but me and Mr. Watson what we're laughing at. Funniest thing." And he nodded incitements.

Mr. Fox glanced round again, caught a reflection of his own misgiving, fixed his eyes on Jack, and was visibly cheered. His mouth came open, and he smoothed his chin. When he had considered Mr. Bolsover again, a high and happy cackination broke from him quite suddenly over every other sound.

He got up from his chair and leaned across the corner of the table, staring down on Mr. Bolsover's portly, swaying figure. He put out a hand and rubbed Mr. Bolsover's head; and falling back in his chair, waved his napkin with a gesture of limp approval. Then he subsided, by shortened cackles, to a tearful and solemn bewilderment.

Mr. Bolsover said, "John, you've had too much champagne," and filled his friend's glass. They were as good as a play.

But it came at last to the speeches, and Enoch, nervous after all with the responsibility of choosing the right moment, stood up to give the health of the bride and bridegroom.

What he said he could not afterwards recall, except to know that he had tried to tell them what a good fellow Darbyshire was, and that Mr. Bolsover had said as he sat down, "Hear, hear! Most

seasonable," which ridiculous commendation did not cheer him. When he emerged from the sense of failure, Mr. John Fox was on his feet, talking copiously.

"My old friend Paul's eldes' daughter," he said, finishing some sentence gracefully. "So I said to him, 'Paul, I shall be there. It's one of those occasions'—er—I expressed myself proud, I may say. I'm just an ol' bachelor, but I'm proud for my ol' friend Paul's sake, an' my respected, dear friend, Mrs. Bolsover's."

He turned from one to the other with a courtly bow.

"Paul should thank God for dutiful daughters. I was best man at my old friend's wedding, seems only yesterday; an' now he's father of a happy family, sittin' under his own vine fig-tree; whatsoever he doeth sh'll prosper. . . . We have much to be thankful for. Things come to pass. . . . We had many jaunts together when we were boys, and now we sit at the same table and make metry."

Mr. Fox's voice sank half a tone.

"Merry occasion for our young friends. God bless them! I've watched them since they were tiny toddlers. Good girls. An' now Miss Minnie's married to fine manly-looking young fellow, handsome as a picture, in career of literature. 'M sure he deserves all 't has been said of him. Means to do well by her. . . . Here am I withering on the virgin thorn, so to speak, nothing to look forward to." He paused and blew his nose. "I felicitate him 'th all my heart, because I know Miss Minnie; once was my lil sweetheart. Used to sit on my knee an' ask me 'bout three bears. Eh? You've forgotten that, young lady. Not? Well, well; very good of you to remember. Never mind me. You've always a good friend and well-wisher in old John Fox—always good friend and well-wisher. I think there's nothing else, Paul. I wish bride and bridegroom much happiness. God bless them. Bless all of us."

Mr. Bolsover said, "Thanks, old friend," and grasped the hand of Mr. Fox nearest him on the table. Mrs. Bolsover's eyes were full, and so were Darbyshire's; the good heart of this feverish old toper spoke with such simplicity.

Mr. Paul Bolsover rose under the inspiration of it and coughed.

It may be said without great extravagance that thereupon the room expanded, and that many more people sat around the table. Mr. Bolsover was equal to the task of impressing them. He was sure they would appreciate the emotions of a father. Having said so, he took his taut little figure between appeasing hands at the region of its greatest circumference, gazed far and wide about, and pulled his waistcoat down.

He raised his voice. They were, he said, met in circumstances when—when—er—they were met in happy circumstances. Of course, he added, qualified. It had been his momentous duty that day to tender to his respected son-in-law, Mr. Darbyshire, a ray of sunshine. A flower from the rose garden.

(To be continued.)

Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell) had her seventy-first birthday last week.

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

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Anty Drudge Tells How to Clean Blankets.

Anty Drudge—"What under the sun are you doing, child?" Mrs. Young Mother—"Trying to wash baby's blanket, that's all. When I tried to squeeze it into the boiler, it spilt the water all over the stove and put out my fire. Now I have to make up a new fire and boil the blanket over again." Anty Drudge—"Well, you are innocent, not to know that blankets should not be boiled! Use warm water—not cold, nor hot. Wash with the hands quickly in strong Fels-Naptha suds. Be sure not to soak them. Rinse thoroughly in warm water, wring out, and baby's blanket will be like new."

The Fels-Naptha way is a simpler, quicker, cleaner, better way of washing clothes. Is it hard? Easier by half than any other way. The hardest thing about it is to believe it; just as it was hard at first for people to believe that they could talk over a telephone. Fels-Naptha washes clothes in cold or lukewarm water. It does away with the wash-boiler, the steaming suds, the hard rubbing, and cuts the time down to half. It makes the clothes cleaner, whiter, purer than any other soap.

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THE WOMAN WORKER, OCTOBER 9, 1908.

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The Last Word.

How can we enlist the Mothers! Help Us. Mothers! Help Us. question has insistently obtruded itself upon me since my visit to Leicester.

Another instance of girl labour displacing men's labour has been brought to my notice, and intensifies the need to answer this question speedily. In Llanelly life is running smoothly for the majority of its inhabitants. One has to search for evidences of poverty as we understand it in London or Liverpool. Yet even here is foreshadowed the degradation of the standard of life for the labourer.

The Enamel Works is a completely new industry opened about five years ago. In the stamping department male labour was employed at a comparatively fair wage, but the employer, a good, kind Christian man, has been besieged by mothers who have implored him to take their daughters into the works! He has consented. The mothers are grateful: the girls—for girls—are fairly well paid. Manufacturers call this "cheapening the process of production," and they are eager to oblige the mothers of girls whenever possible—in this direction.

O mothers of Llanelly! The Other Women. what of the other women and children, whose breadwinner has lost his job? And what of your girl?

You mothers of industrial England, do you remember your own girlhood? Have you forgotten what a very difficult period in life is that growing time between the ages of thirteen and sixteen? It is a time when the girl needs thoughtful care, good food, wholesome exercise and fresh air. It is a time of preparation for womanhood and all its race responsibilities.

Adrift. This is the time chosen to send her into the factory, the shop, or the mill, to do unlovely work under conditions hurtful to her physical development. Instead of being taught, wisely and lovingly, all mysteries of sex, she is set adrift from her restraints; unclean imaginings are poured into her ignorant mind by others equally ignorant. Wifehood is something to giggle at. Motherhood becomes the subject of coarse jest. The pity of it!

The Factory Inspectors' Report for 1907 shows that the number of young girls employed as Full Timers (age thirteen to sixteen) has increased from 163,013 in 1906 to 185,142 in 1907. There are hundreds of thousands more in non-regulated trades.

Helpful Agencies. If the mothers individually cannot take better care of these potential mothers, then we must try what collective effort can do.

There are in existence at least three societies which try to reach the industrial mothers. The Women's Co-operative Guild helps enormously among co-operators. The Railway Women's Guild appeals to the wives of railwaymen, and the Women's Labour League is open to the wives of all trade unionists and Socialists and co-operators.

We have a right to expect practical help from such agencies in dealing with this problem of wage-earning girls.

Encourage Domestic Science. Let us have no misunderstanding. Girls should have, equally with boys, an industrial training which will enable them to become economically independent. Those girls and boys who show any aptitude for domestic work should have every encouragement to make themselves proficient in cooking, in housekeeping, in buying food stuffs. (Of course, boys will not use brooms, but vacuum cleaners! The unscientific methods of cleaning are good enough for women, alas!) It is a matter of national concern this question of the preparation of food stuffs—and national training schools should be within the reach of every girl and boy. (The boys will be "chefs," not cooks!)

A Dangerous Tendency. The dangerous tendency which needs urgent attention is to utilise girl labour—because it is the cheapest labour power in the market—to still further degrade the standard of adult labour. And we call on the mothers to co-operate intelligently to secure equal pay for equal work, irrespective of whether it is done by male or female, and to keep our girls and boys out of the competitive market until they are better equipped for the struggle.

Help us, mothers, to raise the school age.

Pocket-Money Girls. The National Union of Clerks cries out—not without cause—against the "pocket-money" woman who is ousting men clerks. It is a later phase of this same problem of the wage-earning girl.

Of course, I hardly need tell the readers of THE WOMAN WORKER that

the problem of the wage-earning girl is only a bye-product of the roof problem of poverty, upon which all that is best in the nation will be focussed this coming winter.

Our Clever Chancellor. Even Cabinet Ministers dare not ignore it! The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking at Swansea last week, graced his speech with beautiful sentiments which might well have been extracted from Socialist writings of twenty years ago.

But Mr. Lloyd George hastens to assure the "honest Capitalists" they have nothing to fear from any legislative remedies he may bring forward. I believe him; nor need the dishonest Capitalist have a moment's uneasiness! Our very clever Chancellor does not intend to divert the stream of wealth at its source, or prevent the exploitation of Labour. At most he will only dip out a little from the edge of the stream. Just enough to save the honest workman from "extreme penury."

He has diagnosed the symptoms correctly, aided by the light which the Socialists have shed upon the sufferings of humanity; but he has no intention of applying the obvious cure.

Instead, he hints at palliatives more or less futile, and one that is dangerous.

Mothers of to-day, help us To-morrow. to secure the right to work under fair conditions. If you have had a hard life, by the memory of your struggle we claim your sympathy for the mothers of to-morrow. They are too young to help themselves.

A Haven of Rest. A market square, girt by small houses on two sides, and narrowing to a street at the low end. At the top, a grey stone church, made rich by a scarlet creeper, and a row of stately hollyhocks. High up above, the rounded towers of the castle, which Oliver Cromwell unsuccessfully tried to demolish with his guns. Beyond, the open country, undulating moorlands and hills.

Shadows. Coming from Manchester—from the sordid squalor of Stevenson Square—it seemed to me a very beautiful haven of rest.

And yet I had not been in the town an hour before the shadow of poverty made itself apparent. We had a meeting of weavers. A fine self-respecting crowd of men and women they were, who, in time past, have had as much work as they wanted. In Skipton—as Mr. Bates, their clear-headed secretary, tersely expressed it—"they have had as many looms as weavers, but now there are more weavers than looms."

Nearly all of them are working short time, four loom weavers are working three, three loom weavers are working two.

The weavers are not so well organised as in Lancashire, and in consequence their rate of pay is less, and they feel the pinch of short time acutely.

Will they buckle to and organise, I wonder, before it is too late to prevent a degradation of present rates? If they were wise they could get a uniform rate like Colne.

A Fearful Thing. I heard a fearful thing concerning a silk mill. Single women are employed who have earned about 13s. per week. Recently some married women went to the mill and offered to do the same amount of work for 10s.

Their offer has been accepted, and they are ousting single women. Very soon, if there is no organised resistance, all the single women will have to do the work for 10s.

MARGARET G. BONDFIELD.

WHO CARRIES ON THE BUSINESS?

Men don't believe in a Devil now, as their fathers used to do! They've opened the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven hoof, or a dart from his fiery brow. To be found in the earth or air to-day, for the world has voted it so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain? And who loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain? Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell? If the Devil isn't, and never was, will somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet? Who sows the tares on the field of time wherever God sows his wheat? The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true! But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about like a roaring lion now, But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row To be heard in home, in Church, in State, to the earth's remotest bound, If the Devil by a unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith and make his bow and show How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up—we want to know. The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil's gone. But simple people would like to know who carries his business on? "Jamestown Journal."

The nation is paying more to 100 ambassadors than to 2,000 teachers.—"Schoolmaster."

Mother and son have both applied for an old age pension in Montgomeryshire, the son over seventy, and the mother considerably over ninety.

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.

D. H.—You sha'n't be worried! Good luck to you.

J. C.—Rather outside our scope, and much too long, unfortunately. Many thanks for your help.

M. V. V.—Delighted to have these. Thanks, indeed!

A. B. (Leamington).—Grateful, and will try to use it.

T. S. M.—Help like yours is worth even more than enthusiastic letters.

R. H.—We really cannot make time to give critical opinions on MSS. offered; but they all have our best attention, be sure.

C. D. P.—Alas!

H. H. G.—Good of you.

A. Brown.—Thank you. We entirely agree, but we cannot deal with the matter in our columns at present.

ADA WARD.—Sorry we cannot spare the space.

M. E. W. H. (Burnley).—Write to the Secretary of the Anti-Sweating League, 133, Salisbury Square, E.C.

A SUBSCRIBER.—No suggestion about the disposal of the money should be made anonymously.

The Bishop of Liverpool's Prayers.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I called at the Bishop's Palace here yesterday morning with my petition.

His deputy interviewed me. When I had told him the object of my visit, he said that his lordship had already had one petition presented to him; but, as I began to send my thanks for signing, he interrupted by adding: "Oh, the Bishop did not think he ought to sign, as he believed those in authority would deal as leniently as possible with the case!"

Now, why does the Bishop pray? Does he believe God to be less benevolent than British statesmen, and less omnipotent than a jury of British men?

ANNE J. BRASSINGTON, 150, Fonthill Road, Liverpool, Sept. 23.

The Case of Mrs. Derry.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—I have been reading that letter from Mrs. Derry.

I am pretty quiet as a rule, and try not to make too much fuss over things, but I cannot resist passing an opinion on Mrs. Derry. Of course, I know that there are plenty exactly like her (more's the pity), but my idea is that their self-satisfaction comes from ignorance.

Mrs. Derry says that knowledge brings unhappiness. In some cases, I admit, it does. The knowledge that there are still people like her in the world makes me feel unhappy. But if it were not for reading my greatest happiness in life would be gone.

To call THE WOMAN WORKER drivel! I think THE WOMAN WORKER the best woman's paper in existence; and a lot of the silly women's papers would do well to copy it, instead of writing nonsense about lords and dukes.

I am truly sorry for her. Robert Blatchford a "sanctimonious saint." I'd like to know when he ever called himself a saint. In my humble opinion, he is one of the best and truest-hearted men living to-day.

How I wish there were thousands more just like him! The world would be a better place to live in.

A SOCIALIST, October 3.

Old Teachers.

Dear Editor,—In the article on "The Teacher as a National Servant," the veiled admission that teachers are too old at forty supports an idea which is far too common

nowadays, when experience is at a discount, and the nation's children, or rather, working men's children, are being used as practising material for young people.

My experience has proved that the older the teacher the more gentle, patient, and sympathetic she is. It is the young teacher, whose thoughts run on pay-days, sweethearts, and holidays, that is too impatient to answer a child with civility, and deems it below her dignity to play a game with the babies.

But I think the age-limit for pensions ought to be abolished, and the question of health and fitness to take its place. Age cannot be counted by years. And if THE WOMAN WORKER will help to dispel the idea that age in the worker spells disqualification for work much good will be done.—Yours fraternally,

REFORMER.

Policy and Principle.

Dear Madam,—Is it not regrettable that the Adult Suffragists and the Women Suffragists among us should range themselves in opposing camps?

Surely we Socialists are all in favour of Adult Suffrage. We differ only about the quickest way to get it. Some of us believe that the way is via Women's Suffrage, because, whereas a majority of the present House of Commons supports this measure, and would, I think, make it law if we showed an undivided front, many of this majority (all Conservatives and many Liberals) quake before the greater venture, which would make of women a majority of the electorate.

The principle of equality of claim to citizenship first admitted, a Manhood Suffrage Bill becomes an impossible anomaly. But introduce an Adult Suffrage Bill, without first establishing this principle, and I greatly fear that an anxious caution will prevail, and women find themselves still left outside the pale of citizenship.—Yours faithfully,

L. I. TRENCH, 3, Mansfield Place, Richmond Hill, Sept. 29.

One of Daisy Lord's Friends.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—The enclosed sheet was sent to me by a dear young lad, who has hurt his spine, and must lie in his bed always. His name is W. McHugh.

After signing his name on my paper he arranged this of his own, and got all the signatures himself. It is very touching to find this young giant laid low thinking of Daisy Lord and her misery in the midst of his own patient suffering.

You will be glad to hear that the Heywood Free Library Committee have granted my request by placing THE WOMAN WORKER on the tables there. It is the only sensible woman's paper I know of.—Very truly yours, (Mrs.) EMILY TOZER, St. John's Vicarage, Heywood, Sept. 29.

The Teacher as National Servant.

Dear Madam,—Will you allow me to point out two errors in the paper on teachers? Men and women alike retire at sixty-five

years of age, taking a pension of 10s. per annum for every year of recorded service.

Thanking you for affording space in THE WOMAN WORKER for this topic.—I am, yours faithfully, E. BARRETT, 9, Eastfield Road, Brentwood, Essex.

A Quaint Old City.

Dear Madam,—Perhaps you will be interested to hear of my experience in ancient Chester, while looking around for an up-to-date newsagent who could supply me with THE WOMAN WORKER and the "Clarion" every week.

The first shopkeeper I called on told me that no such papers were published.

The second could not possibly think of supplying such things!

The third assured me that Chester did not require either the "Clarion" or any other Socialist paper.

The fourth, with a look of disgust, curtly informed me that he would neither stock them nor supply me with them.

I shall continue the search for a civilised Chester newsagent, and when I meet him I shall take off my hat to him. My week's paper and periodical bill exceeds 5s. a week, and, needless to say, the newsagent who stocks THE WOMAN WORKER and the "Clarion" shall book my weekly order.

The 2d. spent on these papers procures far more value for me than all the rest.—Yours, &c., F. C. T., 14, Queen Street, Chester, Sept. 30.

The Trades Union Congress.

Your criticisms as to my action at the Nottingham Trades Union Congress cannot be complained of, as he who hits hard must not expect to have all his own way. If, as you suggest, there are many industries in which women are employed that the same indictment could be made, an amendment to the brassworkers' resolution to include such industries would have been readily accepted.

Gainsay it as you may, men undoubtedly are opposed to women being put to laborious, dirty (even filthy) trades from a humanitarian rather than from a Trades Union point of view.

I notice that, like many of the Tories at the General Election, you just pick out from the Berlin report what suited your purpose, but omitted to quote from that portion of it which ennobles German womanhood, and which states: "The general broad objection to women in factories is that the proper place for the wife is at home with the children, but if they do come to work there are certain branches which are looked upon as suitable for women."—Yours faithfully, W. J. DAVIS, Birmingham, September 21.

Next Week

There will appear the first of a Brilliant Series of Humorous Papers, PROCEEDINGS OF THE PROMISED LAND SOCIETY

By J. J. MALLON.

In these papers Mr. Mallon's rare character-sense and still rarer gift of sprightly humour are at their best.

All the people you know are members of this fantastic and very diverting organization!!!

Dear Madam,—Having come out as a Socialist, I am to-day joining the unemployed. In nearly seventeen years' successful experience in all classes of schools I have been unable to secure any decent employment as a fully certificated and trained teacher.

Amongst other offences, I have declined to do the parson's work for nothing.

I have six young children (another evidence of reprobation); but I will become a pedlar before I cease to advocate Socialism as the hope for all.

I shall be pleased to distribute and sell THE WOMAN WORKER all throughout my journeys about South Warwickshire.—Yours truly, A. FARRAND, 44, Brook Street, Warwick, Sept. 30.

Heroes.

These, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar." We have read your essays—a few thousands!—many times. We put the gentleman into the arena, so to speak, and left them there to fight it out between them—the poet against the statesman, and the soldier against the sailor; and on our entering the theatre of strife some few hours later, we found, fluttering triumphantly above his fellows—

THE PRIZE WINNER.

The beautiful figure of the thirteenth century saint, Francis of Assisi, stands out encircled by a halo of glory, a bright light in a dark age, with a fascination that can never fade, and only seems to increase as time drifts on.

He lived in days of wild lawlessness, and the wonderful purity, simplicity, and sincerity of his character and teaching drew forth the admiration and devotion of the men of his era, so that immense numbers eagerly flocked to follow his call.

The quaint and touching "Fioretti," gems filled with tenderest love for beasts and birds, charm us to tears and smiles.

Even the marvellous mystery of the "Stigmata," vouchsafed as a token of surpassing favour and grace from heaven, seems not all impossible, as we gaze at the dear saint, prostrated in ecstasy of adoration at the Saviour's feet, uplifted far above all terrestrial things, in that sublime and mystical communion.

Portiuncula and Assisi attract our undying interest with their memories of the purest saintliness and the deepest faith; and the life of the medieval saint must ever proclaim to the world the splendid triumph of good over evil and the infinite and immortal beauty of holiness.—MARGARET FITZROY, Harrogate.

My hero is the late Lord Shaftesbury; not because he was a lord, far from it, but because of his wise, kindly soul that felt for every wronged creature on God's earth.

The man who spent years of his life examining the conditions of the lives and labours of the poor, and then roused England with his reports of what he had himself seen and heard; who never rested until it became impossible for women and little children to be employed in the mines, and until the Factory Acts were passed; who substituted medical treatment for surprise baths and rotary chairs in the care of the feeble-minded; who founded associations without end for helping in every way the blind, cripples, costers, newsboys, flower-girls, and even the most degraded outcasts of society; who worked hard and long for the suppression of the "white slave" traffic; whose record of parliamentary work is unequalled by the tricks and meannesses which stain so many careers; is a man whom one instinctively reverences.

At his death rich and poor, high and low, came to pay homage to the mortal remains of the man whose gracious life and noble words had endeared him to them, and whose memory will remain enshrined in the hearts of all true Englishmen.—MARGARET MUSGRAVE, Bradford.

Damien, the leper priest. He is my historical hero. Not because he was a priest, but because he was a man. One of the bravest, humblest men the world ever knew.

I saw him once in Samoa, on one of his rare visits to the mainland. He came over on the leper ship, and the white death was already in his veins. He stood in the centre of the quay, surrounded, at a safe distance, by hundreds of his fellow-beings whom he dare not approach, and pleaded for more money and better conditions for the leper people. I shall never forget his plea, or the man who made it.

And this is a story of him I know to be true. I heard it at first-hand from a husband and father whose wife and little child had been stricken with the fell disease, and died on Molokai Island.

The night the woman died, Damien came into the hut. There was a fearful storm raging outside, and the child—a little girl—was terror-stricken. So Damien took the little lassie in his arms, and soothed her to sleep with comforting words. They found the priest there in the morning, fast asleep, and a dead leper child folded in his bosom. The little one had joined her mother in the night.

Fine, wasn't it? He was a man!—GEORGE E. ROGERS, Manchester.

Carlyle.

My hero, and why? Oh, Teufelsdröckh—that forever significant name, synonymous of Truth.

The world still cries, as a new-born babe for its mother, "Truth we want, and we will have." Liberal Governments, Tory Governments, what do you mean? How are you governing? The people want bread in this land of plenty; yearn for light, but have been kept in darkness. Yes, Carlyle is surely right in teaching us to "look through the show of things into things themselves."

A noble hero indeed deserving homage, beseeching us to thrust all shams asunder and get right at the very heart's core of things. Kings stripped of crowns and courtiers, mayors without robes and chains of gilt, Parliaments without mace and wigs and gowns. You innumerable, indomitable, and respected firms of Plugson and Hunks, what are you doing? What you have done is painfully apparent. Your profit-and-loss philosophies have had their day.

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Robert Blatchford.

This time the subject of the competition is irresistible! What a deluge of letters you will have!

My hero is very much alive; and, who should he be—to a reader of "Clarion" and Woman Worker—but Robert Blatchford? Has he not bearded the lions of orthodoxy and respectability, and slain the Philistines of ancient dogma and hoary prejudice?

WORK FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

SEE THE . . . NEW FEATURE . . .

Accurate Information on Training, Openings, Conditions of Work, Salaries, &c. See Page 480.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

John Ball.

MORE CRITICISMS.

This time it is "The Dream of John Ball" that we wish you to write about.

This beautiful book, written by the master pen of William Morris, and telling of the work and wonder of a "leader of the people," should be a joy to all who will now read it for the first time, and a greater pleasure still to those who come back to it as to an old friend.

Do not use more than 200 words; address to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C.; and let your criticisms reach us by Wednesday morning. The prize for the best will be One Guinea.

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These, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, are "extensive and peculiar." We have read your essays—a few thousands!—many times. We put the gentleman into the arena, so to speak, and left them there to fight it out between them—the poet against the statesman, and the soldier against the sailor; and on our entering the theatre of strife some few hours later, we found, fluttering triumphantly above his fellows—

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Who else, in this age, has so long and consistently championed the cause of the poor and despised and downtrodden? The more unpopular the cause the more eager is our knight to leap into the fray!

And, with all his knightly prowess and deeds of "derring-do," what a gentle, loving heart he has! He turns from slaying the latest monster to kiss and caress the bairns. And how he loves and honours us women!

We cannot choose but love him in return, even though we never saw his face! The dear Robert! What a blend he is, to be sure! Soldier and poet (yes, of course he's a poet, else how could he write of one as he wrote of Ethel Carnie?), romancer, orator (O, social reformer, lover, and friend of the poor!

Long life to him, and God bless him!—EDITH M. METCALFE, Yorkshire.

Kropotkin.

Heroes of history, how many they are! But only one may be the subject of this essay, and my thoughts turn, not to the great ones of old, but to those Revolutionists of later days who have faced unflinchingly prison, exile, death—sacrificing all so that they might follow the truth inspiring them, no matter where it led!

Prominent among them stands Kropotkin, one of the greatest of living Russians; nay, of living men in all the world to-day! For he belongs to all countries: everywhere men and women may claim him as their comrade, teacher, inspirer.

Possessed of most exceptional mental powers, quick grasp of intricate problems, and wonderful insight, he dedicated all his great gifts, his vast stores of knowledge, to the cause he had at heart. And in many lands—Swiss valleys, Russian and French prisons, English and Scotch towns—he spoke, wrote, taught; working out, and spreading among the workers everywhere the principles of Anarchist-Communism; helping the men to develop their own ideas, while ever, as true friend, teaching and inspiring them.

His life interprets the meaning of Democracy.

No space for more, alas! But you can see why I have chosen Kropotkin as my hero.—LILIAN FITZROY, Towcester.

MALE CLERKS IN REVOLT.

Equal Pay for Men and Women.

The National Union of Clerks are conducting a vigorous agitation against the low wages taken by women clerks. (See the article by Annie C. Tyler on an earlier page, "Are Women Selfish?") There are 50,000 women clerks in the United Kingdom, and men clerks are more and more being ousted from situations by this competition.

At a demonstration in Brockwell Park, London, Mr. Victor Albery, Secretary of the Southwark branch of the Union, said they did not object to the employment of female clerks, but they considered it unfair for employers to give them less money than men.

They contended that in London no male clerk above twenty-one years of age should receive less than 35s. a week. Many unqualified persons are employed as clerks, and there should be some fixed standard of efficiency. It would be an advantage, too, if all clerks had to pass an examination before being allowed to enter an office.

Mr. Herbert Elvin, Secretary of the National Union, told the "Daily Chronicle" that one firm in the City have recently dismissed fifty men clerks, with salaries from 30s. to £3 a week, and substituted females with a maximum of £1 a week.

Another serious matter is that a number of teachers of shorthand in a small way, in order to advertise their classes, announce that they will find situations for their pupils, and they go round to firms offering the services of girl clerks at 5s. a week.

The Union became an active force two years ago, and since then the membership has risen from 150 to 1,500, and the branches have increased from nine to sixty-four. As there are half a million clerks in the United Kingdom the Union has still a long way to go.



## EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Conducted by Pandora.

## THE NEED FOR TRAINING.

I do so wish to impress on my younger readers going into the labour market, and on parents who really care for their daughters' welfare, the absolute necessity of definite training for some particular branch of work.

To-day is the day of the expert, and no one who is not thoroughly qualified has a chance of keeping her place. She may, of course, get work at first; but later, when she is no longer quite young, and cannot, therefore, live on a salary possible for a girl, she will find herself one of the unemployed.

Nothing is more sad to contemplate than the fate of the untrained woman worker. Bad as it is for the untrained man, it is far worse for a woman, simply because her labour market is so much more restricted than his.

I have come across countless numbers of middle-aged women who are in a state of semi-starvation.

Some have been workers from their youth up; they went out as companions or nursery governesses at seventeen or eighteen, ignorant and untrained, and have done nothing to improve themselves. While they were young and active they obtained work at poor salaries—£15-£25 is the usual pay—but as they became faded and dull (and who wouldn't be this after fifteen years or so of such work?) they failed to get situations, and have sunk to the lowest ebb, gaining the barest subsistence as needlewomen, caretakers, and in some cases charwomen.

Others have lived comfortably at home till the death of the father has found them penniless, and often quite incapable of earning a living. It is difficult at thirty-five or forty to begin to train, to live penurious lives, to enter into competition with the young and the skilled. Yet this is what they must do, and many do it right valiantly. But some cannot, and fall by the wayside, and sink under the unexpected burdens thrust upon them.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Readers are invited to ask questions bearing on the interests of educated women-workers.

**PENSION FOR TEACHER (M. D.).**—I shall be dealing with the question of pensions and insurance for women-workers shortly. Meanwhile, I should advise you to send to the Norwich Union, Piccadilly, W., for particulars of their scheme. At your age—under twenty-five—for £10 yearly, you may secure a pension of £54 at sixty. It is most important to begin at once, as the yearly premiums payable rise very quickly. Every woman who has a salary of anything over £100 ought to save, even though she can only put aside a few pounds yearly. The rainy day is bound to come in every working woman's life, and oh, the blessedness of having a few pounds in the bank! It means all the difference between despair and hope. I have seen such tragedies for lack of a few pounds that really might have been saved in many cases.

**ENQUIRIES FROM AN OLD FRIEND (Miss D.).**—Yes, I am your old adviser from "Hearth and Home." I am glad to hear of you again, and hope you will always write to me when you want help and advice.

**WHERE TO LIVE IN LONDON (Secretary).**—It is certainly very difficult to live cheaply and comfortably in London. I think the pleasantest way, if you do not mind doing a little domestic work yourself, is to share a

flat with a friend. A small flat for two may be had in W.C. London for about £1 weekly, and a woman for 5s. a week would do all your necessary cleaning. As you have to be out in the middle of the day I advise a good mid-day dinner, and then supper would not mean much cooking. If you lived like this, your actual living expenses should not exceed 30s. weekly—not too much for a woman with your salary, I think. It is a mistake to live uncomfortably and meanly during the best years of one's life if it is possible to avoid this. Curtail your dress, and even your pleasures, I should say. I give you the names of some residential clubs which might suit you: The Calanda Club, 21, St. George's Square, S.W.; St. George's House, Vincent Square, S.W.; Twentieth Century Club, Notting Hill, W.

## Talks with the Doctor.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**MOTHER OF TWO.**—Very probably the trouble you mention is due to the baby feeding too quickly, and perhaps taking too much. Try and make her drink more slowly; feed her at regular times, every 2 or 3 hours, according to the amount she takes at one time. Keep the bowels moved every day by means of (1) rubbing and kneading of the stomach, and (2) the use of soap. Your own complaint is best treated by rest, avoidance of weight-lifting, carrying, and strain of any kind, particularly that involved by constipation and general tonic treatment. If this does not make you well consult a doctor as to advisability of further surgical treatment, or use of appliances.

**BLADDER.**—Consult a doctor.  
**F. B. W.**—Glad you think us "the best little paper ever printed." Recurrent attacks of nettle-rash such as you describe can only be cured by strict avoidance of any foods which you find by experience are likely to upset you. Fish, shell-fish, and pork are often guilty of setting up this trouble, but you may have a weakness for any article of diet. When you have nettle-rash a dose of ordinary salts is the best thing to get rid of it. Do you use spectacles? If not, have your eyes tested by a doctor to see if you need them. Meanwhile, bathe them night, noon, and morning with boracic acid lotion.  
**S. A. M.**—Avoid tea drinking; it is sometimes as pernicious as drinking alcoholic liquors. Take no meat soups and very little meat, and rub the aching parts with simple liniment. Bathing at night with hot water in which soda has been dissolved should do good.

**FAITH.**—Your simple pseudonym I find very touching. The faith of patients always amazes the more or less philosophic doctor. To cycle or not to cycle, under the conditions mentioned, depends on whether the cycling makes you worse or better, or produces no effect. Excessive exertion is certainly bad, but moderate exertion producing no effects obvious to you may very probably be beneficial.

**POSITIVE KNOWLEDGE.**—The "why and wherefore" are matters of evolutionary speculation, and are considered by Metchnikoff in true scientific spirit. Medical textbooks on diseases of women also consider these matters. The ordinary book printed and published for the lay mind I cannot recommend. If you will ask me questions, however, I'll do my best to answer; and if you want a popular book (with its limitations borne in mind) I'll give you the name of the most reliable.

**A. J. P.**—It is unfortunate that this particular remedy is advertised in the paper you mention. I am not aware of any reasons for thinking it better than other quack medicines. As you no doubt noticed, the directions for use of the medicine involved a good deal of common-sense hygienic advice. It is usually this advice does the trick, and not the medicine—if, that is, there is any result at all. You may, however, be fairly sure that a medicine so powerful as to cure stomach disorders, nervous, blood, lung, heart, throat, skin, and joint disorders, not to mention ulcers and serious fevers and paralysis, would be made use of by the ordinary common or garden medical man—IF it was any use.

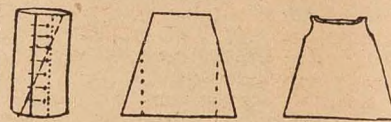
X. Y. Z.

## FOR POOR MOTHERS.

## III.—A Chemise.

Of garments to be made at home, the next easiest to a pinafore is a chemise; and for a person of medium height about 2 yards of calico of suitable width will be required, unless a ready-made lace or crochet "top" be used.

Fold this end to end, and divide it into two pieces. Run and fell the sides together, as though they were the sides of a sack. Now fold seam to seam, and pin these together every 3 inches or so; then fold the doubled material on the cross, by the line shown in the sketch, and cut into two once more. Open both pieces, place the two narrow ends and the two broad ones together, and run and fell the sides again.



Although this sounds rather complicated, it is extremely simple; and, after the idea is once mastered, much time can be saved by the simple running and felling of four long seams, instead of first cutting out a lot of "finicky" for the side gores.

The top can now be shaped out. If a plain one is required, use an old chemise as a pattern. If not, buy a crochet top, and cut out to the same lines as that.

If a plain one, shape off two or three inches at each side for the armhole, leave three inches; and then hollow out the neck, leaving the back piece rather higher than the front.

Join the shoulder pieces; then hem all round the top and bottom, curving the corners of the latter away a little, to prevent bulkiness.

The thing is done; but if you find any difficulty, I shall be glad to answer questions.

EDA BERLON.

## QUEEN VICTORIA AT DINNER

In her new volume of "Reminiscences," Lady Randolph Churchill relates an amusing story in connection with the table manners in vogue during the late Queen's life at Windsor:

"There is a story (which I give for what it is worth) told of an officer who, being on guard at the Castle, was asked to dine. The whispered conversation and the stiffness of the proceedings beginning to weigh on him, he thought he would enliven them with a little joke. The Queen, hearing smothered laughter, asked what it was about. Scarlet and stammering, the poor man had to repeat his little tale, amid dead silence. Fixing a cold eye upon him, 'We are not amused,' was all the Queen said."

Workpeople look to education as the means through which they will realise "Merrie England"—an England "merrie" in her heart, "merrie" in her mien, laughing, dancing, tumbling for the very joy of life.—ALBERT MANSBRIDGE, in the "Co-operative News."

## MRS. LOGIC.

By A. Neil Lyons.

Why Mrs. Logic? Well—why not? My friend Dr. Brink announces himself as being able and anxious to prove that there is a special and providential affinity between the name and the woman. But Dr. Brink possesses an extraordinary and devastating gift for proving anything. Personally, I am content to know that Logic is the name conferred upon my heroine by the man to whom she is lawfully and respectably united in matrimony. This Mr. Logic is a sugar merchant's labourer, and he claims to be descended from an eminent East India trading captain of the same name, from whom he has inherited an attractive model of a full-rigged schooner, wrought in cork and enclosed in a bottle. Dr. Brink himself has seen and touched this heirloom.

Most of my friends are already acquainted with Dr. Brink, but in case my brief association with "THE WOMAN WORKER" has brought me any new friends, I will briefly state that Dr. Brink is a physician who lives in the East End of London and conducts a six-penny practice. He doesn't believe much in medicines and is still waiting for an intelligible definition of "science"; but he has great faith in Faith and in the powers of Priestcraft and a Judicial Smile.

I often visit the sorcery shop of Dr. Brink; and, when there, I inhabit the top of a gas-stove, from which structure, by reason of its convenient elevation, it is possible to peep through a small window into the mysterious apartment where Dr. Brink conducts his séances. When the surgery hours are over, I sit with my friend in another and even more private chamber, where he dispenses wine and wisdom, of which commodities the Doctor possesses a considerable store.

This is all in the nature of a digression; but new friendships always involve digression. That is their peculiar charm. You have to explain even your hat to a new friend. Old friends take everything for granted, even your religion. That is their peculiar beastliness.

But to return, at last, to Mrs. Logic. She entered the Doctor's consulting-room with a whirlwind rush, a choking cry, wet eyes, and a damp nose. Her speech was so clogged with emotion as to be almost unintelligible. She flung herself wildly upon the Doctor, and cordially embraced his elbow. She said:

"Gawd bless you, Doctor. I come about my Maudie. I bin waiting twenty minutes, Doctor. Gawd bless you! I knowed it would be my luck to find the waiting-room choke full. Oh, my poor Maudie! Gawd bless you, Doctor."

The Doctor said: "Sit down."  
"My pore little girl!" cried Mrs. Logic. "It's 'er froat again, Doctor—that swelled and red. And she don't eat. Ser feverish, she is, Doctor. Ser fretful. And my man gone to Edgeware with a load, and won't be back till midnight. And it don't seem 'ardly as if she is able to breathe. Oh, Doctor!"

"Sit down," repeated Doctor Brink. "The spots on 'er back, Doctor, what you give me the hointment for, they're

clean gone, I'm thankful to say. But 'er pore little froat: oh, Doctor! Gimme somethink as'll stop it: there's a good feller—do now. We don't mind what we pay. She got red marks on 'er pore little 'and, Doctor; but a lady friend o' mine she thinks that only comes from lying on it. But 'er pore little froat. Oh, Doctor!"

"Before I can do anything," replied the doctor, sternly, "you must sit down." Gasping fearfully, Mrs. Logic sat down.

"If on'y you could see 'ow the pore mite do suffer, Doctor. The gum-boil what you sent the draught for that is better; but 'er pore little froat—oh, Doctor!"

"I grasp the fact that her throat is bad," said Dr. Brink. "Now tell me quite plainly how it is bad and when it began to be bad."

Mrs. Logic was not able to perform a literal fulfilment of this command. Rising from her chair, she seized the doctor's arm again and uttered a number of involved and rapid sentences. When Mrs. Logic paused for breath, the Doctor gently pushed her, and she again sat down upon the chair.

"Of course," said Dr. Brink, "these symptoms may mean anything. I am inclined to think, as described by you, that they don't mean much—"

"Gawd bless you, Doctor!" cried Mrs. Logic.

"But," continued my friend, "I am really afraid that it is impossible to form any definite opinion without seeing the child."

"Gimme some mixture then, Doctor," suggested Mrs. Logic. "The last mixture what we 'ad from you, it made another child of 'er. We 'ave recommended your mixture ever since."

"I should prefer," responded Dr. Brink, "not to prescribe for your child until I had formed an opinion as to the nature of her complaint. I had better come round and look at her. Let me see—oh—you live in Wilson Street. That isn't far. I close the surgery at nine, and a few minutes later I'll look in and deal with this terrible tragedy."

"Do you meantsay then," demanded Mrs. Logic, with a rueful face, "that you ain't gointer gimme no mixture for the pore little dear?"

"After I've seen her," replied the Doctor, "she shall of course have whatever is necessary."

"And do you mean," asked Mrs. Logic, "that you are comin' round this evenin'—now—to—to look at 'er?"

"Yes," said Dr. Brink.

Mrs. Logic got up from the chair again and surveyed her physician with wondering eyes. "B—but," she said, "I don't think that'll do, Doctor. I don't think she would see you."

"Eh!"

"I am afraid," responded Mrs. Logic, "as we couldn't get 'er to see you!"

"What?" said Dr. Brink.

"I'm afraid we couldn't get 'er to see you, Doctor," repeated Mrs. Logic. "I'm sure she wouldn't see you. She wouldn't 'ear of it."

"But," explained my friend, whose eyes had borrowed some of Mrs. Logic's

wonder, "I shouldn't trouble to ask for her permission. How old is this child?"

"Let me see now," murmured Mrs. Logic. "How old would she be, the little darling? Two years and—and—well, call it three, Doctor. Yes. Three year old. That's near enough."

"Under the circumstances, then," muttered Dr. Brink, "do you think that we need make fools of ourselves by discussing the matter? I'll be round at ten past nine."

"To see 'er, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Oh, but Doctor, you couldn't really. She's ser nervous, pore child. She gets ser fidgety. She 'ates to be imposed on. I wouldn't dere impose on 'er. I'm sure she wouldn't see you to-night, Doctor: sure of it."

"In that case," quoth the Doctor, with tremendous urbanity, "I can only—ah—recommend you to—ah—to—ah—jolly well get out."

"But you ain't gointer send me off without any mixture, Doctor? And 'er pore little froat that sore and 'er ser poorly. Oh, Doctor!"

But the Doctor, frowning terribly, rang for Wilfered, the 'othecary, and Mrs. Logic was led away.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Dr. Brink that night, eating and drinking at his table and sleeping in one of his beds. But business was so uncommonly good, the telephone bell so exceedingly active, that I did not enjoy the allied advantages of Dr. Brink's society and conversation. The reproductive instinct of the bosses kept him so incessantly employed throughout the period of his theoretical leisure that we did not even meet until breakfast-time next morning, when the Doctor thus addressed me:

"Still here, then? Good. Sorry about last night. Seven. All alive, poor rats."

I said to the Doctor: "Thanks. Hope you will invite me to dine and sleep here last night."

"Charmed," replied the Doctor. "In point of fact, I did intend to look in the spare bedroom this morning, and see if I had persuaded you to stop. But a 'call' came in, and I had to rush out. Were you on the gas-stove when the lady with maternal instincts came in last night? Ah! charming, wasn't she? I've just been visiting her. They sent both mothers-in-law to fetch me. Awful business."

"Is the poor little beggar dead, then?" I asked.

"The child?" said Dr. Brink. "Not at all. I have rarely examined a more healthy child or one with stronger teeth. But the mother and father are in an awful way. They're both in bed. Looks like pneumonia. You see, they sat on butter boxes in the yard until three o'clock this morning. Without any hats, too."

"But why?" I asked.

"Baby objected to their coming in," explained my friend. "She said to them: 'I don't like Mammy and I don't like Daddy. Go away. 'Top outside. Booh!' So they stopped outside, until Baby fell asleep and it was safe to go in. An excellent couple. I think they will die."

This was too much. I rose to my feet and banged the table. I spoke my mind.

"You talk," said Doctor Brink, when I had quite finished, "like a fishmonger. You are lacking in appreciation of the IDEAL."

## HOME NOTES.

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

Room for Dorothy to-day, with a vengeance. Up she came, with her cheeks aflame, to me. "I had to write this, mother, and hope you'll put it in." "Put it in?" said I. "Rather!" For the powers that be are sending me away for a fortnight, and I have lots to do to get ready without writing a line.

I must, however, decide the prizes—split, as usual. The five shillings is divided between Mrs. Margaret A. Kelly, 21, Tyne Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool, and Mrs. M. A. Sell, Whiteways, Carshalton, for their ideas on

**Cheap, Healthy Beds.**

OAT-HULL QUILTS AND COT-MATRESSES.—At this season of the year a sack of oat-hulls can be bought from any corn-merchants for a few pence. For baby's bed there is nothing better. Take a bag of unbleached calico the size of the cot, fill it with oat-hulls until of sufficient thickness, and you have a mattress soft and warm, easily aired, and cheaply changed. If hay-quilts, why not oat-hull quilts? First quilt your cover in one direction only, fill the pockets thus formed with oat-hulls, and quilt it in the opposite direction. And if you want your slumbers to be of the sweetest, add to your oat-hulls some dried hop-flowers.—Mrs. M. A. Sell, Whiteways, Carshalton.

Mrs. Sell says both her babies have oat-hull beds, and they sleep so well o' nights that she has to set the alarm for her eight-weeks' Richard, or he would sleep on till 5 a.m., or longer, after his 9 p.m. meal; and Barbara is even worse. Isn't this good news for mothers of sleepless bairns?

Mrs. Sell isn't altogether kind, though. She recalls the time when she was a "little girl"—this mother of two—when she wrote to me about a hand-craft lamp for her sweetheart. They have the lamp, and are building a house round it, the dear young things, while I feel old indeed.

Mrs. Kelly's advice is for a

HAY-BED.—Procure a strong new tick. Fill it full of finely-chopped pure hay. This can be obtained from any provender dealer at small cost. It is sweet and clean, and free from dust, and can be easily emptied and renewed. A relative who suffered severely from rheumatism was recommended by a Cumberland farm-wife to try the hay-bed. He experienced relief from the first, and is now cured. Children sleep on hay more soundly than on any other kind of bed. If chopped very fine it will not go into lumps, and if filled very full will not slip from under the sleeper. North-country folk say a stuffed hay pillow is a great specific for neuralgia and nervous headaches, the fresh hay acting as a soporific and nerve-soother.

Now for Dorothy's Domestic Hints.

**DOROTHY OBJECTS.**

Do you think it fair that when daughters have little fads and like to indulge in them mothers should let everybody know about it, as mine has done?

When I read the Home Notes page last week I gasped with astonishment—and then, as I read further, with indignation; for now I shall have to live up to my reputation and be economical, analytical, and particular. Ye gods!

Before we go any further, let me at once disabuse your minds about such an awful character by telling you how I

once cooked a dinner which even now makes me go

**Hot All Over**

to think on. And before I begin, let me give you my excuse for what happened.

How can anyone give mind and attention to cooking a nice dinner when a journalist is sitting at the other end of the kitchen table, supposed to be doing "copy," but in reality drawing all kinds of absurd animals and telling all sorts of absurd stories? Of course, he ought to have worked in another room, but he would come and disturb me; so that's how it happened.

We were having thick soup; then some meat, parsnips, and potatoes; and then a syrup roly-poly—for he had been bothering me for weeks to make one.

At last all the things were in the pan on the stove, and really

**The Pan Lids**

did look nice. I set the table, and then made some lovely white sauce for the pudding. All was ready.

So I drained the parsnips. I thought the water seemed very thick. "I must have boiled them too long," said I.

Then I turned to pour out the soup—and found to my horror that I'd mistaken the pan, and poured all the soup away and left the parsnips in their water!

I didn't know what to do. Even he was a bit frightened, and ran upstairs to tell mother of the catastrophe.

So we had to do without soup. The meat was all right, and then I brought in

**With Triumph**

the much-longed-for pudding—to find, when I cut it, that I'd made a syrup roly-poly and hadn't put any syrup in. I could have cried.

But that wouldn't have helped matters, so instead I fetched the syrup and poured it over. Oh, I was glad when the dinner was finished, and I was getting a bit cool!

Then mother said: "The pudding was very light; but why didn't you make some sauce with it?"

That finished me. All I could say was, "I did, mother, but I forgot to bring it in."

Now, what do you think of that? I hope, now, I haven't any reputation to live up to.

Still, you mustn't think my dinners are always like that. That was some time ago. Let me give you a word of advice, however: Never invite journalistic persons to stay with you; or, if you must, lock him up till your work is done.

**My Recipe**

is for some little cakes, which are very easily made and cost next to nothing. I don't know what to call them. Perhaps you can think of a name.

THE CAKES.—Two breakfastcupfuls of flour, 2oz lard or dripping, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda or baking powder, 3 teaspoonfuls sugar. Mix dry ingredients, then

rub in lard; add sour milk (not buttermilk), and mix with a knife until a stiff dough; roll out and cut into shapes; bake 15 minutes in a moderately hot oven.—Dorothy.

APPLE GINGER.—One quart water, 4lb apples, 4lb loaf sugar, 3oz essence of ginger. Boil the water and sugar together for half an hour till it is syrupy. Peel and core the apples, and cut them in quarters, put them in the syrup and boil slowly for one hour. Do not stir too much. Then add the ginger. Put in pots, and when cold tie tightly down.—Mrs. E. A. Hutley, Ipswich.

**A Prize of 5s.**

is given weekly for the best Home Note or Recipe. "Notes" should be addressed to Mrs. Worrall, and Recipes to Dorothy Worrall, Office of THE WOMAN WORKER, Worship Street, London, E.C.

**ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.**

Mrs. HUMPHREYS.—I cannot find any recipe for damson wine. Perhaps one will be sent in during the week, so that I can put it in next week's "Home Notes."

**WHEN IT STRIKES NOTHING O'CLOCK.**

I. I wonder, I wonder could I but keep Awake when the rest of the world's asleep,

When the dear li'l peep o' gas goes out, And the wall-paper people walk about, Would the King of the Shivery Shakers

pop From the shiny ball at the bed-post top, And the poor ol' cricket who cries

"Cheep! cheep!" Come out to see if the world's asleep When it strikes Nothing o'clock?—

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock.

When it strikes Nothing o'clock.

II. I wonder, I wonder if, when they scream, The worn old stairs are trying to speak; And if I could wake till nearly day Would they finish what they begin to say?

Would all the toys come down from their shelves, And the red-striped blinds go up of themselves,

And the moon come down on the window-sill, And everything in the world stop still

While it struck Nothing o'clock?—

Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock.

While it struck Nothing o'clock.

DOUGLAS HURN.

Mrs. Annot E. Robinson has roused Manchester to sympathy with the respectable starving women who flock to the Employment Registry kept by the Corporation.

People are complaining that modern servants are not trustworthy. The only remedy consists in doing away with the artificial wall we have erected between them and us. The servants of old were excellent because they were treated like human beings, and were studied by their masters. We are too lazy—or too busy—to do so nowadays.—M. PREVOST in "Le Figaro," Paris.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.  
What Came Round the Corner.

When I was a child I used to think how very stupid some of the ancient heroes were to make "vows" that could only be kept at such a cost to themselves—and others.

**Witless Woes.**

Jepthah, for example. He "vowed a vow unto the Lord" to sacrifice "whatsoever cometh forth from the door of my house to meet me," if he might be victorious. "And behold, his daughter came to meet him with timbrels and with dances, and she was his only child."

And Idomeneus, King of Crete. Returning from the Trojan war, he was caught in a furious storm at sea, and vowed, if his life were spared, to sacrifice to Neptune, the sea-god, the first living creature he should see on the Cretan shore. In this case it was a loving son.

The child Peg was very disdainful of such silly people. And now the grown-up Peg, who ought to be sage and sensible, goes and makes rash vows herself.

**A Warning Fay.**

This was the way of it. I was sitting on a heathery hillside, trying to think of something to say to you. The wind swished softly through the bracken; and like a lullaby was the gurgling of the moorland stream. I lay back and closed my eyes, and I was nearly asleep when a fairy, who knew I had work to do, brushed my face with her wing.

Was it only the touch of a swaying fern-frond, my dears? How do you know?

**Pegged Out.**

Anyhow, I sat up, and said to myself severely: "Are you not ashamed to be lazily like this, and that Page waiting? Wake up, Peg, and peg away."

I woke up—but I felt myself a square Peg with a round hole to fill; or the other way about, as it pleases you, my dears. And I thought and thought, and nothing came of it; and at last in desperation—fixing my eyes on the road that wound past cottages at the foot of the hill—I said:

"I will take for a subject the very first thing I see there."

And I gazed, and gazed—and nothing appeared. In fact, I was just wondering whether to listen again to bird and stream and whispering wind, who might tell me a gayer story than the one I interpreted for you the other week, when round the bend of the road came—!

There, now! If this were the end of the third column, what a point for "to be continued in our next." How you would be wondering all the week what came. A "croum-dile," or a Megatherium, or the Kwangle-Wangle-Kwee, or—

**A Painful Subject.**

But I am wandering away from the road, up which there came—!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I was "took that bad," as our Mrs. Tibbs would say,

that I "Limericked" on the spot. So you may know how bad I was:

Alack and alas! Woe is me!  
What a "hobieet" the subject I see!  
Cruel Fate! How can I  
Of my Page make a sty  
For a monstrous, unclean P.I.G.!

Yes, my dears, up that road, snuffing and grunting, came a PIG.

Had I, like Jephthah and Idomeneus, vowed a sacrifice—say, to the Muses, if they would help me to fill my Page—I might have prevailed upon piggie's owner, for a price, to make a martyr of him. Any sacrifice used to do, sometimes; and I could have soothed my conscience with the thought that the poor animal would be sacrificed, sooner or later.

But when it comes to writing—! Here my amiable and constant companion, who never misses a chance of making bad worse, observed in his most Snarkacillious manner: "Even a pig, I believe, has been used—by writers of talent, of course—to point a moral and adorn a tale."

And he was so disagreeable, because I said that the tail adorned the pig. Which it does! That fascinating little curly-twirly tail is poor piggie's only adornment.

**The Pig in the Parlour.**

He is not handsome, and he is not dainty.

When the pig is "the gint what pays the rint," Pat may be "contint" to give him a place in the parlour. But the nice clean parlour of our Page is a place where charming children come expecting bread and honey; and I could not think it proper to invite into it a strange pig to whom one had not been introduced.

However, a vow is a thing that must be kept! So I addressed an invitation to him:

Will you walk into our parlour, oh, unprepossessing pig?  
Rub your trotters on the mat, now, and do mind what you're about;  
If our worritating wizard, Sir, your presence here should twig,  
Be sure you'd very soon be pencilled out.

Can you "point a moral," piggie, pray?  
Can you a tale adorn?  
Nay! quite a "plain, unvarnished tale" will do.

I have rashly vowed, oh, piggie, and lest I should be fersworn,  
I really must get something out of you!

And I did. Just what the old proverb says is all one may expect from a pig. A grunt.

Fortunately, though grunting is not my native language, I understand it quite well. One learns most unlikely things in Fairy-land.

**Pigtails.**

Well, piggie gruntingly reminded me of tales adorned and morals pointed by his kind.

One you all heard very early, my dears—when adoring mothers played with your wee pink fingers and toes. "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home;" you know how it goes. The third little pig had

"plenty of bread and butter," while the fourth "got none."

I was always very indignant about the unfair treatment of the fourth little pig, and thought that only among pigs could that kind of thing happen. But I found, later, that among human beings—in wealthy Christian countries—there were some who got "plenty of bread and butter," and jam, and cake, and all good things, while many got little always, and at times none.

And I do not like to know that we are neither better nor wiser than the pigs of our nursery rhyme.

**The Pig and the Bridge.**

Then there is the story of the provoking pig that would not go over the bridge, and the poor old lady who was so afraid she wouldn't get home to make her old man his supper that night.

Our thoughts are like that pig. When I had tried to turn mine in the direction of the Page, they wouldn't go over the bridge, and I began to fear that my children would not get their supper on Friday.

But the old woman had fire and water and rope, a long list of helpers; and I had only the pig—to get me through my Page!

**Blessed Saint Anthony.**

He did his best, though. He grunted quite proudly as he reminded me of the story of St. Anthony.

It is said—stories of saints always begin like this—"it is said" that, one day, a sorrowful mother pig brought to the feet of the blessed Saint Anthony her last litter of piggie-wiggies, who were all blind. And "the saint had pity upon them, and by his intervention they all recovered their sight. In her gratitude, the excellent mother would never after leave the benefactor of her beloved family. Artists have immortalised this proof of the kindheartedness of the saint by representing him always accompanied by the grateful sow."

Something like a saint, was he not? Willing to perform his miracles of love for the lowest and least lovable.

It is so easy to love what is sweet, and dainty, and beautiful. But is it not the lowest and the vilest who are most in need of love, and help, and pity? And Anthony, being a saint, would discover something good and beautiful even in what we call an ugly, dirty pig. She was an affectionate mother.

But my pig's tale has now reached the end of the Page, so we will allow him to curl it up, though he would prefer to go on pointing morals with it. I have not got in half he told me, and I should not be in the least surprised if we found him waiting at the parlour door next week.

Suppose he should be like Saint Anthony's pig, and never leave us? Oh, my dears!

PEG.

The cost of feeding poor school children in London this winter is estimated at £25,000 or £30,000.

Nurses in hospitals who object to "living in" are championed in "The Times" by Miss Ashby. Mr. Sydney Holland declares the system indispensable, but does not deny that it may be abused.

## THE CARDROOM GIRL. Her Work and Habits.

By James Haslam.

What is a cardroom girl?

Well, there are cardroom girls and cardroom girls. Their industrial position is that they attend to all the machinery through which raw cotton passes, from its arrival at the factory to its delivery in the spinning-room, where men and youths make it into yarn.

Hence, if the cardroom girl goes on fighting against the demand of the cotton masters, her father or brother or lover in the spinning-room will have to remain idle, because he will have no cotton roving from which to spin the yarn. Reelers, winders, warpers, doublers, and weavers will also have to stop. Without yarn they can do no work.

But what sort of a girl is the cardroom girl?

Well, there are all sorts. There are careful ones and careless ones. There are clean ones and others. There are some who while away their time at work singing hymns; others who prefer comic songs, some sentimental ones.

Some read the Bible; others have a liking for novelettes; or find a level in "Sweeney Todd" or the goody-goodies of Silas Hocking. And I knew one whose favourite volumes were Shakespeare, Dickens, and Ruskin—the cheap editions; the cheapest she could find.

Poor Alice! she married a labourer, and died in child-birth.

### A Friend of Thomas Hardy.

I knew another who had found her way to the heart of Thomas Hardy.

When I was learning shorthand by means of a piece of chalk, with which I wrote the phonographic signs on the oily boards of the spinning-room—phonographic signs mixed up with French verbs and nouns—she used to come and look at them with very great interest. And one time, when I was sitting against a pillar wearing the factory rig-out—a pair of linen drawers rolled up to the knees and a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder—and reading a penny selection of the songs of William Morris, she came from the cardroom to pick up some empty bobbins behind the mules, where I was hiding from the over-looker.

"Hasta ever read Thomas Hardy?" she said.

I replied that I hadn't.

"Well, I'll land thee one of his books if theau'll read it," she said.

I consented. And the next day, when she came to collect bobbins in her greasy "brat," she took from the pocket of her rough working skirt "Far from the Madding Crowd," saying: "When theau's read it, tell me what theau thinks abeawt it."

Fancy, "Far from the Madding Crowd" amid the whirr of spindles, the whizz of wheels, and the squeaking of leather belts.

Mary, like Alice, is dead. The cardroom is too stifling, too dusty, too monotonous, too sunless for such as Mary and Alice, who had tender bodies and sensitive souls.

### "The Devil."

But there are others. I have often thought of a woman who worked at a machine we called "the devil." She and the machine were always hidden in a cloud of dust and dirt and choking lint that was thrown off the raw cotton. Her head was covered by it; her face and arms were besmeared with it; it clung in patches to her oily and greasy clothes. We called her "Mangy Lucy."

When we teased her, Lucy would roll off a string of invectives that would have shocked a curate out of recognition. But you wouldn't have wondered if you had seen the work to which Lucy was enslaved.

If you think of the Lancashire girl who wears clogs and shawl, that is the cardroom girl. Her sister at the loom is not so rough, so independent. The cardroom girl can dress well at weekend if she cares to; but you can tell her from the other by her face. More of the oil and dirt and foul air of factory life seems to have soaked into her blood; her cheeks are more pallid and oftener emaciated.

### Wages.

In an up-to-date mill, say, of 80,000 mule spindles, the number of cardroom girls and their wages are:—

Mixing-room, two girls, earning 12s. per week each; blowing-room, three women, who receive 12s. per week each; carding engines, eight tenters, wages 10s.; drawing frames, ten minders, wages 19s.; slubbing frames, ten minders, wages 19s.; intermediate frames, ten tenters, wages 20s.; roving frames, ten spindler tenters 22s. per week, eight back tenters 8s. per week.

In some mills (especially of the older type) wages are less than these given; in other mills, they may be slightly more. For instance, I have known roving tenters make 25s. per week, and others only 17s. and 18s.

Taken all in all, the cardroom girl keeps her wits about her, has a straight tongue, and is well able to look after herself. It is her environment that is all amiss.

Studies are for delight.—BACON.

How charming those men and women are whom their friends describe as child-like!—SPECTATOR.

Miss Margaret Smith, B.A., lives in one of the most sordid slums of Birmingham—a court in Bordesley. She hopes to secure election to the City Council next month.

If you have ever strayed into foreign parts and rubbed cheek by jowl with foreigners, eating their food, nursing their babies, and entering into their joys and sorrows, you will feel, with Tom Paine, that the world is your country and the people your religion.—JULIA DAWSON.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

### The Decencies of Blackburn.

Some striking revelations concerning the family life of the Blackburn workers are contained in a report of an investigation into their housing conditions.

This investigation was undertaken by the medical officer and his staff on the instructions of a special committee appointed by the Town Council, under pressure from the Socialist Councillors. The details of the report show that it is utterly impossible for anything like decency to be known in many of the so-called homes on account of overcrowding; and the overcrowding cannot be avoided by the workers because suitable (or unsuitable) cottage-houses are unobtainable.

Visits were made to 20,000 houses, the rents not exceeding 6s. per week. Of these, 16,000 contained only two bedrooms. Out of the whole number only sixteen cottage-houses were found vacant!

There were 104 dwellings in which two families found accommodation.

A beggarly 182 out of the whole 20,000 are provided with bathrooms.

In numerous cases males and females of all ages, often including the father and mother, are herded together like beasts of the field. Instances of eight people occupying one bedroom are pretty common, and very often the cubic feet of air space is a long way below that demanded by the local bye-law for common lodging-houses.

A house which was the "home" of two families is divided as follows:—  
First bedroom: Father, mother, and males, aged 18, 8, 6, and 14 years.  
Second bedroom: Father, mother, and a girl, aged 12.

There is also a house where a single bedroom has to accommodate two youths of 21 and 16 years, together with females of 30, 11, and 9 years, and the mother as well.

Finally, there is a case in which nine human beings are cooped in one bedroom. Besides the father and mother and a baby six months old, there are sons aged 16 and 14, and daughters aged 19, 12, 10, and 5 years. In face of facts like these, how pleasant sounds the whine, "A woman's proper place is the home!"

### The Cotton Trade Quarrel.

Since last week the only real change in the cotton trade situation is that, as we went to press, a conference of the spinners' and cardroom workers' leaders was being held in Manchester.

It was, for the time being, not so much a dispute between employers and employed as a quarrel between those two bodies of workers. Mr. Mullin accused the spinners of having made a clearance by their last vote; but he had refused to take a second ballot of his own supporters.

The "Factory Times" remarks: "The payment of weekly allowances to non-unionists which has been adopted by one important group of employers is only another indication that the continuance of the stoppage is being deliberately sought by those who own the mills, and lends colour to the opinion that the present move is a covert attempt to cripple the power and influence of the textile trade unions, with a view to greater inroads upon the operatives' position later on."

"The whole situation depends upon the length of time during which the employers will be content to have their mills closed."

"At the moment they appear to care nothing about it. But when they have got rid of all their stocks, and prices are such as to enable them to work at a profit, they may be expected to get uneasy."

"It is then—and not until then—that the fight will commence."  
Must there be a terrible and disastrous fight? There was on Wednesday no means of judging.

## THINGS DONE AND SAID. The Week's News for Women.

### THE SUFFRAGE.

#### The Queen's Hall Meeting.

##### Resolute Preparations.

The Women's Freedom League will celebrate the opening of Parliament on Monday by three open-air meetings within a mile of the Houses of Parliament.

On Monday women filled the Queen's Hall at the first London gathering of the Women's Social and Political Union after the vacation. At intervals in the speech-making Mrs. Layton played the big organ, and Miss Inglis sang "The Women's Marseillaise," a song of the times written by a member of the Union.

Mrs. Pankhurst was received with much cheering. "This year," she said, "we are going to win freedom for women."

"It is our intention next Tuesday to assemble in Caxton Hall, and consider what action is necessary after receiving the Prime Minister's reply."

"It will be necessary to send a deputation from the hall, but the brave women chosen will go to the House under different circumstances to those who have gone before, for assembled in Parliament Square will be men and women willing to show their practical sympathy and support."

"I ask now," concluded Mrs. Pankhurst, "for women volunteers willing to risk their liberty on October 13 for the women's cause."

##### Volunteers and Benefactors.

Immediately Miss Mordaunt, a veteran suffragist and the first member of the Union, volunteered; and subsequently thirteen other women sent in their names as ready, if required, to go to prison.

Then there was an appeal for funds towards the autumn campaign, and over £300 was given and promised in fifteen minutes. Miss Beatrice Harraden, the authoress, headed the list with £25.

Miss Elizabeth Robins, the well-known actress and writer, who has just returned from America, replied to Mrs. Humphry Ward and "those misguided women who are so ill-informed as to fancy this movement cannot go on."

"In America the women want the vote," said Miss Robins, "and it is absolutely false to say that they have tried for it and failed. We have to win forty-six separate States, and we have already won four."

There will be a Trafalgar Square meeting on Sunday.

#### Outrage at Maidstone.

##### Mrs. Despard Stoned and Baited.

The visit of Mrs. Despard and Miss Margaret Sidley to Maidstone in the Suffragist van was the occasion of a disgraceful and unforgettable outrage.

They had announced an open-air meeting near the gates of the county gaol. A crowd of 3,000 assembled, and they were received with showers of granite chippings, with which the road was being repaired.

A stone struck Mrs. Despard on the forehead inflicting a nasty abrasion. Nothing daunted, she mounted a chair

and faced the crowd, who pushed her off the chair and smashed it. When the van arrived the ladies abandoned their attempts to speak, and barricaded themselves within.

Deliberate attempts were made to overthrow the van, which was pushed uphill and allowed to descend by its own momentum.

The windows of the vehicle were smashed, the tailboard was wrenched off, rotten eggs and other missiles were flung, bells were rung, and fireworks discharged.

At length—but only at length—the police intervened.

Mrs. Despard writes that Miss Sidley and herself were protected and helped, not by "so-called respectable persons," but by two or three men, "whom members of the soft classes would call rough." But for the help of these men she thinks they would have been severely hurt.

#### The Men's League.

A social meeting of the Men's League for Women's Suffrage will be held in the Council Chamber at the Holborn Restaurant on October 26. There will be no set programme, and it is hoped that members and visitors will join in a general discussion. Light refreshments will be provided. Members are specially invited to bring male friends who are interested in the cause.

The Committee lay some stress on this feature. Experience has shown that it is not easy to induce men to come in large numbers to formal meetings, and if this first social gathering proves to be a success it will be repeated periodically.

A Welsh campaign is being conducted by the Women's Liberal Federation, with Mr. Lloyd George as patron.

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## THE RIGHT TO WORK.

## A Memorable Week.

## Manifesto and Trafalgar Square Protest.

Following the Anti-Poverty Crusade, two events of the past week point to a strenuous winter campaign for the unemployed. One was the issue of a manifesto which has been drafted by the Right-to-Work National Council; the other, the unusual demonstration made on "Hunger Sunday" in Trafalgar Square.

The week is also memorable for a speech by Mr. Lloyd George at Swansea, avowing Socialist aims under another name.

## The Manifesto.

The Executive Committee of the National Right-to-Work Council consists of George Barnes, M.P. (chairman), J. Keir Hardie, M.P., J. R. Macdonald, M.P., Mary R. MacArthur, Annie Cobden Sanderson, Harry Quelch, E. R. Pease, George Lansbury (treasurer), and Frank Smith, L.C.C. (secretary), and its offices are at 10, Clifford's Inn, E.C.

The circular to trades councils and labour organisations says:

"We, at least, do not share the 'breezy optimism' of the President of the L.G.B.

"We know that literally hundreds of thousands of men, women and children are suffering untold misery owing to lack of employment, and under these circumstances we confidently appeal to the organised workers to join with us in a vigorous and determined agitation for the purpose of compelling the Government to amend its policy, not only in regard to the administration of the present Act and Grant, but to secure the enactment of a Right-to-Work measure which will place upon one public authority the obligation of providing useful employment under fair conditions for every able and willing worker, women as well as men."

The Manifesto says:

"It is time that the workers of the nation roused the Government with that historic utterance of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, 'Stop your feeling and get to business.' Every M.P. must be made to understand by his constituents that his first duty at the opening of the Session is to insist upon the immediate amendment of the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905. It is a mockery and a delusion for those who are suffering, and an excuse for inaction by politicians. The Act must be made compulsory, so as to place upon the State the responsibility of providing work with adequate financial support."

Sunday, the eve of the reassembling of Parliament, is to be a day of demonstrations in all parts of the country. It is suggested that these should take the following shape:

A march in force in every district to the parish church, or other prominent house of religious assembly.

In the afternoon of the same day, or evening, or both, public meetings in the most public place in each district, where resolutions should be voted upon and copies sent to the Prime Minister, the local M.P., and the Press.

The minister should be seen, and requested to preach on the responsibility of the State. "Six days shalt thou labour" might be a suitable text.

The purpose of the Council is to press upon the Government the necessity of passing the Right-to-Work Bill without delay.

As a sequel of the Norwich strike, the Trades and Labour Council of the City are helping to organise the women workers. Miss Dix and Miss Cartright lately addressed an enthusiastic meeting, and the Federation of Women Workers is receiving applications to join its ranks.

## No Faith in Makeshifts.

The St. Pancras Distress Committee say in their annual report:

"Unemployed men and women of the best class are getting sceptical of the committee's claim to furnish any way by which they can again get on their feet and obtain the work for which they are fitted.

"This feeling is becoming more and more evident, even in the sub-committees to which the work of examining the record papers has been confided; and there never has been a question in which the need for some really efficient State organisation has been so evident."

## The Hunger-Marchers in London.

## Mr. Stewart Gray Arrested.

When Stewart Gray and his Hunger-Marchers appeared in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, there was an immense crowd to see and hear them; and the speeches were those of men made desperate.

Mr. William Pooley, who presided, insisted that it is every Englishman's duty to demand the right to live. Edward Fishpool, a Norfolk man, said that he was ready to die asserting it; and from other speakers there were denunciations of Mr. Burns and wild incitements.

The leader, clad in the white blouse of a medieval workman, is described as a man clearly of superior intellectual equipment to his following. But he advised part of them to start for Windsor Great Park—"for their holiday."

"It is yours, and all the venison in it; and the pheasants are now just in season. And the King doesn't like the place."

The rest he told to sit on the stones of the Square until they were removed, by way of asserting their right to the ground.

## A Dangerous Mélé.

When the police began to clear the Square at sundown, there was an anxious quarter of an hour.

They swept all before them, and the crowd rushed into the broad space between Cockspur Street and Charing Cross and Whitehall.

Then it was seen that some of the police had made prisoners, including Stewart Gray, and the mob went pell-mell after them towards Whitehall. It was a very ugly rush, and portended the riot which one of the speakers had foretold. In the nick of time there came out a line of mounted police, who stemmed the torrent, and broke it up; but several thousands of people, groaning and cheering, poured down Whitehall to Cannon Row, where the police station is.

Several of the prisoners fought furiously with their captors, and eye-witnesses say that near the Admiralty the anger and resentment of the crowd was unbounded. For a few minutes the police could do little but defend themselves from furious rushes. Missiles were thrown, one striking an inspector who was mounted.

But the police behaved admirably. Instead of truncheons they used their rolled capes. And Gray himself motioned off his would-be rescuers.

## Police Court Proceedings.

Gray and six others were charged at Bow Street with resisting or assaulting the police.

The defence was that there had been no riotous conduct until the police began it. That the meeting should be closed at sunset, they did not know.

Gray and three other prisoners were bound over for three months to keep the peace; one was fined £40; and Alexander Williams, a fitter, was remanded for a week.

## The Labour Party.

The Labour Party will hold a meeting on Thursday week, and the Prime Minister will be urged to disclose his intentions immediately.

"It is obvious," says Mr. Ramsay Mac-

Donald, M.P., the secretary of the party, "that more must be done this winter than ever before. We want a certain number of experiments."

The report of the Commission on Afforestation is due this autumn. Several influential M.P.s hold the view that afforestation, being an expert business, is useless as a remedy for unemployment. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald spent part of his holiday on a Scottish estate of 14,000 acres, privately planted with marketable timber, and is convinced that the ordinary unemployed are fit for such work.

## Twenty Men Arrested at Deptford.

Following the unsatisfactory reception of a deputation by the Deptford Borough Council, unemployed met in Deptford Broadway on Tuesday night and declared their intention of going to the mayor's house.

As they set out, some in a van, a collision occurred with the police, and in the struggle about twenty arrests were made. The charges are "riotous assembly," resisting the police, and in one case assault. Among those arrested were the spokesman of the deputation, Fowler, who had earlier refused to leave the town hall, and a lad named Stewart, who was fined a few weeks ago.

## Trouble in Birmingham.

The Right-to-Work demonstrations in Birmingham have been a good deal interfered with by the police—processions broken up and meetings forbidden in certain places.

Unconcerned citizens came in for attentions. In one case a passer-by who found himself pushed about roughly cried out, "Do we live in Russia?" "Mind your own business," said the constable!

At a meeting of the Trades Council on Saturday, the Lord Mayor was denounced for foolish speeches.

Mr. W. J. Morgan, the chairman, said the Lord Mayor when he delivered the opinion that the unemployed had not felt the pinch of poverty did not know what he was talking about. "His remarks were a libel on the working classes. It was better to be knocked about by police batons than live in the hovels some of them were compelled to occupy."

## Old Folk Starved to Death.

In the Shoreditch Coroner's Court, a sad story was told of the death of Mary Ann Upton, sixty-four, a matchseller.

She lived in Bastwick Street, St. Luke's, with her husband—white haired, feeble, and very death—who told the coroner that his age was "eighty-one—not out." For their back room they paid 1s. 6d. a week. Match-selling brought in 3s.

The Coroner: Poor old couple! It is an awfully sad story—hanging together on 1s. 6d. a week.

Dr. Evans, infirmary medical officer, said the woman's death was primarily due to pneumonia and pleurisy, but it might be classed by the coroner as a death from starvation. "It is a sad story that is getting all too frequent."

The jury gave a verdict of Death from Starvation.

## Plans at Leeds.

The Local Government Board, in reference to a proposal to borrow £43,000 for street improvements and for works in the parks, say that as soon as detailed plans are forwarded they will be prepared to make a payment on some of the works.

It is calculated that from £16,000 to £18,000 will be paid to the unemployed in wages on sewage and similar works.

## Unemployed at Sheffield.

A hundred unemployed men marched into Sheffield parish church in orderly fashion on Sunday, and were warmly greeted by the Archdeacon, who declared that the unemployment problem was one that it was the duty of the Government to tackle.

## WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

## By Mary R. MacArthur.

## Hall, Norwich!

Another victory! The cheers that greeted the conclusion of the Summerstown dispute have hardly died and now Norwich claims our congratulations.

Early in August twenty-six tailoresses, engaged on Government contract work, went on strike against heavy reductions in their wages. They joined the Federation, and the labour forces of Norwich rallied to their support. After a long and weary fight, employers have given in, and the girls have returned to work at their old wages. As a result, the membership of the Union has been greatly augmented, and Miss Esther Dicks, who addressed several good meetings there last week, tells me the whole district is ripe for an organising campaign.

## French Polishers on Strike.

In London there are again wars and rumours of wars.

About a dozen girls, engaged as French polishers by an East End furniture firm, have been on strike for nearly a week. It is the same old story of excessive reductions.

At the old rates the maximum wage earned in the busiest time by the most expert workers was 17s. Under new conditions the maximum for girls, mind you, who work hard for twelve hours a day would never exceed 10s. In one case the price for polishing a walnut wardrobe 3ft 6in has been reduced from 3s. to 1s. 6d.

The girls have appealed to the Women's Trade Union League for help, and we are doing what we can to assist them.

## Collar Makers Revolt.

On the top of this comes news from Rotherhithe that twenty-five collar makers are on strike. Again the grievance is reduced wages—this time the reductions vary from 3s. to 6s. a week. The strikers have nearly all been in the service of the firm for lengthy periods—in one case for ten and another for twenty-eight years.

Again the Women's Trade Union League is appealed to. Again we wish there were a hundred of us instead of about half a dozen.

## Organisation in Darlington.

Cheering news comes from Darlington, where Miss Julia Varley has been doing splendid work, in connection with the Trades Council Organising Campaign.

As a result a most promising branch of the Federation has been formed, and nearly 150 membership forms have been filled up.

Conditions, Miss Varley tells me, are very bad, and there is urgent need for organisation throughout the district.

## WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

## Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

## Glasgow Unemployed Women.

Mrs. Craig sends an account of varied activities from the Glasgow League. On Monday, September 21, a joint demonstration was held by the W.L.L. and the Women's Freedom League in George's Square on behalf of the unemployed women of Glasgow, when a large crowd was addressed by Mrs. Despard, Mrs. Sanderson, Mrs. Billington-Greig, and Miss Glasier.

A deputation of women, introduced by Mrs. Barton, of the Distress Committee, was received by the Council, whom Miss Glasier addressed as representative of the Women's Labour League and the Independent Labour Party, and Mrs. Greig as representing the Women's Freedom League.

On Thursday, September 24, another deputation from the Women's Labour League interviewed the Council on behalf of the unemployed women, when the Council was addressed by Miss Taylor, Councillor Alston introducing this delegation.

On the evening of the same day the W.L.L. held a social meeting. Viands were plentiful and appetising, having been made and contributed by the various members of the branch. The object of this social was three-

fold—to advertise the starting of a branch of the League in Glasgow; to provide the nucleus of a fund; and to spend an enjoyable evening. Songs, recitations, and dancing formed the evening's enjoyment, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Miss Glasier, in a few effective words, explained the objects of the Women's Labour League. Several new members were enrolled, and £5 cleared for the funds of the League.

## New Branch at Gorton.

The Women's Labour League is successfully launched in Gorton. On Monday, September 26, a social meeting was held to start it; 130 took tea after a fine address by Mrs. Glasier. Great interest was taken in the subject of the Women's League, and after many questions were asked and answered fifty-one women gave their names to join the League, and many others agreed to attend another meeting to hear more about it before deciding.

This next meeting will be held on October 12. We are not altogether independent of the male sex in promoting our League, and the success of the Gorton meeting was largely due to the efforts of Sam Hague, of the Trades and Labour Council, whilst Mr. John Hodge, Labour M.P. for Gorton, is well-known as an early friend of the League.

## A Good Friend of the Other Sex.

Another man to whom the League owes much is Mr. Peters, now national election agent for the Labour Party. Mr. Peters and the late Mr. Johnson, together with Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Corrie, and Mrs. Peters, started the Barrow-in-Furness League, which was formed before we had a National W.L.L. at all. At the bye-elections, where our women have helped, Mr. Peters has shown appreciation of their services, and now, with the express approval of the Labour Party Executive, he is putting in good words for the League as he goes about the country to different centres.

Indeed, we are able sometimes to trace his footsteps by messages such as this from various towns: "Can we have a Women's Labour League? Mr. Peters was here and told us we ought to have one; that our Labour organisation was not complete without it. Please send down literature and suggestions."

## TRAINING OF WOMEN &amp; GIRLS.

## Important Conference.

A representative conference of organisations interested in women's industries was held at the Guildhall last Tuesday. Delegates were present from the London County Council, the Y.M.C.A., the National Union of Women Workers, the Independent Labour Party, the Social Democratic Federation, the Health Society, Women's Co-operative Guild, Women's Liberal Association, the Union of Working Girls' Clubs.

The Lord Mayor opened the conference, and Miss N. Adler, daughter of the Chief Rabbi, presided, and in her opening remarks referred to the inadequacy of the machinery for the industrial training of women and girls in the United Kingdom.

"In this year's L.C.C. estimates," she pointed out, "may be seen a sum of £30,000 set down for the extension of the School of Building, and a further sum of £25,000 for the Westminster Technical Institute—both practically for men's work alone. Then there is £63,500 for the Central School of Arts and Crafts, and £25,500 for the Hammersmith School of Art, both excellent institutions, but providing instruction not for the working girl, but for the girl who can pay fees. Amidst all this outlay are little sums of £1,600 and £9,000 for girls' technical schools, and even these have not yet been passed by the Council."

Miss Helen Smith, Lady Superintendent of the Borough Polytechnic, stated that trade schools are the only solution, but in their establishment four points must be kept in view: (1) Careful investigation as to local needs as a preliminary; (2) close co-operation with any trade selected; (3) freedom to experiment—no insistence on rigid uniformity; (4) co-ordination with schools

of various kinds, so that promising pupils may be able to develop their particular bent.

Madame Gyp, member of the Consultative Committee of the dressmaking class, L.C.C. Central Trade School for Girls, Westminster Technical Institute, suggested that freehand drawing should be part of the training of girls as dressmakers.

She had found that it was difficult to teach girls to cut both sides of a dress alike. They could do this, however, if hand and eye were trained in drawing.

## On the Continent.

Miss E. March Phillips, who spoke of the Italian technical schools, which train 7,000 girls, and Miss M. C. Matheson, who referred to the efficient systems of Germany and Switzerland, showed how much better these things are attended to on the Continent.

Paris now maintains seven female trade schools, with about 300 pupils each, and one with 400 pupils, or more than the entire number of girls in London's trade schools.

## Unemployed Women

In the afternoon Mrs. J. Ramsay MacDonald presided while the conference discussed the problem of industrial training for unemployed women dependent on their own earnings.

Mrs. Redford, giving her experiences as a member of the Manchester Distress Committee, complained of the superabundance of charwomen, but expressed hopeful views upon the scheme for the organisation of a staff of step-cleaners.

A scheme for placing widows of forty and fifty on the land, first in settlements and then as small holders, fruit growers, bee keepers, or poultry farmers, was propounded by Miss Jessie Smith on behalf of Mrs. H. J. Tennant, who was prevented from attending.

Canon Horsley said the great thing was to obtain equality of wages and arrest the rush of girls into under-paid and degrading work, such as ginger-beer bottle-washing, fur-pulling, and the like. "Why, two of the best girls in my parish—nice, virtuous, well-behaved girls—told me that they earned their living by bundling tramway-car tickets into thousands all day long. I would rather commit a burglary than do such work," remarked the canon.

## Children's Nurses.

The training of working girls as children's nurses was also discussed. Dr. Jane Walker suggested that three ingredients must go to the making of every good nursemaid: (1) Love of children; (2) self-control; and (3) personal hygiene.

Interesting details of a scheme for the training (under the L.C.C.) of girls as children's nurses were also laid before the conference, and met with general approval. The course of training would be arranged in connection with some institution which already has the care of infants, and would extend over a period of six to nine months. Admission to the course would be obtained by scholarship from a school of domestic economy.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S GOSPEL.

In his "great" speeches last week, Mr. Lloyd George, M.P., repudiated Socialism—and then advocated diluted Socialism—measures as the new, true Liberalism.

"No one," said Mr. George, "could honestly defend the present system. All classes were not taking their fair share of the burden of trade depression. He could name twelve men whose average income during the worst days of depression would suffice to maintain in comfort during the whole of one month at least 50,000 workmen and their families. Yet they would probably find these twelve on a Tariff Reform platform proclaiming that the distress incidental to unemployment was entirely attributable to the fact that the bread of the workman was still untaxed."

And how would Mr. Lloyd George redress these criminal inequalities? Merely by taking enough from the very rich to prevent "starvation"? No wonder he was able to pooh-pooh the fear that his measures would cause "capital to leave the country."

The capitalist has nothing to fear from Lloyd George.

# The National Federation of Women Workers.

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DO YOU WANT SHORTER HOURS AND BETTER CONDITIONS OF WORK?  
THEN JOIN THE FEDERATION.

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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.

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Help you to get fair compensation if you have an accident at work. Pay you a weekly allowance when ill.

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