

THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

GUARANTEED WEEKLY CIRCULATION—20,000 COPIES.

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.
 Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 21.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH, 1914.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23rd, Great Demonstration

At EAST INDIA DOCK GATES, Poplar,
 4 p.m.

Speakers:
MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST,
JOHN SCURR, Mrs. WALKER,
Mrs. DRAKE and others.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Sunday, Aug. 9th, 3 p.m.—Victoria Park—Mrs. Bouvier.
 8 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall, 400 Old Ford Road.
 Monday, Aug. 10th, 3 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall—Member's Meeting.
 8 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall, Speakers Class.
 8 p.m.—Custom House, "Peacock," Freemason's Road—Miss Feek.
 8.30 p.m.—South Hackney, Swiss Cottage, Mrs. Walker.
 Tuesday, Aug. 11th, 2.30 p.m.—Hackney, 30 Churchill Road.
 8 p.m.—Poplar, East India Dock Gates—Mrs. Bouvier.
 8 p.m.—Limehouse, Burdett Rd., and Cotts Rd.—Mrs. Walker.
 Wednesday, Aug. 12th, 8 p.m.—Poplar, 319 East India Dock Rd.—Miss A. Lynch.
 8 p.m.—Christ St. & Charles St., Bromley.—Mrs. Walker.
 8 p.m.—Bow, Obelisk—Mrs. Bouvier.
 Thursday, Aug. 13th, 3 p.m.—319 E. India Dock Rd., Poplar—Women's Meeting.
 8 p.m.—Canning Town, 124 Barking Rd.
 8 p.m.—Bromley, Knapp Rd.
 Friday, Aug. 14th, 8 p.m.—Beckton Rd., Canning Town.
 8 p.m.—Piggott St., Poplar.
 8 p.m.—The Women's Hall, Bow—Members' meeting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There will be a General Meeting of members of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes on Tuesday, August 11th, at the Women's Hall, Old Ford Road, Bow, at 8 p.m. Every member should make a point of being present. Only members of the E. L. F. S. will be admitted. Matters of the greatest importance will be discussed.

THE DUBLIN MASSACRE.

It is a beautiful city of broad spacious ways with fine Georgian houses, solid and dignified in their rich simplicity. The red brick has grown dark and sombre, over everything there hangs the shadow of decay.

The poorest of poor people live in the grand old mansions, a family to every room. The many broken panes of glass are mended with brown paper, the ironwork of balconies and fanlights is never painted, it rusts and rots away. Playing on the broad flights of steps that lead to handsome doorways are lovely well-limbed children, clad in the scantiest of rags.

Down by the Liffey, near the Metal Bridge, on the wall of a house at the corner of Lower Liffey Street, are some rough markings in white chalk and a little round shallow hole that seems as though it might well have been scraped out of the stone by a child with a rusty nail. That little hole was made by a soldier's bullet and the chalk markings are a roughly drawn cross and the letters R.I.P., for it was here that Mrs. Duffy was shot dead. Those were the only outward remembrances I saw of last Sunday's massacre, except that once I met a small company of soldiers marching along with gleaming bayonets fixed to their guns.

Near Fairview on the outskirts of Dublin where the encounter between the Nationalist Volunteers and the Police and the Scottish Borderer's took place is Addison Road and in one of the new workman's houses there lives Mrs. Rowan, whose daughter Mary was shot.

A little boy about ten years old opened the door and showed me into the parlour, politely asked me sit down

WAR—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

and called his "mamma." She was a tall thin woman, grey haired and very neatly dressed. Her voice was very soft and full of music. She spoke of the shooting, still as though half-dazed with shock: "She was just coming along from the Park," she said, "only a girl going to school. A young girl that is beginning to do for herself to think for herself." She told me that she thought her daughter was shot in the ankle but the hospital authorities would not let her ask many questions. She was only allowed to see the girl for a few moments each day. She was told that she was doing well but that she would probably have to have an operation. "But it's she that keeps us all lively the little thing," the mother said, her

her pretty face and big blue eyes to me once, then hung her head and went on drawing imaginary figures in the dust.

The mother spoke, heavy with shock, the little boy went out to play in the Park, she counted him safe there. They sent to tell her he was shot. The priest was giving him the Sacrament when she got to the hospital. He told her there was little hope. She saw the boy for a moment. He was lying in bed very ill. He cried and they hurried her away. She had not seen him since. He was her only boy. "I buried the other," she said, "only six weeks ago." There had been a fire in the middle of the night, and she called my attention to the bare floor and few sticks of furni-

From one of the little roads, Gardner Street Middle, sloping down hill to a far pale, classic building, clustering domed and columned, softly grey, runs a mean unpaved by-street. On one side of it are blank walls and tips for rubbish, on the other a row of cottages. Two women, in clothes of that nameless dingy dusty colour, that very old stuff almost always turns at last, were sitting on a doorstep. We stopped to ask them the number of Mrs. Quinn's house. A chubby faced girl of twelve, with fat legs and hair short like a boy's, called to us waggishly "Is it me you want?" but the other children guessed our errand and ran in front of us to point the number out.

"You killed my father."

The front door of the cottage opened right into the little sitting room which was poorly furnished but clean and well kept. A gentle, frail, fair girl with a stricken look in her wan eyes, told us that it was her father who was shot. She had persuaded her mother to go away for the day to see a relative. Her younger sister, aged twenty, was ill in bed upstairs, she had had a pain under her heart ever since that tragic Sunday of the shooting. She was worse to-day. The elder sister and a friend who was with her told us that they had given her bovril and put hot poultices on her side. They would get a doctor to see her on Tuesday when the dispensary would be open. This was Bank Holiday and it "might be expensive" to call another doctor in.

The girl in bed had a quick irregular pulse, her face was flushed and covered with beads of perspiration. The anxious elder daughter explained that the younger had gone to the mortuary to identify her father, but had been too shocked to look at him. The elder had run to find her mother and tell her what had happened. "But" she said "I broke it to her wrong and she went nearly mad in the road. She kept crying and crying and could not sleep. Yesterday we were praying for her to sleep." The last night she had slept at last and had wakened better. The frail little elder daughter explained that she was now the only breadwinner and that she had only just recovered from an illness. The girl in bed was very deaf and for that reason had always stayed at home and had only helped her mother in the house.

"We cannot believe it. Every moment we expect to see him," the elder daughter said. She brought us the father's photograph to show us what a fine big man he was.

"Oh he was a good father to us," she said, "the best of fathers. He gave every penny of his wages to my mother, and we never had to buy so much as a pocket handkerchief for him! Why should you be working? Am I not earning? he used to say to me."

He belonged to a club in which all the members paid all the year round towards a Bank Holiday excursion into the country followed by an all night dance. "You're getting young again, father, going to all night dances, we said to him." He had gone out to get his ticket for the holiday and to see what the arrangements were to be, and as he came home he had met the crowd of people and the soldiers and had been shot dead.

"Yesterday I saw the soldiers marching past and I shook my hand at them, I said 'You killed my father!' but they only laughed at me," the daughter said. She looked at us with her wan young face and stricken eyes.

In a fine old house in Lower Buckingham Street, now let off in ten-



WHOM WAR THREATENS.

(Reproduced by kind permission of the "Daily Herald.")

voice full of affection. "I see her for a few minutes every afternoon, and in the morning I find out how she is on the wire."

"They say it will put many against the soldiers," she added. "But I suppose we must forgive them." I wondered if she had said that because she recognized my English voice and did not want to hurt.

The milkman came to the door as we were talking and two of her little sons, eager to help their "mammy" in her trouble came running to bring the jug and to take it out of her hands when it was filled and carry it below.

A child of ten shot.

The parents of ten year old Luke Kelly who was shot in the back, lived at 18 Marlborough Street, a dingy road of shops, in a wretched tenement with a separate family living in every room. Mrs. Kelly is a weary little woman crippled with rheumatism.

A man dressed in rough working clothes who had been unshaven for many days sat at the back of the room with bowed head, another was pacing up and down. A young girl, perhaps fifteen years of age, with fair hair sat on a bench by the door. She turned

"It was all at the back of us. We ran for our lives."

The brother of the little boy now lying in hospital caught cold and died of inflammation of the lungs.

The mother's words went back again and again to the shooting. "I thought he was safe in the Park. I'm always saying to him: 'you come down from that pillar,' but he said he was going with some other little boys to play with a little ball." The man who was walking up and down joined in, "Only a little boy, you can't keep a little boy from running anywhere."

As we were leaving, a woman with two babies in her arms, another that seemed scarcely older dragging to her skirts, and a little boy of eight following two steps behind came down from the rooms above. "I am Mrs. Keog," she said. "My husband was shot. He's left five of us behind." She was sent for to the hospital on Sunday night but she had not been allowed to see her husband, except for a moment on the night of the shooting. He had been shot in the thigh. She had been granted an advance of 5s. on her husband's National Health Insurance money. She said "You're entitled to 10s., but you can't have it for 14 days.

(continued on page 82, col. 4.)

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

Organiser—Mrs. IVES.
Mrs. BOUVIER, *pro. tem.*
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Helpers to sell at stall in Roman Road wanted on Fridays and Saturdays 11—1 and 6—1. The Junior Suffragettes Club members had a most enjoyable day on Bank Holiday at the Zoo. Many thanks to Miss Macdonnell who provided lunch, and to Mrs. Macdonnell who entertained them to tea in her garden. More male voices wanted at the Votes for Women Choir practices on Thursdays at 8, to enable us to learn part songs to sing at entertainments and meetings. Who will join the paper cart? Must be at 400 Old Ford Road at 12 p.m.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Aug. 1st:
Central 202 Bow and Bromley 710.

Mrs. Cowell ... 160
Mrs. Payne ... 373
Miss Bennett ... 100

POPLAR.

Organiser—Miss MARY PATERSON.
Office—319 EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD.

Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Schlette sold in Chrisp Street, Saturday night, and did well. Miss Jacobs was the speaker at Wednesday night meeting and was much appreciated. Two new members joined at Thursday afternoon meeting, when Mrs. Hicks spoke. Members have already made some things for the sale of jumbles and useful winter clothes which we are holding in December, but we cannot have too much. Mrs. Hicks especially asks friends to send useful remnants and pieces of material—our members are willingly giving their time to make such pieces into good garments. Members are ordering Dreadnoughts now from their newspapers, in order to get them to stock the paper. Members are asked to join decorated cart each Saturday in August, beginning next Saturday, at 12 noon.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec.—Mrs. DAISY PARSONS,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

Miss Hicks spoke both at "Peacock" and also at Beckton Road, and 10 and 13 Dreadnoughts were sold at these open air meetings. On Thursday Mrs. Walshe gave an interesting speech on "Nursing," which was much appreciated. Miss Cook is in charge of canvassing party which starts at 3 p.m. every Wednesday from 124, Barking Road. More members invited to take part in this propaganda work as we are wanting a huge membership. Five new members are welcomed this week.

317 Dreadnoughts sold week ending Aug. 1
Canning Town. Dist. leader—Mrs. Millo,
1 Ravenscroft Rd. Distributors—Mrs.
Tidmarsh and Mrs. Roper.

Plaistow. Dist. leaders—Mrs. Hawkins, 29
Beaufort Rd. Distributors—Mrs. Ward,
Mrs. Cook and Miss Putt.
Custom House. Dist. leader—Miss Leggett,
74 Chauntler Rd. Distributor—Mrs. B.
Pullen.

Tidal Basin. Dist. leader—Miss Penn, 10
Brent Rd. Distributor—Miss Greenleaf.
Silvertown. Dist. leader—Miss G. Grimes,
27 Newland St. Distributors—Miss
Nicholas and Miss Ivy Hall.
Miss Greenleaf sold 64 Dreadnoughts
Miss Penn " 72 "
Mrs. D. Parsons " 81 "

HACKNEY.

Secretary—Miss YOUNG,
Greenwood Road, Dalston, N.E.

Devonshire Hall meeting a great success. A very hearty greeting was given to Miss Pankhurst. Thanks to all members and friends who helped in any way. We heartily welcome 7 new members. Canvassing has been started in the district and about 1,000 free copies of the Dreadnought have been distributed. More helpers are wanted for this work.

A Women's meeting will be held every Tuesday at 30 Churchill Road, Hackney, at 2.30 p.m. Meetings at Swiss Cottage, Lauriston Road, every Monday.

155 Dreadnoughts sold last week.
Waterfield, Lamb Lane, Hackney, now stocks the Dreadnought.

LIMEHOUSE.

Splendid indoor meeting for working women held at Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Road, on Thursday 30th. Many thanks to Mrs. Temple Bird for interesting and instructive address. A hearty welcome to 9 new members.

These meetings will be discontinued until the end of August. Members are asked to support the open air meeting at Coutts Road every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

CONTRASTS.

In the House of Commons on Monday, July 27th, Mr. Wedgwood asked the Home Secretary whether since those who had published incitements to Civil War in Ireland were still at liberty, he would advise the release of Mr. Drew the imprisoned printer of the *Suffragette*. Mr. McKenna said "no," but Mr. Wedgwood again pressed the point, urging that the incitements of the Ulster press had resulted in loss of human life. The Speaker, who is of course an anti-Suffragist, intervened with "Order, order, that statement is quite irrelevant." Mr. Outhwaite then asked whether the Home Secretary would advise the King to invite Mr. Drew to a conference at Buckingham Palace. The Conservatives called out "Order!" and the Speaker said "The Honourable Member has no business to make offensive observations."

We print below one of Mr. W. W. Gibson's plays from "Daily Bread" (*Written Mathews*) a collection of one-act plays about the lives of working men and women. We can think of no better way of recommending Mr. Gibson's work to our readers.

SUMMER DAWN.

By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.
Persons: LABAN CARPENTER, a hind.
BETTY CARPENTER, his wife.

Scene—LABAN CARPENTER'S cottage, before dawn. LABAN still lies in bed, dozing; but his wife is already dressed, and is setting the kettle on a newly-lit fire. In the bed, beside LABAN, is a six-months-old baby; and in another bed are five children, all under the age of seven; the boys sleeping at one end, the girls, at the other.

B.: Come lad, get up, or we'll be late.
L.: So soon, lass! What o'clock is it?
BETTY: It's getting on for three.
The fire is kindling famously.

I'll have the kettle boiling in a twinkling.

We'll have a cup of tea, before we start. To keep the bitter chill out.
It's raw work, turning out these dewy mornings.

LABAN: It seems but half-an-hour ago, Since I lay down in bed.

B.: Nay, Laban, it was half-past ten, At most, when you turned in. You'd scarcely got your trousers off, Before you dropt asleep;

And you were snoring like a pig Until I turned you off your back.

"Twas nigh eleven when I got to bed.
LABAN: I can't tell how you manage. A man must have his sleep out, If he's to do his day's work;

B.: Come lad, don't lie there talking; But stir yourself

LABAN: My back is nearly broken.
BETTY: Aye, some folks' backs are broken easily.

LABAN: You call it easily! It's easy, hoeing turnips every night Until it is too dark to see our feet; And then to start again, at dawn: And summer nights so short!

BETTY: If summer nights were longer Your children would go shoeless through the winter.

LABAN: And still, it's heavy on a man, As well as his day's work.

BETTY: Have I no day's work too? Your day's work will not keep you housed and fed—

You and your wife and children. And if your father'd talked like that, Lad, where would you be now?

He can have been no lie-abad; He'd not a lazy bone in all his body. You've heard him boast, a hundred times:

"Though I have had bad seasons, I've not done far amiss, Since I have reared eleven men and women."

Aye! and your mother crippled with rheumatics For more than half her life-time: And only him to do the house-work: And see to all the lot of you, And keep you decent, single-handed, Until the girls were old enough, As well as all his day's work.

You talk of day's work! Why, I've heard him tell How, once, to save the corn He worked a week without a wink of sleep:

All day at his own job in Stobshill Mine. And all night helping in the harvest field.

LABAN: And then he slept
BETTY: He slept his fill; But not till all was harvested. He saved the corn.

LABAN: Aye; somehow fathers
BETTY: You're a father, too. And should think shame to lie and grumble there;

And only be too glad that we are able To earn a little extra in the summer To tide us over winter.

LABAN: True, wife, true: And yet its hard that, in an honest day's work,

A strong man cannot earn enough To keep his wife and family.

BETTY: Twelve shillings won't go far, With rents so high And food, and clothes, and firing. But I have naught to grumble at, I only have six babes to feed: My mother had thirteen; And ten of us were born After my father lost his sight While blasting in the quarry.

And she'd three babes-in-arms at once— The twins and Dick. I've heard her say that, ere the boy was born,

While she lay sick in bed and near her time Her two poor helpless babies at the bed-foot Sat up, with big eyes, watching her, As good as gold;

And she, poor woman, wondering However she would nurse the three at once.

I cannot think how she got through at all; But, when I used to ask her, she would answer:

"Aye looking back, you wonder how you managed;

"But, at the time, each single thing you do for them

"Makes you yourself so happy "That you think nothing of it."

And mother had the truth of things. And we're quite rich to her— She'd hoe, a summer's day, for six-pence;

And spent her life's best years in picking stones.

She only had one holiday That ever I heard tell of: And that when she'd been married fourteen years

She went to see her cousin at the Stoll, And rode both ways in Farmer Thomson's pig-cart

And ever afterwards she said She couldn't tell why folks liked holidays,

Or why they need go seeking happiness While they had homes to work in; And that, for her part, she found in little pleasure

In sitting still all day In other people's houses, with cold legs And idle, folded hands, While there was darning to be done at home

And one's own hearth to sit by; Though there was little sitting down for her

At any time at all. She couldn't rest; Up first, and last to bed; I never saw her quiet, till the end. She always hoped that death would find her working;

Her wish was granted her Death found her at the job she liked the best

The clothes she washed that week were left for me to iron.

Aye, another knew what hardship was, And laboured day and night to rear her children.

LABAN: Its ever children, children! A woman slaves her very life away To rear her children; And they grow up and slave their lives away To rear their children.

We little thought, lass, when we married! Do you remember the fine summer-nights,

When first we walked together? Ah, those were happy times! We little thought BETTY: You little thought; I knew.

Yes, those were happy times; No girl was ever happier than I was When first I walked with you in Malden Meadows;

But I am happy now for all the difference. Life was not over easy, even then: They worked me sorely at the farm. Though I was but a child. On Monday mornings we were up at one To get the washing through, Before the day's work started.

I was't fifteen then; but I remember The coastguards whistling to us As they passed the lighted window, On the cold black winter mornings.

And often I'd been working many hours Before you turned out with your team. I used to think that you went bravely, Laban, Behind your dappled horses.

LABAN: Aye! then I little knew— I little knew that life was labour, labour, And labour to the end. I thought that there'd be ease somewhere. [*Rises and begins to dress.*]

BETTY: If men will marry and have children They must not look for ease. Yet, husband, you'd not be a boy again, Unwedded L.: Nay! I could not do without you. BETTY: But you've too many children? Too many hungry mouths to fill Too many little feet to keep in leather! And can you look upon them sleeping there, (My father ne'er set eyes on me, poor fellow!)

And talk like that? And is it Tommy you would be without?

You've had him longest; and perhaps you're tired LABAN: Nay, wife; he was the first; And you were such a girl—just seventeen!

And I but two years older. Do you remember, lass, how proud BETTY: Or is it Nell who brings your bait to you?

LABAN: She grows more like her mother every day.

BETTY: It must be Robin, then, That all the neighbours say takes after you.

LABAN: He's got my temper, sure enough, The little Turk!

BETTY: Or Kit and Kate, the twins? They're surely twice too much for you. L.: Folk say that never such a pair Was seen in all the country side.

BETTY: There's just the baby left Poor little mite, so you're the one too many!

LABAN: Come, Betty, come Enough of teasing! You know that I was only talking; I'm ready now, for work.

BETTY: The kettle's boiling. [*She drinks the tea and fills two mugs.*]

Drink it up; 'Twill help to keep the chill out.

LABAN: Aye; but its dank work, hoeing swedes at dawn.

BETTY: The sun will soon be up. LABAN: The sun gets up a deal too soon for me.

B.: Nay; never rail against the sun, I'd sooner, lad, be shut away from you, Than from the sunshine, any day. I'll never hear a word against the sun. [*They take up their hoes from behind the door, give a last look at their sleeping children, and go out together into the dawn.*]

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BETTY: The kettle's boiling. [*She drinks the tea and fills two mugs.*]

Drink it up; 'Twill help to keep the chill out.

LABAN: Aye; but its dank work, hoeing swedes at dawn.

BETTY: The sun will soon be up. LABAN: The sun gets up a deal too soon for me.

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