

The Woman Worker

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur.

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DAISY LORD.

The eloquent appeal made last week by Robert Blatchford on behalf of Daisy Lord, the poor betrayed girl who is condemned to imprisonment during the rest of her life for child murder, has brought us many letters of sympathy and indignation.

A few of these letters we print below, with the sincere and tender verses of Miss Gertrude Dexter.

It will be some comfort to our readers to know that petitions for Daisy Lord's release are being prepared, and that they will doubtless have an opportunity of signing these.

A Woman's Plea.

Will you come with me to a shadow-world, where the glad sun may not shine,

Where a sister-woman lies enchained, a suffering friend of mine?—

I call her "friend," since her heart is sore, but I may not clasp her hand, For she dwells in a prison, dark and foul, cast out from a Christian land.

She has borne the travail that women bear, alone, with a darkened name; With her head bowed low, with a broken heart, she has carried her load of shame.

Let us cast no stone at a suffering one— whose trouble we may not share— Nor add to the weight of the fearful load this sister of ours must bear.

Oh, women, who live where the sunlight falls, away from the gloom of life, So far away from this close-barred hell, with its anguished, maddening strife,

Will you calmly rest while doom descends, the doom that will kill the soul—

The deep despair of a hopeless life while the long dark years shall roll?

Poor broken life—with its awful pain, with its woe and its aching dread! How I long to fold in a loving rest that throbbing weary head,

Bring light to the crushed and darkened mind, and hope to the trembling heart,

Some gleam of a tender sister-care to the suffering soul impart.

Shall we sit at ease while our sister weeps in the gloom of a dungeon grim?

Oh, why is the beautiful mercy-gleam so lustreless, pale, and dim?

If women rose in their strength and power, they could lay the tyrants low,

And the evil thing men call "the law" destroy and overthrow.

They could take poor broken lives like this and build them up anew, Till they glowed like the beautiful morning-light, as fresh as the falling dew;

Could build a throne to the sovereign power we call by the name of Love, And the curse that is laid on womanhood for evermore remove.

GERTRUDE DEXTER.

Letters to the Editor.

Dear Miss Macarthur,—After reading the case of Daisy Lord in this week's WOMAN WORKER, I feel compelled to write to you. Surely women could combine and do something to help the poor girl, whose suffering alone has been more than sufficient punishment for her so-called sin.

I am most anxious to be a helper in anything you might suggest, and know others who would help, to fight against this great injustice.—Yours very sincerely (Mrs.) F. A. PERRY.

Maida Hill, August 16.

Dear Madam,—I thank you, in the name of humanity, for espousing the cause of this unfortunate girl.

I write to say that I hope that the women of England will, without delay, take up her case, and write to the Queen on her behalf, begging that her sentence may be altered to a few months' imprisonment at most, seeing that the poor girl had no less than four months in prison previous to her trial.

I also beg of your readers to agitate for the punishment of all men who seduce women. It is monstrous that they should go scot free.

Lastly, we must not rest till there is one standard of morality for both sexes.—Yours for justice to women,

JOHN NUGENT.

Wimborne, Dorset. August 16.

Dear Madam,—I have read the account of the case of Daisy Lord in your paper and in "The Clarion." Is any practical proposal put forward for obtaining her release? Cannot there be an appeal on the ground of temporary insanity?

In case you can make use of any money for the girl, may I send you my small subscription at once? I enclose £1.

Surely there are many women whose mother-hearts bleed as mine does at the thought of that ill-used girl. I hope you will rouse people.—Yours gratefully,

E. M.

Kensington. August 13.

[We are holding the money sent by our kind correspondent in the meantime. Probably a fund will be started by those who have interested themselves in the case.—Ed. "W. W."]

England's Garden.

By G. Maidstone.

Once, late in the spring, instead of writing about ancient Egypt I went for a prow in Kent. I use the word prow advisedly, because when one goes for a walking holiday one should adhere to the golden rule:

"Cast care behind you, and whither-soever humour points, go leisurely and with kindness."

For to plot and plan against a bounteous nature, and, as it were, craftily to lay snares for happiness and beauty, is no part of an honest tramp's desire. Rather will he follow his own vagrant fancy and trust to the loving largesse of Mother Earth. For, once on the open road, with clear blue sky above him, woods decked in their new spring raiment, birds singing sweet bridal songs, and dew-drenched herbs and wild flowers, brave in their virgin beauty, breathing incense to the clear thin air, what should a poor town sparrow of a tourist have to do with plans?

Whether he follow a winding road, because it winds, or turn aside by a woodland path, because a song thrush calls him, what does it matter? Should he stray through Edenbridge, it is well; should he wander into Godstone it is well. Starting with some vague pleasant hope of reaching Hythe, he comes to Folkestone. How then? Folkestone will serve. Primrose and hyacinth, daffodil and violet, wind-flower and kingcup display the same loveliness in Kent and in Surrey. Go whither he will the wanderer finds Nature bountiful and fair. The nightingale sings as ravishingly in the Dorking valley as in the Kentish weald. By hill or plain, by hedge or stream, by meadow or wood, when once the smoked hive of London is left behind, the tourist can scarce go wrong. The green grass, the open road, the blue sky, the singing birds, delight and heal, take what direction he will. The English spring is fair in any fair part of England.

What a walk it was—woods and dells, hills and valleys, orchards and streams; green meadows where the mild-faced cattle browsed and young lambs played, quaint villages of thatched or red-tiled cottages, seas of apple blossom and cherry blossom blushing in the morning sunshine, banks and copses gay with flowers, large-limbed barrel-bodied horses drawing purple furrows in the amber fields, windmills with their sails spinning rapidly in the rising wind, rooks bustling in the plummy elms, and swallows swimming and dipping in the cool air with their backs glistening like blue and their breasts like snow!

Yes, I saw the nightingale. I with this little eye. And the manner of it was this. It was near a copse by the roadside, 'twixt Tonbridge and Seven-oaks. I had sat me down to smoke a pipe. Something bright and brown flitted through the bushes. "A nightingale for a ducat!" thought I. And I was right. It was "the brown, bright nightingale amorous." It perched on

a low-hanging spray of hazel in full sight, not a yard from my face, fluttered its wings, swelled its throat, and sang: "Tweet! glug, glug, glug!" What a mellow, throbbing, rapturous voice it had, and then I sneezed (!), and—exit nightingale. But I saw him. I saw him with these eyes and heard him with these ears. As I am a true man. Yea, verily, it was so.

John Burroughs came all the way from America, and tramped England for weeks in search of a nightingale and never saw one. Did I not say that some are born lucky and others die rich?

There were other things on that road besides nightingales. Tramps, for instance. Real tramps, not amateurs. They were frowsy, ragged, down-at-heel, dirty, weary, covered with thick, grey dust; their hair, their skins, their clothing all of a neutral grey-brown colour. They carried bundles—what do those mysterious bundles contain?—and they shuffled along in a halting, cheerless, dogged shuffle. They never looked at us, nor at the sky, nor the trees, nor the flowers. They looked down and plodded on in a sullen, listless way. They were not seeking work. They were not seeking anything. They seemed to have come from nowhere in particular, and to be tramping on to the next town. They are always tramping; always tramping on to the next town. What they do when they get there, why they go there, how long they remain there, and with what purpose they move off somewhere else are mysteries. They seem to have no occupation, no ideas, no aims, no hopes, and no pleasures. They are tramps.

Did you ever read Nunquam's story, "The Tramp"? There are some remarks there made by an out-of-work navy which are worth repeating:

"No, marm," said the tramp in the same grave, steady way, "not that; but maybe fur future you'll be kinder, an' not think as them as ar'nt no use to you ar'nt no use to nobody. Tramps is men, an' does men's work. These ere roads was made by tramps. So was the railways. Them things doesn't grow, marm, tho' yer might seem ter think so. They're made, an' we makes 'em. When we're makin' 'em we're navvies; when we're finished makin' 'em we're tramps. We're allers industrious workin' men, when you wants us; when you don't want us no more, we're vagrants. You might remember them things."

Curious what a lot there is in a point of view. But the tramps I saw on these Kentish roads are not like the man in the story. Perhaps they were like him, once. But they're spoilt now. They have not worked for years. They will never work again. They are rebels; outcasts; tramps. They have lost their citizenship. They live for themselves alone. They have nothing to share with their fellow-creatures. There is no silly Socialism about them.

Count Tolstoy's powerful indictment of the Russian Government has been issued as a penny pamphlet by the Independent Labour Party under the title of "The Hanging Tsar."

A TIRED MOTHER.

Hush, prattling younglings, wake her not awhile!
The hueless day has left its trace behind—
Her lips are softened in a tired smile;
In some sweet spot doth roam her happy mind.
For a few moments from its cares set free
And breathing the soft airs of liberty.

Her foot that went the weary household round
Dances with lightsome trip some smooth green lawn;
Her eyes—that some new duty ever found
Waiting close by—to fairer sights are drawn.
Roses that shower pink snows through golden air,
And bowers of greenery stretching far and fair.

The lines of care engraven round her mouth
Relax and fainter grow; the toil-worn hands
Fall in her lap—some charm-wind from the south
Enchains her soul with fragrant, flowery bands.
Her cheeks take on the soft and peachy glow
That lured the first kiss years and years ago.

And she will wake and cradle you to rest
With merry patience—sing sweet lullabies,
And soft as down will pillow you her breast,
And down upon you beam her love-lit eyes:
But let her sleep this little while, and bring
Back from her dream a heart a-blow with spring.

ETHEL CARNIE.

FOR POCKET-MONEY.

No one who considers the system which turns hundreds of girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen into offices, to work for wretched pay at a sedentary occupation, can doubt, says Mildred Ransom in "The Organiser," that it is extremely bad for them. They are not of an age to consider any system of self-improvement with favour. Like the grasshopper in the fable, they enjoy the summer, and neither make nor desire to make any provision for the winter. As a result, the girl who begins by working for pocket-money is not fit in a few years to work for anything else; finds herself when her youth is past unable to support herself; and simply swells the ranks of casual workers.

Mme. Fallières attires herself now just as she did when her husband was the mayor of a provincial town. There could, says an American writer, be no more graceful picture of democratic simplicity than that furnished by the Presidential family of France.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Mrs. Bruce Glasier.

I remember my first meeting with Mrs. Bruce Glasier largely because it was the occasion of deepening a financial embarrassment which troubled the weekends of my youth.

She spoke under Socialist auspices in a grubby North Salford hall, and was very eloquent and moving. When the collection came to be taken the emotional swell had not subsided, and the shilling I put into the plate appeared but niggard recognition of a discourse from which, it seemed to me, no quality of great oratory was lacking; but it left me bare. At this distance I can recall but a little of the address that won from me such unreserved approval; but I think, with my greater knowledge of Mrs. Bruce Glasier, I could undertake its reconstruction.

I am certain, at least, that into most of Mrs. Glasier's orations will come talk of flowers and children, praise of country life, praise of the poor, castigation for the unrighteous rich, and descant upon the spiritual complexion of the universe.

But, hearing her, I think we should be little moved to mirth; we should take away the thought that life was portentous and noble, but a trifle over-sober. We should take away the thought that we had been to church.

A Religious Conception.

The Church is always about Mrs. Glasier. Not a cloistered fane with dim lights and vasty pillars, however, but rather an old Quaker or Wesleyan meeting-house, an ungarnished one-storey building, where earnest people come and meditate on spiritual verity and listen to the copious eloquence of her in whom, very clearly, the Brethren discern the working of the Holy Spirit.

She is the daughter of a clergyman, and has the religious bias by inheritance—through the devotional impress made upon her in her formative years. Her creed has broadened out, I think, into something too wide for any of the churches. But of that she little recks,

for in Socialism she has found a new and ample temple, and souls thirsty for the old wine she has put into new bottles.

This religious conception of the Socialist movement is at the root of her devotion to it. She is a Puritan in a world of foppish, sinful Cavaliers; an early Christian in a Rome nigh at the end of its banquet of Pagan lewdness and debauchery. Outside there is brawling and blasphemy and riot; but away from the sinfulness of the street and market-place she and her comrades sit in the quiet of the Temple reading the Sacred Word, and preparing for the day when the city shall be delivered into their hands.

Communion of Saints.

You cannot meet Mrs. Glasier without feeling something of all this. She comes towards you radiant, touched by Divine afflatus. Her eyes are full of visionary light, and glisten as she asks whither you go. If she does not call you "Brother," you know, nevertheless, that so she regards you; and if you are for the Delectable Mountain there will be sisterly tenderness in the clear direction and the "Go! speed" she gives you on parting.

The view of some that Socialism will mean fleshpots and fine raiment for all arouses her deep abhorrence. Socialism, to her, is a spiritual progression. It will not only not mean universal luxury, it cannot mean it. It stands for a quite opposite principle. She says, with John Woolman, "People may have no intention to oppress, yet by entering on expensive ways of life their minds may be so entangled therein, and so engaged to support expensive customs, as to be estranged from the pure sympathising spirit."

Like John Woolman, she makes this repudiation a corner-stone of her principles: like him, I think, she would be uneasy if asked to drink from silver vessels at the house of a friend.

That no such entanglement may come to her she keeps to frugal ways, lives simply, and takes her due share in a dozen household tasks of mending and cleaning, which are "Better than flocks and herds, being proof of her skill as a housewife."

Her Call.

She is the daughter of the Rev. S. Conway, of Walthamstow, and sister of Professor Conway, of Manchester University. Her scholarly father set her upon study, and at Newnham College, Cambridge, she and Philippa Fawcett were among a distinguished band of students in the hall of which Miss Helen Gladstone was head.

At Newnham, in 1889, she took an honour degree in classics, and subsequently was appointed senior classical mistress at the Redland High School, Bristol. But after a declaration of Socialist principles she resigned her position and went to teach in one of the poorest schools under the Bristol Board. She lectured and wrote subsequently, and Katherine St. John Conway became a well-known name.

After work for the Fabian Society she was chosen on the Committee of six to summon the first I.L.P. Conference, which was held in Bradford on Easter

Sunday, 1893, and which elected her on its first Council.

In the same year she married J. Bruce Glasier. She is still one of the best of the I.L.P. speakers, still one of the best of its pamphleteers, and she lends her husband invaluable aid in his editorship of the "Labour Leader." She is exuberantly happy in her domestic life, and devoted to her two bonny children, and she will give you a thousand welcomes if you (taking care not to call all at once) drop in to see her at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

Great Vitality.

She bears all her work lightly, for her vitality is inexhaustible. She has a strong, deep voice that triumphs over any assembly, and a body that moves as though free of contact with earth. Her exceeding vitality makes her demonstrative, she grips your hand heartily, and buries you under a hurly of words. As she hurries about the streets she finds it hard to repress a song; after a speech you expect her to skip off the platform.

Her mind is of a piece with her body, and answers easily to the calls upon it. It is clear-cut, and deals with "Yeas" and "Nays." She knows exactly what she believes, and believes it with whole heart. She is as definite as the sun and moon, of whom Blake says:

If the Sun and Moon should doubt
They would both of them go out.

Summarily she separates sheep from goats. Either you are of the Brethren and it is well; or you are not, and may the Lord have mercy upon you. But at the worst there is hope, for the world is full of miracle and conversion, and even to you, in some unimaginable way, grace, at the last moment, may be vouchsafed.

Teller of Tales.

Indeed, most of Mrs. Glasier's stories are variations on this theme. They are simple stories of dead-hearts called again to life, lustful hearts moved to purification, hearts of flint and rock which at the touch of divine suggestion pour forth sudden flood of sweet waters. It is a child weeping in a field; it is a flower wanting the sunlight; it is a bird wounded by a stone; the lost or deadened man who is moved to tend them, pure perished desires re-awakening. One is reminded of the sinner in "Lalla Rookh":

There was a time, he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, thou blessed child,
When young, and haply pure as thou,
I knelt and prayed like thee; but now—
So he repents, and his tears do not
fall in vain. J. J. M.

THE ROAD MAKERS.

When our bodies are dust, in the wilderness blowing,
When our souls are red blooms, mid green foliage glowing,
When our names 'neath Oblivion's poppies have perished,
Happy children of children we fathered and cherished
Shall behold noble vistas of freedom before them
On the roads we built well, for the love that we bore them.

R. BLATCHFORD.

WOMEN IN FATAL TRADES.

By William C. Anderson.

The Home Office moves in a mysterious way to perform its wonders. Moreover, it moves with feeble, halting steps, as if palsied at the knees—slower than a Taff Vale train. And yet it moves.

Let us be thankful even that it moves. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has presented the text of the Bill to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of white phosphorus matches.

For how many years have reformers urged this change? Denmark adopted it nearly a quarter of a century ago; France, where matches are a State monopoly, came into line. At the Berne International Conference on Labour Regulation every country represented (with the exception of Great Britain) agreed to stop the use of white phosphorus in making matches.

What of the girls and women engaged in scores of other dangerous trades? Will they be denied a helping hand? They need it sorely. Never was the wear-and-tear in factories so great as now.

Many innocent victims have been sacrificed; many more will be unless the public conscience, expressing itself in just protective laws, forbids it. Too often they work in ignorance of the risks they run—of the death that lurks unseen. Dust and fumes enter the chest, the lungs, the blood, and they learn too late. Paralysed, or blind, or consumptive, they quit the factory for the last time, like a soldier who crawls aside from battle, a bullet in his breast.

Evasion and Supineness.

Repeated Acts of Parliament have vested wide powers in the Home Secretary for the regulation of dangerous trades; but employers have hotly fought every foot of the ground.

They have been "reluctant to embrace new methods," even when these helped to confer strength instead of sickness on employees; and the doctrine of liberty of the individual has been exalted to justify a do-nothing policy—though, being interpreted, that doctrine meant liberty for masters and bondage for workpeople. Faced by the ugly facts, the House of Commons has appointed commissions. To what purpose?

If only the workers' lives could be saved by appointing committees!

A terrible cry comes to you, Mr. Gladstone; a cry of intolerable anguish and wrong. It reaches up from weak and dying women in the industrial abyss; from women who, in earning daily bread, are maimed and poisoned. Is it not heard or heeded at the Home Office? Must there be always public clamour, labour agitation, trade union deputations, parliamentary speeches, to make further dallying and parley impossible?

The Victims.

Here are young girls in dye-works, where the yellow colours are obtained from chromate of lead. When pulling and manipulating the yarn, their hair and hands and clothes grow yellow with deadly dust. Anæmia follows, with splitting headache, colic, nerve dis-

orders. The victims of plumbism fill untimely graves.

Does the Home Office know of the girls who bottle aerated waters? In certain works they are kept standing on wet floors, working in drenched clothes. When a bottle bursts the hand or arm is cruelly cut or torn, or sight destroyed; sometimes the girl is killed outright.

Some weeks ago I described certain visits I had paid to the tinplate works of Glamorgan. What is the toll they take of health and strength? Professor Thomas Oliver, Home Office expert on industrial diseases, details it partly:

"The workpeople suffer from inflammatory affections of the eyes, accompanied by a discharge, dryness of the throat, nausea, and giddiness; the teeth become black in consequence of the sulphuric acid fumes, and the hair falls off."

Look at the women who do file-cutting in Sheffield. It is a monotonous task, exhausting and poorly paid. Gradually the treacherous lead enters the system; the dust is swallowed or inhaled. You will see a strong, comely woman, growing bloodless and pale, seized with the pains of colic, losing power over the muscles of wrist and fingers.

I spoke to a woman who was employed for three years enamelling iron plates and hollow-ware in the "Black Country." She said that now and again the work-room was so full of lead-charged dust that she could not see her mates on the other side. Some of her fellow-workers had developed acute plumbism, and several had died.

Has the State no obligation toward the women employed at fur-making—women poisoned with arsenic? No responsibility toward the girls making bricks at 24d. a thousand—toiling like galley slaves at their task till sometimes carried to hospital in a state of collapse?

Shall no finger be lifted to help those harmed by benzene vapour in dry-cleaning establishments? Under its influence young women sometimes reel and sing and dance as if they had been drinking; and a heavy price is paid for this excitement. Women have grown blind and lame; have lost in large measure the power of speech; have had the brain affected.

What Should be Done.

What is the Home Office doing? What can the Home Office do?

Much if it cares, or is compelled. Already a new departure has been made in the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1906. Then a number of diseases of occupation have been scheduled, and the employers made liable. But prevention is better than compensation.

Special rules for the better control of dangerous trades are often permissive and loosely drafted. The best employers obey, the worst evade them.

Regulations must be made uniform and binding upon all employers; with heavy penalties for any breach of law. Parliament must set before itself the duty of stamping out unnecessary risk, of setting up a minimum standard of cleanliness and safety.

If all dust and fumes were speedily

expelled by mechanical apparatus; if work-overalls, head-gear, and respirators were worn; if the workers were provided with suitable dining-rooms and adequate lavatory accommodation, and the factories made large and airy; if the working hours were lessened; if dangerous processes were as much as possible mechanical, and every effort were made to find innocuous substitutes for poisons—how much suffering would be averted, how many young lives rescued?

But the Home Office? How far is it still from being resolved that commercialism shall no longer blight the workers with loathsome diseases, to make life ugly and death hideous?

THE HAYMAKER.

The women joined us on the third day to begin haymaking, and the air was fragrant of tossed and sun-dried grass. One of them walked apart from the rest, without interest or freedom of movement; her face, sealed and impassive, was aged beyond the vigour of her years. I knew the woman by sight, and her history by hearsay. We have a code of morals here—not, indeed, peculiar to this place or people—that a wedding is "respectable" if it precedes child-birth by bare a month; tolerable, and to be recognised, should it succeed the same by less than a year (provided the pair are not living in the same village); but the child that has never been "fathered" and the wife without a ring are "anathema," and such a one was Elizabeth Banks. She went away a maid, and came back a year ago with a child and without a name. Her mother was dead, her father and the village would have none of her: the homing instinct is very strong, or she would scarcely have returned, knowing the traditions of the place. Old Dodden, seeing her, grumbled to me in the rest-time: "Can't think what the farmer wants w' Lizzie Banks in 'is field." "She must live," I said, "and by all showing her life is a hard one." "She—ad the making of 'er bed," he went on, obstinately. "What for do she bring her disgrace home, w' a fatherless brat for all to see? We don't want them sort in our village. The Lord's hand is heavy, an' a brat's a curse that cannot be hid."

When tea-time came I crossed the field to look for a missing hone, and saw Elizabeth Banks far from the other women, busied with a bundle under a hedge. I passed close on my search, and, lo! the bundle was a little boy. He lay smiling and stretching, fighting the air with his small pink fists, while the wind played with his curls. "A curse that cannot be hid," Old Dodden had said. The mother knelt a moment, then snatched him to her with aching greed, and covered him with kisses. I saw the poor, plain face illumined, transfigured, alive with a mother's love.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

Instead of all schools being closed together, half should take their vacation during one month, say, July, and half during another, say, August.—"Morning Post."

THE CURATE'S DREAM.

By R. Blatchford.

Scene: A fashionable garden party at Kensington. Lady Toppington, Lady Giltedge, Lady Violet Selvage, seated in garden chairs under an oak tree, taking ices. The pale-faced curate passing.

Lady Top: Oh, Mr. Sirpliss, do come here. You really ought to know what these wicked, superstitious women have been talking about.

Lady Selvage: Nonsense, Barbara, Mr. Sirpliss would not listen to our silly prattle.

The Curate: On the contrary, Lady Selvage, anything that interests ladies should be instructive to me. Pray tell me, what were you speaking about?

Lady Top: Lady Selvage and Lady Giltedge were relating their dreams.

The Curate: How interesting.

Lady Selvage: Dear Mr. Sirpliss, do you think it is *wicked* to dream?

The Curate: Well, I so often dream myself that I—

The Three Ladies: Oh! Mr. Sirpliss!

The Curate: Not on purpose, of course, or I should—

Lady Top: Now, Mr. Sirpliss, I insist upon your relating your best dream, now.

Lady Giltedge (opening her fan): Ya-as, do, Mr. Sirpliss. It will be so awfully delightful.

The Curate (sitting down near the table, and smiling demurely): Very well, ladies, I will relate a dream. But as it isn't about a new bonnet—

Lady Top: And, of course, not about a new woman.

The Curate: But it's a new dream. Quite fresh, I assure you.

Lady Selvage (hiding a yawn): Do begin, Mr. Sirpliss, we are all impatient.

The Curate: Well, don't you know, it was a dream about a ship. I thought it was awfully hot weather, and I was off somewhere on a hideously jolly trip to some place in the South of France for my holidays and that sort of thing.

Lady Top: How dreadfully charming. Violet, there's a green fly on your eyebrow.

The Curate: And I went aboard and had an awfully jolly lunch in the saloon, and then went up on deck to listen to the music, and that sort of thing.

And there was a terribly jolly party up on deck, and dancing was going on, and people were eating ices, and drinking all kinds of delightfully wicked things out of crystal glasses; and the band was playing one of those fearfully sweet waltzes of Waldteufel's, don't you know, and the moon was shining splendidly, and the sea looked awfully pretty.

Lady Top: I declare, it's quite an awfully nice dream. I didn't think the clergy could dream so delightfully.

The Curate: Yes, awful, wasn't it? Well, I was enjoying myself horribly, when I noticed some slight disturbance at a table on the port side, and I asked an awfully nice girl who sat near me what the row was about.

"Why," said an officer, "it's some fellow making a fuss about one of the crew who has been starved to death.

He must be an awful ass to talk about such beastly things up here. And before the ladies."

"It's very bad form," said the nice girl; "and I suppose it isn't true?"

"H'm!" said the officer, "very likely not. But what's the good of making such a jolly row, anyway?"

Lady Top: And was it true?

The Curate: That's the funny part of it all. It was true. I found, when I got down to the fore part of the ship, that the crew, and their wives and children, were cooped up in awfully narrow, dark, and unwholesome little rat-holes of cabins, that the ventilation was bad, the work hard, and the food not nearly sufficient for them to live upon. There were dozens of them ill, and at least half of them hungry. A woman had strangled her child because she couldn't bear to see it die of hunger, a man had jumped overboard, and several others had been put in irons for demanding food. Of course, I was awfully shocked.

Lady Giltedge: I should think so. It was scandalous.

The Curate: It was horribly scandalous, and I went and told the steward so.

Lady Top: What an odd dream. What did your dream-steward say?

The Curate: He said the men drank their wages, and that the women were thriftless, and anyhow it couldn't be helped, don't you know, because there wasn't enough food to go round.

So I went to the captain and asked him if the crew couldn't have a meal or two from the saloon stores.

But he was awfully surprised, and said that, though he was frightfully sorry about it, and that sort of thing, yet he couldn't rob the saloon passengers, and, besides, it would make the crew idle and discontented. But he promised to ask the purser to ask the fore-cabin steward for a report.

Lady Selvage: Heartless wretch—and the poor things were starving.

The Curate: Yes. Then I went to the chaplain. He said that it was a pity; but that the crew were discontented and thriftless fellows, and that, of course, as the saloon passengers paid for first-class fare, it would be wrong to rob them of their stores. But he promised to speak to some of the crew, and try to persuade them to be more sober.

I said it seemed a most improper state of things, don't you know, that something or other ought to be done; and while the chaplain was arguing with me there was a terrible hullabaloo, and a great crowd of hungry sailors came and asked to see the captain.

Lady Top: No wonder, poor wretches!

The Curate (rising): I said nothing, my lady. It was true.

(The Curate bows and walks slowly away. The three ladies look at each other blankly, and slowly wave their fans. The string band in the shrubbery is heard playing "Dream Faces.")

The Three Ladies (with sudden energy): He ought to be ashamed of himself.

Then the captain gave the word to fire, and the officers on the bridge poured a volley into the crowd and killed several men.

At that the rest cleared away, and we heard a woman, the wife of one of the men who'd been killed, shrieking in an awful way, and using horrible language.

I was awfully cut up, I assure you, and I went to the chaplain and the captain. But they said discipline had to be maintained, and the property of the company had to be protected.

Lady Top: What unfeeling men.

The Curate: So I thought. And all the time the dancing went on, and the ladies sat eating ices, and the gentlemen smoked cigars, and the steward kept bringing up champagne and claret-cup.

Lady Selvage: What a shocking nightmare.

The Curate: The worst part of it is to come. I was so angry that I got up and protested loudly. I said it was brutality, and murder, and was appealing to the ladies, when the officers began to hustle me, and the chaplain raised the cry, "An incendiary; a rioter!"

"Take him to the owner," the passengers said, and I was dragged before a very solemn and dignified gentleman, who had sat in an armchair reading his newspaper by the light of a lamp, and had only looked up when the volley was fired, and he had smiled.

Lady Top: What a dreadful dream. How wild. It is quite topsy-turvydom.

The Curate: The gentleman looked up, and said, curtly: "This is my ship. Don't you like it?"

I said no.

Then he said, "Leave it."

But I protested. I said: "I am all right, but your crew are starving, or dying of disease. They are lodged like beasts, and when they ask for food, you shoot them."

The owner looked at me very sternly. He said: "Young man, you are a hypocrite. This ship is conducted upon exactly the same lines as the society to which you belong. You live in a civilised country, don't you?"

I said I did.

"Well," he said, "that's it. Are the workers of your country better lodged, or fed, or treated than our sailors are? Don't your better classes go on dancing and flirting, and feasting, while your poor die of hunger and disease? If your colliers strike, don't you call out the soldiers? If they throw stones, don't you shoot them? Is our captain more unfeeling or thick-headed than your Prime Minister? Is our chaplain any more of a toady and a fool than your bishops? And don't your delicate ladies sit placidly eating ices or talking nonsense to their lovers in the midst of all the poverty and sickness, and violence and slaughter?"

Lady Top: Mr. Sirpliss! What did you say?

The Curate (rising): I said nothing, my lady. It was true.

(The Curate bows and walks slowly away. The three ladies look at each other blankly, and slowly wave their fans. The string band in the shrubbery is heard playing "Dream Faces.")

The Three Ladies (with sudden energy): He ought to be ashamed of himself.

For the first time in Russia a woman has been elected churchwarden of a Moscow church.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Marie Antoinette seemed to have been created by Nature to entail the eternal interest and pity of posterity on one of those State dramas which are imperfect unless the misfortunes of a woman complete them. Daughter of Maria Theresa, she had begun life in the storms of the Austrian monarchy, being one of the children the Empress held by the hand when she presented herself as a suppliant before the faithful Hungarians, and those troops shouted, "Let us die for our King, Maria Theresa!" Her daughter, too, had the heart of a king. On her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the kingdom; that beauty was now in its full splendour (after the return of the King from Versailles to Paris). She was of a tall and flexible figure—a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had given the throne, far from injuring, added to the impression of her person that character of maternal majesty which sits well on the mother of a nation. The presentiment of her misfortunes, the remembrance of the tragic scenes of Versailles, the inquietude of each day, had rather paled her early bloom at the time we are describing her. The natural majesty of her person took nothing from the grace of her movements: her neck, well detached from her shoulders, had those magnificent inflections which give so much expression to the attitude. The woman was perceptible beneath the queen, and the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her condition. Her auburn hair was long and silky; her lofty and

rather projecting forehead joined the temples in those five curves which impart so much delicacy and sensibility to that seat of thought or soul in woman; her eyes of that clear blue which recalls the sky of the North, or the waters of the Danube; the aquiline nose—a sign of courage; a large mouth, brilliant teeth, and Austrian—that is pouting—lips; the contour of her face was oval, the physiognomy versatile in expression and impassioned—in the whole of her features that splendour which cannot be described, which darts from the look, the shades, the reflections of the countenance, enveloping the whole in a halo resembling the warmth and coloured vapour in which objects touched by the sun float; the last expression of beauty which invests it with the ideal, renders it charming, and changes its attractions. With all these charms, she possessed a soul thirsting for attachment, a heart easily moved, and asking only to be at peace, a smile pensive and intelligent, which had nothing vulgar in its intimacies and preferences, because she felt herself worthy of friendship. This was Marie Antoinette as a woman. LAMARTINE.

HOPE, FAITH, AND LOVE.

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight. CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

Workers and the Law.

Few organisations are doing more valuable if unobtrusive work than the Industrial Law Committee.

It was founded in 1898 by a number of ladies and gentlemen who knew something of the conditions under which many workers carry on their work, and that the Factory and other Acts were not as well-known as they ought to be.

The committee had among its founders Mrs. H. J. Tennant, who, as Miss M. Abraham, had a long experience of the Factory Acts, Mrs. Alfred Littelton, Lady Dilke, and Miss Gertrude Tuckwell. The last-named lady, as hon. secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, has an extended knowledge of the conditions under which women and children work. The objects are as follows:—

1. To supply information as to the legal protection of the industrial classes with regard to the conditions of their trade.

2. To constitute a central body to which may be reported breaches of the law, and other matters relating to industrial employment, in order that they may be inquired into, referred to the proper authorities, and otherwise treated as may be deemed advisable.

3. To consider all information received; to promote further legislation and the more effective administration of the existing law.

With the Industrial Law Indemnity Fund, of which Lord Lytton is hon. secretary, the committee has taken steps to protect women and children discharged from employment for giving evidence in official prosecutions of their employers.—"Daily Chronicle."

PUBLIC WOMEN ON PUBLIC MEN.

Mr. Masterman is described in a "Pall Mall Gazette" sketch of his life as "a rising hope of the Christian Social Union type of 'advanced' politician." Then follows a list of University successes, literary activities, and social reform work, and the biographer concludes, "altogether he may be heard of a good deal."

Since that was written Mr. Charles F. G. Masterman has been heard of in connection with two very interesting and important crises of his life. He has joined the Ministry as Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, where John Burns rules, and he has also entered the matrimonial state, where his helpmeet is one of the ubiquitous family of Lytteltons, and so connects him by ties of kinship with leading politicians on both sides of the House. From all which, it appears that Mr. Masterman is in what would usually be regarded as a splendid position for using his talents.

Yet I always have an uncomfortable feeling that Mr. Masterman has missed his true vocation, and this latest political development of becoming a Front Bench Liberal confirms it.

A Sort of Socialist.

For some men who are keen on social reform one feels that the Front Bench affords quite the best outlet for their energies. They are sufficiently "advanced" to drag the Liberal coach forward instead of backward; but they are too much hedged about with custom and convention to join with us Socialists in our scouting and pioneer work. Mr. Masterman, however, according to my opinion—from which no doubt he would conscientiously beg to differ—has no business in the Liberal ranks at all.

He says he is a Socialist, and he sees clearly the shams and futilities of present-day society. No one seems to recognise more fully than he that there is a stirring of the social conscience which must break through the hide-bound traditions of Liberalism—that the new wine is too strong for the old bottles.

But when one suggested (before he won a seat in Parliament) that, since he saw the hollowness of Liberal promises and performances so clearly, his place was in the Labour party, Mr. Masterman had some excuse for hanging back. He had a different one each time, I used impatiently to think.

Apt Parables.

It is, perhaps, a tribute to his religious influence that he reminds me of New Testament parables. One thinks of the people invited to the supper who made excuses and left their places to be filled by others. Also of the rich young man who asked, "What must I do to be saved?" and, when told that he must give up his riches and follow the Man who had not where to lay his head, went away sorrowful.

Not that I am accusing Mr. Masterman for a moment of monetary considerations. But there are other kinds of riches, which are more precious and more beguiling to men of his position. Comradeship with old friends in literature and art and politics; the sense of strength and practicality which comes

of belonging to a large and powerful party—it may seem a folly to throw these away in order to work with a small, sometimes rough and crude, group, however sound their faith and enthusiasm. No doubt the young man in the Gospel thought he could make good use of his riches, and that there must be some mistake in the call to cut himself off from them.

But the excuse Mr. Masterman sometimes made, which seems to me to reveal his real weakness, was that he was too middle-class for the Labour party to welcome him. Facts as to middle-class members of the party had no effect. Although he has a sincere and deep respect for the "working classes," although—or perhaps because—he worked himself beyond his strength in settlements and societies and public bodies for the poorest of the poor, Mr. Masterman yet seemed unable to forget that he himself had been brought up in a different sphere. At the same time, his attitude towards the middle and upper classes was exaggerated in its condemnation.

Class-Conscious.

He seemed as a fish out of water, not at home with any section of humanity.

Like some Social Democrats, he was too class-conscious to join a Party which rises above class and makes labour, educated and uneducated, manual or intellectual, coloured or white, male or female, the basis of efficient citizenship.

His class consciousness was largely responsible for his pessimism. He saw mankind divided up into the haves and the have-nots—the former as all selfish and careless, the latter as the "unparalleled masses of the obscure," cut off from all that makes life worth living. To those who are in possession of this world's good things he was apt to deny any "serious concern" with religion or life; and "the specialised class of the West-End" is relegated to outer darkness in his estimate of the religious condition of London. Since he has now become connected by the closest of ties with that particular irreligious "golden area," let us hope that he has broadened his human sympathies towards all classes.

In the House, he showed himself for the first two years of this Parliament one of the staunchest friends of the Labour Party on the Liberal Benches. He was one of those "advanced" politicians whose coat-tails have to be made specially strong to resist the tug of the Government Whip when they stray into the wrong lobby. Even that co-operation with labour is now a thing of the past.

Mr. Masterman used to be one of the most effective champions of the unemployed against John Burns and Local Government Board officialdom.

Has he not made a mistake in thinking that he can champion them as effectively when he is himself an official in a subordinate position? If his admission to the Ministry had been part of a deliberate move to leave the Government with Socialist members there would have been more hope. But he did not take his special friends below the Gangway with him; he put on the chains of office as a single tamed member of the Radical group.

Words and Deeds.

Only last March he voted for the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill in the teeth of Government opposition. In April, after his promotion, he was supporting Mr. Runciman at Dewsbury against Mr. Ben Turner in an election where the Liberals made a special feature of attacking and misrepresenting this same Bill, and of posing as the only saviours of the working classes.

Is it any wonder that we regard this capitulation as a symptom of weakness, not of strength?

He showed a similar trait of character in his essay, already alluded to, on the "Religion of the City." He says, in a vivid passage of spiritual insight, that, had the Churches a living message to deliver, the question of machinery would take care of itself. But he immediately proceeds to devote page after page to his own criticisms and suggestions about that machinery.

So with politics. He recognises the powerlessness of smug respectability; he emphasises the futility of tinkering; he lifts us on to a higher level, and points us to the coming of the dawn, to the vision of a spiritual democracy—an England "secure in the devotion of free and satisfied peoples." And then he turns back to the old ruts.

His eloquence, his passionate earnestness, will be cramped and confined in the task of oiling the wheels—of administration at the Local Government Board, the most hopelessly tinkering and mechanical of all our Departments of State. MRS. J. R. MACDONALD.

Next Week: MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, a Study, by Margaret Bondfield.

SONG.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heav'n, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

ROBERT HERRICK.

LADY BARRISTERS.

Lady barristers have got the Paris Bar into a curious difficulty. Like doctors, counsel are strictly forbidden to advertise their services. They may, of course, says the "Telegraph," publish their names in directories, but they may not add any special announcement of their qualifications and talents. Lady barristers duly had their names put into law directories, but with them their photographs. The Bar has come to the conclusion that this is against etiquette, and runs perilously near to unfair competition.

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THE PLANS OF THE PIONEERS.

Miss Winifrid Blatchford took the chair.

She expressed gratification at the unexpected largeness of the gathering, in which she saw rich augury for the future of THE WOMAN WORKER. As her hearers knew, the object of the meeting was to discuss how, by the end of 1908, THE WOMAN WORKER might be made to sell 100,000 copies a week. She did not wish to seem a pessimist, and this unexampled meeting gave her much encouragement; but, for her part, she did not think we should reach a circulation of 100,000 during the present year.

Cries of "Oh! Oh!" Friends, said Miss Blatchford, might cry "Oh! Oh!" but it was best to be frank, and she repeated—that she did not think 100,000 copies would be sold until February, or it might be March, 1909.

Sensation!

Miss Elvery rose to register a protest. Miss Blatchford was entitled to think the world was a lost and gloomy place, but she should let other people keep their illusions. Miss Elvery concluded a stormy speech by intimating that, should the majority of the women of England not be reading THE WOMAN WORKER by December, she would deem them unfit to associate with, and should leave the country.

Miss Mimi Brodie, Miss Stiff, Mrs. Hill, and Miss Park joined in Miss Elvery's protest. Amid growing excitement they told of girls who, when they had heard of THE WOMAN WORKER, sacrificed heavily to obtain and distribute it. One of these, said Miss Brodie, had sacrificed most of her brother's pocket-money, and was willing—At this point Miss Brodie was overcome by emotion, and forced to resume her seat.

Mr. Henry Perry followed. He would, he said, make a personal appeal to Miss Blatchford, who had not only cast a cruel aspersion on the intelligence of the women of England, but had also animadverted—he declined to use a humbler word—upon that of Men.

Here Mr. Perry's chest expanded so greatly that it was decided to adjourn to a larger apartment.

The Chairman Apologises.

Resuming, Mr. Perry said the suggestion that less than 100,000 men would appreciate their privilege of being allowed to purchase THE WOMAN WORKER was the most painful and cynical attack ever made upon the working classes. He hoped Miss Blatchford would withdraw it. (Tremendous cheering.)

Miss Blatchford, rising amid wild excitement, acknowledged that she had been a little hasty.

She had not known the depth of enthusiasm that apparently her fellow-men and women possessed. What she had seen had entirely dissipated her doubts, and she would not now be surprised if in a year THE WOMAN WORKER had a circulation of seventeen millions. Miss Blatchford resumed her seat amidst exuberant cheering, again and again renewed in all parts of the hall.

At this point THE EDITOR, who

had had to speak at nine other meetings, arrived in two taxi-cabs, and immediately commenced to read her paper on "Does THE WOMAN WORKER Cure Weariness?"

Quoting interesting statistics compiled by herself, Miss Macarthur was able to prove that since the issue of THE WOMAN WORKER weariness had been gradually diminishing, and at the present moment many people were taking a quite keen interest in life. She moved that "an enhanced circulation of THE WOMAN WORKER affects the national well-being, and that persons refusing to work for such enhancement are unworthy of Christian burial."

Getting to Business.

An amendment by Miss Purdie, to insert the words "or any other" after the word "Christian" was accepted; and the resolution thus amended was carried unanimously.

Details of organisation were subsequently discussed by the meeting, which, to a very late hour, continued animated and eager. Valuable suggestions were made and noted, and the following points resolved upon:

That those willing to aid in pushing THE WOMAN WORKER be called the Pioneers.

That there shall be central and outlying Pioneer committees.

That the outlying committees in their own district shall see that:—(1) All Labour and Socialist organisations, and as far as possible newspapers, have the paper on sale; (2) all reading rooms, working men's clubs, settlements, living-in establishments, T.U. branches, &c., are provided with at least one copy a week; and (3) the paper is available at all demonstrations of whatever kind.

That, to inaugurate fitly pioneer operations, a great social meeting be held in the early autumn: the chair to be taken by Robert Blatchford. (All the other members of the staff to be likewise on show.)

That Miss Winnie Blatchford be president of the Pioneers, and Mr. J. J. Mallon vice-president, That Miss G. Park and Mr. Harry Perry be joint secretaries of the Central Committee, and that they prepare a scheme of operations for submission to a later meeting.

That additional Pioneers be sought for, and that these be asked to send their names and any suggestions that may occur to them to the secretaries aforesaid at the Utopia Press. Immediately! JACOBUS.

N.B.—We disclaim responsibility for the above account of the Pioneer meeting, which reached us from a usually unreliable source. To save correspondence, we may state that no libel action which may be instigated by any of the persons named in the Report will be defended.—Ed. "W. W."

A correspondent of "The Yorkshire Post," dealing with the limitation of families, says: "I make no comment with regard to the rich and well-to-do classes, whose only excuse is utter selfishness; but to my mind the root of much of the evil lies in the fact that employers of labour, whether domestic or other, refuse to employ people who have children. I even know of a case where, when a young couple of servants were about to be married, their master told them that if they had children he should not long employ them. It appears to me that this is a deliberate incitement to crime."

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk, they cannot be idle, their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the goldmill.

When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see who they would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated; and yet possibly they are hard workers in their own way, and have a good eye for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they have had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play, until here they are, at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another while they wait for the train. Before he was breached he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life. . . .

And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharoah should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? And that this lukewarm bullet on which they play their farces was of the bull's-eye and centre-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.—R. L. STEVENSON.

A BOOK OF THE HOUR.

Thought-Flowers.*

A library is good to roam in, and so are the woods and fields. We only need our liberty to taste the perfect joy of them.

Our liberty. It is easily said. But life may teach all of us, I think, that liberty is a thing so rare, so precious, so limited whatever plans we make, that there never can be quite enough of it—let alone the "too much" that timorous souls are always dreaming.

You have books. If all the books one ought to see are not available, yet in "free" libraries there are certainly more than you can read. You are at liberty to choose, you think. But are you? Every dull mood is a fetter. And, as for ignorance of what there is to choose from, one might as well be chained in a dungeon cell.

Liberty of mind is much rarer, as it is out of measure more important, than liberty of movement.

That is why I prize anthologies. An anthology is, in English, a nosegay—a bunch of thought-flowers. Using the liberty he had, somebody else has gathered them to tempt us out afeld; and it is delightful even when we cannot follow him.

The best anthology I know is "The Open Road."

It is all about outdoor pleasures, and was meant by the author to be slipped into one's pocket or satchel on holiday. There is no other book of the same kind that contains so many of the thought-flowers I love, and none so daintily arranged. Other people like it as much as I do. "The Open Road" has had more than one edition a year since it was published in 1899.

This is a Book of the Hour, in the very real sense that it lives on in an age of abundant literature.

Do you know it? Even if you do it will be good to smell the posy again. And though you cannot take a holiday, how it quickens memory with such a verse as this, which is Mr. Yeats's:

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,

I hear lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,

I hear it in the deep heart's core!

Break away if you can; obey the call, as you cherish your own soul for others. After all, a free body means a free mind. That is what, in his "Song of the Open Road," was meant by brave Walt Whitman:

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,

Healthy, free, the world before me,

The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am good fortune.

Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,

Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,

* "The Open Road, a Little Book for Wanderers." Compiled by E. V. Lucas. (Methuen and Co.)

Strong and content I travel the open road. (Still here I carry my old delicious burdens, I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever I go,

I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them.

I am filled with them, and I will fill them in return.)

For he is thinking of the open road of Life.

Well, he pricks us on to heroisms; but this is a book of the sweet things to be found by the way. One reads it in the gay and tender spirit of Lamb's letter to Robert Lloyd, which is one of them:

You say that "this world to you seems drained of its sweets." O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweets. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, falls and repentance, quarrels and reconciliations, have all a sweetness by turns. Good humour and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you—you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things.

Why, they are even to be called to mind when you will! Listen to Alice Meynell, and see if she does not quicken a lifeless fancy:

O spring, I know thee! Seek for sweet surprise

In the young children's eyes.

But I have learnt the years, and know the yet.

Leaf-folded violet.

Mine ear, awake to silence, can foretell

The cuckoo's fitful bell.

I wander in a grey time that encloses

June and the wild hedge-roses.

A year's procession of the flowers doth pass

My feet, along the grass.

And all you sweet birds silent yet, I know

The notes that stir you so,

Your songs yet half devised in the dim year

Beginnings of the year.

In these young days you meditate your part:

I have it all by heart.

But if you have never got it by heart! (There are those with no chance of doing so: never let us forget it, never cease to cry out with pity and indignation!) If so—if you did not have a free schooling in all such joys, as well as in things called useful—if you have not got it all by heart, make haste! Endure no hindrance. For see how Herrick speaks to the daffodils, which even in towns and slums come blooming once a year:

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see

You haste away so soon:

As yet the early-rising sun

Has not attained his noon.

Stay, stay,

Until the hastening day

Has run

But to the evensong,

And, having prayed together, we

Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,

We have as short a spring,

As quick a growth to meet decay,

As you, or anything.

We die,

As your hours do, and dry

Away.

Like to the summer's rain,

Or as the pearls of morning's dew,

Ne'er to be found again.

Who robs us of so brief a birthright?

Is he not a kind of murderer? Compare his crime with Daisy Lord's.

There is a strange power in beautiful things and scenes to start our tears. Have you asked yourself why that should be? Or does it seem irrational—unaccountable? I do not pretend to know its deep meaning, but I do know that Shakespeare felt it. Look at the beauty of Perdita's new-found happiness in this passage, and see if it does not search you. She speaks to her lover:

I would I had some flowers of the spring that might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet

Your maidenheads growing. O, Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou

let'st fall

From Dis's wagon!—daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets,

dim,

And sweeter than the lids to Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried ere they can behold

Bright Phoebus in his might, a malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

The flower-de-luce being one! Oh, these I

lack

To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend

To strew him o'er and o'er.

FLORIZEL: What! like a corpse?

PERDITA: No, like a bank, for love to lie

and play on:

Not like a corpse; or if,—not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms!

Why, when I hear these exquisite

words in the mouth of some sweet

actress—how I remember the matchless

Perdita of Mary Anderson!—why, do

you think, am I stabbed with sorrow in

joy's excess? Isn't it Herrick's thought

unformed?

We have short time to stay as you,

We have as short a spring.

Ah, let us make the best of it, for all

true lovers' sakes. What have we done

for Daisy Lord? What are we doing for

young lives yet to be, that happier

mothers dare to breed and cherish?

For them, something. What we are

doing makes me strong at heart. We

are calling up the old rebellions. Hear

Alfred Noyes:

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows;

All the heart of England hid in every rose

Hears across the greenwood the sunny

whisper leap,

Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood

asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of

old,

And, shattering the silence with a cry of

brighter gold,

Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,

Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood

asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the

shadowy glen,

All across the glades of fern he calls his

merry men;

Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing

through the may

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break

of day.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

Youth flies quickly enough, but never so swiftly as when the face is set stubbornly against the expenditure of any penny that is not for a physical necessity.—"Chatelaine" in "The Star."

BARBARA WEST.

By Keighley Snowden.

CHAPTER XIX.—(continued).

A Missionary Expostulation.

To this confession Barbara had listened with smiling lips and downcast eyes; her ears burned at it; it gave her an exquisite delight. But she started at the searching question and clasped his hand nervously.

"I do like you very much," she murmured.

He controlled himself, suddenly aware of the regular beat of horses' hoofs and the cool air blowing. "Not love me?" he hazarded; and then came a dreadful pause that seemed to be minutes long.

"Why did you stay away, then?" she said, and dared a glance at him. "I told you I had made up my mind, dear."

"For that reason, I think," he answered, losing courage; "because I thought you were putting me off. Of course I know now that you . . . you say so; but how can anyone be so sure? It is—you are so good and loving, it is dangerous! It makes me think someone you like . . . better, may persuade you—against your will, I mean.

The broken final words, if he could, he would have recalled as soon as they were uttered.

"I fink you should trust me," said Barbara, reddening.

"I do," he declared, "since I've got to understand you;" and he believed that he spoke the whole truth. "Still, if one is trying to go against Nature—"

But his opportunity was at an end. She pressed his hand, saying, "We get down here, dear;" and he realised with a gasp that he had made no headway with the argument.

Yet she had never been so nice, or he so tenderly conscious of the romance that feeds upon self-abnegation, as they were that day. It was a day to live in both their memories, with strangely differing values in the afterglow.

Barbara, troubled not to have been able to soothe him as at other times, was less talkative, pressed close to his side so as often to touch him, and spoke with a deference. If she had not fallen in love she did sincerely like him; and she had been penetrated by his pleading as by a larger flattery, which left her grateful because she was obliged to respect him.

She drew him aside affectionately to look into windows, and made much of his opinion on mantles, and hats, and lace, and some kinds of needlework. He preferred not to enter the shops with her, being too shy for that; but she told him as they came to each of them what it was she wanted there, and what she meant to do with it; he was privileged to look with her in imagination upon the charming effect to be produced; and when she came forth with her purchases, it was always to entertain him, half in self-gratulation and half in apology for delay, with some triumph over the shopmen and shop-girls, who, it appeared, had tried to prevent her buying what she wanted. He, being indifferent to the real interest of these matters, and amused only because they were new and

feminine, believed he yielded to Barbara's mere wish to have done with his own high topic.

Thus, the more she coaxed and made fun, the more he got to feel that he carried a cheerful face over a failing heart.

She had never seemed so womanly, so like his idea of what a wife might be, so quietly winsome—and she was not for him! An indefinable charm showed in her manner and lit her eyes; he told himself that it was meaningless, and shivered at the stab of that conviction. The worst mischief was, that she had to leave him so long in the street. No doubt it served as a useful exercise in patience; for all his sex there are occasions when they similarly profit; but it gave him time to pity his case, and after a while to wonder how she talked to the shopmen. Was she equally nice with them?

In the end Barbara caught him looking dull, and refused to let him carry another parcel. As he had only two small ones, which dangled easily from the middle finger of one hand, this added refinement to rigour. But she had finished shopping, and she said so, telling him he had been very good; whereupon he at once excelled himself and offered her tea at Pologni's, a confectioner's shop of the very selectest lev.

Pologni's awed him to a better humour.

It was a place of severe and carpeted luxury, of bronze statuettes and fine foliage plants; and to his dismay he saw no men there. As they entered an inner apartment he wanted to check Barbara and ask if that was not the ladies' room; besides, the little tables were all taken, he was sure, and amid the buzz and chatter he caught some snatches pitched in frightful artificial tones. But she advanced serenely upon all that millinery, and perforce he followed—expecting to be turned back ignominiously. This nightmare only passed when a stylish waitress presented the bill of fare with indifference.

"Tea, please," said Barbara, calmly, "and some cakes and things." She did not even look at the bill, but passed it over to him between two fingers, beginning at once to take her gloves off.

Not to be singular, he laid it aside and said, "Yes, that will do for me, too, thank you."

Then she startled him by speaking low and soberly:

"Don't be miserable, dear, because it makes me so. I know you've been very good to me. You shall be my Brother Con, and I'll tell you all my secrets. Will you?"

How his heart leaped! In a blindness of happy tears he kissed her hand for all to see who cared.

CHAPTER XX.

In the Lists.

That was the last time he pressed Barbara to marry him; for better or worse, the home-bred, tractable hero surrendered when he had spoken fully.

What cowed him was to find her ap-

parently quite unmoved when he had been profoundly shaken and she had seen him so.

But her sympathetic, grave tone in the restaurant, a tone she had never used before, was balm to him. After baring his heart, he felt that for all time to come she must know him. At his next visit she gave him both hands, and he found himself at ease, marvelously reconciled to her way with him, wishful, quite unselfishly, to give her pleasure.

But the weeks did not go like a honeymoon.

He was with her daily, from the earliest moment after his mid-day breakfast to the hour of going down to the office, which he delayed as often as he dared by avoiding the common tea-table. Her diminished practice with the violin was done in a morning.

When a pupil came he slipped away into the other room, which had now become a bedroom in the manner at first imagined by her; and, the pupil gone, she found him pale, inert, with a sick face of patient anguish that reproached her. At other times he hardly gave her time to shut the door; she was greatly frightened, first of him, afterwards of herself.

It was a little matter that there were no kisses, no deliberate temptings of any sort, not a word to own to each other the pulse and generous tide of puissant life. This overwhelmed them all the same. Their silence gave it way. Such an intercourse tended more and more to be absorbed in that physical emotion which, in honest love, is its immanent freight of happiness; in theirs, apart, was a maceration of the mind and spirit.

To Barbara, with her childish appetites, these weeks meant hardly more than over-indulgence. To Enoch, ardent, capable of lively and strong enterprises, they were a stultification.

His work was now become a function without zeal. He had sometimes to read a piece of news twice and thrice in order to catch the sense of it and write his paragraph of summary; he got away from the talks with Macdonald and Penny in a morning, caring for neither talk nor friendship any longer; and yet his love-making, with all its continence and sentiment, did not entitle him to decorations.

It was in these days that if he had said again, in a good moment, "Let us marry," Barbara could not have utterly refused him. But he had no suspicion of a change in her, he himself having been of one mind from the beginning.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Screen Scene.

Mr. Prince Varley was the most distinguished of a little *coterie* of cads who frequented the Blue Boar, admired there for a robust flashiness. Most of them were prodigal sons of men who had made their way in trade—sons indulged with easy pockets instead of that portion of the inheritance which some day might belong to them.

Remark in this the cunning triumph of civilisation over pastoral simplicity in the parable. Doubtless the qualities which make a way in trade are not the greatest; it is, indeed, matter of common observation that men may possess them and fail to rear grateful sons; but, at any rate, the prodigal is kept at

home. He consorts with his swine under the paternal eye.

It has even been discovered that to do so is a part of education, and the compassionate father pays the fees.

Mr. Varley and his fellows were bent upon an exhibition of their breeding. They let you see that there was nothing sordid in it. Because their unpretentious old dads minded their businesses and spoke dialect, you were to mark well that the sons had nevertheless inherited some fine English virtues—good generous blood, a liking for sport, and, as to morals, no damned humbug.

The Blue Boar had the benefit of this protest because it was the oldest first-class house in Merchanton. On market days it filled with business men, on Saturday nights the commoner sort of flashy youth on weekly wages pushed in among a pack of painted women.

The patriots lent their countenance to both occasions, superior, but of easy virtue in regard to either—hearty good fellows, but having their own standards, with a hint in their buckish behaviour of things not generally known and shared. They extremely admired the old hard-drinking squirearchy of a romantic past, and were on terms with several bookmakers. It was, you will see, an act of patronage to be in Merchanton at all, a place of money-grubbing gospel-grinders. Their compensation was the opportunity to introduce a little civilisation. They carried on a crusade of gallant adventure, at once the natural plesantry of manly spirits bearing all before them, and a sign of their cosmopolitan vogue.

The distinction of Mr. Prince Varley consisted in the fact that his part in all they did and relished was comparatively a quiet one. To be phlegmatic is not an attribute of greatness; but it passed for breeding in a loud society.

With a certain pliability of temper and a drawl, Mr. Varley's languid manner so concealed his Yorkshire origin as to catch the secret envy of his friends. For he had not consciously acquired, but only cultivated it; it was a boon derived with some others from his mother, and convincingly aristocratic. Mr. Varley senior, a plain-looking man of red and grumpy aspect, short and overfed, had certainly done his best in time past to cuff and kick it out of him. But the "Podge Varley" of those days, cowed by one parent, by the other pampered most affectionately, was grown in the course of nature to be a formidable, well-groomed, fleshy personage, living up, as well as he could, to a feebly florid conception of his baptismal dignity.

He had attained to something between Beau Nash and a tall footman.

The portrait on Barbara's mantelpiece did, as she said, do him some injustice. It was an abuse of words to call his look insolent. Bored and dull, if you will; disillusioned, if you like the word better—for many things occurred to disappoint and worry him. The suggestion under his pose of a placid affability was simply that there is nothing in life worth two thoughts. When he walked, his forward bend from the hips, together with the bottle slope of his shoulders, gave him the footman air of being led by a chain from the neck; but inasmuch as he rode daily into town at a foot pace, in order to wear breeches, Mr. Varley may have cultivated this walk for its suggestion of "Forward

away." There were rings on his fingers, a flower in his coat, something well bred in his necktie, and pomade on his hair; so that when he was seated and hatless you saw the beau. And, with the aid of a purplish complexion, he bloomed.

Barbara's Mr. Armitage made her acquainted with him. The introduction had to be effected lest Mr. Prince Varley, knowing his friend to be rather a gay dog, should misbehave.

She liked his deportment. It was respectful—to the point even, when they were alone, of humility and a sad-eyed tenderness. This confessed admiration of her; and he continued to pay her the most decorous attentions.

His splendid person seemed to be offered as her obedient slave. It was, in fact, the obedient slave of all the subject sex who were not purchasable; the manner implied that to be virtuous is pathetic. He cast a wistful eye on "happiness," and said without words how fondly dear 'twould be if he were not too nobly-minded—or the lady too mistrustful. He was a pious martyr, dumbly and respectfully pleading commiseration for his piety.

When by "happiness" is meant a purely selfish gratification, this attitude is coarsely hypocritical. Paine's eager cackle was honest by comparison.

But in Christian countries the word hypocrite, which once elsewhere described an actor, is reserved as a brand for those who ape religion. The sham Puritan, with his snuffle and whine, is laughed at; the sensualist who languishes, invested with romance. Whence this interesting difference? Are we agreed to—

Compound for sins we are inclined to
By damning those we have no mind to?

It may be so. You have also to reflect that there is no profession of sexual religion.

See, however, the advantage enjoyed by the sensual hypocrite over his labelled fellow. Women know his type without stigmatising it: among men, and it may be among the most honourable men, he securely passes muster because men do not see his feigning. Moreover, he beguiles agreeably, and does more mischief than your Puritan. For, of all respectful attitudes, his to a sympathetic, simple girl is the most seductive. She has yet to learn that no such tragedy airs can manifest the lover—that he sets her far too high for that—and she may well suppose the hinted martyrdom a natural thing.

Mr. Prince Varley believed it to be so. An old scene of comedy was almost played in Barbara's rooms one day, consequent upon a little device of hers adopted in a hurry.

Mrs. Shuttlewell tapped at the door and said, as she opened it mysteriously, "There's a gentleman wantin' to see yo', Varley, I think he said."

"Oh, good gracious!" Barbara said to Enoch. . . . "Go in there, dear! I won't let him stay"; and aloud, "Oh, yes; show him in, Mrs. Shuttlewell."

Enoch seized his hat and darted to the curtains, protesting, "Why not have said you were engaged?"

Barbara motioned him eagerly to hide.

"Sh!—I want your opinion," she said with her lips, but did not persuade him that his plight was interesting.

The humour of a situation of this kind

is lost upon the man in hiding when he lacks tranquility. Enoch was privileged to hear a dull, pretentious fellow commend himself absurdly; that is to say, Mr. Varley, wishful that a pretty girl who knew him slightly should value his attentions, let fall from time to time a hint of his social standing, and otherwise made himself ridiculous in the way that snobbish men will use with woman-kind. Barbara's politeness, being of a very indulgent order, compelled her to listen while she wished to be rid of him: and her predicament, at least, is entertaining. But Enoch stood behind the curtains of green damask with a face of much despondency, all ears.

This was the "rather nice, good-looking" fellow, who was "so big," whose people were well-to-do, and whom Barbara had led indoors because he walked home with her from church. Enoch was neither big nor well-to-do, and Barbara had never said he was good-looking.

The wool-merchant's son made his entrance with an appalling ease of manner, and his voice was cheerfully unsympathetic and heavy. Enoch detected an odour of scent and cigars. His "How *ah* you?" overbore the rather fussy welcome that Barbara gave him.

"Lovely day," he drawled, on Armitage's artificial note. "I couldn't pass without a call, Miss West. Not busy, I hope?"

(To be continued.)

TO LABOUR.

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world?
Who house the world?
Shall you complain, who are the world,
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You use your power,
The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand,
Your strong right hand,
Your skilled right hand,
You hold the whole world in your hand—
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light,
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you!

Then rise as you ne'er rose before,
Nor hoped before,
Nor dared before,
And show, as ne'er was shown before,
The power that lies in you!
Stand all as one
Till right is done!
Believe and Dare and Do!
CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

The masculine and feminine stand-points are notably different, and, let chivalry protest as it may, the former has often the grace of being the more modestly sensitive.—Lucas Malet.

Miss Colenso continues her brave crusade in the Transvaal. She has obtained the sworn depositions of native women who were flogged, and of others driven until they had miscarriages.

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

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

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THE WOMAN WORKER, AUGUST 21, 1908.

The Last Word.

A landmark in the fortunes of THE WOMAN WORKER was reached last week when a number of very enthusiastic London readers gathered together to discuss ways and means of increasing the circulation. It was decided to form a national organisation with this object, entitled THE WOMAN WORKER Pioneers.

The London Central Committee of the Pioneers is arranging a social and musical evening, to be held in the early autumn. It is hoped that every member of our staff and most of our contributors will be present.

I have never known in my experience of industrial disputes a strike of unorganised girl-workers which was more justifiable than that at present in progress at the box works of the Corriganza Manufacturing Company at Summerstown.

The reductions against which the forty-six girls protested amounted to 33 per cent., 50 per cent., and 75 per cent. In one process—"glueing"—the quickest girl, if fully employed, could earn at the old rates 12s. weekly. Working at the proposed new rates she could not possibly make more than 4s. weekly.

The forewoman in charge of the department ventured to criticise the new price list, and despite sixteen years loyal service was summarily told to clear out.

This, then, is the powerful organisation of these forty-six helpless and half-starved factory girls have set out to fight.

I learn from an illustrated booklet issued by the firm to its customers, that the directors make a special study of cheapening methods of production, and that, "owing to the fact that the Company's dead expenses and fixed charges are probably in proportion only one half of those of any similar business, they are able to work upon a much smaller profit."

Quite so. Fixed charges include wages, I presume. C.W.S. Say? Is this an admission that Messrs. Stevenson and Sons, Limited, are paying 50 per cent. lower wages than their trade competitors?

I wonder if the customers of this firm approve of these methods of "cheapening production"? I know of two at least who are certain to disapprove, and I shall take care that the facts of the dispute are brought to the notice of both the Co-operative Wholesale Society and Messrs. Cadbury Bros., Bournville.

I had, last Wednesday, an interview with the new manager whose methods of "reorganisation" are responsible for the present trouble. Mr. Stevenson is a rather remarkable young man. He is a son of the head of the firm, and is not so likely to be subjected to pressure from headquarters as an ordinary paid official would be in similar circumstances.

his family what he could do in the way of cheapening production and increasing profits than to any innate brutality of character.

I am helped to this view by the fact that he had barely arrived at the factory in the capacity of manager before he informed the manageress that he intended to "reorganise all round." She, by the way, in consequence, immediately resigned, after twenty-one years' service.

Mr. Stevenson was evidently determined to shine, and as he apparently lacked the ability to invent improved methods of machinery, his only way of "cheapening production" was to lower wages and substitute child labour for adult labour wherever possible.

I made my appointment with this enterprising young man by telephone, and he made it a condition of seeing me that I should be unaccompanied. The convenience of this arrangement became apparent later, when I understand he denied "in toto" my report of our interview.

The burning words of Robert Blatchford's appeal for Daisy Lord, published in our last issue, have lit a flame of indignation throughout the breadth and length of the land.

I put his proposal before the strikers, and, without making any comment, waited for their decision. It was unanimous and immediate. "She (the forewoman) stood by us, and we'll stand by her."

Meantime, Mr. Stevenson has taken the "Daily Chronicle" into his confidence, with the result that that organ sagely observes that there are two sides to every question.

A beautiful scheme of "cheapening production." Double work for half wages! But this does not exhaust Mr. Stevenson's flights of fancy.

As a matter of fact, repeated reductions have already been made, improved methods have been adopted, and every thousand tubes made by the workers are equivalent to four thousand finished boxes.

And so the struggle continues. There is a growing public sympathy with the girls, whose conduct, say the police, is beyond reproach. This in spite of the fact that "black-legs" are being imported by a back entrance to the factory.

All this is very hopeful, but we want money for the support of the girls, who are very poor and without resources. They have formed a branch of the National Federation of Women Workers, which is making an appeal on their behalf.

London sympathisers should turn up in Trafalgar Square on Saturday at 3 o'clock.

The Plight of Daisy Lord. His article has been quoted in many newspapers, and letters from indignant and sympathetic readers have poured in on us from all parts of the country.

Surely no woman in whose breast the mother-heart is beating can listen calmly to the terrible tale of the agony endured by this unhappy child. Think of the long months of pitiful apprehension, the hour of trial and torture borne alone, the final fit of frenzy, the ghastly remorse. Was it not enough?

SUMMERSTOWN STRIKE. GREAT PROCESSION & DEMONSTRATION, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, SATURDAY, 3 o'clock.

Speeches by Strikers, Mary Macarthur, Margaret Bondfield, and Victor Grayson, M.P.

COME IN CROWDS!!

For life! Doomed for life, this fragile girl of twenty summers! Not the bright and happy summers, full of gladness and colour, which some of us have known; but grey, dull days spent in the stifling atmosphere and monotonous toil of a laundry.

And now the darkness of the prison cell for life! Not for Daisy Lord the loving hand of fellowship—of human sympathy. Not for her the tender kiss of mother, sister—or of lover any more.

Men and women, this great wrong is done in our name. Shall we suffer it in silence? Can we enjoy the sun, the wind on the heath, or the song of the bird while this other poor bird lies captive with broken wing that cannot even beat against the prison bars?

Mrs. H. T. Tennant, Chairman of the Women's Work Committee Central (Unemployed) Body for London, has sent a most interesting letter to the "Times" in reply to the recent attack on the women's workrooms made by Mr. John Burns.

Mrs. Tennant is able to show that so far from giving work, as alleged, to women whose husbands and sons might be expected to maintain them, the Women's Work Committee has, if anything, erred in the other direction.

Thus employment was refused to the woman, although for thirteen of the sixteen weeks she could obtain nothing from her husband towards her support. Only enforced absence from London prevented Mrs. Tennant's voting against the decision.

MARY R. MACARTHUR.

OUR PRIZE PAGE.

Babies.

THEIR MEANING.

Are you fond of babies? Have you any of your very own? If not, will you kindly borrow one from an accommodating neighbour and study it well for a few days, and then tell us your opinion of it? They vary tremendously, you know. There are good-tempered babies, dimpled, smiling babies, cross babies who cry, and jolly babies who laugh. Strong babies and weakly babies, but never two babies alike. Ignorant men-folk may disagree with this verdict, but they do not matter anyhow. Babies are only so exceedingly similar in one particular—their preciousness. Arm yourselves with a pen, you mothers, and tell us what you think of babies; and the writer of the best letter shall receive One Guinea for a prize. Address your envelopes to the Prize Editor, Utopia Press, Worship Street, E.C., and let them reach us by Wednesday morning.

YOUR DREAMS.

On the subject of £5-notes. Your dreams are varied and peculiar. Some of the letters sent in have made us rather dislike for the time being the comfortable, well-fed, and well-housed citizen, ourselves included. All we can say is, it is not our fault, and we do not deserve it! However, the prize is captured by Miss C. Lloyd, 12, Marshall Terrace, Cross Gates, Leeds, and to her One Guinea will be sent for the

PRIZE LETTER.

I was carefully surveying a pile of soiled clothes, muslin dresses and skirts, which I intended "getting up" on the morrow. We had just returned from a duty visit (Ah, never pay them, if you can help it!), and were anticipating a week at Whithy for a rest and change before starting work. Woe-fully I thought of the ironing, my pet abomination—but there, it would mean 5s. saved for Whithy—when—"I say, Kit, how would you spend a five-pound note?" said my sister, who was reading your paper, or, rather, our paper. "Spend!" said I. "Why, the first thing would be to send these clothes to the laundry. The rest I would frivel."

Yes, every penny of it. That little hat which my soul desired and my reason refused should be mine this night. For once in our lives we could buy any book or paper at the bookstall, and tip the porters liberally without that little demon of a voice whispering "You can't afford it." Think of the extras—all the little things, flowers, books, sweets, drives, boating—which, with a limited income, you have to do without! Well, for one week they should be ours. No need then to hurry past the beggar or the little matchboy with averted eyes. My frivel would include them. "Waste," you say. "Selfish. Lots of better ways to spend a five-pound note. You benefit no one but yourself." Shouldn't I? It's so easy to be sunny and happy and good-tempered to those around you when you have not perpetually to think "Can I afford it?"

Besides, you asked me what I should do, and I repeat—I should frivel.

Self Last.

Since your mention in THE WOMAN WORKER of a five-pound note, I have dreamed of what I should do with one. The first pleasure would be in handling a lovely crisp note for the first time in my life; the second in changing it for five golden sovereigns. Then—this is my dream of what I would do with all that wealth:

- Take thirty poor children for a picnic into the country 1 0 0
Pay fees for six girls in domestic or art subjects at the technical school 1 0 0
Invite 32 of my friends, 16 each time, to whist drives in our home during the winter 1 0 0
Purchase 10yds flannel for the girls in my Sunday school class to make up into underwear for poor children when cold weather comes ... 0 10 0
Give my mother a surprise packet containing 0 10 0
Start a banking account 1 0 0
Total 5 0 0

Farnworth. MAUD BELSHAW.

A Housekeeper.

If I were suddenly endowed with a five-pound note I would go straight away and buy a patent clothes-washer, with wringer attached, cost, £3 17s. 6d.; then boots for self, 12s. 11d.; house shoes for self, 2s. 11d.; two pairs sandals for baby, 3s. 11d.; low chair for baby, 2s. 6d.; total, £4 19s. 9d. What I should do with the odd 3d. I don't know. I should probably be so excited and thirsty as to want a drink. If not, I should give it away, and then fall to thinking of what I could do with another £5. How about recovery of lost health, for instance? Liverpool. (Mrs.) J. E. SLATER.

A Factory Girl's Dream.

A five pound note to me would be a fortune. We are four in family, father and three daughters. Two of us girls have always worked in the mill; one sister stays at home and keeps house—looks after father, who is not able to work much owing to ill health and being in his 70th year. Three pounds ten would pay for us two millworkers a fortnight in the country, and thirty shillings would

Next Week's Issue.

IN THE PORTRAIT GALLERY: THE EDITOR.

IN THE SERIES OF PUBLIC MEN:

ARTHUR BALFOUR

(Held over from this issue)

MARGARET BONDFIELD.

make up for our wages being off and make father and sister comfortable while we were recruiting, getting ready for a long winter in the mill.

Hoping this will not strike you as being selfish, as we have not had one whole week's holiday for three years, and it is essential that we should look after our health to keep things going at all. We have taken your paper since it has been weekly, and enjoy it very much, giving each copy away when we have read it thoroughly.

A FACTORY LASS.

A Significant Episode.

Rat-tat! Post! A letter! "H.M.S." What's this? A five pound note from an appreciative country! Well, well! Am I dreaming, or is England just waking up? For years I have la—

Now, then, you fussy little gods of the outer woman, why do you interrupt me? Yes, I know. We want blouses, hats, boots, gloves, and fal-lals. But you wait, my importunate little crew, until an appreciative country awards us another five. Then you may advance your claims. Off you go round the corner!

5s. Let me think. Yes, use it for the emancipation of woman! Buses, emancipation from—what? Why, weaknesses.

I am perplexed. £5 is such an emancipational sum in such a cause. "A little leaven leavens the whole lump," so my baker testifies; but—what a tiny bit of leaven! And what an appallingly huge lump!

"Mix it with Faith, and Hope, and dauntless Courage!" rings out the voice of my familiar spirit.

At this moment, my eye rests on a modest little paper beside me—THE WOMAN WORKER. Subtle title, that! In a flash the links connect up. Why, within these covers I see the very qualities mentioned at work. Can my wee bit of leaven find better company?

I trow not. My mind is made up. Wishing it God-speed, I post off my little crisp bank note on a current of good-will to be mixed in the great human dough-trough of THE WOMAN WORKER. Hurrah! Three cheers for good old England, my appreciative country!

(Mrs.) E. CRADDOCK, St. Neots.

"The Sea Calls."

Were I suddenly endowed with a £5 note I can think of no better way of spending it than on a week's holiday at the sea, of which we all (my husband, two children and self) stand badly in need. Next to unemployment sickness is nothing a mother dreads more than sickness for either her husband, herself, or her children; and a week spent in enjoying the beauties and the rest at one of our quiet little seaside places would lay in a store of health and energy not to be got in any other way.

With a little forethought and planning it could easily be done. Say, fare £1 13s., rooms £1, board £1 10s.; that would still leave something in hand. As I live in the Midlands, I should choose one of the lonely Welsh watering-places—Towyn, Barmouth, or Abergele—all quiet and unfashionable, and likely to suit my purse.

Imagine the joy of getting up and positively having nothing to do except plan walks, &c.! What fun to help make sand-castles and light them up with coloured candles in the still evenings, and collect pennies for poor "Cinderella" at home, what time "mine own" smoked the pipe of peace. How it would gladden our hearts to see the children scampering along with bare feet for a wade, or climbing some grand bit of mountain for the view from the top—to say nothing of exploring the pools at low-tide for strange little treasure—crabs, starfishes and wonderful sea-weed! Why, it would be cheap at £10 (if one had it).

Up, ye women workers, and claim these simple joys as your rights! We have only to wish hard enough and they are ours.

"Leisure to live, and to love, and to know God's fair world. That is life."

(Mrs.) FLORENCE HUMPHREYS, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.

P.S.—I hope I've climbed high enough. Anyhow, I'm down again with a mighty thump.

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.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNORAMUS.—We do not know. A. F. B.—"The New Ethics" shall be read as soon as leisure allows. Many thanks. R. J. B.—Thank you very much for your most interesting letter. Certainly we shall arrange for the visit of a woman inspector. Is there no prospect of organising the girls? We are grateful for your help in making THE WOMAN WORKER known. Specimens sent.

LORNA.—He is a tantalising person at times. The book was reviewed by Keighley Snowden last week—"The Blue Lagoon," published by Fisher Unwin. Perhaps you could get it from the library.

J. W. M., C. P., F. S., H. B. C., AND OTHERS.—Thank you for your kind offers. We are sorry we cannot afford to engage permanent workers. For pushing our circulation we are dependent mainly on voluntary help. THE WOMAN WORKER can be had on wholesale terms, sale or return, on application to the Business Manager, 44, Worship Street, E.C.

W. B. G.—To give an opinion it would be necessary to know all the facts.

Views of Woman's Suffrage.

Dear Madam,—It was mainly for the many whose life is a "doing without" that £5,000 was spent (I am not quite so sure as Miss Bondfield of the exact amount) by our Union to give them the chance of one "day off" in Hyde Park—not as "catspaws," but as loyal women, with the certain knowledge that their leaders would bring them safely to the goal with colours flying.

Does any one really think that the "militant campaign is the one great event" that counts "to many suffragettes"? No doubt, the foundation of our success is based on that, but I can assure Miss Bondfield that the "machinery of politics" has no charm for suffragettes. We look out and beyond to the dream realised of every woman a free citizen in her own land.

The imminence of peril to woman, and, therefore, to the race, contained in the present state of things, is sufficient excuse, if excuse were needed, for what has been done.

It is also sufficient excuse for adding the warning note. There is a certain amount of bitterness springing up among some women which ought to find no place in the heart or brain of any woman at the present crisis. Our enemies are many. They are subtle. We cannot rely, I say it with deep conviction, on the generosity of any body of men for the justice we demand. There are forces at work which will make our fight bitter and stern. Is it fair that the whole burden should fall on a few devoted women?

Every woman should join us in this holy war of right against might, of the weak and defenceless against the strong army of vested interests, prejudices, and superstitions. Why carp at ways and means? Let every woman rise up in loyal-hearted womanhood and sweep on and up to victory.—Yours, sincerely,

ISABELLE G. MCKEOWN (N.W.S.P.U.).

Dear Madam,—Mrs. Billington - Greig gives no reason for thinking that the Women's Enfranchisement Bill would be easier of attainment than Adult Suffrage, except that she believes the latter to be promoted by Liberals, who advocate it "with the deliberate object of betraying women."

This idea is almost of necessity incapable of proof; and, in any case, it should be possible to guard against a betrayal which has been foreseen.

On the other hand, we have the distinct testimony of several leading advocates of the Women's Enfranchisement Bill, that they advocate the lesser measure to prevent

Adult Suffrage—which seems akin to betraying the cause of married and working women.

The position of the average advocate of Adult Suffrage is one not of active hostility, but of complete indifference, to a Bill which would not give a vote to them or any of their relations. They do not say to anyone "Wait for us." What they do say is "If you would only take us with you, we could all go forward together without a single day's delay—perhaps even more quickly than you will be able to go by yourselves."

It is anything but "a lie" that working women have been deluded into advocating that which would be useless for themselves. I have heard several militant suffragists speak, but I have not heard any suggest that what they asked for would leave practically all married working women unenfranchised; and I have known, personally, numbers of women who were convinced that the Bill which Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst are advocating would give all women votes.

Some of us, who long to wage active war in the cause one would gladly live and die for, are held back by a sense of immediate duty, which makes us dread "to do a great right" by doing "the little wrong" of neglecting home claims.

But the war I want to wage is not against those who are fighting for women in any way. That, I venture to say, is the fight which Julia Dawson also is anxious to avoid. I want to drag and push our sisters who are free to fight, till they take up the whole issue, preventing, if necessary, the betrayal they foresee, and working and fighting for us all.

If the franchise question is once tinkered with, it is likely to be two-score years before it is touched again. Most of us will be dead; all will be getting world-weary. Help us to-day!—Yours very truly,

H. JENNIE BAKER, 24, Victoria Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees.

Dear Editress.—Victor Grayson says: "If the Labour Party really meant to help the women, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that they could put the measure on the Statute Book in a single session, or, at least, cause such a spirit to sweep the country as would bundle Liberalism into limbo."

The Labour Party as a whole does not pretend to favour the "removal of the sex bar." The party as a whole wants adult suffrage.

I was sent by my branch of the I.L.P. to plead the cause of the women at the Labour Representation Council. The chairman plainly said to me, "You ought to have a vote because you are a human being; but because you are a propertied woman we hope you will not get it, for if you get it the poorer working men will be much longer in getting it. We will not help you to get it, but we will not vote against your getting it."

At that time, about a year ago, that was the avowed idea of the trades unions, who compose rather more than two-thirds of the Labour Party. Comrade Grayson knows it to be still held by many Social Democrats.

It is to be hoped that that view is changing, for justice is a much better rallying cry than expediency.

I am writing for the newly-formed Women's Labour League at Glasgow. Will Comrade Grayson give us a lead? Our hearts are with the women in prison. They are there to win our rights. Our eyes fill with tears and our cheeks flush as we discuss dear, sunny-hearted Mary Phillips, and the gentle old mother who has to give up her daughter to three months' imprisonment. J. H., pro Glasgow Branch Women's Labour League.

Wives as Wage Earners.

Let me show you another side of the evil—the demoralising effect it will often have upon a man that his wife is obliged to assist as wage-earner.

Men following the same occupation as myself, that of a tram-driver or conductor, have to commence as spare or odd men, taking their chance of getting work when one of the regular men falls sick or requires leave. In most cases it takes a man from nine to eighteen months to attain the position of a regular hand. During this period he cannot earn a living wage.

The wife, perhaps for the first time in her life, has to assist as bread-winner. The man, after hanging about the depot for the best

part of the day, returns home to find it miserable and uncomfortable. Often—I'm sorry to say very often—he goes to seek solace in the nearest "pub," and thus are engendered habits of laziness, indifference, and intemperance. By and by, when he gets into regular work, he finds his bad habits clinging to him. His increased earnings mean more money for beer, and he is content to let his wife go on working.

I have read somewhere that the best thing a woman can do when her husband falls out of work is to sit down and cry until he finds work again! GEO. F. SMART, Branch Secretary Amalgamated Association Tramway and Vehicle Workers, Chatham.

Working Women as Factory Inspectors.

Dear Madam,—May I be permitted to express my appreciation of the article on factory inspectors? Lady Factory Inspectors were instituted to protect the interests of women workers, and surely the women most fitted to protect such interests would be workers themselves.

A working woman is not allowed even the opportunity of sitting for the examination which these inspectors must pass.

Last May I sent to the Home Office an application for a nomination which would allow me to sit. I was told to fill up papers giving particulars of employment, education, &c., and return them with testimonials as to fitness for inspecting duties and personal character. If my papers were considered satisfactory my name would be placed on a list, from which names would be selected to compete for future vacancies.

Last week my testimonials were returned, and "Mr. Gladstone regretted he was unable to accede to my request." No reason for his refusal was given.

My testimonials were from two clergymen and a J.P. I think my educational qualifications may be considered satisfactory, as in the open competitive examination for the G.P.O., where I am now employed, I was first out of 150 in the city where I was examined, and had second highest marks in all England.

I fail, therefore, to see any grounds on which Mr. Gladstone based his refusal, except my lack of social or political influence.

Manchester, August 11.

The Law's Injustices.

Dear Madam,—At a recent At Home at Caxton Hall a discussion was raised on the right of an illegitimate child to inherit its mother's possessions, and there seemed such an immense amount of ignorance amongst both men and women that I think some good might be done if the question were threshed out by someone who really understands it.

We learnt from the newspapers a short time ago, re the vaccination of a child, that the mother is not the parent in the eyes of the law, though legally married to the father of the child. But a woman who has an illegitimate child finds that her motherhood counts for nothing. Should she possess property, and make no will, everything she possesses will go to the next of kin, and the child of her bone, flesh, and blood be completely ignored, as if it had never been born. It cannot even claim the clothes its mother wore. Should she make a will, and leave all she possessed to her child, it would have to pay the highest death duties, as if it were a complete stranger, viz., 10 per cent.

I am often asked to tell one real wrong from which women suffer. I feel this is a great one, and ought to be quickly remedied.

West Brompton.

The highest pay which a woman can draw in German telephone offices is £70, which is said to afford a comfortable living. In Germany, however, women are awarded pensions on the same plane as men.

Mr. Deakin, the Commonwealth Premier, states that regulations are being prepared under the Customs Act to prohibit the importation of birds' plumage into Australia.

Nannie.

By A. Neil Lyons.

A certain young man, with whom, perhaps, I am better acquainted than with any other young man in the world, was reared, bathed, hand-fed, short-coated, smacked, and generally "brought up" by the exclusive agency of hired nurses.

This young gentleman, who possesses all the respectable emotions, looks back with sentiment and gratitude upon that pristine period and upon the procession of hand-maidens who made it glad and sometimes sorry.

There was Nurse Butt, for instance. Nurse Butt wore hip-improvers; she dabbled in young men and the fine arts. She actually owed to these enthusiasms her dismissal from the guardianship of my young friend. A Mr. Jones, of Margate, leaning amorously upon the handle of my young friend's luxuriously-fitted private perambulator, presented to Nurse Butt a finely illuminated valentine, upon which my young friend was moved by sentiments of admiration to utter the following speech: "It is a pittier valentine van the fing which the other Mr. Jones gave Nannie last week." With the result that Nurse Butt performed an act of violence, and was summarily dismissed from her post.

There was also Nurse Odgers. This old lady owed her appointment to the virtues of maturity and experience. All that my young friend remembers about her is that it was her custom to heat and season surreptitious beer by the method of stirring it with a red-hot poker.

Then there was Nurse 'Erbert, who had a passion for music, and would sing, publicly, to her own accompaniment upon the concertina, a song beginning thus:

Me father waser Spanish capting,
Hand before'o went to sea.

Subsequent details of this ballad do not linger in my young friend's mind; but he remembers the words of its refrain, which were:

No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No-o-o-o-o-h!
The last word being prolonged to a length of at least ten feet, and ending up with a phenomenal tremolo, a figure of eight on the concertina, and a sip at cook's port.

There was Nurse Binnie, too. She was Scotch, and quite dumb, except at the washstand, where she would say:

"Haud—haud up ye're snoot!" and
"Gie us a pud!"

There was likewise Nurse Smartt, who performed her duties perfectly, but who had the misfortune to possess small feet and a magnetic personality. She went quicker than any of them.

Finally, there was Nurse Farrow—a boisterous, red-faced, hulloaing girl, with a great soft bosom, who was put into prison for three years because they said that she was bad.

She came out of Kent, this girl, bringing with her a large tin trunk, which my friend supposes to have held some clothes and prayer-books. But my friend is only able to speak with definite remembrance of certain other objects which it contained—a cuckoo clock, some spotted porcelain dogs, a work-box having on its cover a vivid

presentation of a Spanish bull-fight and the singular statement that it was a present from Bath, and, finally, a large bag of peppermint bulls'-eyes.

Nurse Farrow's advent was rendered memorable by these things as well as by the manner in which she greeted my young friend. That little boy was so inured to the coming and going of "nannies" that he had developed an attitude of indifference unbecoming to his tender age. But Nurse Farrow altered this. All the other new nurses approached the child officially; the common form of greeting may be represented thus: "So this is Master Hedwin! I ope we shall be friends. He is well-growed, mum. I ope he is obedient. Take your 'ands outer your pockets, Master Hedwin." Nurse Farrow, on the other hand, did not approach our little man at all. He happened to find her on the night-nursery floor, where she was warming her knees and darning hose. And she said to him: "Ello, chummie, 'ave a bull's-eye?"

My young friend had never before been spoken to as "chummie"; he had never before been asked to eat bull's-eyes. The word was to his liking; the sweets were to his liking; Nurse Farrow's bear-like hug was to his liking.

My young gentleman informs me that he and Nurse Farrow became exceedingly intimate. This Nannie did not sing ballads or drink beer; neither was she dumb—far from it; neither did the giving and getting of valentines occupy her thoughts to the exclusion of all other earthly considerations. Not that Nurse Farrow was indifferent to the value of masculine attentions. On the contrary, she revelled in them. But her large bosom covered a large heart; her affections were comprehensive. She loved and was loved by a whole procession of tradesmen's emissaries, varying in character from Fred, the butcher's boy, whose conversation was entirely confined to the subject of horse racing, to Albert, a young man who came with the milk, and who had found salvation, and was always spreading it. A sort of conspiracy grew up between my friend and his new Nannie, having for its object the dainty management of these young men, who represented different, and sometimes conflicting, possibilities in the matter of entertainment.

"Who shall it be this arternoon, chummie—Bert or William?" Nannie would ask. "Bert 'e've promised us a 'bus ride; but this is William's pay-day, and we shall get ice-cream." My young friend tells me that his decisions were usually accepted as final, but that there were exceptions, leading sometimes to argument. Such occasional differences were, of course, inevitable, seeing that the standpoint of the conspirators was not identical: my young friend viewing Alf and William, and Fred and Albert, with a mind entirely free from sentimental bias. William was my young friend's favourite, being a partner in his father's business, which was buns and light refreshment; but it must be conceded that Nannie was not without excuse for feeling that he squinted.

My young friend admits that this con-

spiracy was of a kind not improving to the mind of cultured youth; but, on the other hand, he puts it to me that those were happy times. Nurse Farrow called him "chummie," and she meant it. The word and the thing were new and pleasing to him. And Nannie told him stories; incredible, romantic stories about strange animals—turkeys, bulls, and pigs—which Nannie had seen alive in her own strange country, called "Atome." And there were the bull's-eyes. Nannie possessed an unending store of these; also of penny toys, which my young friend was allowed to suck and break at his pleasure.

And then they found out that Nannie was bad. Mamma came up—into the nursery of all places—with a strange, bland gentleman, and Nannie wept and opened her big tin trunk. And they took away her turquoise hat-pin, which had so much admired; and they took away her cuckoo clock and painted work-box (they belonged to a lady in Kent), and they asked her if she had taken half a crown from the drawing-room mantelpiece, and she said "Yes"; and two half-crowns from mamma's dressing-table, and she said "Yes."

They asked her what she had bought with the three half-crowns, and she did not answer, but looked instead at my young friend, and said, "Tis nowt to grizzle over, chummie." That was a bye-word which she often uttered.

They asked her why she had taken the cuckoo clock and the painted work-box and the jewelled hat-pin, and she answered, "They was that purty to look at!" The hat-pin belonged to mamma.

My young friend made a dash for Nannie's bosom, but he was out-flanked and isolated. And his mother said to him, "My precious, that is an evil, wicked woman, and no good little boy ought to go near her. She is going to be put into prison—into a little iron room, all in the dark, all by herself, for years and years."

The little boy kicked at his mother, and bit and scratched. "That is my Nannie," he said; "she isn't evil. It's you that's evil. Let me go to my Nannie. Let me go to the little iron room, all in the dark. We sha'n't be frightened, Nannie an' me, 'cos Nannie will give me a bull's-eye."

And Nannie said, "Hush, hush, my picknie, 'tis nowt to grizzle over." The strange gentleman signed to her, and she followed him to the door, turning on its threshold to blow a windy kiss to my young friend and to call out, "Good-bye, chummie!"

And because she was evil and wicked and unclean they put her into prison: into a little iron room, all in the dark, all by herself, for three years.

The typical miser of old days was he who, by the light of a rush candle in some squalid chamber, counted over his treasure of coins. The modern miser keeps a cheque-book and stores his papers and securities in a strong chest.—"Yorkshire Observer."

There are nervous women; there are hyper-nervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that.—New Zealand "Free Lance."

GIRL BOX-MAKERS AT BAY. The Summerstown Strike.

By J. J. Mallon.

Waiting for the opening of the factory gates, I heard the strikers' story.

They had been earning wages that, when times were good, soared in certain cases as high as 17s. 6d., and when times were hard and work was to seek sank into units of shillings. Upon this condition of comparative prosperity came the new broom intent upon unimaginable economies. His scheme of reorganisation had been put before the manageress of the works, who had changed colour as she realised its significance.

The manageress had worked for the firm for twenty-one years, and as keenly as anyone had striven for its weal. She had herself enforced previous reductions of a more reasonable character. But she knew the lives of these girls, and how keenly, even as things are, the wolf of hunger pursues them.

She said all this, and, finding the new broom unmoved, bade him get other help in applying his economies. And she stepped out of Corriganza Works for ever.

Line of Least Resistance.

It was apparently decided to apply the new price list in a sectional way, and the tube-rolling room was selected for experiment. Here the work is little skilled. There are gluers who win their bread by an unthinkable quickness, a flashing, machine-like repetition of a comparatively few motions. But there are others who rely on their physical hardihood. These are "rollers," who manipulate heavy machines; and it is their merit to pull like horses, to bear like cranes, to strain and sweat inhumanly, and to be as indifferent to fatigue and exhaustion as a wheel.

It is these heavy workers who on rare occasions may climb in good weeks to the altitude of 17s. 6d. They are clearly specialised workers, enabled by unusual strength to undertake work that else had been a man's.

Then there are "cutters," and these poor lassies tell the usual tales of mutilated hands, and show you fingers with which the knives of the cutting machines had made play.

Sweeping Reductions.

These girls were to be the *corpus vile* of the "re-organisation"; but to that end the co-operation of the forewoman had to be secured. She told the meeting that was held subsequently what the effect of the new prices would have been. The "gluers," glueing 2,000 a day, would earn on full time 4s. a week; the "cutters" might make 7s. or 8s.; the "rollers," with their strong frames and long practice, not more than 11s.

"Girls," said the forewoman at the meeting, "I've worked like you, and I know what you can git for your money. I'm a working girl myself, and if I can't git work I've got to starve; but if I see the doors of every factory in England shut in my face I won't take part in an

attempt to make you work at these new prices."

Loyal Workers.

"Tell the people," she said later, "if what I've said about the new priggs is true."

"Course it is," came the women's answer.

"Could you live on what you would earn if you accepted them?"

"We kin 'ardly live now," they replied. The forewoman had, it appears, demonstrated when the new price list had been put before her. Her sixteen years' service was forgotten, and she was summarily "sacked" for her pains. When girls of her department heard what was afoot they followed her out of the factory in a body.

When I had been told so much it was 6.30; the girls of the other departments were beginning to appear. Soon a great pack of them had gathered; and to these, and the men workers, and a sprinkling of general public, we spoke.

Miss Macarthur, who already had won an unlimited confidence, was the first speaker, and her repetition of certain statements the employer had made about the strikers roused them to passionate indignation.

"That's a man," they said excitedly.

Editor on the Warpath.

The statements touched the male listeners, too, and moved an old man who was smoking a clay pipe to a drastic prescription:

"'E oughter 'ev 'is nose rubbed in the dirt," said the old man.

As the girls listened to the speaker one had leisure to notice how worn most of them were. Many had been very comely, and some were so still; from the majority of faces beauty had been driven out by the anxious drudgery of years, and now only the ghost of original prettiness fitted across the spent and pallid features. They would repeat to themselves the last words of a sentence, "If you will be true to one another," said Miss Macarthur, "your employer must give you fair play."

"You fair play," whispered the girls. "There are many good-hearted people," she went on, "who will not calmly see you suffer." And the pale chorus echoed, "See you suffer."

Sometimes they fiercely intervened, as when Miss Macarthur gave the employer's version of what they might earn.

"'E's a liar, Miss," they said together. "'E can't git no more work out of us than 'e's bin gittin'." No one else could, neither.

Mixed Emotions.

Finally, the speaker uttered her sympathy with them, and spoke of the shameful hardness of their lives; then the girls' grew strangely silent, and here and there one saw a quivering lip, and here and there a furtive hand wipe something from a cheek.

Some of the strikers themselves were

then heard. One of the most effective was a strong, dark-browed girl whom the employer had slightly dubbed "the Battersea Bruiser," and who is reputed to be an expert in fisticuffs.

"Perhaps," she said, after several breaks down, "perhaps I am a bruiser. There may be some in the crowd as could give me a hidin', though"—rolling a critical eye over the assembly—"I don't think there is. But don't 'e employ me because I'm a bit big? 'Ow could I 'andle his bloomin' machine if I weren't a bruiser? 'As any other woman ever 'andled it?"

"No, Lizzie!" cried the chorus.

Polly's Testimony.

"W'y," she said, "arst Polly 'ere what that machine tikes out of me—and 'er, too. Don't yer all know that I often gits knocked up with pain in the stomick and 'ave ter lie in bed a day all through 'andling it? They don't remember that when they're reducing their rites and slinging nimes abart."

Little Mike followed, a sturdy, round-faced lad, who told how the "boss" had wanted him to take a striker's place. "I didn't loike it," said Mike, retailing the conversation, "an' I told 'im I didn't loike it."

In the end Mike had refused the new task, and the girls hugged him for his spirit.

After this we adjourned to a coffee-room, which the proprietor had kindly placed at the girls' disposal. A branch of the Federation was duly formed, and there was more speaking.

A stalwart mother of two strikers intimated an early intention to discuss with the employer his remarks about the character of his workers, and under her invigorating speech the meeting became so militant as to draw Miss Macarthur into an earnest appeal for methods of peace.

A Maid's Anger.

Later, the audience was deeply moved by a girl in whose face of rue and voice of utter sadness poor Smike of "Dotheboys Hall" seemed come again to earth.

"I'm an orphan," said the girl, and she went on to tell about her struggle to get work and live. "But I've kept strite, and please Gawd, I'll keep strite till I die." Then, with the Sievier case in mind, she asked, amidst sympathetic murmurs, why it should be that the law, which protected rich men, left poor girls to be slandered with impunity.

"Never mind, Bessie," said a chum consolingly, "'e'll 'ev a bad time some day."

"Gawd's slow but sure," was the comment of another striker.

Rounded with a Song.

At the end someone called for a song, and, touched by this sad speech and Miss Macarthur's appeal, they closed in a sober and Christian strain:

If you can't do no good, don't do any harm;
Live and let live, we all know that's a charm.

Doing good for evil—it's a saying old but true,
Take my tip—it's the finest thing to do!
I know—you know quite as well as me,
It's no use bearing animosity.

If you have an enemy, try his faults to smother,
We're all as good—as good as one another!

Complaints & the Law.

I take it as a good sign when workers complain of the length of hours which are really legal under our generous law, and hope that this lavish generosity will before long be brought to a check by further legislation.

Life cannot be worth much to people whose "period of employment" is twelve hours out of the twenty-four; and even this period is liable, in certain trades, to be extended by two hours on thirty or fifty days in the year.

Surely such regulations belong to a past age. Now-a-days they are taken advantage of only by employers who overlook the fact that their "hands" are human beings like themselves.

Good employers have long since given up working the full legal period. Why should we leave them to the competition of those who, while obeying the letter of the law, disregard the moral claims of working men and women to a few hours of healthy leisure each day?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERPLEXED.—Unless there are unusual circumstances, the eldest girl may have her share of the legacy as soon as she comes of age, without waiting until the younger members of the family are old enough to receive their shares too. You might send a copy of the will, in case there is anything in the way it is worded which would make a difference.

ESPERANTIST.—Please let me know (1) whether the married sister ever received a share of compensation, or whether she was not a dependant at the time of her father's death; and (2) whether she is the eldest of the family, or the sister who is the guardian of the younger ones is older than her married sister. I will then write again. Meantime the share in dispute should not be given up.

R. J. B. (Hendon).—The hours complained of are not illegal, though, I agree, excessively long. As a matter of fact the meal times might legally be reduced to 1½ hours. This is not the first time I have heard of "supposedly Christian men" showing remarkably little concern for the comfort and health of people in their employ. I am reporting the firm to the women inspectors, as I daresay there are other things besides the hours which might with advantage be looked to.

JAMES.—If A. was in the habit of handing the whole or nearly all of his weekly wages to his mother, I think she ought to receive more than £80 as compensation for his death. If totally dependent upon him, she would have been entitled to £195; and as A.'s wages amounted to about five-eighths of the family budget, it would seem that she ought to receive about five-eighths of £195, i.e., about £120. But there has never, as far as I know, been a decision in the Court of Appeal which exactly meets this case, so that the County Court judge will not be bound to assess compensation on this plan; and if A.'s mother loses her case, she will have to pay costs out of the £80 in all probability. If the judge is known for fair decisions, I should be inclined to advise proceedings and take the risk, provided, of course, that A. contributed his whole earnings to the family budget. If he only contributed part, the compensation would probably be reduced proportionately. I shall be interested to hear the result.

PORTIA.

A Seasonable Prayer.

In the prayers for the month in the "Burton Wood Parish Church Monthly" one is for those who, at this holiday season, have to bear the strain of domestic work in connection with the crowd of visitors at seaside and country resorts.

Cotton manufacturers in Glasgow express the belief that the threatened strike in the Lancashire cotton trade will be averted.

Talks with the Doctor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PICA QUAD.—Yours is a case where physical examination might reveal the source of the trouble at once. Unfortunately many people suffer as you do, and belong to a class who would probably be very much benefited by a very active life. The liver trouble is that your digestive organs are not working properly. You must experiment with your diet and cut down your tobacco to one-half. Do you drink much tea? If so, you must cut that down to two cups a day; but drink water copiously between meals. Reduce the amount of starchy food (bread, potatoes, rice) you eat to one-half. If you are constipated get that trouble cured. But tell me your diet in detail.

BERGRAVE.—There is no "cure" in your sense for whooping cough. You are quite right in thinking plenty of fresh air the best remedy. If bronchitis goes along with the cough, an occasional emetic will help the child to get rid of the mucus from the lungs. Avoid sedatives unless the cough is so bad as to cause serious exhaustion. Give plenty (1½ pints) of milk in addition to usual food.

VERY ANXIOUS.—Have sent reply as requested.

ADA.—It is never wise to let chest troubles run on. See a doctor privately or at the hospital. Probably your cough is due to some easily-remedied affection.

COMP.—The universal indigestion again. Are your teeth good? If not, get them repaired. Be careful about your food, eat slowly, and take not more than a small cupful of fluid at mealtimes. If you are constipated, attend to that. Get the chemist to make you up a bottle of medicine with a five-grain dose of carbonate of soda in it and a little gentian. Take it before meals in a tablespoonful of water.

S. H. S. (Hyde).—The only thing for you to do is to obey the doctor implicitly, and not do or take anything he does not order. If the doctor feels he has complete charge of the case I have no doubt he will be able to help you. The former treatment appears to have been successful. The great point is, however, that you must yourself try and wait to get well.

MACOM.—From your account you seem to have entanglements of the nose and ear passages. Are you at all deaf? Syringe both nostrils with boric acid solution (half-teaspoonful to the pint with a pinch of salt). The solution must go through the nose into the throat and be coughed up. Do this every morning or evening.

E. H. B. (Blackburn).—Syringing the nose as prescribed for Macom will help you; but, if you do not speedily get well, go to a hospital and see whether you cannot have a small operation done.

A. S. G.—Go to a special hospital. Your symptoms suggest the possibility of bladder trouble, and the diagnosis can only be cleared up by a specialist's examination.

X. Y. Z.

Socialist Sunday School Union.

The committee of the Sunday-school Union have decided to give their scholars a summer outing to Alexandra Palace. Last year the number entertained was over 1,000, and it has increased. The Sunday-school movement has been growing rapidly since its formation.

But the Union has no source of income save the gifts of subscribers, and an appeal for funds is made.

The teaching in a simple manner the principles of Socialism to children has proved by no means an easy task, but, nevertheless, it is being successfully carried on, and there is evidence that the older scholars only leave to take an active part in the Socialist movement.

Subscriptions for the outing should be sent to Mr. P. Campbell, 33, Howards Road, Walthamstow, E.

Some ten thousand women are engaged in the telephone service of the German Empire. The hours range from six to eight per day.

WOMEN WORKERS DON'T WASTE

It is too hardly come by and there are too many to feed. **But they do waste money** on white bread and white flour that hasn't enough nutriment in it to keep a dog alive. Wheat is a perfect food if we eat the whole of it, but when the germ and the bran have been removed by the modern miller, and the starchy substance left has been perhaps bleached by chemicals or electricity, the life sustaining character of the food is gone. White flour is not only an ill-balanced, starchy food, but it is the undoubted cause of that modern pest, constipation, which, in its turn, is the cause of the most dreadful diseases that afflict us to-day.

Thousands are finding health and strength in

"ARTOX"

PURE WHOLEMEAL

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

A "CLARION" reader writes:

"We tried it first of all on a bit o' towed sort—a YORKSHIRE PUDDING, you know—and it was SIMPLY SCRUMPTIOUS. All are agreed as to the really fine quality of the bread, in fact, barely after a fortnight's trial we have about LOST THE TASTE FOR WHITE BREAD."

And there is nothing like it for keeping the system in order. Constipation is unknown where Artox is in regular use. What this means need not be said. Cures that sound almost miraculous are reported by those who have had the courage to live exclusively upon wholemeal food and fruit. And they do not regard it as starvation diet, but generous and delicious.

SEND TO-DAY

for our handsome booklet,

"Grains of Common Sense,"

post free, if you mention

THE WOMAN WORKER.

It contains a host of delightful recipes that will make your table a board of health and delight.



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

Sold in 9lb, 7lb, and 14lb sealed linen bags; or 28lb will be sent direct, carriage paid, for 4s. 6d.

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

APPLEYARDS, Ltd. (Dep. N), Millers.....ROTHERHAM.

HOME NOTES.

By Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall.

As nothing that affects the home can possibly be out of place on this Home page, I am going to ride the high horse a mile to-day, and answer in the most pig-headed, narrow-minded fashion a letter from a reader of "Home Notes."

To admit narrow-mindedness is to disarm criticism. Mary—so don't tremble, please, on account of the circulation! If I confess my sins openly and before everybody, surely nobody will be so unkind as to say "I'll give up THE WOMAN WORKER!"

For I hold that under some circumstances one *must* be narrow-minded; just as one must sometimes keep strictly to the narrow mountain path or fall into the chasm below.

Voilà! A mother writes that before marriage she learned a skilled trade—feather curling. If she gives it up now that her baby has come her fingers may lose their cunning. Do I think it wrong for her to put her baby out to nurse, which she can easily do for

Fourpence a Day,

while she pursues her business?

Wrong! Her business! These words make me fairly gasp. Instead of running milk-smooth, my blood trickles and rushes by turns, as though it had suddenly frozen in one place and begun to thaw. If somebody brought me even a Pêche Melba I don't believe I could eat it. To think that a mother can weigh in the balance two such extremely different things as a

Baby and a Bundle of Feathers

and not know which is which—which comes down plump and which kicks the beam!

Well, there's one consolation: her conscience pricks her, otherwise she would not have put the question. Other mothers at other times have asked the same thing. Must I give up, not my feather-curling, perhaps, but my profession, my club, my school, my shop, my desk, my *anything*, just because I've got a baby?

I should have thought that one thrill of the baby fists tightening around the mother finger, and one appeal of the baby eyes, would have answered the question. But since these things are apparently unobserved, then unhesitatingly and at

Risk of Brick-hats

from some "new" women and most mill-mothers in Lancashire and Yorkshire, I say *yes*; leave everything for Baby.

In my opinion it is *always* wrong for a mother to leave her baby; and any system of "progress" or "education" which encourages such separation is a double-dyed wrong.

It may be expedient for a mother to put her baby out to nurse while she earns money; but expediency can always come in to drive a body

To the Devil

without caring a hang! If we made a collection of all the wrongs done for expediency's sake there would be few left to attribute to other circumstances.

"You mean to say, then," I hear some

argumentative, thin-lipped sister remark, "that, whatever her other interests, a mother must put her maternal duties before all."

Assuredly! Not only for her child's sake, but, what is of even greater importance, for her own. For her child has not yet come into its responsibilities, whilst hers are already laid on both shoulders. If she doesn't want, or feel herself fitted, to bear these particular responsibilities, she knows how to avoid them. The Florence Nightingales and Frances Willards are bright and shining examples of the fact that it is better for some women to avoid them. But, once having undertaken them, no woman worthy the name should seek to shift them to other shoulders.

For to a woman who has become a mother a baby is every bit as necessary to a well-rounded life as love, sunshine, and flowers. Nature herself looks after that. If it were not so no mother could be found to have patience sufficient to see a baby through all the dangers from

Swaddling Clothes to Peg-tops.

If a mother is persuaded, by money, or position, or anything whatsoever, from a princess down to the poorest creature making chains at Cradley Heath, from so watching her baby grow in mind and body day by day, she loses something in life that *nothing* can replace. Instead of being well-rounded her life is marked by angles, by crooks, and corners anything but becoming; and you will see it, not only in her actions and habits, but plainly marked on what otherwise might have been a tender, beautiful face. She is branded, and nothing can hide her misfortune (I had written shame).

If mothers were intended to work in factories, shops, offices, or schools, their babies would be born able to walk and talk, and with full knowledge of the dangers of fire and water.

Instead of which they come to us helpless, with a propensity for falling into all sorts of dangers, sometimes to teach a lesson, and sometimes, I believe, that they may see their mothers' sweet delight in snatching them up. Wise little owls: if we only knew!

It's a wonder we don't know; for, truly, they administer very severe lessons sometimes, to rich and poor, especially the poor. In the latter case the coroners call them accidents, and

Babble About Fireguards,

But they are really the simple effect of a simple cause: the Moving Finger Writing.

Now, if you will forgive me, we will have a bunch of recipes—simply those and nothing more—for I am dead tired, having travelled all day yesterday—from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m.

For a change we will give the 5s. Prize to Mrs. Henwood, 29, Chaddlewood Avenue, Plymouth, for her recipe for elderberry wine. If only I had a glass now, nicely warmed, with just two sippets of toast, I believe I'd go to sleep and waken so refreshed that I'd write a beautiful lot of Home Notes instead of what I have written.

ELDERBERRY WINE (Cornish recipe).—Gather the elderberries ripe, and dry, and to every gallon of same add 2 quarts blackberries and 1 quart sloes. Place in an earthenware pan, and to each gallon fruit pour in 3 quarts cold water. Cover with muslin and let soak for 4 days; then squeeze well and strain. Pour the strained liquor into a boiler, and to every gallon of same add 3lb best loaf sugar and two sliced lemons. Now, boil gently for 20 minutes, in another saucepan, the following spices, and one pint cold water: 1lb ginger and 2oz each of cloves, cinnamon, and mace. Strain, and pour into the large boiler. Let boil gently altogether for 15 minutes, then strain in a fine muslin, and pour back into pan. When cool, place some thin pieces of bread spread with barm on surface, and let work for two or three days, after which remove barm, and pour wine into jars, leaving corks loose until working has ceased. Then cork tightly, and keep until winter.

WEAR HAT in DRYING HAIR.—Every woman knows the benefit of sunshine in giving sheen and lustre to newly washed hair. I take an old, stiff, broad-brimmed hat, and cut the crown out to within an inch or two of the brim, binding the cut edges with several thicknesses of soft cloth. After washing my hair, I put on this hat, draw my hair up through the opening, and sit out in the sun, or at an open window, able to read or sew through the protection afforded by this unique sun-hat.—MARY M. BRODIE, Dennisiston.

LAUNDRY GLAZING SECRET.—The articles to be glazed are first starched in cold starch and then ironed damp. Next a piece of flannel is dipped in some powdered French chalk, and rubbed smoothly on each article, after which a piece of white curd soap is rubbed over the chalk. Finally, the articles are ironed on the right side only, with a moderately hot iron, and when finished have the appearance of white porcelain.—I. CROSS, Liverpool.

EMBROIDERIES.—When sewing delicate embroideries and crewel-work of any description it sometimes happens that a spot of blood falls on the work and soils it. If a piece of ordinary sewing-cotton is moistened in the mouth, and then laid on the soiled part it will absorb the blood, and leave the work without a mark.—MRS. J. B. MOORE, Bradford.

TO KEEP BLOUSES TIDY AT THE WAIST.—Tie a tape tightly round the waist, arrange the blouse to a nicety, and cut off all below the tape. Insert the cut edge into a band of double webbing size of waist, finish with hooks and eyes. Sew three eyes on back of webbing to correspond with hooks on skirt. Finished in this way unlined blouses will keep firmly in position all day.—MRS. SEALY, Cambridge.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—As strawberry jam is such a bother to thicken, I have found if you put the juice of 1 lemon to every 2lbs fruit it is a great improvement, making it much thicker and taking away the great sweetness that so many object to.—MRS. ANDERSON, Govan.

PAPER-SAVING.—Do not throw away the waterproof paper that your butter or lard are wrapped in. A piece of this paper greased all over, and placed over a pudding to be steamed or boiled (i.e., between the pudding and cloth) most effectually keeps out the water from the pudding. Also, leave at least an inch clear from the top of basin to allow the pudding to rise well. Another use for this paper is to cut a circular piece for the bottom of a cake and a long straight piece for the sides.—F. AUGUSTA RICHARDSON, Ascock's Green.

ONIONS.—To prevent onions causing indigestion, peel the onions, cut in quarters, pour boiling water over, and allow to stand for five minutes before using for cooking purposes; then pour away the water. The water will be greenish yellow—this is the indigestible part of the onion. To take away odour of raw onion from the hands, hold them in the smoke from a fire for 8 or 10 seconds, then wash with soap and water.—MRS. G. W. SHIRLEY, Dumfries.

Prize of 5s.

awarded each week for the best Home Note (not necessarily a cooking recipe) sent to Mrs. D. J. M. Worrall, THE WOMAN WORKER, Utopia Press, Worship Street, London, E.C.

THE REVOLT OF TURKISH WOMEN.

Few people know how great a rôle the Turkish woman is playing in the Revolution. For a long time she has been living in a state of chronic discontent, chafing at the restrictions and degradations of harem life. The modern Turkish woman of the upper classes is, perhaps, the most highly educated woman in the world. While her Western sisters are playing hockey and tennis, performing their social duties—and flirting—the Turkish woman spends her day in reading and study.

It is not uncommon to meet Turkish ladies who can speak not only half the languages of Europe, but know, in addition, ancient Greek, Persian, and Arabic. Schopenhauer and Herbert Spencer are favourite authors, and the latest English and French novels are the principal subjects of their afternoon small talk. But up till now the only way of escaping from thralldom was by suicide or by flight. Few have dared flight. The obstacles were too great, and the punishment so dreadful, that poisoned coffee seemed a far easier means of rescue.

When two daughters of the late Noury Bey, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the Sultan's right-hand man and confidential friend, disappeared from Constantinople, it was the sensation of the hour throughout Europe. Their movements have been followed with a great deal of sympathy and admiration by their Turkish sisters, who on their account have been even more carefully guarded.

These two ladies are the heroines of Pierre Loti's famous novel, "Les Désenchantées." The elder is a composer of no ordinary talent, having received a decoration from the Kaiser for her work. The younger has already published many Turkish stories, and could have earned her living with her pen had she not married a young Polish nobleman, Count L. de Rohozinska. Her graphic descriptions of Turkish life are read with the greatest interest.

Although harem life has several times been described by Western writers this is the first time it has been painted from the other side of the bars.—"Bystander."

LOVE AND AMBITION.

There was wine on the table, for the pastor had not been at home for dinner. But the pastor, who the whole time had been very quiet and serious, still sat as if no one were present, until just as it was time to rise from the table. Then he tapped on his glass and said:

"I have a betrothal to announce!"

All eyes were turned on the two girls, who were sitting together; they did not know whether to sink through the floor or keep their seats.

"I have a betrothal to announce," began the pastor anew, as if he found it difficult to get fairly started. "I will confess that at first it was not to my liking."

All the visitors looked at Oedegaarde in amazement; it became boundless when they saw how calmly he sat.

"I thought, to be quite candid, that he was not worthy of her."

The visitors here became so embarrassed that none of them ventured to look up, and as the girls had not dared to do so for some time, the pastor had only a single face to talk to, and that was Oedegaarde's, which, in the meantime, wore an expression of blissful composure.

"But now," continued the pastor, "now that I have learnt to know him better, the end of the matter is that I do not know whether she is worthy of him, so great does he appear in my eyes. His name is Art, the great Art of the theatre, and his betrothed is Petra, my adopted daughter, my dear child. May you be happy together! I still tremble at the thought, but what is destined to be united must not be kept asunder. God be with you, my daughter!"

The next moment she had crossed the room and thrown herself upon his breast.

As no one sat down again, the whole party left the table. But Petra went over to Oedegaarde, who drew her into the further window; she had first to say:

"To you I owe everything!"

"No, Petra, I have only been a good brother to you; it was wrong of me to want to be more; for had that happened, your whole career would have been spoiled."

"Oedegaarde!"

They were holding each other's hands, but did not look at each other. A moment later he let go her hand and went. But she threw herself into a chair and was crying.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE. More Favourite Books.

Going through your very interesting essays on books, my dears, I have been thinking of those in the school library of which I spoke to you last week, none of which are amongst your "favourites." Many were intended only to be "instructive," and the pills of knowledge were not sugar-coated.

Saints and Sinners.

But, oh, the story books! In nearly all the first few chapters showed a little boy or girl having a "good time" in childish fashion. Then came a grown-up (who ought to have known better) and taught them that everything a natural child wants to do, or be, is sinful. Through several distressful chapters the—er—improbable infants wept over their "sinfulness" and prayed for forgiveness. Then they became impossibly "good," and spent the rest of their lives setting examples of saintliness to others.

I always wondered why their people, to whom they must have been dreadful trials, were so overwhelmed with grief when the innocents were taken to Heaven—as they usually were in the last chapter. I would gladly have sent them there long before. I could not make myself even wish to be "good" in the way shown by those stories.

Sin, and tears, and death! At the time for life, and love, and laughter! The people in my books made mistakes, and did wrong things, and were not saints; but they were human beings, whom one might love and pity and understand.

And the school-books did me little harm, because I could not be fitted into their narrow mould, nor see evil in all that was natural; for I had listened to the banished duke in the Forest of Arden, who taught me to find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

And such tongues and books and sermons were all around.

Mother Nature's Picture-Book.

Not far from the school-house was my fairy glade, and the way to it was through narrow lanes, past hedgerows white with may, starred with wild roses, broided with fragrant honeysuckle. No! not all at the same time, my dears; but every season brought its own jewels, and even in winter the hedges had their decking of gleaming scarlet berries. And quite near, visible from our upper windows, was one of the most marvellous of Nature's books, with new pictures and a new message every time we looked upon it—the mysterious, ever-changing sea.

Now—to your favourite books, I have, after much consideration, awarded the prize to the youngest of the best essayists—Charles Field (aged 12), 2, Albany Street, Seedley, Manchester—but his letter, like nearly all, is too long to print fully.

Charles says:

Dear Peg,—My favourite book is "From Paleolith to Motor-Car," by Mr. Harry Lowerison. This book shows the gradual rise of man in his struggle for liberty. Mr.

Lowerison starts with the Paleolithic or old Stone Age, and goes on through the middle ages to the great Victorian age. He makes his book more interesting to boys and girls because his characters are boys and girls.

For instance, in the first story, telling of people who were little more than beasts, the heroine is a little girl named Coo. Coo was, like her father and mother, covered with long hair, and she wore no clothes. Coo's father had no idea of love or unselfishness; but Coo was unlike him in this respect, for she loved her mother and little brother dearly.

Once she took her brother, "Littling," to the lake near which they lived. Coo told her brother to watch her catch some fish. All at once down came a great hairy mammoth that would have crushed Littling had Coo rushed up and thrown him into the lake. But, alas for Coo! she herself was crushed beneath the body of the monster, losing her life in saving the life of her brother.

Charles then tells the story of Inito, a boy of the Stone Age, who, on his first hunting expedition, saved the life of his chief.

The hunt is very cleverly described by Mr. Lowerison. In the next chapter he deals with the Bronze Age, and tells of Queena, a kind-hearted girl, who saves a man and woman from being sacrificed to the gods. Outside the village the man said: "Ah, it is our sacrifice day!" and turning on Queena he killed her with his axe. Mr. Lowerison shows how the Romans came, then the Angles, afterwards the Danes and the Normans, who brought serfdom with them. He describes the struggle for liberty, which working men have not got yet.

Charles refers to the final story illustrating the Victorian Age, and concludes: "Mr. Lowerison does not forget the ladies, and that is why I think girls ought to read his book."

"Boys of To-day."

Maude Hunt (13) gives as her favourite book "Little Women and Good Wives," by Louisa Alcott.

She tells of the March family in America, four girls—Meg, who stays at home to help in the house; Jo, who writes thrilling narratives for weekly papers, for which she is often paid a dollar a column; Amy, who, on leaving school, takes up painting; and Beth, whose failing health does not permit her to do anything.

"These four girls," says Maude, "get very friendly with their next-door neighbour and his grandson, Laurie, who, thank goodness, is an awfully decent sort of boy, not a scrap self-satisfied and conceited, like most boys of to-day. So the five of them when they get together have some rattling good times." She then tells how death calls Beth from the loving home circle, of the marriages of the other three girls, and the coming of the "precious children," and goes on:

You see, this story ends, like nearly all others, in a fairy-tale style: "So they got married and lived happily ever after." You will think this book a very ordinary sort, but I assure you it is not. The life written about is very natural and homely, just like that of our own middle class, not the "high life," which is often so false and empty. Then the four girls are so thoroughly devoted to each other, and to their parents; and the loving atmosphere which exists around them shows what home life could be under Socialism.

Maude's book is chosen also by Elsie

Kermeth (whose letter is a model of brevity) and by several of the Leeds lassies. Elsie says: "I like this book because the characters of the four girls appeal to me so. They wanted many things, yet contrived to be satisfied with their lot, and strove to help others; and I think the true happiness for all lies in being unselfish."

A Fox and Deceitful Wolves.

Annie Fox chooses Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," because "they teach us not to judge wholly by appearances," and show "what a deceitful interior some people have under a quiet, peaceful sort of face"; also, "the cunning of some women, who, although quite affable to speak to, are really wolves in sheep's clothing." Miss Fox is acquiring worldly wisdom somewhat early.

One in a Thousand.

Pearl Nyman writes a charming little essay on "Sentimental Tommy," by J. M. Barrie, which she describes as "an interesting narrative, true to life in the most part, though the boyhood is a very uncommon one. I particularly admire Tommy for his fine thoughts and amusing speeches." She gives extracts from the story, showing Tommy's devotion to his sister, his courage and perseverance, and how he faces all difficulties, saying, "I'll ken a w'y to do it."

One of Miss Pearl's most interesting comments is, "It is very rare that a boy should be so fond of his sister."

And you will have noticed Miss Hunt's remark as to the "boys of to-day." My dear boys! Are these things true? Are you (whom from your competition letters I judged to be intelligent, kind-hearted, and considerate) hiding "deceitful interiors under quiet, peaceful faces?" Awful thought! Have I awarded the prize to a "cunning wolf in sheep's clothing?" For Charlie is very "affable" in his professed desire that his "sisters" should share in what he regards as a good thing, and in his admiration for his author's "consideration for the ladies."

No, no! I prefer to think that the two unflattering damsels have had exceptional and unfortunate experiences. But if their caps should fit any of you boys, I hope the knowledge of how you are regarded in some quarters will tone down your conceit a little.

A Watchful Wizard.

I should like to give you extracts from many clever essays—from Nellie Hirst's on "A Girl of To-Day," Winnie Fox on "Stories from the Odyssey," the charming little letters of Doris Clapperton and Lilian Pierotti, and several on "Pixie O'Shaughnessy." But, should I attempt it, the wizard with the pencil would swoop down upon me, and his face would not be "calm and peaceful."

Will Charlie let me know what book he wishes for? Miss Harry's choice of a prize was "Stories from Wagner."

PEG.

We have a great fund of intellect in our land which is literally rotting for want of proper use.—"Co-operative News."

The chivalry that depends on circumstances is not worth having. Men who are polite on special occasions only are not polite at all.—"Gentlewoman."

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THINGS DONE AND SAID.

The Week's News for Women.

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE.

By Mary R. Macarthur.

The Corruganza Strike.

This week we have all been busy with the strike at the Corruganza Company's Box Factory, a full account of which will be found on another page.

Subscriptions Received.

Miss Hedges asks me to acknowledge here the following subscriptions which have been received for the benefit of the strikers:

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Taylor	10	0	0
Mrs. Teichman	10	0	0
Miss Sharpe	5	0	0
Miss Hutchins	2	0	0
Lady Barlow	1	0	0
Hyde Weavers	1	0	0
Miss Sime Seruga	1	0	0
Anonymous	1	0	0
Hyde Weavers	1	0	0
Oxford Trades Council	1	0	0
Mrs. Hutchison	0	5	0
Mrs. Bulley and friends	0	7	0
Mrs. Willmore	0	2	6
Collections at Tooting	0	12	11
	35	7	5

More Wanted.

Further subscriptions may be sent to National Federation of Women Workers, Club Union Buildings, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1, or to THE WOMAN WORKER Office, Worship Street, E.C.1, and will be acknowledged in THE WOMAN WORKER.

War at Norwich—

Strikes, like troubles, seldom come singly. The Norwich branch of the Federation is again in the throes of a conflict. Twenty-six tailoresses have had their wages reduced, and it is rumoured that they are employed on Government contract work. Khaki trousers, formerly paid at 4s. 6d. per dozen—and that sounds had enough—have been reduced to 3s. 9d. per dozen.

The local agent of the Labour Party, Councillor W. R. Smith, has interviewed the employer on behalf of the girls, but without success.

Valuable assistance is being lent by the local Trades Council, and the Federation organiser for the Birmingham district has gone to Norwich to help the strikers.

And Rumours of War.

At Wednesbury, too, women workers are on the war path. Miss Smyth reports that there is great dissatisfaction with existing conditions at a large factory, and that the girls are anxious to strike.

Miss Smyth is going to arrange a meeting for the ventilation of grievances, but the Federation, having quite enough on hand at the moment, is anxious to avoid a stoppage of work in the meantime.

The whole town of Wednesbury is a-fire with revolt, and 1,200 men are on strike at the Old Park Works.

An Excursion to Earl's Court.

An excursion to Earl's Court Exhibition is being arranged for women Trade Unionists in London on Saturday, September 19. Tickets of admission to the Exhibition can be had, on application to Miss Hedges, for half-price, sixpence. It is hoped our London and Edmonton members will turn up in force, and that every one will wear the Federation badge.

The Federation Badge.

That reminds me that badges have been sold out for some time, but a fresh supply has just been received. The badge, of gilt and green enamel, is in the form of a shield, which suggests the protection afforded by the Union. The design consists of clasped hands symbolical of the good fellowship which exists amongst our members,

a bundle of sticks indicating the strength of unity, and the motto of the Federation, "To fight, to struggle, to right the wrong." The price is ninepence, and the badge can be had, post free, from Miss Hedges, Club Union Buildings, E.C.

WOMEN'S LABOUR LEAGUE.

Edited by Mrs. J. R. MacDonald.

August is not a busy month for political work, and there is not very much home news to chronicle; but Miss Margaret Smith addressed the women members of the York L.L.P. last week on "The Formation of a Branch of the W.L.L.," and we shall hope that a new branch will result.

Emancipation of the Servant.

Reference has been made more than once in this column to the "servant question." It may be of some interest to our readers to have a short account of the special difficulties of the Servants' Union in Germany. This Union is but two years old, yet, starting in Nuremberg, it has spread to many other towns and districts.

Forced Service in Germany.

The greatest difficulty in the way of organising was the variety of antiquated "codes of menial service," coming down from a period when the relation between master and servant was totally different from now. There are forty-four codes (before 1900 there were fifty-nine). They sprang out of the system of forced labour which obtained during the middle ages on all large estates. Each peasant was compelled to give so many days' labour a year to work the farm of his overlord. When the peasant's work was insufficient his children were requisitioned, and ultimately all his adult unmarried children were bound to the lord of the manor for three years, with the exception of one son and one daughter.

This forced service was paid for at a lower rate than voluntary service, and even if the man or woman so bound was willing to continue in service the wages were always less; they were, in fact, fixed by law. There were also strict regulations setting out the mutual duties of master and servant, in which the advantage was always on the master's side.

Country and Town.

It was thought by these means to retain the peasantry on the land. The very reverse was the result; they migrated in numbers to the towns.

But the same conditions of life met them even there, and domestic service came to be regarded with contempt. Though forced labour was abolished in 1810, nothing was done to lighten the burdens of the servant class.

Broken Contracts and Disputes.

Besides the lowness of the wages, there are penalties for breaking contracts, amounting in some cases to a fortnight's imprisonment. Servants have to keep a book containing a history of their engagements, dates of entering and leaving each family, and any instances of negligence, &c., of which they may have been guilty.

Of course, the interpretation of "negligence" is left to the master. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

In case of disputes the police may intervene. But here is one instance: A girl had some dispute, and received a box on the ear. She left the house and put herself under the protection of a policeman, who accompanied her to the Town Hall. Attempting to return to her mistress's house for a coat (it was in the dead of winter), she was refused admittance, and had to go back in a print dress. She was told that she might lodge a complaint and claim the wages due to her. Further assistance was denied, and she had to wander the streets, hungry and cold, with-

out a farthing. Happily, she hit at last upon the idea of visiting the secretary of the Servants' Union, where she had her first meal since early morning.

Through the secretary's intervention justice was obtained. But most girls do without their rights rather than risk going to law.

The Law's Neglect.

Servants are omitted entirely from the benefits of the Labour Laws. They are shut out, for instance, from insurance against illness, ostensibly in order that they may insure themselves in the charity hospital, or at the workhouse infirmary, as we should call it. In Berlin eleven employers took "compensation money" to the amount of £500.

The hours of labour for servants are about 120 per week. Wages average £5 to £15 a year. The number of young persons under sixteen in service is about a quarter of a million, and this includes some 8,000 under twelve.

The Union Programme.

In spite of all this, servants in Germany are going forward. They have framed a series of demands, of which abolition of the old regulations, recognition of their right to combine, specified free days, help during times of extra work, opportunities for education, and abolition of private servants' registries are the chief.

What woman has done woman can do. Music-hall performers and waitresses, the last people one would expect to revolt, have in our own country rebelled with success. English servants, surely you will not long be content to be left outside the movement?

Trade Under "Protection."

Bad trade is attacking Germany no less than free-trade England. The mass of the people are learning—for the hundredth time perhaps, some day it may sink in—that there is no help inside the capitalist system. The struggle against unemployment, against the insecurities of life, is merging by degrees into the struggle against Capitalism itself. There are thousands more German unemployed than last year.

The organisation of young workers (of both sexes), and the assurance to foreign immigrants of equal treatment, have been discovered to be necessary. These unskilled workers tend to flood the labour market and bring down wages; and not only sympathy for the helpless, but self-interest, demands that something shall be done for them. The Hamburg strike taught the German dockers the same lesson that we are learning through the importation of cheap foreign labour.

Stage Children.

An application was made at Marlborough Street on Tuesday before Mr. Mead, on behalf of Mr. Charles Manners, to permit a girl of twelve to take part in "Madame Butterfly" at the Lyric Theatre.

Mr. Henry W. Mote, solicitor, explained that the child would be required for two appearances, one being a matinee. She would be paid £1 for each.

The mother said that she put money the child had previously earned in the bank for her, but her husband, a porter in regular work, fell ill, and she drew out the sum of £15.

Mr. Mead: I do not approve of parents living on their children. You must appoint a trustee, and the money must be paid to him to be saved for her, subject to 10 per cent. for expenses.

The licence was granted on these terms.

The conflict of sex.—"Lost, Wednesday last, Tabby Tom Cat; answers to Kitty or Wee Woman."—"Manchester Evening News."

CO-OPERATIVE FESTIVAL

At the Crystal Palace.

For years past the co-operative gatherings which take place at the Crystal Palace during August have been greatly successful. This year's series, which commenced on Wednesday with the opening of the co-operative exhibition, promises well.

The exhibitors include a large number of productive, as distinguished from distributive, societies. Societies from all parts of the kingdom are represented, from those who build houses for their members to those who simply make their boots or household requisites; and a special feature is made of a display arranged by the Anti-Sweating League.

Mr. D. J. Shackleton, M.P., opened the Exhibition. Mr. E. Powell, chairman of the southern section of the Co-operative Union, presided, and was supported by representatives from the Co-operative Wholesale Society, the Productive Federation, the Co-operative Union, and the Labour Co-partnership Association, of which Mr. H. Vivian, M.P., is the head. On Thursday there was a conference of co-operative societies in the southern section, at which Mr. L. G. Chiozza Money, M.P., gave an address on "Sweated Industries," and to-day there will be other meetings.

Saturday, however, is the day of the week. Co-operators and those who sympathise with them are expected to visit Sydenham in great numbers from all parts of the country.

An interesting programme has been arranged, which will include two concerts. One, with a choir of 4,000 singers, will be under the baton of Mr. Allen Gill; the other, in which 2,000 children take part, will be conducted by Mr. Charles Japes. For the choral competitions 34 choirs have entered from four classes, and the adjudicator will be Mr. W. G. McNaught.

There will also be a flower show, three dramatic performances, gymnastic displays, athletic sports, and a demonstration on the terrace. The prizes for the sports include silver cups presented by the Earl of Rosebery and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild.

A display of fireworks by Messrs. C. T. Brock will be given at night. Statistics of the progress of the movement are not the less wonderful because they show development on lines that were not the ideal of the pioneers. The productive societies remain even now comparatively weak. But there are 112 such bodies, doing a trade valued at just over four millions last year.

The Wholesale Society last year distributed goods of the value of twenty-five million pounds, while the retail societies sold to their members articles valued at £103,000,000.

The Engineers' Ballot.

The result of the engineers' ballot on the proposal to settle the strike on the north-east coast is as follows:—

(1) To allow local committee to continue to deal with strike	1115
(2) Refer dispute to the executives of the three societies	3523
(3) Leave matters as they are	2021

Thus there is a majority of 1,502 for referring the question of the dispute to the executives of the three societies over the votes recorded for the proposal to leave matters as they were, and a majority of 2,408 over the proposal that the local committee continue to deal with the strike.

Newnham College Scholarships.

As a result of the recent Cambridge Higher Local Examination Newnham College scholarships have been awarded to Miss E. Ferguson, Graydon High School; Miss M. D. Ball, King Edward's School, Birmingham; Miss C. Stewart, Bedford High School; Miss B. E. Clayton, Bath High School; Miss L. D. Kendall, King Edward's School, Birmingham; G. K. Hugh Jones, Blackheath High School; and Miss G. H. Nicholls, St. Paul's Girls' School.

A Stir Among Dry Bones.

At Cambridge.

Working men and women are well represented at the summer meeting for University Extension at Cambridge.

The lectures on Socialism and Individualism were well attended, and there was much friendly discussion afterwards. There have been debates, arranged by the Workers' Educational Association, on "The Child and the State," working-class education, Social reform, &c. The difficulty was to find enough individualists to oppose, and all were agreed that there must be social reform.

It was disappointing that none of the speakers suggested that the most pressing social reform is that affecting women's work and wages.

A lecture on Modern Ideas of Charity spoke of a possible Judgment Day on which we should be told, not "I was an hungry and ye gave me no meat," but "I was unemployed, and you gave me no work; I was unemployable, and you never asked why; I was a child in prison, and you were not interested." But he failed to add, "I was a woman working in a sweated industry, and you did not do your best to get votes for women, or forward the Sweated Industries Bill."

Thanks to the Co-operative Women's Guild, we had one good speaker for working Women's education.

She took up the cudgels for the mothers, and showed their need of enlightenment and of interest outside the home; their need of a vote, not necessarily on their husband's qualification, but as sharing jointly the responsibility of the home; the need of municipal laundries to save the bulk of heavy manual labour, possibly also kitchens, so that the working mother may have leisure; the advisability of teaching cooking and sewing to boys, and drawing and science to girls. Due mention was made of THE WOMAN WORKER.

The debate on Old Age Pensions was getting somewhat monotonous when a woman speaker rose and asked if we were not rather too patronising to the aged, as if they were of no value in the community.

Did we not want to keep those old faces in our midst? In a time of haste and restlessness we could not spare one of our old folk to put inside the workhouse; we must have them where we could see and know them, for they were filled with the peace which comes to people when they are near to death. Altogether a useful meeting.

Not for Fun.

The Tilbury Dock police have evicted a number of poor wretches who had set up hovels on the dust-heap where barges laden with the refuse of London rubbish heaps discharge their unsavoury cargo.

A "Chronicle" correspondent found two men in shirts and trousers, standing beside what appeared at first a mere heap of rags and rusty pails. A rude shelter had been made with broken pieces of corrugated zinc, an old bath, and some fragments of sacking.

In a much perforated and bent bucket a small fire was burning. Standing beside it one of the colonists thawed into speech.

"We don't do it for fun, gov'nor," he said. "It's our only chance of getting a bit o' bread. This is just a shelter for us, though with the weather's fine we sleep in the open. 'Ow do we live? Well, we pulls rags out of the rubbish, washes them in that ditch, and sells 'em in Grays. Three or four pounds for a penny. It ain't more than bread, is it? Bits o' metal we sells, too. Every morning I goes to the docks to try and get work, but I can't get any. Sometimes they give me some of the waste grub on the P and O boats lyin' there. Soon me and my mate means to go 'oppin' in Kent, and if only I can get charge of a bin I'll be all rite."

"I don't like it. Five year I was in the Marines, and since then I've bin a brick-layer's labourer—worked for some of the best firms in London.

"Bit rough the other night," he continued. "Them dock police come along here and burnt all our 'uts down, and I lost my only good shirt in the fire. I've bin 'ere eight weeks, and there's about twelve of us altogether; sometimes there's twenty."

Suicides of Five London Out-of-Works.

Dr. Wynn Westcott, coroner for North-East London, stated at an inquest at Shoreditch on Tuesday that during the last fortnight he had held five inquests on men who had killed themselves whilst out of work.

Tuesday's inquiry was on the body of a Dalston warehouseman named Francis Byrne, aged 63.

The widow stated that deceased suffered with asthma. He had been employed by a firm of seed merchants in Houndsditch for twenty years. On January 13 last he left home for work very ill. On the way he had a drop of whiskey; the foreman smelt the spirit, and told him to put on his coat and go home.

His six-year-old girl found her father hanging by a rope from the kitchen door.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity caused by being out of work."

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See MARY R. MACARTHUR'S remarkable article in this week's "PENNY PICTORIAL," and another written by a Civil Servant under the title:

O. H. M. S.

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